

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter ten

DENDERICK'S POV.

I paced the room, my heart thundering in my chest, each step echoing around the walls. Behind me, the maids and guards stood in a tense formation, their anxious eyes following me as I walked from one corner to the other.

I turned to face them, my gaze sweeping from the maids to the guards and back again. There was a storm of emotions swirling within me at this point. My lips twisted into a humorless smirk as disbelief and anger fought inside me.

"Let me make sure I understand this correctly," I began, my voice low and dangerous. "Are you telling me that Aria has been carrying my child, and not a single one of you saw fit to inform me?"

The silence that followed was deafening, broken only by the shallow breaths of those gathered before me. I felt my hands clenching into fists at my sides, my nails biting into the flesh of my palms as I struggled to contain my fury.

The maids averted their eyes, their silence making me even angrier than I already was. They knew the consequences of their betrayal, of withholding such vital information from me. But their fear of my anger must have outweighed any sense of duty or loyalty they may have once held.

My vision blurred with a red haze of anger. How could they keep such a huge secret from me, their Alpha? Did they think I was a fool, that I would not find out the truth one way or another?

A growl rumbled deep in my chest, vibrating with the force of my fury. My control slipped for a moment, before I managed to rein it back in.

I took a step forward, my voice a low, menacing snarl. "Speak," I commanded. "Or face the consequences of your silence."

The maids exchanged helpless glances, their faces filled with confusion and fear. Then, one of them stepped forward.

"No one else knew about Aria's pregnancy," she confessed, her words trembling slightly. "Only myself, the other maid who was present at the physician's examination, and the physician herself." "And?" I prompted.

"The physician can be a witness, Alpha." She continued, curtsying before me. "I am not trying to make up stories, or-"

"I will hear no more words from you." I snapped, cutting her off with a wave of my hand. The maid immediately fell silent, her gaze moving to the ground in embarrassment.

"Since you said you can call the physician, that is very good," I acknowledged with a curt nod, my voice still laced with tension.

Turning to my beta, I ordered. "Fetch the physician."

My beta bowed in obedience before swiftly leaving me in the room with the maids and the guards.

As I paced the room, I heard the familiar shuffle of footsteps outside the door. Moments later, the physician entered, a confused look on her face.

"Good morning, Alpha Denderick," she greeted. "Beta informed me that you required my presence."

I nodded curtly, gesturing for her to take a seat on the nearby couch. As she lowered herself onto the cushions, I could see the nervous glances she cast around the room, her hands trembling ever so slightly. "Why have you summoned me, Alpha?" she asked, her gaze flickering over the assembled

maids and guards before settling back on me. "And what is the occasion for this... gathering?"

A cold smirk twisted my lips as I regarded her with disdain. "Oh, this isn't a gathering in your honor, Physician," I replied. "No, this is a celebration of your incompetence, your failure to uphold the laws of our pack."

Confusion clouded the physician's features, but before she could speak, I raised a hand to silence her. "You took matters into your own hands," I continued, my tone cutting like a knife through the air. "Instead of coming to me, the Alpha, you kept vital information hidden."

The physician's brow furrowed in bewilderment, her voice tinged with uncertainty. "But.... but Alpha Denderick," she stammered, "I don't understand. What information have I withheld?"

I felt a surge of satisfaction at her confusion. "My slave's pregnancy," I declared, my words heavy with accusation. "You knew, yet you chose to keep it from me."

The physician's eyes widened in realization, a flicker of fear dancing behind them. "Alpha, I assure you, I had no intention of—"

"Silence!" I thundered, my voice reverberating off the walls of the room. "Your assurances mean nothing now. You will answer for your betrayal, and you will face the consequences of your actions."

With a chilling smile, I raised one of the glasses of wine, offering it to the bewildered physician while holding the second one in my own hand.

"Let us toast," I declared, my voice laced with icy sarcasm, "to your sheer stupidity and ignorance."

With that look of confusion still on her face, the physician attempted to interject, pleading for permission to speak. "Alpha Denderick, please," she implored, "allow me to clarify. I fear there may be a misunderstanding."

But I silenced her with a sharp gesture, taking a sip of my wine before setting the glass down with a deliberate clink. Turning to face the physician, I fixed her with a steely gaze.

"Now, explain to me," I demanded, my voice like shards of ice, "why you failed to inform me of Aria's pregnancy."

The physician's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water, but before she could utter a single word, I raised a hand again, cutting her off with a menacing glare.

"Give me one good reason," I growled, my tone dripping with menace, "why I shouldn't remove your head from your shoulders this instant."

Head bowed in submission, the physician offered a feeble apology, but my anger remained unrelenting. "Sorry?" I scoffed. "Sorry doesn't fix the mess you've made."

I lifted the glass to my lips and downed what was left of the wine in one gulp.

"Now, explain yourself," I commanded.

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For a moment, the air hung heavy with anticipation, and the only sound I could hear was the steady thrum of the physician's heartbeat echoing in my ears. Then, at last, she spoke, her voice trembling with fear.

"Alpha Denderick," she began, her words hesitant, "will there be... consequences if I speak the truth?"

I felt a snarl curling on my lips, the urge to lash out bubbling beneath the surface. "I will only punish you if I think you have done wrong," I snapped.

The room fell into a heavy silence once more, all eyes trained on the physician, awaiting her response. With a deep breath, she gathered her courage and spoke.

"I... I didn't inform you about Aria's pregnancy because..." she trailed off, uncertainty flickering in her eyes.

My patience wore thin, a growl rumbling in the back of my throat. "Because why?" I pressed, my voice a low, dangerous rumble.

The physician swallowed hard, her gaze flickering between me and the assembled crowd. "Because I feared your reaction," she admitted.

I gritted my teeth and fisted my hands, but even those were not enough to hold back my anger.

"Feared my reaction?" I roared, the sound reverberating off the walls of the room. "You dared to withhold such crucial information from me out of fear? Do you know what you have done? Aria is missing. My slave is missing!"

The physician flinched at my outburst, but she stood her ground. "I... I didn't know how you would react," she stammered. "I thought... I thought it best to keep Aria's condition a secret, to avoid causing further problems. I mean, she is a slave! How can a slave carry the heir to the entire pack?"

My hands clenched into fists at my sides, my nails digging into the flesh of my palms. "You took it upon yourself to make that decision?" I demanded, my voice a low, menacing snarl.

The physician nodded hesitantly. "I thought I was doing what was best for the pack," she insisted, her voice growing stronger with each word.

I took a menacing step forward. "You don't get to decide what's best for the pack," I growled. "That is my responsibility, and mine alone."