

The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter, Chapter 46

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46 THE SOLUTION AND THE DEMAND

The king watched everything play out before his eyes, but he said nothing. This was the first time for him to meet with his nephew and he thought, after years of slavery, he would be easy to deal with, since Gerald would have broken him physically and mentally.

And yet, here he was, being so cunning with him. He turned the tables around and used the rules against the king himself.

The fact that they had castrated Mason, which rendered him unable to produce an heir, was something that he couldn't refute, since the law said that one couldn't be the alpha without having the ability to ensure his line of succession.

Moreover, King Aeon couldn't punish Cane, since he made use of a different law, which said that he was allowed to do anything to the war prisoners, including killing them. The king used the same law to refuse to help the Howling Wolf pack in time of their need before.

"In this case, we need..." Alpha Gill was about to offer a solution, but Cane didn't allow him to talk.

"He is not the only child that Alpha Gerald has." Cane looked at Jace and he nodded before walking away from the room.

Not long after, Will entered the room with Iris. He looked a little bit confused with the whole situation, thus when he was not ordered to go out, he stayed there to see how the whole thing unfolded.

"Alpha Gerald has a daughter." Cane glanced at Iris, who was trying to stay away from her brother, even though at this time Mason wouldn't be able to do anything in his current condition. But the fear that had been instilled in her couldn't be shaken off easily. "Based on our law, if the first heir is not capable of carrying the legacy, then the responsibility will be carried by the

next child.”

The five alphas gasped in shock when the realization finally dawned on them. Their eyes widened, while the king remained expressionless. If anything, he stared at Cane sharply, yet the alpha didn't falter at all with his intention.

Meanwhile, Aderan and Will, who finally caught up with their alpha's plan, were flabbergasted. They both stared at the beta and the gamma, trying to find out whether this was the alpha's plan all along, yet they seemed to be as speechless as they were.

“What do you mean!?” Alpha James pounded his fist against the table, as he stood up, enraged.

“You want to place her as the luna?! A woman can't lead a pack!” Alpha Gian was furious as well. He didn't want to be on the same level as a woman, for him, a woman existed only to satisfy a man's needs.

It was unheard of for a woman to lead a pack.

“You are crazy if you think a woman like her can lead a pack!” Alpha Gill was still miffed about the fact that Iris managed to run away in the middle of the welcoming party, when her status was still a slave, because they were distracted by Mason.

Iris flinched to hear how they were snarling at Cane. She wanted to step back, but Mason was lying naked behind her. While in front of her, the five alphas looked like they would snap her neck in two once they were given a chance.

On the other hand, the four men behind Cane, gritted their teeth and hardened their jaws to contain their anger. They wanted to attack them all for screaming at their alpha.

They were still not sure whether it was right to let Iris rise in ranks. There could be a backlash from their own people for this, but despite all of that, their unity was so strong. They would fight anyone that wanted to harm one of them, especially Cane.

Their alpha had done everything, including the unimaginable things for

them to break free from the slavery. They had gone through hell together and they would never leave anyone behind.

“She is your slave! You are the one who made her a slave!” Alpha Darrian from Crystal Moon pack pointed this fact out.

“Right! A slave can’t rise in rank, unless she is your mate!” Alpha Gill agreed with his fellow alpha.

“Yes, she is,” Cane replied calmly.

Jace and Ethan immediately knew what Cane would do after this and how he would assure them about Iris being his mate.

This was by no means intentional, but Cane seemed to be making the most of it.

“She is my chosen mate.” Cane emphasized this, which sent waves of shock among them.

They thought this last day of decision making would be as easy as taking a walk in the garden, as Cane didn’t have anything to go against the decision and argue with them. Alas, they were so wrong about it.

“You can’t choose her as your mate randomly without a second thought just because you don’t want to give up the Blue Moon pack.” This time, it was the king, who was talking, he stood up from his seat, which made alpha James sit down.

All of them were fuming, even the people from the Howling Wolf pack were livid, it was only Cane, who remained calm and Iris, who fretted by how tense the situation was, while Mason was not able to say or do anything. He cursed Cane and his sister. She was so useless, but his enemy found a good use of her.

If he knew it would turn out like this, Mason would have killed Iris a long time ago. What a useless creature! She put him in misery, since she gave Cane a weapon to go against the king’s decision.

“I didn’t choose her randomly. I have given some thought about it.” Cane lied smoothly. There was no way he wanted his enemy’s daughter to be the luna of his pack. Not in his wildest dreams.

“Don’t lie to the king!” Alpha James snapped and this made Ethan growl at him. “What is that?!” Alpha James’s sharp eyes found the gamma, as he glared at him sharply.

“Take him out,” Jace told Will to get Ethan out of the room, since it wouldn’t be in their best interest if he wreaked havoc now.

Will knew about that and immediately escorted Ethan out of the room. Fortunately, he obliged without making so much as a fuss.

“I am not lying,” Cane said, as he grabbed Iris’s hand and pulled her in front of him, to make all of them see her and also in order to distract their attention from Ethan, just in case they wanted to find fault in that. “I have marked her.”

Cane pulled down Iris’s collar and showed his mark on her neck. He tilted her head, so his mark was on full display for them to see.

Silence fell over the room, the tension was so thick, you could feel it in the air.

Meanwhile, Iris made an attempt to free herself from Cane’s grip, since she didn’t like the way they stared at her, at the mark on her neck as it made her uncomfortable, but Cane didn’t allow her, he held her firmly.

The alpha showed his mark for a little bit longer, just to rub this fact in their faces.

The mark had fully healed, while it would take around a week for that to show. Cane had marked her a week prior, thus their accusation of him marking her out of the blue couldn’t hold the ground.

“She is the luna of the pack now, which means, her pack will also be under my responsibility as her mate.” Cane finally let Iris go, as she shrunk back and stood behind him.

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Mason screamed something, but it was hard to understand, since he was gagged.

Right at that time, Will returned to the room and whispered something into the alpha's ear, which made Cane smile even more.

Even though he was smiling, it didn't reach his eyes at all. His eyes were empty, cold even, they were devoid of any emotions.

"Just because there are only five alphas that came to this meeting, it doesn't mean the rest of the five alphas' opinions don't matter." Cane looked at them one by one.

They must know that the other five alphas couldn't come due to the condition of their packs and the fact they were far away from here, it would take them more than a week to reach Blue Moon pack.

Therefore, only these five alphas, who lived nearby the area, as these five were in the south of the kingdom, who would always be frequented by alpha Gerald and do their dirty deeds ever so often.

After saying that, five men entered the room, they looked worn out, as if they had gone through a long journey. They were still in their traveling gear while their cloaks were covered in dust and dirt.

"They are here to deliver the message from the other five alphas." Cane stepped aside to let them say what the messages were.

Iris moved along with him, as she unconsciously took a shelter behind Cane's back. The alpha glanced at her briefly and saw her staring at her shoes. She was not comfortable with this whole ordeal.

"This is the message from Alpha Derick of the Celestial Moon pack..."

And the messengers were reading the messages that they brought one by one. In conclusion, the other five alphas did agree with Cane's idea to take over Blue Moon pack, especially when they knew Mason was no longer able to produce an heir, though they said nothing about Iris.

"The outcome of the voting is five against five Cane looked at the king, while the five messengers resigned themselves from the room,

"I don't want chaos in my kingdom," king Acon said through his gritted teeth. He thought it would be an easy decision to make, but Cane made it more and more difficult. He didn't want to lose face in this meeting.

“I didn’t wish for that to happen either, my king,” Cane said soothingly. “But the voting is even and if you disregard the other five alphas’ opinion, I am afraid this will cause a disruption in our kingdom.”

“Are you trying to threaten me?” King Acon narrowed his eyes at Cane, but the alpha tactfully lowered his head a bit, to show his submission. He couldn’t push him more than this, or else the king would take an impulsive decision feeling his ego was hurt.

And just like what Cane thought, the king was rather pleased to see him showing a little bit of respect and submission to him.

“I will not dare to do that.” Cane lowered his head, but his eyes remained defiant. “I have a solution and I think this will be the best outcome for all of us. After all, I have chosen her as my mate, all of you had seen the mark on

her neck. She bears my mark.”

King Acon sat down again, his eyes hard on Cane, but the alpha simply kept his head low to make him unable to see his eyes, which gave satisfaction to the king as well, since this made him feel like he still had the upper

hand on

Cane.

“Fine.” King Acon nodded. “Do as you wish. She is your luna and now the Blue Moon pack will fall into your responsibility.”

The other five alphas didn’t look satisfied with this solution, but they kept it to themselves, since the king was talking right now.

“Since the new alpha and the luna have to be blessed in the capital, I want to know when you will go to the capital and have the ceremony.” King Acon widened his eyes. “Since the problem here is an heir, I will give you two years to prove to me that she is able to give you a child. If after two years,

you are still without a child, we will discuss this matter again.”

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“And one more thing.” The king looked at Iris, who was half hiding herself behind Cane. The alpha’s large and tall body practically hid her well. “Since the problem here is an heir, I will give you two years to prove to me that she is able to give you a child. If after two years, you are still without a child, we will discuss this matter again.”

Hearing that, Cane raised his head and met the king in the eyes. There was a flash of emotion in those dark eyes, but it lasted only for a brief second, because after that, they returned to being emotionless.

“Yes, I will make sure to bring our child.” The words ‘our child’ left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Behind him, Jace had a troubled expression. He didn’t know how the alpha would come up with a child later when the time came.

“So, when will you have the blessing ceremony in the capital temple?” The king asked casually, which made the tension slightly dissipate from this room. He leaned his back against his seat.

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“Four months,” King Acon said. “I want you to have the blessing ceremony within four months. This is something that you can’t delay for long and you know that.”

Cane looked at the king for a while and then nodded. "Four months."

"I hope to see a grand cousin in two years."

Grace was a healer from the Howling Wolf pack. Because of her position, she didn't get the brunt of the slavery, as she worked with the other healers in the Blue Moon pack, but it didn't mean she had never been harmed, since she would help her people and would be caught in the act on her unlucky days.

Grace was only eighteen when the pack went into slavery, but during the ten years following she learned a lot and became one of the best healers in the Blue Moon pack. Alpha Gerald ordered to kill all the healers in the Howling Wolf pack, except for her, because she was so young.

"There is no hope, alpha," Grace said sadly, she looked at Cane with sadness in her eyes and Cane hated it when people gave that pitiful look to him. "You are sterile. What happened years ago has destroyed your nerves and made you sterile."

Grace didn't want to explain this thing again to Cane, but when she heard how the last meeting went and what the king demanded from the alpha in two years, she knew that Cane would call her over.

She was right and here she was, having this difficult conversation with Cane again. This would be the second time they had this discussion. The first time she informed him about this, Cane chose to act as if the conversation never happened.

No one could blame him for that, just like the others, she knew how important an heir for an alpha was and just like how Cane had annulled Mason's claim from the alpha's title because he was no longer able to produce an heir, the same accusation could be directed at him.

"What about the herbs?" Cane asked. His emotions dripped into his voice. He rested his head on the backrest of his chair, his eyes tightly shut.

There were just the two of them inside the bedroom and Cane had ordered them not to be disturbed.

Grace tried to find the right words to say, but then there was nothing she could find to make the situation a little bit better for the alpha. He was the last

person in his bloodline and if he couldn't produce an heir, it meant the bloodline would die with him.

The burden of knowing that was something that weighed Cane down and mortified him more than anything. The alpha's blood line from the Howling Wolf pack would die with him, as the last alpha.

"I will try to concoct something for you." Grace knew that she was offering an empty promise, so did the alpha.

"How about the chances?" Cane opened his eyes and he stared straight into Grace's eyes. "Tell me the truth."

"It is close to impossible," Grace replied and she felt sorry for him. She lowered her head and then a crazy thing crossed her mind. "But alpha, if the herbs can't help, what about with magic? Such as a magic power?"

Magic power and healing power were two different things, probably there was still hope if they could find a great sorcerer.

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“There is no way the alpha will do that!” Aria was hyperventilating. She threw another flower vase, which shattered into a hundred pieces when it collided against the wall. “There is no way Cane will do something like that!”

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Meanwhile, Bian was standing silently at the corner and Dalia stood beside her. She knew that her friend was so triggered, since she would tremble in fear at the smallest act of violence and Aria did exactly what she feared.

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Iris was having trouble falling asleep after the whole ordeal that she had to go through this morning and afternoon.

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However, their moment got interrupted when Aria barged into the room. Hanna jolted when she heard the sound of the door slamming so hard, while

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48 SHE WILL DIE

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The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 48

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The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter, Chapter 49

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Chapter 49: Call the Midwife

Moana

After I hung up with Ethan, I felt a bit lighter with the prospect of enjoying dinner with a friend. I met Ella out in the foyer after that, and we went over to the farmers’ market.

“Come on, Moana!” Ella yelled excitedly, pulling on my hand as we crossed the street to the park. that was bustling with people.

She looked absolutely adorable in her little blue and white checkered sundress and her big, floppy sun hat with the blue ribbon that wiggled when she moved her head.

The stone pathway around the park was lined with various vendor stalls as we entered. Much of it was produce and canned goods, but there were also stalls with soft pretzels, face painting for children, handmade toys and clothing, and more. I had just deposited my first paycheck from Edrick, and had some money put aside after paying off a large chunk of my student loans. I double checked before we left the penthouse this time to make sure that I had my wallet, in order to avoid a repeat of the theme park.

As the morning marched on, Ella and I slowly made our way around to all of the stalls. I bought us both soft pretzels to eat on a bench together, smiling as I watched Ella happily swinging her legs next to me, then took her to get her

face painted. After that, we stopped at the stalls with the handmade toys and clothing, where I bought Ella a little handmade stuffed duck. At this stall, there was a rack of womens' dresses for sale.

Ella reached out her little hands and tugged on one of the dresses. It was a long, flowy dress in a sky blue color.

"Moana, this is so pretty!" she said, pointing. "You could match me!"

"I take it that blue is someone's favorite color?" the attendant asked, looking at Ella with a big smile.

Ella nodded matter-of-factly. "Mhm. I love blue."

"I'll tell you what," the attendant said, standing and coming over to check the price on the tag. before looking at me. "If you want to try it on, I'll give you a twenty-five percent discount. I think

this color would be lovely on you."

"Oh, I don't know," I replied, feeling my face get red. "I don't really have anywhere to wear something like that."

"It's just a cotton dress," the attendant chimed in with a wink. "Besides, a pretty girl like you. probably goes on plenty of dates with your husband"

I didn't feel like correcting the attendant, and between her affectatious smile and Ella's pleading. look, I finally agreed. "Okay," I said, to which Ella squealed excitedly. "I'll try it on."

The attendant grinned and took the dress off of the rack, then led me over to the back of the tent, where there was a curtain in the corner. She pulled the curtain aside to reveal a tiny makeshift dressing room with a standing mirror.

"Wait here, Ella," I said, stepping inside and closing the curtain. I sighed once I was inside and held

Chapter 49. Call the Midwife

the dress up to myself; it was a pretty color, and the shape was nice. Maybe I could dress it down a bit to wear as an everyday dress, or to go out for lunch

on my little crepe dates with Ella... Or, perhaps, I could wear it to my date with Ethan.

I quickly slipped off my own plain dress and slipped on the blue one. My eyes widened as I looked at myself in the mirror; it really was beautiful on me. It reached down to my ankles and the skirt flowed when I moved, but the waist fit snugly to show off my curves. It had two thin straps that tied on my shoulders with soft, silky ribbons.

I stepped out of the dressing room and twirled.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“Oh, it looks lovely on you!” the attendant said as she clasped her hands together. Meanwhile, Ella

squealed again in delight.

“Will you wear it today?” Ella asked, jumping up and down. “Please? I want to match!”

I looked down at myself, wondering if I looked out of place with nothing else on but my tote bag,

my sandals, and my sun hat, but decided that it was worth it to make Ella happy.

When we arrived back at the penthouse, I began to feel ill on the elevator. I hardly made it to the bathroom before I began to retch. When I was finished, I stood and leaned over the sink, taking deep breaths to soothe my nerves as the feeling of nausea lingered and the pounding in my head

intensified.

Suddenly, I heard someone clear their throat. I jumped and whirled around on my feet to see Selina standing in the doorway.

“Oh, g-good morning, Selina,” I said, my voice shaking slightly from the recent vomiting spell in combination with the shock of seeing her standing there.

Without speaking, she suddenly walked toward me and brusquely cupped my breast in her hand

with her brow furrowed.

“Hey!” I shouted, jumping back and smacking her hand away as my face went bright red. “What are you doing?”

Selina frowned. “Your breasts are heavy. Are you sure you’re not pregnant?”

My heart raced. I shook my head vigorously. “I already told you I have food poisoning. Why do you keep fixating on it?”

Selina’s frown deepened even more and she narrowed her eyes. “I was a midwife for many years, you know,” she said. “I know a pregnant woman when I see one. But if you want to continue to lie. to everyone, that’s your choice.”

Without another word, Selina turned on her heel and left my room.

I scoffed incredulously at the old woman’s forthright attitude. Of course she was correct, but I couldn’t bring myself to admit the truth... Especially not now that Edrick had been so blatantly. cruel to me over the past several days. I still wasn’t sure whether I wanted to bring a child into a situation like that, where it would no doubt be treated just as cruelly by its own father, and I didn’t want to tell anyone about the pregnancy if I was just going to have an abortion.

Chapter 49 Call the Midwife

After rinsing out my mouth with mouthwash, I walked back out to my bedroom and paused in front of the mirror. The blue dress really was beautiful. I turned this way and that in the mirror, admiring how the bodice fit so perfectly and how the skirt twirled when I moved — and then, without thinking, I turned to the side to look at my belly, and I imagined how it would look and feel eight months from now.

I ran my hands over my belly and closed my eyes, imagining the feeling of the little one inside of me. I wondered if it would be a little girl like Ella, or a little boy. I wondered if the child would

have red hair like me.

I had always wanted children. Just... not like this.

But I didn’t know if I could bring myself to end the pregnancy.

Later that night, after dinner, I put Ella to bed and returned to my room. I took off my dress and hung it in the closet, then walked over to the bathroom to shower and get ready for bed.

As I passed the bathroom sink, however, I did a double take and furrowed my brow.

Someone likely Selina — had placed a box of pregnancy tests on the sink.

Part of me was somewhat annoyed at the housekeeper's blunt way of doing things, but I couldn't deny the fact that there was another, larger, part of me that was moved by her caring nature.

Just then, for the first time in days, I felt Mina's presence coming out much more strongly. While I Chad felt her here and there over the past few days, she had only come and gone briefly with few

words, if any. Now, she seemed stronger and more able to talk.

"It's his baby," she said, matter-of-factly.

"Yes," I replied out loud, keeping my voice low. "It's definitely his."

"Are you going to keep it?" Mina asked.

I paused for a moment, biting my lip thoughtfully before finally answering. "I... I don't know, honestly," I replied. "I want to. I've always wanted a little one of my own, but it's just... It's not the best situation to bring a child into."

Now, Mina was silent for a moment. I could feel an ache in my chest, and I couldn't tell if it was more my pain or hers. Maybe both.

"I'd like you to keep it," she said. "But I understand that he might not accept the baby, or treat it well. Ultimately, it's your decision, I suppose."

That, however, was precisely the problem. It was my decision, and the truth was that I didn't know which decision to make. I knew that I couldn't go on hiding this pregnancy forever. Selina already

figured it out, and others would soon start to notice my belly growing.

“Will you be mad at me if I decide not to keep it?” I asked Mina. She didn’t answer. In fact, while I was thinking to myself, I hadn’t realized that her presence had faded away at all..

I realized one thing, though: I would have to make a decision as soon as possible.

The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy’s Daughter Chapter 49

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“I take it that blue is someone’s favorite color?” the attendant asked, looking at Ella with a big smile.

Ella nodded matter-of-factly. “Mhm. I love blue.”

“I’ll tell you what,” the attendant said, standing and coming over to check the price on the tag. before looking at me. “If you want to try it on, I’ll give you a twenty-five percent discount. I think

this color would be lovely on you.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I replied, feeling my face get red. “I don’t really have anywhere to wear something like that.”

“It’s just a cotton dress,” the attendant chimed in with a wink. “Besides, a pretty girl like you. probably goes on plenty of dates with your husband”

I didn’t feel like correcting the attendant, and between her affectatious smile and Ella’s pleading. look, I finally agreed. “Okay,” I said, to which Ella squealed excitedly. “I’ll try it on.”

The attendant grinned and took the dress off of the rack, then led me over to the back of the tent, where there was a curtain in the corner. She pulled the curtain aside to reveal a tiny makeshift dressing room with a standing mirror.

“Wait here, Ella,” I said, stepping inside and closing the curtain. I sighed once I was inside and held

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the dress up to myself; it was a pretty color, and the shape was nice. Maybe I could dress it down a bit to wear as an everyday dress, or to go out for lunch on my little crepe dates with Ella... Or, perhaps, I could wear it to my date with Ethan.

I quickly slipped off my own plain dress and slipped on the blue one. My eyes widened as I looked at myself in the mirror; it really was beautiful on me. It reached down to my ankles and the skirt flowed when I moved, but the waist

fit snugly to show off my curves. It had two thin straps that tied on my shoulders with soft, silky ribbons.

I stepped out of the dressing room and twirled.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“Oh, it looks lovely on you!” the attendant said as she clasped her hands together. Meanwhile, Ella

squealed again in delight.

“Will you wear it today?” Ella asked, jumping up and down. “Please? I want to match!”

I looked down at myself, wondering if I looked out of place with nothing else on but my tote bag,

my sandals, and my sun hat, but decided that it was worth it to make Ella happy.

When we arrived back at the penthouse, I began to feel ill on the elevator. I hardly made it to the bathroom before I began to retch. When I was finished, I stood and leaned over the sink, taking deep breaths to soothe my nerves as the feeling of nausea lingered and the pounding in my head

intensified.

Suddenly, I heard someone clear their throat. I jumped and whirled around on my feet to see Selina standing in the doorway.

“Oh, g-good morning, Selina,” I said, my voice shaking slightly from the recent vomiting spell in combination with the shock of seeing her standing there.

Without speaking, she suddenly walked toward me and brusquely cupped my breast in her hand

with her brow furrowed.

“Hey!” I shouted, jumping back and smacking her hand away as my face went bright red. “What are you doing?”

Selina frowned. “Your breasts are heavy. Are you sure you’re not pregnant?”

My heart raced. I shook my head vigorously. “I already told you I have food poisoning. Why do you keep fixating on it?”

Selina’s frown deepened even more and she narrowed her eyes. “I was a midwife for many years, you know,” she said. “I know a pregnant woman when I see one. But if you want to continue to lie. to everyone, that’s your choice.”

Without another word, Selina turned on her heel and left my room.

I scoffed incredulously at the old woman’s forthright attitude. Of course she was correct, but I couldn’t bring myself to admit the truth... Especially not now that Edrick had been so blatantly. cruel to me over the past several days. I still wasn’t sure whether I wanted to bring a child into a situation like that, where it would no doubt be treated just as cruelly by its own father, and I didn’t want to tell anyone about the pregnancy if I was just going to have an abortion.

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After rinsing out my mouth with mouthwash, I walked back out to my bedroom and paused in front of the mirror. The blue dress really was beautiful. I turned this way and that in the mirror, admiring how the bodice fit so perfectly and how the skirt twirled when I moved — and then, without thinking, I turned to the side to look at my belly, and I imagined how it would look and feel eight months from now.

I ran my hands over my belly and closed my eyes, imagining the feeling of the little one inside of me. I wondered if it would be a little girl like Ella, or a little boy. I wondered if the child would

have red hair like me.

I had always wanted children. Just... not like this.

But I didn’t know if I could bring myself to end the pregnancy.

Later that night, after dinner, I put Ella to bed and returned to my room. I took off my dress and hung it in the closet, then walked over to the bathroom to shower and get ready for bed.

As I passed the bathroom sink, however, I did a double take and furrowed my brow.

Someone likely Selina — had placed a box of pregnancy tests on the sink.

Part of me was somewhat annoyed at the housekeeper's blunt way of doing things, but I couldn't deny the fact that there was another, larger, part of me that was moved by her caring nature.

Just then, for the first time in days, I felt Mina's presence coming out much more strongly. While I Chad felt her here and there over the past few days, she had only come and gone briefly with few

words, if any. Now, she seemed stronger and more able to talk.

"It's his baby," she said, matter-of-factly.

"Yes," I replied out loud, keeping my voice low. "It's definitely his."

"Are you going to keep it?" Mina asked.

I paused for a moment, biting my lip thoughtfully before finally answering. "I... I don't know, honestly," I replied. "I want to. I've always wanted a little one of my own, but it's just... It's not the best situation to bring a child into."

Now, Mina was silent for a moment. I could feel an ache in my chest, and I couldn't tell if it was more my pain or hers. Maybe both.

"I'd like you to keep it," she said. "But I understand that he might not accept the baby, or treat it well. Ultimately, it's your decision, I suppose."

That, however, was precisely the problem. It was my decision, and the truth was that I didn't know which decision to make. I knew that I couldn't go on hiding this pregnancy forever. Selina already

figured it out, and others would soon start to notice my belly growing.

"Will you be mad at me if I decide not to keep it?" I asked Mina. She didn't answer. In fact, while I was thinking to myself, I hadn't realized that her presence had faded away at all..

I realized one thing, though: I would have to make a decision as soon as possible.

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The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 50

50 YOU HAVE SO MANY SCARS

Iris didn't suffer any serious injuries, aside from her scraped knee that was bleeding, because Aria pushed her to the ground. Hanna was more than capable of taking care of the wound.

However, Iris had been very quiet. She didn't say anything and clutched her dress tightly.

"I will return the cloak to Stone later after I wash it, okay?" Hanna tried to coax her to speak, but Iris didn't say anything. She closed her eyes, seemingly fell asleep, but her tensed shoulders told her that she was wide awake.

But around midnight, Iris fell unconscious, she got a fever again and because tomorrow she needed to be with Cane to send off the king and the five alphas, Grace was called over to take a look at her.

Meanwhile, the rumors out there started to circulate, they talked about how the alpha had taken Iris as his luna and how he had marked her.

At first, Cane didn't want anyone to know that Iris had been marked. He didn't even have a plan to use her that way at all and was still trying to figure out a better way to announce it to the people.

But now, rumors about it had spread and people were talking about how Iris bore his mark. There was nothing to hide anymore.

Yet, it was either that, or him losing the Blue Moon pack. The resources of this pack were too great to let them fall into the king's hands and the hatred was too deep to let those people be free.

Grace had learned what had happened and reluctantly looked after her, because it was not about Iris alone. If something happened to her now, the whole pack would be implicated and their pack would be in a more vulnerable state because they didn't have the footing to hold onto Blue Moon pack.

The Howling Wolf pack was not in a good condition and they needed to fund everything that had been destroyed and to make the economy of the pack run smoothly again.

“Do you want me to heal her scars too?” Grace frowned when she saw the scars on Iris’ back. From the looks of it, none were new scars, but how could she get those scars to begin with?

Hanna was wiping Iris’ body, so she could sleep comfortably when Cane and Grace entered the room and she didn’t have enough time to dress her missy up, which left her bare back fully exposed.

“Yes, do it,” Cane replied. It made no difference to him whether her scars were fully healed or not. She was still Iris Lane, there was no change in that fact.

Grace let Hanna wipe Iris’ body down and only then she used her healing magic to heal the scars, yet she realized something was wrong. She frowned deeply and put down her hand to see that her scars did not heal at all.

“Why?” Grace muttered under her breath when she couldn’t heal the scars. They should have been healed by now, but the scars were still there.

Cane stared at Iris’ back and knew why Grace was at a loss for words. The healer tried again and the result was still the same. She couldn’t heal the scars.

“How could this happen?”

Rewards

At first, Hanna was too distracted to make her missy more comfortable, but then she realized the healer was being stunned and what the reason for her reaction was.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you that Missy’s body is resistant to healing power, Hanna explained, as she wiped Iris’ face with a warm towel.

“What do you mean she is resistant?” Grace couldn’t accept that logic.

“Her scars can’t be healed by magic.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know.” Hanna shook her head and then told her and the alpha that in the past, how Iris was severely injured, but the most that the healing magic could do was to stop her bleeding, as for her recovery, she needed to use

herbs. Her body didn't respond to some healing power. "Here, she still has the scar when she cut her finger when she touched a sharp shard of glass."

Hanna raised Iris' hand and on her left palm, there was a scar, which was only an inch long.

"Is she resistant to silver too?" Cane couldn't help but ask Hanna, since she knew a lot about this runt. This thought just came to his mind.

"Resistant to silver?" Hanna blinked her eyes, she tried to think about it. "I don't know about that,

because Miss Iris has never encountered silver before."

Both Hanna and Grace looked at each other, since they didn't know why the alpha asked that.

"Why do you think her body is resistant to healing power?" Cane asked Grace. The more he knew about this runt, the more questions that he had.

"I am not sure about that," Grace muttered, she didn't like it when she didn't have the answer for a question that was directed at her. "Probably because she was born as a runt, so her body is built differently."

That could explain that, even the crossbreeds would have been hurt by silver and as far as Cane knew, both Iris' parents were shifters, even though she was born as a runt.

"Take care of her, I want her to be able to see the king and the alphas before they set off tomorrow," Cane said and then walked out of the room, without waiting for the reply.

"Tomorrow?" Hanna was mortified. "Don't you think that she needs to rest? She will not wake up

tomorrow."

up,

"I can make her wake up tomorrow," Grace said easily. She could make her wake but it didn't mean the process would be free of pain.

Hanna's tears streamed down her face again to think her missy would be in so much pain if they woke her up tomorrow.

The first thing that Iris felt when she opened her eyes was how sore her throat was, the pain made

Iris remembered almost immediately about what happened, the humiliation that she got and how she screamed for them to stop tearing her dress apart, especially when they saw her scars. It was so rare for a shifter to have scars and Iris was ashamed of hers.

She remembered how those warriors looked at her with disdain and how they judged her. Those eyes were so scary. She didn't want to see them again. It reminded her of what Mason had done to her. The way her brother looked at her was the same as them.

And when she could no longer endure it, she simply shut down. Her body and feelings turned

numbed.

Iris whimpered, she wanted to drink something, her dried throat was killing her, the pain made her miserable and the fact that she couldn't move made her feel even more helpless. Her vision was

blurry.

Iris cried, she wanted to die. There was no point in being alive when it was only pain, rejection and emptiness that she got. She was at her lowest point and the darkness in this room only added to her dark thoughts about ending everything.

But then, a beam of light came from the door as someone entered the room. Iris couldn't see who that was, but that person put down the candles on the table near the bed and then walked over to her.

Iris was still crying and tears obscured her vision, she didn't know who that was, even though this person sat down on the edge of the bed and made it dip with his weight.

Iris blinked her eyes and watched Cane stretch out his hand, which made her flinch, she thought he would hurt her again. She didn't want to be hurt

anymore. She didn't want to be ridiculed and looked down on again. She was afraid.

But then, Cane's cold finger brushed her hair and wiped her tears away.

"What do you want?" Cane asked when he made sure Iris looked his way, so she could know what he

was asking.

"W- water..." she said with difficulty.

Cane came here because he wanted to check on her, just in case she couldn't come with him to send off those alphas and the king. In that case, he had to make sure that her fever had subsided.

Once he entered the room, he heard her whimpering voice and since he couldn't sleep, as usual, there was no harm in him coming to see what she needed.

However, it became a problem when she was too weak to sit down on her own and needed his assistance to drink her water. In that case, Cane had to let her lean against him.

Cane didn't like to make any physical contact and for him to let Iris lean on him like this, as he cradled her body carefully, it was a big deal for him.

or the repulsion to set in, but to his surprise, he didn't feel that way. Her body felt so right in his arms, which put him on alert, since this was not right.

Thus, Cane focused on helping her drink the water. He brought the glass closer to her lips and slightly tilted her head so she could drink from it.

Iris drank the water greedily, she almost choked, but Cane stopped her before he continued again after he warned her to drink slowly.

"You need to drink this as well," Cane said, as he picked up a different glass from the table. It was the herbs that Grace had concocted for her, just in case she had woken up in the middle of the night. She needed to drink this concoction as much as she could, because it would help in reducing her fever.

She needed to be able to get up tomorrow.

However, the bitter taste of the concoction made her cough so hard, while the taste of it shot to her nose, she couldn't help but cry.

"I- it is so bitter..." Iris whimpered.

"You need to finish this, so you can heal quickly," Cane said, as he brought the glass closer to her lips once again, after she had slightly calmed down.

"N-no." Iris shook her head, seeing how Cane wanted her to drink that bitter medicine again. "I don't

want it."

But, Cane tilted her head and made her drink it sip by sip. He was exceptionally patient with her

tonight.

Probably because she was in a lot of pain, thus he had this little sympathy that left in his cold heart or maybe because the night brought out the weakest part of you.

The bitterness of the concoction made her feel awful and fortunately, Cane gave her honey water to

neutralize the strong taste.

After that, he let her lie down on the bed again. Her hair was tied up on top of her head by Hanna, so it wouldn't stick to her skin when she sweated.

"C- can you stay here, please?" Iris grabbed Cane's sleeve when he was about to leave. "I am afraid."

The medicine must have kicked in by now, as she felt drowsy, but it was not enough to put her to sleep, she was only a little muddleheaded.

Cane stared at Iris' blue eyes. He could swat her hand away, but he didn't do that.

"I am afraid of the dark." Iris didn't know why she told him about this, as if he cared whether she was afraid of the dark or not, but she kept talking, she was afraid that she would be left alone. "My brother would lock me in the attic when I am being a bad sister."

Cane finally sat down and listened to her ramble, it seemed she didn't even realize what she was talking about.

"Why do you have scars?" All of a sudden, Iris changed the topic, as she looked Cane in the eyes. She