

The Alpha: Claiming His Enemy's Daughter Chapter 13 - WORK IN THE MINES

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Aria. She was a slave, born as a slave, that was why she didn't have a last name, because just like any other slave, they didn't need that, since their status was even lower than the omegas in the pack. But now, she became an important figure once the Howling Wolf pack managed to free themselves from the slavery.

All of this was thanks to her relationship with the alpha.

People respected her for her loyalty toward the alpha and how close they were for the last three years. There was even a rumor that said that Aria was the woman, who encouraged the alpha for the coup, but that was simply too far fetched.

After all, it was only a rumor.

Aria stood haughtily in front of Iris. She lifted her chin, as if she came from a royal family, looking down on her subject. She was full of herself right now.

"Iris," Aria said her name with so much malice in her voice, as if a layer of venom spread over the tip of her tongue when she breathed out her name.

Iris raised her head, only to receive a harsh slap across her face. She fell to the floor because her body was still recovering and she was too weak for another round of torture.

"Ah!" Iris screamed in pain when her hair was yanked by Aria, she felt as if her hair was being pulled from her scalp.

Aria forced Iris to look at her and there she saw a deep hatred in her eyes. She would kill her if she got a chance.

"How was your night with the alpha? Was it fun?"

The mention of it made Iris shudder, she didn't want to remember the pain that coursed through her body, as if someone cut her body in half, also the humiliation.

Iris whimpered, but she tried to not make any more sounds. She was already used to this pain. Even before these people were forced into slavery, she already endured such torture from her brother, while her father would always turn a blind eye to it.

She was a failure in his bloodline after all, a runt like her didn't hold so much value, because her value lay in the fact that she was the alpha's only daughter.

"It is such a pity you are so weak, that you were born as a fucking runt, so we need to be careful not to kill you. Death is a very easy way out for you and I don't want to make your life easy after what your fucking father had done to us!"

And another harsh slap landed on Iris's face, she tasted blood when her lip got cut and her cheeks bled because Aria's long nails grazed her skin. The alpha's mistress kicked her stomach a few times, as if to make sure that she wouldn't carry the alpha's child.

In Aria's mind, she did Cane a favor, since he wouldn't want to have his first child born from his enemy's daughter.

After she let out a fraction of her hatred toward Iris, she called two women, who were standing on the side during the onslaught.

"Take her to the mines and make her work from the sunrise until sunset," Aria said in an authoritative voice. She looked down on Iris. "This is an order from the alpha."

The two women gladly took Iris to the mines upon hearing this was the alpha's order, though they needed to half drag her away from there, because she couldn't support herself for a while.

"Stand up!" Dalia, the girl with blonde hair shouted at her. She was a slave in the Howling Wolf pack, but her nightmares started when she became a slave in the Blue Moon pack.

It was Aria, who took care of her and a few other women that she could take care of, since they only had each other at that time.

And now, when they were already free, she pledged her loyalty to Aria, just like other women, after all, they believed Aria would be their luna one day, since the alpha had no other woman besides her.

Meanwhile, the girl with black hair named Bian, looked at Iris, but didn't say anything. She propped her on her shoulder, waited for her to be able to stand on her own and then walked toward the mines, where the pack members of the Blue Moon pack gathered and worked until the day they died, just like what they had done to them.

"Here, wear this." Bian gave Iris a shabby dress, in the color of brown. It looked so dirty and there was a stain of blood in one of its corners.

They didn't even bother to wash the dress, as they would just fold the dress when the slave died and give it to the next one.

Just how many owners of that dress had died? Whose blood was that?

However, all of that was not important to Iris now. There was nothing she could do to refuse it.

Silently, Iris took the dress. "Where can I get changed?" She asked Bian, she looked a little bit nicer than Dalia, who openly showed her hatred.

"You need to change here." Bian's tone was almost apologetic when she spoke, but then she cleared her throat and all the pity that came over her a moment ago vanished into thin air.

"Here?" Iris looked around her surroundings.

This was the first time she went to the mines and especially to such a huge room.

This room was akin to a hall, but a little bit smaller than that, where there were many lockers to store each slave's dress and a few belongings they had. There was no privacy here, as they had to change their dresses into their 'uniforms' and go immediately to the mines, before the slave trainer whipped them because they were late.

Iris balled her fists tightly, the dress felt so rough in her hands, the fabric was made of the worst material.

"Okay," Iris said, as she started to undress herself.