

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter eighteen

Aria's POV.

"Aria!" Logan exclaimed, his voice filled with worry as he caught me. He gently lowered me to the floor, cradling my head in his lap. "Someone, get Doctor Farkas immediately!" he barked to the nearby guards.

I kept my eyes closed, focusing on my breathing, trying to make it appear shallow and weak. I could feel Logan's hand stroking my hair, his grip tightening slightly. "You'll be alright, Aria. I'm here," he murmured, though his tone held a mixture of anger and frustration.

Within moments, I heard the hurried footsteps of Doctor Farkas approaching. "What happened?" the doctor asked, kneeling beside me.

"She said she was unwell in the market and then fainted here," Logan explained, his voice edged with tension. "You have to help her, Farkas."

The doctor's hands were gentle as he checked my pulse and examined me. "She seems to be under a lot of stress. It's important that she gets rest and stays calm," he noted, his tone professional but concerned. Logan's grip on my hand grew more possessive. "Take her to her room and make sure she's comfortable," he ordered the guards.

I felt myself being lifted gently, and I allowed myself to be carried, keeping up the pretense of unconsciousness. As they laid me down on the bed, I felt a wave of relief. My plan had worked, for now.

I lay there with my eyes closed, listening to the commotion around me and pretending to groan in pain

"Fetch a cup of water," I heard Doctor Farkas order the maids. Cracking my eyes open just a notch, I saw the maids return with the water.

Doctor Farkas collected the cup of water and added a drop of something greenish and nasty-looking into it. I hoped the medicine wasn't too strong.

Through the slits of my eyes, I saw Logan pacing the room in agitation. "Do something, Doctor!" he demanded angrily. "Save the baby. Is the baby okay?"

My heart sank like lead in water. Alpha Logan didn't care about me, only the baby. His concern was for the child, not the woman carrying it. I felt a pang of anger, sharper than any physical pain. It wasn't even his baby, for all that it was worth! "Alpha," Doctor Farkas called, his voice strained with impatience, "I need you to step outside. I can't work with you pacing like this."

Logan stopped and glared at him. "I'm not leaving this room. Do whatever you must, but make sure the baby is safe."

"Alpha Logan," Doctor Farkas insisted, his tone firm. "I cannot concentrate with you in here. Please, step outside. I will call you back once I have checked on her."

Logan's eyes flashed with fury. "I won't be told what to do in my own home!"

Doctor Farkas didn't flinch. "If you want me to help, you need to let me work. Now, please, leave the room."

There was a tense silence. Finally, Logan let out a frustrated growl and stormed out. The door slammed behind him, the noise echoing in the now-quiet room.

I opened my eyes fully, meeting Doctor Farkas's concerned gaze. "I'm sorry," I whispered. "I'm all better."

Doctor Farkas appeared shell-shocked as he saw me. "By the Moon! Lady Aria-!"

"Shhh!" I whispered furiously, trying to shush him. "Alpha Logan mustn't hear you!"

The doctor's hand shook as he placed the cup of medicine water on the bedside table. His eyes were filled with confusion. "But.... But you passed out!"

Planning your weekend reading? . The next chapter is just a click away, exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

"I faked it!"

His eyes widened in horror. "Oh, Goddess!"

"I had to do it!" I snapped back. "Those guards in the market were ready to search me!"

He shrugged. "Then, I suppose you did well. But you need to be careful, Lady Aria. If Alpha Logan should find out that you're hiding things from him...."

I scoffed impatiently. "I know, but I don't know what to do. This is all that I could think of. If they find out..."

"Shh," he soothed, handing me the cup of water. "Drink this. It will help you relax."

I took a tentative sip, the cool yet bitter liquid soothing my parched throat.

Doctor Farkas sat beside me, his expression serious. "But you need to tell me everything, Lady Aria. I can't help you if I don't know the full story."

I took a deep breath, my heart pounding in my chest. "It's Alpha Denderick," I began, my voice shaking. "He's looking for me. The baby... it's his. I'm the woman they've been looking for."

His eyes went wide with astonishment, but he quickly composed himself. "We need to keep this a secret," he said firmly. "For your safety and the baby's."

I nodded, my mind racing. "But how? Alpha Logan will never let me out of his sight now."

Planning your weekend reading? Ensure you're on 005s.org for uninterrupted enjoyment. The next chapter is just a click away, exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

"And perhaps that is a good thing. It means added security, does it not?" He sighed, rubbing his temples. "We'll figure something out. For now, you need to rest and stay calm. I'll keep an eye on Alpha Logan and make sure he doesn't suspect anything."

"Thank you," I whispered, feeling a glimmer of hope. "I don't know what I would do without you."

Doctor Farkas scoffed. "You could start by remembering the promises you made to me. You said you'd reward me after you became Luna, but I do not see any rewards anywhere."

I was starting to get increasingly annoyed at this man. "My coronation ceremony was disrupted, Doctor. I'm not fully Luna yet, and you know it!"

He leaned closer, his eyes narrowing. "Time is running out. I need something now to help keep your secret. If not, then I'm afraid I'd have to tell Alpha Logan everything."

My frustration bubbled over, but I knew I needed him. Goddess, how I hated that smug look in his eyes!

"I'll figure something out," I replied, my voice strained with effort to keep calm.

His expression turned stony. "You'd better do that, Lady Aria."

And without another word, he turned and left the room.

I sank back onto the bed, trying to process everything. But I didn't get but a few minutes to myself, before the door opened wide again.

Alpha Logan peeked in, his eyes full of concern. "I suppose he has finished his examination."