

## TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

### Chapter twelve

Aria's POV.

Six weeks had passed since I became a slave; six weeks since I had manipulated Alpha Logan into sharing my bed.

My baby bump was starting to show. I had been trying my best to cover it with large dresses, hoping no one would notice, but I knew it was more than time enough to let Alpha Logan know about it.

I sighed, wiping the sweat from my brow. Being a slave in a pack house this large was a lot of work, but I knew I had to do it for myself and for my child.

As I cleaned the tabletop in the kitchen, I heard someone come in. I looked up and saw the girl who had bullied me on my first day, walk in with an armful of leeks.

Her name was Erinne. I had learned her name quickly enough after that first encounter.

Erinne dumped the dirty leeks on the table I had just cleaned, making sure to leave all the mud and dirt on its surface. My frustration bubbled up, and I couldn't help but complain.

"I just cleaned that table, Erinne," I grumbled, trying to keep my voice steady.

Erinne glanced at me with a mocking smile, her gray eyes shining with mischief. "Oh, I didn't realize," she replied sarcastically. "You should wipe that up."

I felt pissed off, but swallowed my anger, as I knew there was no point arguing with her. I had learned to pick my battles. I continued cleaning the kitchen, trying to ignore her. But suddenly, I felt a sharp yank at my hair from the back. I turned, my scalp stinging, and saw that it was Erinne again.

"Is that a frown I see?" she sneered, her grip on my hair tightening. "Do you have a problem with me, slave?"

I took a deep breath, trying to stay calm. "No, I don't," I said quietly.

"Good," she said, pushing me back. "Because if you did, you'd regret it."

I kept quiet, not wanting to escalate the situation. Erinne started her usual routine of bullying, shoving me, and hurling insults. My mind wandered to the baby growing inside me, giving me the strength to endure. I couldn't risk anything happening to my child. So, I stayed silent, focusing on the task at hand and waiting for the torment to end.

But Erinne wasn't finished. She moved closer, her eyes gleaming with malice. "Oh, look at you," she cooed, her tone dripping with false sweetness. "You're sweating. Here, let me help you with that."

Before I could react, she grabbed a rag from the counter and shoved it into my face, roughly wiping at my skin. I could smell the sourness of the old, dirty cloth, and I struggled not to gag. "There, all better," she said with a smirk, tossing the rag aside. "Now, how about you fetch me some water, slave?"

I did as she asked, trying to ignore the sting of tears in my eyes. As I filled a glass with water, I felt a sudden shove, and the glass slipped from my hands, shattering on the floor. "Oops," Erinne said, feigning innocence. "Clumsy me. Clean it up, will you?"

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I knelt down to pick up the shards, my hands trembling. As I worked, Erinne kicked at the pieces, scattering them further. "Faster," she demanded. "You're so slow. It's pathetic."

My anger flared again, but I kept my head down, focusing on the task. I couldn't let her see how much she was getting to me. She continued to hurl insults, each one like a dagger to my pride, but I stayed silent.

Finally, when the last piece was cleared away, she leaned in close, her breath hot against my ear. "I don't think the ground is clean enough. Here, I'll help you with some water."

I noticed the large bowl of water in her hand; watched as she tipped it towards the ground.

"There!" She declared. "That should help you clean the ground better."

"Erinne, please stop!" I blurted out. I could no longer hold back my frustration.

Erinne's pale blonde eyebrows shot up. "Stop what exactly?"

"I..." I stuttered, then turned away from her, fisting my hands.

"You should start cleaning that before Martha comes in and sees you!" She chirped, then walked to another corner of the kitchen, leeks in hand.

I gritted my teeth, trying to rein in my anger. By the Moon, if she attempted to bully me again, I was not sure I'd be able to control myself.

As I knelt to clean up the water that had spilled on the ground, my head was still filled with anger and humiliation from Erinne's latest torment. I wiped the floor furiously, trying to block out her cruel words. But then, in an instant, everything changed.

My foot slipped on the slick surface, and I felt a sudden jolt of terror. My heart leaped into my throat as my arms flailed wildly, trying to find something to

grab onto. There was nothing but empty air. Time seemed to slow as I realized I was falling, and panic gripped me with icy fingers.

All I could think about was the baby. My baby. The child growing inside me, so vulnerable and innocent. The thought of anything happening to it was unbearable. I twisted my body, desperate to protect my belly, but the motion threw me off balance even more.

My head hit the floor with a sickening thud, and pain exploded through my skull. Stars burst before my eyes, and I could feel myself slipping away. Fear surged through me, fierce and primal.

My baby. My baby. I had to protect my baby!

But the world was spinning, the edges of my vision darkening. I saw faces float before my eyes, heard people yelling my name, but they were unclear. The pain in my head was blinding, overwhelming all my senses. I tried to cry out, to call for help, but my voice wouldn't come. I felt so helpless, so utterly powerless.

The last thing I felt before everything went black was the cold, hard floor beneath me and the lingering echo of my own terror.