

# TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

## Chapter one

Footsteps approached me where I was tied. The chain hanging on my neck was tugged and I struggled to catch my breath. "Stand up!" A heavy voice dictated and I did as I was told, the cold ground sending a chill through my bare feet.

Still walking, the surroundings kept getting louder.

Rough laughter.

Skunk smell of cigarettes.

Murmurs of men.

There were lots of them bidding on something. After what felt like an eternity, a forceful kick sent me sprawling onto a stage. "Two thousand for this little slut!" One of the men offered, laughing like a stray hyena.

The rest cheered at it, and my heart skipped as hands traced my bare skin.

It was dark. I couldn't see since I'd been blindfolded but the grimy hands almost crawling into my pants made me jump in fear.

My cuffed hands were powerless behind my back, my clothes stripped away. I couldn't do anything in defense, only to sob and sob till my eyes pleaded for mercy.

I am such a failure.

My life itself is so useless and worthless.

Mum died in the pool of her cold blood when the Bloody Noon pack invaded our pack. Since then, everything has changed. My father changed, the dynamics in the pack changed, the scent of the food changed- I changed.

I went from being the apple of my father's eyes to someone he could barely stand. He exchanged me for money on the request of his new wife and I have been working here as a slave for almost six years.

Being an Omega, I was made to do jobs meant for four to five people to accomplish, most times on an empty stomach. The Goddess knew the kinds of beatings I'd received if I flopped at any task. At first, I put up resistance but slowly I gave up. Escaping from here was impossible with the tight security in place. I had to get used to the bitter life and try to survive each day.

Last week, I had turned eighteen and shifted to my wolf for the first time in chains, with no one to walk me through the unbelievable pain, no one to cheer me as they did for the others. But what else could be worse than being auctioned to sex monsters?

"Not so fast, gentlemen," I heard from my side, followed by a cane lash on my skin. It seemed it was the announcer trying to stop them from doing anything stupid.

The voice grew closer. "Long hair, Rosy cheeks, Cherry lips." His cane lifted both my breasts and I winced. "It's still a fresh piece. Even 100k is too small for this beautiful damsel." They all laughed like they were mocking the first bidder. Before the announcer could say anything else, a voice shook everyone.

"One million."

The place grew silent. I couldn't believe it. 1 million dena? To buy me??

Even the announcer was shocked for a while.

"On-one million! Wow!" He fake laughed. "I wasn't expecting that. Any other bids?"

People just whispered amongst themselves but no one dared to speak up.

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The thoughts of what power the mysterious buyer held that made them lament at his voice, and why he would offer that much for a slave itched my skin.

Their endless murmurs made it worse.

"Going once! Going twice!!"

The suspense lingered, and the crowd hushed.

"Alright then, SOLD!!"

And just like that I was sold to this unknown man.

The same force from earlier harshly grabbed my arm, followed by another and I was pulled up to a standing position.

My head hung as I was dragged out of the bidding room, and down what felt like stairs if the corners digging into my knees said anything.

Harsh lights flashed through the folds of my eyes, and for the first time in several months, I felt like I was not blind. My eyes could still sense things.

My mind was foggy and my body numb. I had never left the cold, damp walls of this foreboding dungeon in years, so barely could I say if we were heading outside or not.

A cool breeze penetrated the pores of my skin as soon as we got somewhere, and in an instant, I was thrust into a seat.

The space was filled with awkward silence, until someone, obviously my purchaser, lit up a pipe of tobacco.

He drew closer, his finger tracing my bare skin, down to my thigh. I could only fidget nervously in my seat.

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"Good to know my gold was well-spent," His baritone voice echoed in my ear, followed by a spank on my ear lobe and I winced.

Suddenly, he offered the host. "Do you smoke?" he asked, his voice sharp.

I shook my head in fear, attempting to part my lips to respond, but his mild laugh cut me off. "Oh! I forgot! You are blindfolded. My bad."

"I don't like women who smoke either way, so it was better you didn't answer," he chirped in right after.

My cheeks flushed with fear. I hesitated, my voice trembling, "W-why di-did you of-offer me one then?"

He took a drag of his cigarette, offering no explanation, and blew the smoke directly on my face.

My eyes burned despite the fold, and felt swollen, as if they might pop out of their sockets. I tried desperately to hold back the cough scratching at my throat, but I couldn't stop it from escaping.

I was breathing fast, not because of the smoke, but because of every slight tendency that he could get irritated by the constant hard cough and hit me. I am his property and he could do to me as he pleased. But...

He seemed so much in his element, seeing me suffer. I could sense it.

"Get used to all of this, this is your new misery now, okay?" His voice, so blunt and aggressive. He continued his smoking and blew more on my face, not caring if I choked on it.

Swallowing a million different responses, I went with the only one he really wanted me to say.

"Yes, Master."