

Chapter 270

A girl was lying on the bed who looked to be sixteen or seventeen years old. Her hands were handcuffed to the headboard, and her entire body was covered in bite marks. Blood was rolling down from a few marks while the others turned purple.

The man who was pressing his body against hers was groaning in pleasure while pounding her. He sank his teeth into her left breast while gripping the other with his other hand.

"P-Please let me go," the girl cried with a broken voice.

But she had no strength to move her body or push him. The man was like a beast, sucking out every muscle in her body.

The man smirked at her, blood staining the corner of his mouth.

"How can I let you go, darling? I booked you for the whole night."

Only tears could roll down her eyes. She could not even shake her head in denial.

Suddenly, someone began to bang on the door.

"Alpha."

The man groaned in annoyance as he turned his head toward the door.

"What?"

The man roared as if he would kill the other man out of the door.

"Alpha, it's urgent. Please come out."

Hearing that, the man let out a sigh of defeat and moved himself away from the young girl. As he got out of bed, his eyes scanned the girl's naked body. It was full of marks and blood. Her lower body was swollen, and he could see how she was lying—almost lifeless.

He put on a pair of pants and went to grab his phone from the nightstand.

"11 missed calls," he muttered.

He heard every ring, but he did not receive any of them intentionally. He locked the phone and made his way to the door. When he opened the door, he saw his beta standing outside.

"If you don't have a better reason to interrupt me in the middle of fucking, I swear I will rip off your head today," he warned the man.

His beta glanced behind him at the young girl lying naked on the bed.

"Is she alive?"

Casting a sidelong glance, the man walked out of the room. "Yeah. You really ruined my mood! I'm done with her. You all can use her if you want."

"She no longer looks appealing," the beta replied.

"Then throw her somewhere."

"What if Alpha Bryan got to know that we bought an underage gir—"

The man glared at him, which caused him to gulp and shut his mouth.

When the man started to walk forward, his beta followed him behind.

"Alpha, Sophia's mother—"

The man's steps halted as he turned around and asked,

"Her mother is dead? Now I have to go to give her a shoulder to cry on."

The beta lowered his head. "We don't know anything about her current state."

He raised a brow and asked, "Where is the doctor? Call him."

"Alpha Bryan changed the doctor at the last moment. He sent his private physician to treat Sophia's mother."

"What did you say?" He grabbed his beta's collar in anger.

At that time, his phone rang. When he saw the number, he received the call in a fit of rage.

"A-Alpha Victor."

"How dare you betray me?" He growled, holding the phone.

"T-Trust me, I tried my best. But Alpha Bryan sent his own doctor and forbade all doctors from approaching Hana Berge. He did not even let the hospital ask her daughter to pay the fee for the heart surgery, as he said he himself would pay for it. That woman's condition was very serious. I could have easily finished the work, but I have no idea what happened."

Victor's eyes flashed red as he cut the call and gripped the phone tightly. "How dare that man play like that?"

His beta's head was still lowered. Victor glared at his beta and asked,

"You didn't do your job properly, did you?"

"Alpha, the dosage you gave Sophia's mother last night was medically proven by her own doctor. He had clearly informed me that the dosage could weaken her heartbeats and potentially cause a major heart attack without raising any suspicions. He was certain she would not be able to survive. We had him in the hospital to kill that woman, even if Sophia had taken her there. But then Alpha Bryan changed the doctor and..."

Victor let go of his collar and growled. "Then do something and kill that woman."

"We can't. Alpha Bryan's men are protecting her from the outside. They are shielding the operating room to keep the woman safe."

Victor clenched his jaw in rage.

"I hate that man. I just hate him. How come he is always one step ahead of me? How?"

His rage grew inside his head. His handsome face no longer looked handsome, as he appeared infuriated.

He unlocked his phone hurriedly and looked at the missed calls again.

He walked into the living room and sat on the couches. He dialed Sophia's number.

As soon as the call connected, he lowered his tone, calmed his face, and asked,

"Where are you?"

"I have been calling you so many times. But you didn't receive my calls and now you are asking where am I?" Sophia's angry voice came out of the phone.

He glanced at his beta, who was looking fearful. He looked away from him and responded to Sophia,

"I am sorry, darling. I was sleeping. I returned to the house that I purchased in this pack to stay for a while. My health is not good."

As if she believed he was sick and his gentle tone had lessened her anger, she mumbled,

"My mom..."

"Is she okay?" he asked carefully.

"She is undergoing heart surgery and I am sitting hopelessly outside the room, waiting to know whether she can survive."

He felt relieved by her crying tone.

He rubbed his forehead and muttered,

"It's okay. I am on my way to you. Even if something happens to her, I am still with you."

"What are you saying, Victor? Don't say that; my mom will be fine. I believe that."

He ignored her reply and asked, "She was perfectly fine. What suddenly happened to her?"

She paused as if she had almost forgotten something while worrying about her mother.

He cleared his throat and spoke again,

"I don't think it's normal. Did somebody do anything to her?"

"It's Bryan Morrison. He dared to hurt my mom."

"You are right. He tried to kill your mom. But I am not like him. I will protect you and your mom," he replied with a sly grin on his lips as his face relaxed.

"Victor, he is such a cruel man! He did it to stop our wedding. Not only that, but he..."

She paused again, which caused Victor to frown. "But he what?"

She then mumbled in a low tone,

"He forced me to sign a marriage contract."

"Marriage contract? With whom?" he asked in shock.

"With him."

As if the ground slipped under Victor's feet, he stood up from the couch and said in disbelief,

"WHAT?"