

The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 8 - A REMINDER OF THE DARK TIME

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Cane had ordered the maid named Hanna to bring Iris into his chamber in three days, whether she got better or not.

And now, to know her coming to his chamber on her own feet, it seemed, her condition had improved.

However, Cane was too tired and he had a lot more important things to do than to entertain his enemy's daughter.

Once he was inside, he saw Iris sleeping on the sofa, she curled her body in such a way that made Cane almost miss her if he didn't pay her close attention. Her body was so small and skinny.

Cane frowned, he halted in his step for a while and stared at the bundle of flesh on his sofa for a few seconds. Her body moved gently, as she breathed, indicating that she was still alive, which was a good thing, since he had not even started yet.

But then, Cane didn't have time to do anything to her, because he needed to go to the dungeon and see Mason.

At that thought, Cane walked toward the bathroom and took a quick bath, to get rid of the repulsive smell of blood from his body and then changed into a set of clean clothes. He didn't even spare a glance at the bundle of flesh on his sofa when he walked out of the room.

Cane went straight to the dungeon, where he met his gamma, Ethan, who was grinning from ear to ear at the sight of him.

"Are we ready to chop off all of his fingers?" He asked excitedly, as he approached the alpha. "Can I do that? I will chop every single one off them little by little."

Cane threw the gamma a quick glance, his expression was devoid of any emotions. "I heard you chopped off his manhood."

"Yes," Ethan replied proudly. "I chopped it off and let him watch as the dog ate it."

4

"Okay." That was the only answer that Cane gave him, but he didn't explicitly give the permission to cut off Mason's fingers.

"Huft, cutting his fingers will not kill him," he muttered to himself, but Jace hit the back of his head to make him stop complaining, as both of them went into the cell, where Mason was held.

Thankfully he was a shifter, or else, he would have been an inch away from death with his current condition.

"Fuck you slave! FUCK YOU!" Mason was furious when he caught the sight of Cane. He was stripped naked, that was why his castrated manhood was clear to see. It looked so ugly and messy down there. "I should have killed you! I SHOULD HAVE LET THOSE SAVAGES CUT YOU OFF!"

It was Mason's thing to see the slaves that he owned to have forced sex with a few people and his current addiction was to watch men actually being fucked by men.

3

His favorite slaves were, of course, Cane and Ethan, while Jace was still under his father's possession, after he gave Cane, as a gift on his birthday.

"What?!" Mason roared and then he cackled. "Do you like it?! I bet you will never forget that sweet moment when those men fucked you!"

1

Mason was right. None of them would forget those dark days. Even if their mind, by some miracle, would be able to forget, their body wouldn't. The evidence was there.

"My people will get me out of here and you will suffer! YOU WILL TASTE MY WRATH!" Mason looked crazy right now. "I AM YOUR MASTER, YOU FUCKING SLAVES!"

It was Ethan who cracked first. His happy go lucky expression turned dangerous. His cold eyes became colder. And when he marched toward Mason with his claws emerging from his fingers, he was ready to shut this motherfucker's mouth forever.

"Stop him," Cane said to Jace. "I need him alive. Death is too easy for him."

Jace immediately rushed to stop Ethan, but he needed two more guards to drag the gamma away from there, as he was out of control, but the alpha pressed down his beast, thus he couldn't shift. It was one of the things that you would be able to do once you reach the position of an alpha.

"LET ME GO! I WILL FUCKING KILL HIM!" Ethan roared ferociously.

On a normal day, he would look like a sweet boy, who wouldn't be able to hurt even an insect, but when his trauma was triggered, he was ready to kill anyone within his vicinity, until he couldn't.

It was not the alpha, nor the beta, who had the higher amount of their enemy's deaths on their hands. It was him. He was akin to a killing machine when the coup happened.

If it was not for Cane that stopped Ethan at that time, he would have killed anyone without stopping, until he couldn't.

Ethan was dragged away from the cell, but his roars and curses could still be heard in the distance, as he was being calmed down in the other room.

"What? Do you have mercy on me?" Mason was laughing until his whole body was shaking. His laugh echoed in this dimmed cell room. "You are like your father, a soft- hearted coward, that's why my father managed to raze your pack."

2

Cane's father was just and wise and everyone respected him, but it seemed such traits didn't suit this world, where you have to deal with things violently, where the weaker would be killed in order to display power.

"Oh, I heard how my father killed Leana..." Mason spoke eerily and a smile tugged on the corners of his lips when he saw the change of expression on

Cane's face at the mention of that name. "I heard she is pregnant with your first child." He smirked when anger flashed in Cane's dark eyes.

1

This was what he wanted. If he couldn't hurt him by whipping him or any physical torture, he still could remind him about the death of his poor mate.

"She called your name, my father said..."