

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter nineteen

ARIA'S POV

I squeezed my eyes shut in frustration, as I saw who it was at the door. The last thing I needed was Alpha Logan's presence around me.

However, I couldn't show my annoyance. Instead, I forced a weak smile. "Yes, the doctor is gone."

Alpha Logan entered the room and closed the door behind him. He walked over to the bed and took my hand, squeezing it gently. "I was so worried, Aria. You and the baby mean everything to me." I nodded, but his words felt hollow. It was always about the baby. He never asked how I felt or if I needed anything.

"I'm feeling a bit better now," I replied, trying to sound reassuring.

Alpha Logan's eyes softened as he looked at my belly. "You need to take care of yourself, for our child's sake. I can't imagine losing you or the baby. You're both my future."

The emphasis on "baby" made my chest tighten. "I understand," I replied quietly.

He stroked my hair. His touch was meant to be comforting, but it only reminded me of the heavy expectations placed upon me. It reminded me of the lies I had to tell to get into this position. "Once the baby is born, everything will fall into place." He continued. "You'll be Luna, and our pack will thrive with our heir."

I swallowed hard, feeling more like a vessel than a person. "I know, Alpha Logan. I'll do my best."

He leaned in, kissing my forehead. "Good. Rest now. You need all your strength."

As he pulled away, I couldn't help but feel a pang of resentment. His concern was touching in a way, but it was clear that his true focus was on the child I carried, not me. I was just the means to an end. "Alpha Logan," I called softly as he turned to leave.

He looked back at me. "Yes?"

"I... I think I should stay in the pack house for a while," I murmured, trying to sound as sincere as possible. "I don't want to go out."

Alpha Logan's brow furrowed. "Why? Is something wrong? Should I fetch the doctor again?"

"No there is no need for that." I feigned a weak cough, pressing a hand to my forehead. "But I'm still not feeling well. I think it's best for me and the baby if I stay inside and rest." Alpha Logan's brows shot up, but he nodded. "If that's what you think is best, then I support it. Your health and the baby's health come first."

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"Thank you," I whispered, forcing a smile. "Also, some of Alpha Denderick's men might come here to check on the pregnant women in the pack house. You.... you can't let them in."

His face grew stony, a flicker of anger crossing his eyes. "Oh, I might have given them permission to search for their lost breeder, but they wouldn't dare

come near you," he said firmly. "You're under my protection now. I'll make sure no one gets close enough to even ask questions."

I nodded, trying to keep my expression grateful, though inside, I was a churning mix of fear and anger. "Thank you, Alpha Logan."

With one last, reassuring look, he left the room, closing the door behind him. As soon as he was gone, I let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. The tension was almost unbearable.

How could Alpha Logan not see it? How could he be so blind to the obvious? The guards were searching for a pregnant woman who had run away from Alpha Denderick's pack. I was that woman. Any fool could put two and two together, but Alpha Logan seemed oblivious. Perhaps it was his desperation for an heir that clouded his judgment.

He was so fixated on securing his throne that he didn't care to question the convenient arrival of a pregnant woman in his pack. I was his solution, and he was willing to overlook any potential red flags. His desperation made him blind, and I had to exploit that if I wanted to keep my child safe.

I sank back onto the bed, feeling the weight of my predicament settle over me once more. Alpha Logan's protection could only shield me for so long. I had to think of a way out of this, and quickly. Every day brought me closer to the moment of truth, and I wasn't sure how much longer I could keep up the lies.

Suddenly, I heard some chaos outside. The noise drew me to the window. Peering out, I couldn't see much from where I stood, but I noticed the guards at the gate of the pack house arguing with some men on horses. My heart quickened as I wondered what was going on.

I could hear the voices more clearly as they moved nearer.

"You have no right to be here," one of our guards barked. "This is Alpha Logan's territory. I advise you to turn back immediately, or we might use force."

A man on horseback, wearing rusty, heavy-looking armor retorted, "We have orders to check every nook and cranny of this pack, including the pack house. Step aside!"

"Orders or not, you need permission to enter," our guard insisted. "And you don't have it. Kindly turn back now!"

The man on horseback leaned forward, his voice dropping to a threatening growl. "Defy these orders, and you'll be facing more than just us."

Both groups of guards faced each other. Even from where I stood by the window, I saw Alpha Logan's guards shift nervously on their feet. I could sense their unease, as easily as I could see them.

Just then, I heard a door slam shut somewhere beneath my window. I watched as Alpha Logan stormed outside the pack house and towards the gate. I could not see his face, but I could very well see the tension in his shoulders. "What is all this ruckus?" he bellowed. "What is going on here?"

One of Alpha Logan's guards turned to him. "They are here to see you, Alpha."

"Let them in." I watched as Alpha Logan gestured for them to open the gate. The gate was opened, and the men on horses walked in. And my heart skipped a beat when I immediately recognized the insignia on their armor. Alpha Denderick's men. They had come for me.