

# TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

## Chapter two

The sound of horses' hooves halting on the cobblestones and the creaking of the carriage wheels sent a jolt of unease coursing through me. All I heard next was a clap and huge hands pulled me out of the carriage and dragged me with them. The smell of sandalwood lingered in the air which I found oddly comfortable despite the circumstances. But that wasn't important. Why can't I still see, up till now?

The darkness still enveloping me, the absence of sight, sends tendrils of fear creeping through my veins.

"She looks more beautiful than the rest of them," one of their voices grated against my ear, sending shivers down my spine. "I bet she would last a while."

I flinched at his words, panic clawed at my throat, but I swallowed it down. The other voice chimed in with a venomous tone, and I felt a sharp pang of dread.

"She looks malnourished. She might die after a whip," he sneered, and I could feel the weight of his gaze bearing down on me.

The implications of their words sank in like lead weights in my stomach as I fathomed the possibilities of ending up like the other girls since it had been rumored that those sold as sex slaves rarely witnessed sunrise the new week.

I had suffered enough torture behind bars for 7 years, surviving on stale bread and dirty lake water if I were even lucky that day, with hopes of light at the end of the tunnel - hopes of being sold and having a much easier life. But alas, the Goddess must be finding my suffering entertaining.

"Keep her in my chambers. I will join her soon!" My Master's command intensified the pain in my abdomen.

His men forcefully escorted me up countless stairs, each step feeling like a step closer to my demise, until we finally reached the room where they unceremoniously threw me onto a plush mattress.

As I tried to sit up, the chains bound to my ankles made it even harder. I shivered and felt tears welling up, scared of what might happen to me like the rumored girls. Suddenly, the door burst open.

The calm room turned tense, prompting me to stagger to my feet without hesitation.

His presence drew closer. "Well. Well. Well...Look what we got here."

Those fingers, like iron claws, found their way to my face, cupping my cheeks with a grip that felt suffocating.

"You. Look. So. Sexy." he breathed. "What is your name, Omega?" He asked, his tone icy and scary.

All I could do was quiver my lips, and I bet he took that offensive.

"Answer me!" He growled.

"A- Aria."

"So, little Aria," his hand left my face, caressing the vulnerable vein on my neck. "I want to assume you are ready for me tonight."

My knees went weak at those words, completely surrendering to him.

He leaned to me and gently pulled off the fold on my eye. My eyes peeled open to the bright translucent light rays of the massive room I was in.

Upon meeting the face of the man right in front of me, my heart didn't skip a beat; it hammered with annoyance.

Alpha of Dendrick...the evil bastard. I knew there was something off about him, with all that whispering at the auction hall.

A scar on his left eye, brown orbs, thick eyebrows, gray beard. The same despot who robbed me of my joy. The villain who callously snuffed out my only source of happiness. Bastard!

Devil!

Scoundrel!

His jaw clenched as he glowered down at me, and I wished I had the guts to sock him right in the kisser.

Every ounce of pain, suffering, and loathing I endured over the years pricked my veins as he stepped closer.

Something in me yearned to plunge a dagger into him and feed his worthless heart to the forest beasts.

But even as I raged in my mind, another part of me couldn't deny the fact that he had the upper hand and could kill me in the process.

The Alpha chuckled darkly, dispelling my thoughts, those bloody god-forsaken eyes blazing with a hunger that made my skin crawl.

In a quick movement, he turned me over to the back.

Slowly, he unzipped my dress, letting it slink down my breast. I felt exposed and vulnerable, fear prickling up my spine.

My breath came in fast, nervous gasps, my chest rising and falling erratically.

As the material parted, he let out a low growl, admiring the sight of my pale yet delicate skin. He wrapped his hand around my waist pulling me close. His touch was electric, sending shivers down my spine as he trailed his hands from my belly button up to my chest.

His fingers found my breasts, and despite my irritation, I couldn't help but gasp at his touch, my heart racing even faster as he continued to toy with me.

"You are mine," The Alpha breathes against my ear. "Only mine. Don't forget that." His voice is intoxicating, his words hoody, seductive.

I shouldn't be doing this. I shouldn't be having anything to do with my mother's murderer. But those forbidden, unfamiliar feelings that I have tried to deny surface and run amok through my drained body.

I flush, and somewhere deep, deep down my belly clenches deliciously.

"Get on your knees!" He orders, his voice soft but urgent.

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I do as he asks, staring into his eyes, mesmerized, and he is looking down at me, his gaze hooded, his eyes darkening.

What was he up to?

"Good girl," he breathes, his hand brushing off the hair that blocked my face. He steps away to the bedside and comes back with a black leather handcuff. "Hold your hands together in front of you," he orders again and I doubt where this is heading to.

I am still submissive, despite all the worst-case scenarios running through my novice mind. He binds my wrist with the cuff and tosses the key on the bed.

His eyes are bright with so much excitement. His length gets even bigger with every dirty smirk he makes.

"Oh, Aria, what shall I do with you?" He sounds goofy, crouching down to my height. "You tell me, what do I do to you?"

Of course, he knew I wouldn't reply to him; he was frightening me. His thumb pressed on my bottom lip and my heart beat a frantic rhythm.

Suddenly, a hand tangled in my hair, wanking my feet up to the ground. The cuff was connected, each strap to the long metal hooks on the ceiling.

"Get ready to be sick of me." The Alpha pulled out his belt from the strap. I desperately shook my head at him, but all he could give me was a smile - a frosty one.

Harsh slapping of skin was frequently echoing in the room as he mercilessly lashed me like his life depended on it. My hands were hung in the air, so no matter how much I writhed, I couldn't escape.

"Alpha!" I cried out but no one came to my aid, no one heard my cry, even if they did, no one would dare intervene knowing the Alpha of Dendrick was a part of it.

"Alpha--- please!" The sharp belt kissed my back and I could have sworn a sharp cut was left in the wake of that impact.

My eyes pleaded for leniency, but that gave him more pleasure to whip me further.

"I am your Master. You are mine and only mine," was all I could hear last until the following lash caused the world around me to spin. I felt my head striking against the ground, my eyes shut and welcomed total darkness amplified with intense pain.