

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 91

A part of me hated Allison. She was infuriating to me. Here I was doubting myself, but in reality, I should be doubting her. She had no right to say those things to me. She had absolutely no right at all to even be talking to me. She had heard Rhys' warning. She was risking her own neck, and it was not my problem... At least it wasn't until she made it mine.

"You know what?!" I shouted back at her, "At least I don't have to snoop around in hopes of the Alpha King's attention!"

"What's going on here?" Sawyer's familiar voice called out as he exited Arlo's house. "Are you alright, Grace?"

"I'm fine." I bit out angrily, mad he interrupted whatever showdown we had been in the

middle of.

“She’s not worth it, Grace.” Sawyer sighed, wrapping his arm around me casually. “Allison do not let me catch you anywhere near Grace ever again. My brother was not kidding earlier. He will not tolerate disrespect toward his mate. And he will not tolerate you challenging him about his mate. He made his choice. You should accept it and move on.”

“But Sawyer, you know how he is-”

Sawyer raised his hand, stopping her from whatever she was going to say next. “You do not know him, Allison. You do not get to pretend to know him. I do not care what you have to say. Now, if you have any self-respect left, you will leave.”

“Allison, what are you doing here?” Leon demanded as he also came out of the house.

“I was just-”

“You know what? I don’t care. You need to leave.” Leon snapped as he looked at me and

Sawyer.

“But Leon-”

“I don’t want to hear it. Leave. Now.”

She pouted and stomped her foot, but Sawyer and Leon didn’t buy into whatever her little

temper tantrum was trying to do. When she realized she wasn’t going to get her way, she flipped her hair over her shoulder, shot us a glare, and started to trek back down the driveway.

“Are you alright?” Sawyer asked again now that our audience was gone.

“I don’t know.” I answered honestly, but I was glad to have him as a friend in my life...

“Come on, let’s go back to the packhouse, maybe if we sit in the garden for a little while you’ll be able to sort your thoughts and feel better.”

I nodded and let him guide me back to the packhouse.

“You know, I hate Allison too,” He confessed when we were almost back to the house...

“You do?” I asked in surprise.

“Oh yea,” Sawyer laughed. “Of all the girls that my brother has dated or attempted to make his wife, I actually hated her the most. I’m honestly not quite sure why.. I could never pick a specific incident. But there’s just something about her. How entitled she is. It’s like she knows how to say the right things, but not do the right things.”

“Like she’s just saying what she thinks you want to hear?” I tried to clarify.

“Yea, exactly,” Sawyer smiled as we plopped down in me and Sawyer’s favorite spot in the garden. “I didn’t necessarily mind her when she was actually with my brother, but her behavior over the years has become too much. She always showed up whenever Rhys brought home a new girl. I guess that was a blessing in disguise now because it led him you, but man she was always the first to point out that something was wrong with them. She ‘helped’ Rhys figure things out, but I always wondered if she didn’t set them up. I wish he would have just killed her like he did the others.”

That was a wild wish. I’m not sure that I wished her dead, but I definitely did not get good vibes from her.

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“Well, I might be dead anyway soon, so I guess she’ll win this round without any effort,” I said bitterly.

“Hey, don’t lose hope now,” Leon comforted. “Rhys and Arlo are researching your situation, and I’m sure they will come up with something to at the very least try.”

I nodded and we sat in silence for a while until Sawyer got a mindlink saying they needed him at the clinic.

I was grateful that Leon stayed with me, but I also felt bad. I felt like I was wasting his time. But honestly, I didn’t care.

“I know you’re scared, Grace,” Leon said gently once it was just us. “But when I met you, you were in much worse shape than you are now. When we met, I was convinced that maybe you were going to die. But now? Now, you aren’t frail

anymore and I'm not worried you're going to break. You are so much stronger than you give yourself credit for. And it sucks because you were given a shit hand, but you have healed and recovered far more than I ever thought possible. I think maybe you're suppressed abilities are stronger than the bonds, and that's why you aren't dead yet. We know nothing about the person who died, and maybe they were strong too, but you have a power that I haven't seen in anyone else, and maybe it has helped you survive."

I pondered over his words. I hadn't thought about it in terms of strength like that. I didn't think I was very strong, but people kept telling me that my powers were strong enough to break bonds, and blah blah blah. Maybe those words had some merit...

"Do you think Ethan would know anything about this?" I asked, remembering that there was someone that might have some answers about something.

"He hasn't mentioned it before, but if anyone has some first-hand knowledge, it would be

him." Leon answered.

"Can I go see him?"

Leon immediately mindlinked Rhys and Rhys must have said okay because next thing I knew we were headed to the dungeons to see Ethan.

Ethan was reading a book in his cot when Leon opened the cell door, and moved my chair

5:22 pm **GO**

and his into the cell.

“Grace,” Ethan said in surprise and awe when he saw me. “I didn’t think you would ever come back. You look upset. What can I do for you?”

“I should be dead, right?” I blurted my question out.

Ethan frowned, and Leon immediately went on to explain what I was talking about, so I

didn’t have to.

“So, you’re worried that you are going to die or that you should be dead?” Ethan asked for clarification.

“Both, I guess.” I confessed.

“Well,” Ethan said after a long moment. “Theoretically, when you were bound after the 1st time, yes, there was a potential you could die, and each time after that the potential grew. With multiple bindings the way you received and as young as you received them, you should have died. But miraculously, you didn’t.”

“Who else could have bound Grace, besides Sandra?” Leon wondered aloud, but I only hal listened as Ethan said he didn’t have much interaction with witches. They tended to keep to themselves unless you were looking for them, which was pretty much the same information we already knew.

“I just don’t understand the purpose of repetitive bindings,” Leon said in frustration, bringing me back to the conversation. “Why wasn’t she just killed if she was that feared, or they wanted to punish her that bad?”

“Maybe they needed her to continue the Alpha bloodline... To use her to bear the next generations of Alphas.”

Rhys’ voice startled me, but his words scared me even more....

## **Chapter Comments**

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I stared at my mate in shock, and Leon shared my expression. To my surprise, Ethan wasn't shocked which for some reason gave more validity to Rhys' words to me.

"Why would you think that?" I asked when I finally found my voice.

"Well, I guess I've been kind of thinking it for a while, but Kinsley and Adrian are childless, and have been for a while, right?" Rhys questioned.

I looked at him not exactly sure where this was going, but I squeaked out a yes all the

same.

"That's what I thought." Rhys nodded to himself. "That part sort of adds up. I'm not sure Kinsley knew or was a part of completely. But we know that as much as they despised you, they also feared you. As everyone here knows, a child is crucial

to securing an Alpha's position. Your powers, Grace, surpass Kinsley's and they know it. I even think Adrian may have gone as far as putting that mark I replaced on your neck there in an attempt to use you later for this purpose."

I touched my neck subconsciously. Adrian and Kinsley were cruel, but would they have gone that far? Would they really have forced me to bear Adrian's kids? Deep down I knew the answer, but I didn't want to believe it at all.

"But why wait?" Leon asked with disgust in his voice which I appreciated. "If that was their plan, Grace unfortunately has been at the perfect age for several years now. Why not take advantage of her then and start producing heirs?"

I wondered the same thing. Parts of this were adding up while others weren't.

"Well, my guess is, Adrian tried one night, Grace fought back, and he got scared to try again," Rhys shrugged. "But I'm fairly sure at this point he's the one who forced his mark on Grace - I just need a confession - he threw his beta at us far too quickly as if that was his plan the whole time if he ever got caught."

The made sense. The day of the tea incident hadn't sat well with me then and it still hadn't made sense to me after all this time either. It had felt like the Beta was a scapegoat then, but I hadn't realized for who.

"Makes sense," I grumbled, feeling a little sick from this new information.

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“It’s just a theory,” Rhys shrugged again, and moved to stand behind me, gently placing

his hands on my shoulders.

“Do you think Kinsley and Adrian were the ones behind my binds then?” I asked, already

knowing the answer.

“I think at the very least they organized them, yes, and probably from a fairly young age.” Leon said, his face showing he was lost in his thoughts. “They probably couldn’t do it

themselves, unless they got a witch to teach them how, which I sort of doubt. Very few people I think would do what they were doing, and I think anyone who helped them

would have a high price, but depending what Adrian and Kinsley offered them, it might be

possible.”

I nodded and leaned back against Rhys. I didn't know what felt far-fetched and what felt real anymore.

“My guess is that they were both Kinsley's idea. It would be her way of trying to keep the truth from getting out, and still stay in power. She valued her Luna rule more than

anything. She would do anything to keep it, and a child would secure that position.”

Ethan added in, his voice also holding a level of disgust directed at Kinsley and Adrian.

“If were simply theorizing,” Rhys added, squeezing my shoulders gently.  
“Especially if say, Kinsley and Adrian had more of a hand in the bindings than we originally thought, Grace,

your blood connection with Kinsley might have held some good. It might have protected you somehow, like she couldn't hurt you or something along those lines. It wouldn't have

been on a conscious level by either of you, but your subconscious."

"That makes sense," Ethan nodded in agreement, and I found myself also agreeing.

"Okay, so we have some potential, 'motives' and scenarios," Leon said slowly, "But now we

have to find a way to stop whatever else they had planned because I think we're only

scratching the surface of what their capable of."

The made me freeze... I had already known they were capable of terrible things, but everything we had discussed tonight was next level... What would happen if they found me? What would they do to me? Bind me again? Use me for their own army? Force me to

give them a child?

I didn't want to imagine the horrors that were playing through my mind, but I needed to

know...

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"So, I guess it's safe to assume that they will come after me again?" There was no emotion in my voice, and I knew that scared Rhys when worry flooded through our bond, but it was simply the truth and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Almost guaranteed." Ethan said sadly, and my heart lurched for him. He hadn't asked for any of this either. We were both just thrown into this awful situation. I could tell how bad it hurt him to be stuck down here, while I was free but not safe.

"Don't worry, Gracie," Rhys gave me a small smile as he looked down at me. "I will do everything in my power to protect you. We will figure this out together..."

“If you guys let me out, I’d be happy to help. We could set up a rotation or something for guards for Grace.” Ethan tried, looking at Rhys and I hopefully. “I promise, I will help in

any way I can.”

I felt my face redden, my palms go sweaty, and my heart began to hammer again when Rhys made the simple statement, that put all the pressure on me...

“I’m not making that decision. It’s up to Grace:”

## **Chapter Comments**

EJ

## **POST COMMENT**

Someone please help me understand. Unless I misread or completely missed something. How is it that Kinsley isn’t the rightful heir, that Grace is so much stronger? I mean Grace was born f...

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“It’s up to Grace,” rang in my head for several long moments. I didn’t want the pressure of this decision. I didn’t know what the right answer was. I could release my brother and then he could help us take down Kinsley. I mean, she didn’t know about him, right? He was supposed to be dead, kind of like me.

I wanted to so badly trust Ethan... I had never had a true family. I didn’t have a mom who would give me hugs. I didn’t have a dad who told me he was proud of me. I didn’t have a sister that I could share secrets with. But I had the chance now to have a brother that could care and could help. We could rewrite our own stories...

“I suppose it wouldn’t be a bad thing for Ethan to be released so he can help us take down Kinsley without us having to come to this place...” I said nervously, turning to look at Rhys as the word left my mouth.

Rhys raised his brow, but nodded, nonetheless as Ethan stood up, the joy on his face almost irreplaceably.

“Well, it’s your lucky day, Ethan” Rhys stated loudly. “You can have your freedom. But this do not mistake our generosity for weakness. Let’s go get you settled.”

“I won’t let you down, Grace,” Ethan bounced on the balls of his feet with excitement.

“I know you won’t,” I smiled up at him, standing myself, ready to leave this place.

“I’ll be watching you,” Ethan told Rhys as Rhys held the cell door open for us all. “You better not hurt my sister because if you do, you won’t like what happens.”  
Ethan

threatened.

“I can have you thrown right back in here at any time,” Rhys growled, and I placed my hand on his chest, instantly calming him down.

I rolled my eyes at how easy it was to both rile Rhys up and settle him down.

We were all chatting easily on our way back to the packhouse. For the first time in my entire life the conversation felt easy. I didn't feel like I was trying super hard and we weren't talking about anything actually important, we were just talking, and it was nice.

I froze though when I saw her in our path. She had to be stalking us now because why

HOME

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else would she be on the path from the packhouse to the dungeon? I knew I was new here, but I knew enough to know that usually nobody but guards were ever in this area.

“What's wr-” Rhys started but the words died on lips.

“Rhys!” Allison called out when she was close enough. “Darling what are you doing out

here?”

“We had business to attend to.” He answered coldly, wrapping his arm around me tightly. “What are you doing out here?”

“I was looking for you. What are you doing with her?” She sneered, looking me up and

down in disgust.

“Well, she’s my mate,” Rhys responded. “I tend to like hanging out with her.”

I smiled slightly despite myself. I liked hearing that Rhys liked to hang out with me.

“Well, I can help you with business things,” Allison offered, but I was sure that she had never done an ounce of work in her life.

“I’m good, thanks,” Rhys tried to guide us around her, but Allison stopped us.

“Rhys, I’m worried about your safety!” Allison tried desperately, her body colliding slightly with mine, but Rhys moved me out of the way before I could even stumble.

“My safety?” Rhys laughed, and I felt my brother inch closer to me and I was grateful. “I’m the Alpha King, which you seem to have forgotten.”

“But what if she shifts and hurts you Rhys! I can’t help but think you aren’t thinking clearly about this! She is a monster!”

“ENOUGH!” Rhys roared at her, letting his aura slip a bit. “Grace is my mate. I will not tolerate you disrespecting her! Do not challenge me or my decisions anymore or you will be sleeping in dungeons. Am I clear?!”

She nodded and scurried off back toward the packhouse. We followed at a slower rate, and Rhys began giving new orders to everyone. He gave Ethan a room in the packhouse on the 2nd floor. And he told Leon to set up patrols in the city to see if we could uncover any new information or any clues about what they were up to. We didn’t really think we would

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find anything, but it was better than being sitting ducks.

Once those things were complete, Rhys and I headed to our room to get into comfier clothes since we hadn't changed out of our meeting clothes yet. I fought another wave of nausea as I remembered what was waiting for me out in the city... My own sister wanted to use me for nefarious purposes. I couldn't help but feel sick every time I thought about

1. it.

“Can you keep me in the loop about the pursuit of Adrian and Kinsley?” I finally got the courage to ask as we both began to change.

Rhys looked at me in surprise but nodded his head. “Of course, Gracie. I don't think it's safe to keep you out of the loop at all. But as I said the other day, we are a team now,

there are no more secrets.”

“Okay... Then I want to ask something else.” I said nervously.

“You can tell me anything, Grace.” He smiled at me, guiding me over to the bed and pulling us both down onto it.

“When we do find them, I want to face them...”

Rhys didn't hide his surprise, but he didn't like horrified like I thought he would.

“Of course, Grace.” He agreed. “When we find them, you will be the first to know. And promise, you will get to decide their fate.”

I nodded and curled up in the blankets. The nauseous feeling only seemed to grow, and I wondered if I was a bad person for wanting revenge on my own family? Did the darkness finally take over me? Was this what it felt like to be a monster?

## **Chapter Comments**

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## **Chapter 95**

I could tell that Grace was upset by the way she curled up in the blankets, but over what I wasn't quite sure. Guilt and ick flooded through the bond, and I thought about her

questions, and wondered if they were related.

I laid down next to her and combed my fingers through her hair and pulled her in close to me. “Why do you feel guilty my love? I’d much rather you talk to me than keep it locked inside.” I said after a few minutes.

“Because I want them to be caught. I want them to be hurt like I was. And that makes me a bad person.”

“Oh Gracie,” I sighed, knowing no matter what I said she wouldn’t believe me. “They

tortured you. They hurt you in the worst of ways. Wanting revenge and wanting to lock

them away or even have them killed, does not make you a bad person. It makes you a person who has been badly hurt, and who really wants to make sure it never happens

again. And I will love and support you no matter what, and I will protect you with everything I have.”

She sighed against me, clearly not believing me, and I didn't think there was much I could

say to get her to believe me. She would have to accept this part of her if she wanted peace. I couldn't do it for her, even if I wanted to. It was never easy wrestling with who you were before and who you want to become or even who you are becoming. Grace had never known who she was before. She had always played people-pleaser, so anything that showed even a little bit of realness, it scared her.

"I just don't understand how this happened," She confessed tiredly. "How could my own family do this sort of thing to me? I could maybe understand this from Kinsley. We were 'battling' for the same spot even if I didn't know it. But my own mother? I was just a baby."

My heart broke for her. As much as I knew about her, I didn't know much about her. I mean, it was hard because she didn't really know who she was, but also no one had ever asked her how she was or what she needed. No one had really asked her about her life before now. And I wanted to know everything about her from her shoe size to her worst

memory.

"Did anyone ever tell you anything about your mother?" I asked carefully. In theory, her

talking about everything would help her in the long run, but in the now, it might really suck.

“I mean, yes and no.” She answered, looking up at me with her big blue eyes. “No one ever talked to me about my mother, but I definitely heard things. A lot of people said she was just searching for power, sleeping her way to the top. I heard that she purposefully got pregnant in an attempt to force the hand of my dad to choose. She wasn’t very well liked, but she also wasn’t hated either. It was more like, well if he had to have a mistress, she’s the right choice, if that makes any sense at all. I guess she had also once been decent friends with Luna Ava.”

“Who took care of you once she died?” I asked curiously, realizing I had never asked.

“Well, as an infant, it was the head maid, Kathy. I guess my mother specifically entrusted her with me. But once I was about 4, I was placed in the smallest room in the packhouse which I spent most of my time in, and then by the time I was maybe about 6, I was given chores by Kathy and expected to sort of earn my keep.”

“Did Kathy ever truly care for you or give you any affection?” I asked with a frown.

“Not really. Once I was old enough to get my own food and things, I was sort of left to my own devices. I only had a handful of outfits that all were fairly plain and matched each other. But to Kathy, I was just a job.”

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“Was there anyone who cared for you?” I asked trying to keep my anger in check.

Grace sat up in the bed and I moved to sit up too.

“Well, Luna Ava was always kind. She’s the only one who I ever remember giving me a hug.”

“What about your dad?” My voice cracked slightly.

“He was ashamed of me. He hated me with every fiber of his being, but there were times he wasn’t quite so cold, especially when Luna Ava was alive. But Luna Ava was something else. She was gentle and never harsh. My situation wasn’t as dire when she was alive. But when she died,” Grace’s voice broke a little, and tears filled her eyes, but she continued. “When she died, everything changed for the worst. I was accused of murdering her and thrown in the dungeons. I hadn’t even seen her that day, so I wasn’t sure how I got blamed. I was just grieving the only person who had ever been kind to me.”

Grace’s tears began to stream down her face, and I couldn’t contain my rage anymore. I hated the way she was treated. Why had I taken so long to check in on this pack? Why hadn’t I seen the signs earlier that there was something odd going on?

I hopped off the bed and punched the wall as hard as I could. My mate had not deserved any of the pain she had been subjected to! I took a deep breath and turned back toward Grace. Her startled face made me instantly regret my angry display.

“I’m sorry, Gra-” But I stopped midsentence when I noticed her very pale face, and before I could ask what was wrong, she fainted, nearly falling off the bed.

Oh goddess, what have I done?!?! I grabbed her carefully and readjusted her more comfortably on the bed. Her skin was burning up. I swear it hadn't been that warm when I was touch her a few minutes ago.

“SAWYER!” I mindlinked in panic. “GET TO MY ROOM NOW!”

“Grace, hunny, can you hear me?” I tried as I waited for Sawyer to get here. I grabbed a cool cloth and started to dab her head with it.

“What happened?” Sawyer asked as he threw open the door breathlessly, his doctor bag in

hand.

“She just passed out and now she has a fever, and it all came on so suddenly.” I rushed the words out, not wanting to waste any time.

“I thought we solved the effects of her old mark?” Sawyer asked as he began his examination. “This is nearly the exact reaction, but it shouldn't be happening.”

Grace began to squirm slightly and then all the sudden began the wretch. Blood spilled out of her mouth onto the floor and my shoes, and I realized just how fucking serious this

was.

“The hospital. Now.” Sawyer commanded, and I picked her up not wasting any time.

Her eyes were still closed as she threw up more blood and drifted off again as we raced off to the hospital. I sat her on the bed and helped her sit up a bit as she threw up more blood. Sawyer continued his examination furiously.

When he lifted her shirt to listen to her chest, we both saw it. There was a swollen bruise

on her back.

“Is that what I think it is?” I asked feeling sick.

“One way to find out,” Sawyer bit out grabbing a large syringe and needle and extracting blackened blood from the center of the large bruise.

“Yep.” Sawyer said in disgust and fear, “It’s wolf poison.”

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“Wolf poison?” I demanded. “Wolf poison?! How the hell did she get wolf poison in her system!”

“Not now.” Sawyer bit out as he frantically began to search his bag for something. “Just shut up for a minute and let me find what I need!”

I held Grace's hand and tried to breathe. She was going to be okay. She had to be okay. There was no other option. I had been with her all afternoon. How could this have happened right under my nose? I had so many questions, but Sawyer needed me to be quiet, so all I could do was sit there and try to provide some comfort to my sweet Grace.

All of the sudden there was blood coming from all of Grace's facial orifices. Her eyes, her nose, her mouth were all pouring out blood. I grabbed a cloth and started trying to clean her up a little. But at this rate, she was going to bleed out before we could do anything.

"I can help." I offered in panic when he was taking too long. "What are we looking for?"

"I have it," Sawyer answered, pulling out a small vile, "But hand me those dried leaves that are next to you!"

"These?" I asked as I picked up a small bag of dried herbs, my hand shaking slightly.

"Yes." Sawyer's urgency didn't help ease my worries.

I handed Sawyer the herbs and he instantly began to mix them. It felt like forever before he was placing it in a syringe and attaching a needle to it. Goddess, I needed this to work.

I needed Grace to be better.

“Turn her so I can put it near the bruise,” Sawyer demanded.

I did as he asked, and he injected her with the supposed antidote that I had no idea where he had even got.

“Did it work?” I asked eagerly. I couldn’t seem to calm my racing heart. There was a feeling in the pit of my stomach telling me our troubles were only just beginning.

“Only time will tell,” Sawyer answered, but the bleeding from her nose, mouth and eyes had already started to cease.

“That’s a good sign, right?” I asked as I began to clean Grace’s face gently, so she wasn’t a bloody mess. I didn’t want her to wake up and be scared by the sight.

“Yes –”

But Sawyer never finished his sentence because Grace gasped once and then she stopped breathing.

“Grace!” I screamed as Sawyer searched for a pulse. “WHAT DID YOU DO!”

“Her heart stopped.” Sawyer said sadly after a minute. “I’m afraid there isn’t anything else I can do.”

“Do CPR! Do something! Anything! You can’t just let her die!” I shouted at my brother.

“The poison has reached her heart, Rhys, CPR won’t bring her back.” He explained, fighting tears himself.

“Please!” I begged him. “Do something.”

“Rhys-”

A rattling sound came from Grace as tears filled my eyes. I wasn't a big crier. As the Alpha King that wasn't a choice. But losing Grace I feared would destroy me, and the tears would never stop.

Grace sputtered and then another rattly breath came from her. Sawyer and I stared at her in shock. She had been dead not 30 seconds ago...

"Check!" I shouted, but it was unnecessary, Sawyer already had his stethoscope to her chest, and his fingers on her wrist checking for her pulse. And I could see her chest rising and falling ever so slightly. Her breathing becoming stronger by the moment.

"She's stabilizing." Sawyer said after a minute of listening to her chest. "Amazing. And not possible..." He then began to check all her vitals and hook her up to an IV and several

other machines.

I rested my hand against her cheek and realized that her fever had broken as well. I was no medical expert, but I had a feeling that this was more of a miracle than anything we had done. My girl was a survivor.

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“Grace, hunny, wake up. Please wake up.” I begged as Sawyer gently placed his hand on my shoulder.”

“Let her rest. Her body has been through hell tonight.” He said kindly. “I think she’s out of danger, but now she needs to rest.”

I hated that answer. I wanted her to open those pretty little blue eyes. I wanted to tell her how strong she was and how much she scared me. I wanted to hear her say my name. I loved the way she said my name. I just wanted her to be okay already.

But then my thoughts took a darker turn as I began to wonder who did this to my sweet Grace.

“I bet Ethan did this.” I growled. “We literally just released him, and he’s already betrayed

us!”

“I know he’s the easy answer,” Sawyer said calmly as he began to clean up the mess we had made earlier when we rushed in here. “But everything he got was from us. And wolf poison is very rare and even harder to obtain. He had no way of getting it while in the dungeon and he went with Leon to search the city.”

I sighed taking Grace's hand in my own and rubbing circles with my thumb in what I hoped was a calming matter.

"I mean, the only other person we really saw today was Allison... Would she really stoop this low to kill Grace?" I asked, my voice trailing off because I knew the answer... She had betrayed her own family in an attempt to get close with me and earn my trust... She had killed her own mate... She saw Grace as a threat, and I doubted she would stop at anything to take her out...

"You already know my answer," Sawyer said coolly. "You should have killed the bitch a long time ago."

"Sawyer, stay with Grace. Do not leave her side, do not let anyone

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I sat in my office and waited for Allison to arrive. I had asked her to meet me once I had all of my ducks in a row and my plans were secured. If this didn't lead to a confession,

then I wasn't sure what would.

I stared at the picture of Grace that Heather had given me earlier today. It was of her smiling in the garden, her favorite place to be. Sawyer had run into her and

asked her to surprise me with it. He hadn't known that Grace was going to be nearly poisoned to death and in a coma when I received it, but I was glad to have it. It made me feel calm.

I carefully placed the frame in my desk drawer. I was sure if Grace knew what I was about

to do, she wouldn't necessarily be happy, but I knew she would be safer once Allison was

gone.

A knock on the door pulled me out of my darkening thoughts, and I yelled for them to

come in.

"Rhys?" Allison's sing-song voice called out. "You asked to see me?"

"I did." I beckoned her forward as I leaned against the desk and offered her a seat. "Do

you want something to drink?”

“Sure,” She looked at me slightly apprehensively as I poured us both a glass of whiskey. I

had rarely ever had allowed her in my office before, even when we were dating, so I could see how this was a little unsettling to her, but I knew soon enough she would fall into my

trap.

“I just wanted to check in with you. You had mentioned a few weeks ago that you got a new job, how is that going?” I pretended to care as I set down the whiskey glasses and sat down in my chair.

“Oh,” She gave me a fake smile as she picked up her glass. “It’s wonderful. I’m so glad you

gave me the opportunity to stay in the pack.”

“Of course,” I told her calmly, even though I was dying to just simply rip her head off. “We may not be together anymore, but I still want you to be happy.”

“Speaking of happy,” She took the bait and began to open up a little. “I worry that you are making a mistake with that new bride you brought back. I just don’t think she’s making

5:23 pm

you happy. You’ve been so stressed since I’ve been back.”

“And you think it’s because of Grace?” I asked.

“Well it appears that way,” She stated, shooting back her whole glass before walking over and straddling my lap.

Her touch revolted me, but this was all a part of the plan. I just had to endure it for just a little while longer.

“Let me remind you of how it feels to be taken care of by a real woman.” She breathed as began to kiss my neck and run her fingers over my skin the way I used to like from her.

“Wait,” I said, wanting to stop this before it got too far out of hand. “I can’t... I can’t do

this to Grace.”

She didn’t stop though. “I don’t think you have to worry about that anymore.”

“What do you mean?” I asked dumbly.

“Don’t you want me?” She asked seductively.

“Of course,” I lied.

“Then it will be just our little secret. I knew you would regret that bitch and come back to me, so I took care of it for you. You don’t need to worry about it.”

“Like with wolf poison?” I asked ready to make my move.

“Yes,” She answered before she even realized what she was admitting to. Her eyes grew wide when she realized I had played her as she attempted to scramble off my lap, but I held her wrist tight.

“You attempted to kill my mate?” I demanded.

“She should be dead by now.” She pleaded desperately. “So now you can have me, isn’t

that what you wanted?”

“HOW DARE YOU ATTEMPT TO HARM MY MATE!” I shouted as I yanked her behind me, all but dragging her through the packhouse.

“Please, Rhys I can explain! I love you!” She cried.

But I was having none of it as I threw her into the car and made sure she couldn’t escape. She not just hurt Grace. She had tried to murder her in cold blood. There was no coming back from this.

“Where are we going, Rhys?” She asked timidly, but I didn’t bother giving her an answer. She would see soon enough what her fate was, and maybe then she would realize how bad she fucked up.

When we reached the pack border, I yanked her from the car and threw her on the ground. I could see the rogues on the other side eagerly eying their fresh piece of meat and my own guards eying us wearily, ready to jump in if anyone crossed anymore lines.

Allison looked around, noticing both the large group of guards nearby and hungry looking rogue, her eyes growing wide.

“Rhys, please,” She begged, gripping at my jeans in desperation. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to kill her. I made a mistake. Don’t do this!”

“You have 30 seconds,” I answered coldly. “I suggest you run.”

She gave me one last desperate look and realized I was not going to change my mind, so she took off running. When her 30 seconds were up, I motioned to the rogues that she was all theirs, and they chased her down within no time.

Her screams had no effect on me as they filled the air and echoed around the forest. I could see blood flying through the air, raining down on the rogues who were just gnawing on her limbs now that they had gotten pieces of her free. Others didn’t care if she was dead or alive, all they cared about was that she was a woman, and they could have their way with her. I couldn’t look away. Her screams eventually ceased, and I knew it was over even as the rogues continued to rip at her. I felt her death had come too quickly, but I hoped she felt a pain 10 times worse than whatever pain she had caused Grace to have. I

held no remorse. I was the Alpha King for a reason, and as I said earlier, no one messes

with my family and got away with it. Nobody messes with my mate and makes it out alive.

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 99

By the time I finally made my way back to Grace's bedside, I was exhausted. Every time I thought we were 'through the worst of things' life seemed to laugh at us and give us a new challenge. I didn't want anymore challenges. I just wanted my happily ever after or whatever with Grace. But I had a feeling that was a long way off... Allison might be gone, but we still had the very real threat of Kinsley and Adrian. And I worried there was more to be worried about. Everything was happening so fast, I could barely keep track of all the incoming, threats.

"Grace," I whispered. "Grace, can you wake up for me?" I pleaded.

"I think she'll be out a while," Sawyer said tiredly.

“But she’s stable?” I asked for like the hundredth time. I had been mindlinking him pretty much non-stop since I had left several hours ago.

“Yes,” Sawyer answered patiently. “But we won’t really know the extent of the damage until she wakes up.”

“But we don’t know when that will be?”

“No Rhys, I don’t know when that will be.”

I felt like a child. My mate was hurt, and it was all my fault. I should have never allowed Allison to live... And I should have seen the trouble she was causing every time she came back when I brought a new bride... A part of me wondered if she had set any of them up with false evidence and I just fell for it every time without question because I just couldn’t get myself to care about them. She might not have been a part of all of them, but she almost definitely had her hand in some. The thing is... it never worked for her. I never once went back to her or led her on. I don’t know why she would have expected it

work this time.

“Have you heard from Leon?” I asked after I tried to mindlink him, but I hadn’t made

contact for the 5th time.

“No...” Sawyer said slowly. “I tried to mindlink him awhile ago, but I never got a response.

I sighed and leaned forward to rest my head on the bed. I had rarely ever felt so overwhelmed in my life. Even when my parents died, it was like it was just another thing

that happened. I had dealt with many enemies in my time, but nothing like this had ever happened. Now, I found myself worried about Grace and Leon. I couldn't get my mind to stop racing, but I needed it to stop. I needed it all to stop. Or at the very least slow down a little.

“You should go rest Rhys,” Sawyer said after a while. He had gone to check on several other patients, but was now back, “It's late.”

“No. I'm not leaving her again.” I responded simply. All I could do was stare at her. She looked so pale lying on the sterile white sheets. All the strength that she had gained in the past weeks seemed to be gone. I knew that wasn't necessarily true, but it scared me,

nonetheless.

Sawyer left the room again with a sigh, but when he came back, he had a plate of food

and some water for me.

“At least eat something,” He advised as he placed them on the table next to me.

“I’m not hungry.” I answered.

“She wouldn’t want you to not take care of yourself, Rhys. I wasn’t really asking.”

I rolled my eyes but grabbed the plate from him and began to eat. I hadn’t realized how

hungry I was until I was actually eating.

“So, what happened with Allison?” Sawyer asked trying to keep his voice casual.

“I got her to confess and then I fed her to the rogues.” I answered, not feeling the slightest bit guilty.

“You fed her to the rogues?” Sawyer frowned.

“Yep. I gave her 30 seconds to run, and then I let them hunt her down.”

“Good riddance,” Sawyer gave me a slight smile. He was clearly tired too. I had been running him, Arlo and Leon all into the ground lately. I would have to be careful not to burn them out. We needed to solve our problems fast, so I could let them rest.

A knock on the door drew both of our attention as Arlo walked in with a report sheet.

“What did you find at her house?” I asked.

“We found hundreds of wolf poison plants at Allison’s house. Far more than we expected. We have burned them all, and we are currently searching the house for anything else we should be aware of.” Arlo reported.

“Hundreds?” Sawyer whispered in shock. “I knew she was crazy, but I didn’t realize she was that crazy!”

I nodded in agreement. "Thank you for the update and let me know if anything else is found."

"You'll be the first to know," Arlo replied, heading back toward the door.

"Arlo?" I called him back.

"Yes, my king?"

"Did you see any proof that she has a job somewhere within the pack?" I questioned.

"No sir," He answered. "I had one of the guards talk to neighbors to know if they knew

anything, but they stated that they rarely saw her leave."

I closed my eyes in frustration. How could I have been so blind? I should have demanded

proof of the job she wanted before ever letting her back in. Clearly her intentions were much more sinister. Were all those plants just for Grace or was there more to her whole

plan?

“Do we think she was working alone?” I asked before my thoughts could completely run

wild.

“Permission to speak freely?” Arlo asked.

“Granted.”

“Grace seems to have many enemies. Each with their own agenda. It is very plausible that she was working with someone.” Arlo answered uneasily.

“Her enemies are my enemies,” I growled. “And they will regret messing with the Alpha King!”

Before anyone could say anything else, the door burst open, and Ethan came raging in, shouting, “WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY SISTER?”

3/4

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

**Chapter 100**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

**Chapter 100**

“WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY SISTER?” Ethan demanded angrily as he marched straight over to the bed.

Sawyer stood up and got between him and I not that I thought Ethan was actually dumb enough to fight me, but I was still touched that my brother came to my defense.

“It was my ex,” I said tiredly. “She somehow managed to poison her with wolf poison. I assume when we left the dungeons because as you know we ran into her there. I don’t really remember her touching Grace, but she must have.”

“And where is your ex now?” Ethan seethed. “Sitting somewhere in her bath robe as someone rubs her feet?”

“She’s dead.” I answered dryly. Ethan might be Grace’s brother, but I was really over his disrespect. “I took care of it a couple of hours ago.”

“Oh.” He answered, his fire dimming a little. “Well, how is Grace doing?”

“She’s hanging in there,” Sawyer answered, but he was looking at Ethan with some uncertainty. “She’s through the worst of it all, but her brain might need some time to

recover.”

I looked up at Ethan. Sometimes, when I look at him, I am struck by how similar he looks to Grace. It was crazy. But there were other times, like when he would talk, that he was nothing like Grace. He was so much more calculated in how he spoke, it sometimes made me feel uneasy. In this moment though, he was clearly distraught over his sister being in a coma, and if he felt anything like me, he felt like he was in hell.

Nobody spoke for a while. We all just stared at Grace. I watched her chest rise and fall, over and over again so I could just be sure she was still breathing. I was sure I'd be watching her like this for the rest of our lives.

Ethan coughed, and I turned my attention back to him. His blonde hair was disheveled, and there was something red on his green shirt...

"Is that blood on your shirt?" I demanded.

"Oh, yea," He answered, but his voice sounded off. "We ran into trouble in the city.

I narrowed my eyes at him. He should have led with that instead of doing whatever little temper tantrum he'd had when he'd come in. "What kind of trouble?"

"The city is in complete disarray. I mean, it is literally utter chaos. I talked to a lot of people and everyone seemed to know someone who was missing. Whatever is happening

is drawing human attention and scaring them terribly."

“Missing people?” Arlo frowned.

“That’s what they said,” Ethan answered a little too casually.

“Do you

think this is a part of their Lycan expansion project?” Sawyer asked, hesitantly.

I knew he was hesitant to talk in front of Ethan, but I didn’t think it was fair to

deliberately leave him out of a conversation that he would probably have more insight.

“I think it’s safe to assume that, yes,” I answered aloud. “They’re moving faster than I

expected.”

“Maybe they have a reason to be moving fast,” Ethan added.

I didn't like the way he said it. It was once again like he knew something more, but was just leaving us breadcrumbs to follow.

"Like what?" I asked.

"I don't know," Ethan attempted to look thoughtful. "Maybe they need a full moon?"

There's one coming up. Or maybe they just a set amount of people for their next plan?"

I nodded and gave it some thought. It was possible. It seemed sort of panicked to me though. It didn't really seem like it was thought out super well. Was it one of those things

where they were trying to draw attention to one thing so they could do something else completely? Did they need a full moon to maybe activate the new Lycans? There had to

be something we were missing.

Sawyer stood up and began to check Grace's vitals again. Blood pressure: 105/73. SPO2: 99. Pulse 80. All normal, she was just unconscious, so I could breathe again.

"Hey Sawyer," Arlo started breaking the silence again. "Where did you get an antidote for the wolf poison? It's incredibly rare, isn't it? Like even rarer than wolf poison itself?"

I looked up curiously, I hadn't thought about that, but Arlo made a good point. How did Sawyer just happen to have a vial of the antidote?

"I actually only got it recently. It is extremely rare," Sawyer agreed with slight chuckle, "But honestly it was easier to get than I expected."

"How did you get it?" I asked, having a feeling that I wouldn't like his answer.

"I got it from the witch, Sandra," Sawyer answered easily, like it was no big deal.

And I was right. I didn't like his answer, My own brother was now making deals with witches? What was our world coming to???

"Sandra? As in the witch who bound Grace twice as a literal baby?!" I felt my temper

flaring. I was going to explode soon if people kept being stupid.

“Well, yea...” Sawyer said slowly. “I had asked her if there were any remedies that I should have in my arsenal at the clinic, and she stated several, but said it’s always good to have an antidote for wolf poisoning... I must admit, I did laugh at first because I thought wolf poison was too rare, but when she offered to help me make a small batch, I took her up on it because even if she just gave me the recipe, I would have never been able to make it myself. It’s a magic concoction. So, she did the hard part, and the herbs I had you hand me Rhys are to be added in when you want to activate it, so it will last longer.”

“Again, you got help from the woman who bound my mate twice as a baby?”

“It was to benefit the whole pack!” Sawyer exclaimed in frustration. “We don’t usually interact with witches; I wanted to take advantage of the situation!”

On a normal day, I might have accepted his answer, but on a day like today, there was no chance in hell I was going to let that slide.

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