

The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 5 - SHE IS A SLAVE NOW

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"Please, Alpha Cane, show some mercy on Miss Iris. She has suffered enough..." Hanna pleaded. She lowered her head until her forehead touched the floor, begging the alpha to send her to the dungeon, to be with Iris.

She knew she wouldn't be able to do anything even if she was sent there, but at the very least, Iris wouldn't be alone. The girl was afraid of the dark.

But, right at that time, someone knocked on the door and interrupted them.

"Enter," Cane said impassively, he didn't show any emotions in response to Hanna begging him, or when she tearfully told him about the hardships that Iris had to go through thus far.

"Cane," Jace called him. As he walked across the room, he threw a glance at Hanna, who was on her knees, crying.

"What is it?"

"She is unconscious."

Cane furrowed his brows and Jace continued.

"She will not make it past tonight if we don't call a healer for her."

Jace didn't mean to hide this conversation, thus Hanna could hear it clearly, which made her immediately realize who they were talking about.

"It is Miss Iris, right? Miss Iris is sick again?" Hanna became frantic. "Alpha, please, show her your mercy... she is not at fault... she shouldn't bear her father's sins." Hanna hit her head against the floor, to show how serious she was with her pleas.

"She is not at fault?" Jace sneered. "Right. So, what about those babies that your alpha killed? What about those women that your alpha raped and what about those innocent lives that your alpha took? She is not at fault?" Jace growled. "So were they!"

Hanna flinched when Jace snapped at her, her whole body was trembling, but she kept pleading with Cane to save Iris's life.

"Why do you insist on saving her life? Letting her die is a form of a mercy too." If it was not for Cane, who kept giving them hope that there would be a time that they would be able to break free from the slavery and exact their revenge, they would have chosen death to be their salvation.

Those years that they had gone through were too cruel for anyone to endure. They were not at fault either, but none of them could escape the cruelty no matter at what age one of them was.

"Take her out of the dungeon and let a healer see her," Cane said, which surprised both of them.

"Cane!" Jace snapped, but then he lowered his voice when he saw the hard look in Cane's eyes. He gritted his teeth and balled his fists so tightly to contain his anger.

"Death is too easy for her. I have not done it with her yet." Cane folded his arms, this time his eyes fell on Hanna and she shivered in fear.

Cane didn't do anything, but she was trembling, too afraid to utter a single word, since she was scared that he would change his mind again.

"Prepare her, I want her to be ready in three days, sick or not, I want her in my bed."

Jace was not satisfied, but as long as Cane didn't forget their revenge, he would be fine with that. Yes, death would be too easy for them.

They shouldn't have killed the alpha yet, since his children couldn't quench their thirst for revenge, but it was better than nothing at all.

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"Thank you, alpha..." Hanna said bitterly.

Three days, sick or not, Iris had to warm the alpha's bed.

She felt her stomach churning.

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Iris was in and out of consciousness several times, she felt her whole body burning, but a moment later she was so cold.

Probably, this was a dream, but she saw Hanna was with her.

This must be a dream, because she was supposed to be in the dungeon, surrounded by darkness, sleeping on the cold floor, not inside this room with Hanna tending to her.

"Miss Iris, are you feeling better? I will be right beside you, don't worry, don't be afraid."

Iris read her lips, but her head was so dizzy and her eyelids were so heavy, thus she succumbed into darkness once again.

It was only on the third day that she regained her consciousness and found Hanna wiping her body attentively.

The first thing that Iris felt was the warm sunlight that streamed down into this room from the opened window. The woodsy smell from the nearby forest entered the room and it felt so refreshing.

"Miss Iris!" Hanna almost jumped out of shock when she saw Iris open her eyes. She covered her face with both her hands and cried.

"Ha... Hanna..." Iris raised her hand and touched her arm.

"Yes, Miss Iris, it is me." Hanna watched, as her little Missy smiled weakly at her. She looked so pale and fragile.

"Am I dreaming? Hanna is here with me..." Iris's voice was so hoarse.

"No, you are not dreaming," Hanna said and then shook her head. She made sure that she could read her lips. "Hanna will be here with you, Miss Iris. Are you hungry?"

"I am famished."

"I will prepare food for you." Hanna was glad that Iris was awake now, but she didn't forget that today was the day she had to prepare her for Alpha Cane.

The alpha had said that he wanted her in his bed, sick or not.

"I will go get you food, okay? I will be right back." Hanna went out of the room, but as soon as she opened the door, she saw a beautiful woman standing in front of her. She was holding something, which she handed to her.

"What is this?" Hanna looked at the paper bag and took out the item inside. Her eyes widened in shock.

"Alpha Cane said to prepare her and make her wear that." The woman glanced into the room, but she couldn't see Iris.

"NO!" Hanna immediately refused that. "How can she wear something like this?!"

"Why not? She is no longer the alpha's daughter. She is a slave now."