

## **The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 10 - BLOOD BETWEEN HER LEGS**

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Once Cane returned to his bedroom, his callous demeanor shattered. Anger and hatred were the most prominent feelings that he felt at that moment.

His whole body was trembling, he was seething. He wanted to crush Mason's head when he started talking about Leane.

Leane...

His sweet mate.

His fated mate, who was carrying their child when she was killed brutally by alpha Gerald. He was there, watching helplessly when the love of his life breathed her last, as they gutted her belly and took out his son.

He watched all of that nightmare that turned him insane unfold right before his eyes.

It took everything in him to stop himself from killing Mason right there and then, acting callous, as if that didn't bother him any longer.

Cane rubbed his face roughly and walked toward his bed, only for him to find Iris still curled on the sofa from the corner of his eye.

Iris.

Alpha Gerald's only daughter.

Leane was the same age as Iris when she was pregnant and killed.

And even after ten years had passed, Leane would always be the sweet woman in her twenties. She was always that brilliant and bright woman that he loved. The woman that was taken away from him brutally.

Cane then sat down on the sofa across from Iris. His mate was her age, but she was dead.

Hatred built up in his heart, coursed through his veins, burning his body.

Cane wanted to strangle Iris to death. He wanted to gut her stomach the same way they did to Leane. He wanted them to perish like what he and his people had suffered for years.

He wanted the worst death possible for Alpha Gerald's children.

He shouldn't have killed him at that time, but he was plagued by revenge and killed him in the heat of the moment.

Probably because the hatred from him was too strong, which made the atmosphere turn very heavy, it caused Iris to wake up.

She looked so fragile and vulnerable, her auburn hair fell on the sides of her face. Her big ocean blue eyes stared at Cane, horror soon filling them, but that was not enough. He wanted her to feel more pain than this.

Cane didn't even wait for her to be really awake before he dragged her to the bed. He made sure that she could read his lips, though it was unfortunate that she couldn't hear the malice in his voice.

Her wrist was so small, he felt like he could snap it in two easily.

On the other hand, Iris was startled, but she knew better than saying anything and followed what she was told. She stumbled when she tried to follow his pace.

The bed was huge, it was enough for six people to lay on, because her father loved to have multiple women to satisfy his lust.

Once they were close to the bed, Cane threw her harshly, which exposed her thighs and made his eyes slightly darker. It was not out of lust, but anger.

After he heard what Mason had said about his mate, it was only a sheer willpower that held him back from murdering that trash.

But right now, he could do the same exact thing that Gerald had done to him and his people.

Cane was so rough when he turned her body around and pressed her head into the pillow. Iris's heart sank when he lifted her dress and bundled it around

her hips. This time, he didn't tear her clothes. Probably he was repulsed by the sight of the scars on her back.

As a shifter, it was unusual to have scars on your body.

Iris jolted when she felt Cane tear her undergarment and touch her inner thighs roughly. She had never been touched this way before. She was scared, but tried to remember what Hanna had told her. She needed to stay still and not do anything that could upset Cane even further, because it would be her, who would get hurt.

However, this humiliation brought tears to her eyes. She bit her lip when she felt Cane touch her intimate part.

Her whole body stiffened, especially when he touched her roughly, there was no gentleness whatsoever. Even though Iris knew there was no way he would treat her kindly, it was still painful and humiliating.

"No..." Iris tried to wriggle her body to get away from Cane's grip, but he grabbed her hips firmly and didn't let her go anywhere, she was sure his grip on her body would leave bruises.

However, the pain that she was feeling right now was not even an ounce of what came after this because a moment later, Iris cried in agony when she felt something intruding her private part.

She gasped for air, her body was trembling and she fought to get away from Cane, but the stark difference in their strengths wouldn't allow her to do so.

"No! Please, stop!" Iris cried when Cane forced himself on her. She felt like someone just split her body into two. Her vision was blurry because of her tears and she screamed so hard, she thought she would wake up the whole pack house.

But, Cane didn't stop. He kept thrusting roughly, as if it was not pleasure that he sought, but pain. The same pain that he had endured for a decade. There was no way he would make it pleasant for Iris. He wanted to hurt her so badly.

Iris had just recovered from her fever and she didn't have enough strength to match with Cane, even at her healthier moment, she wouldn't be able to stand such torture.

Her body gave away, blood trickled down from between her legs, pooled on the bed sheet, as she felt her heart pound in her ears. She closed her eyes and waited for the pain to end.

On the other hand, Cane grunted when he saw blood smear the sheets, the glaring red color, the same color that dyed his mate's body when they gutted out their son from his mother's belly.

Cane stopped his movements when he saw it was too much for Iris. This kind of torture was not something that she could bear.

He hated it that he had to stop, because more than this, he would kill her and that was not his intention.

At least, not now...