

## TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

### Chapter three

It had been weeks since the encounter, weeks of constant torture, weeks of forced intimacy. Thankfully, I didn't die as they rumored sex slaves to.

But I had become a shadow of myself, looking terribly pale and weak. I felt as though I was dying from the inside out, as though every moment spent in the Alpha's presence was slowly killing me.

My stomach ached terribly, and my throat was everything beyond dry. Just as the Alpha had ordered, no one could visit me except him.

He chose whenever he felt to come and feed me, and forced me to be intimate with him whenever and however he wanted.

His aura exuded so much hatred like he knew I was the little girl who lost her mom to his cold hands. My life seems so worthless having to lose my virginity to a murderer.

More than a month later found me sitting alone in my room. The room was dark, the only light filtering through the tiny barred window high on the wall. My body ached from the previous night's abuse, every movement sending waves of pain through me.

As I tried to sit up, a sharp nausea gripped my stomach, and I barely made it to the corner of the room before retching violently onto the ground.

I was wiping the vomit off my lips when I heard footsteps approaching, and the door creaked open. Two of the Alpha's men entered, their faces grim and unfriendly.

"Get up," one commanded. "You're seeing the pack doctor."

"I'm.....what?"

"You're not deaf, are you?" The other guard snarled. "The pack doctor is waiting for you."

I wanted to resist, to fight back, but my body was too weak. They walked forward and yanked me to my feet. Then they half-carried, half-dragged me down a long, dim hallway. The smell of antiseptic grew stronger as we neared a door at the end.

Inside, the room was sterile and cold. The pack doctor, a stern-looking woman with sharp eyes, stood waiting. She motioned for the guards to leave us alone, and they did, closing the door behind them with a finality that made my heart race. "Sit," she ordered, pointing to an examination table.

I complied, the room spinning slightly as I settled onto the edge of the table. She asked a series of questions-how I felt, any pain, any unusual symptoms. I described the nausea, the fatigue, the aches that wouldn't go away.

She frowned, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. "We'll need to run some tests," she said, and I felt a cold dread settle in my gut.

The next hour was a blur of needles, vials of blood, and uncomfortable examinations. Finally, she finished and stepped back, her face inscrutable.

"Wait here," she said, leaving the room with my samples.

I sat in silence, the walls closing in around me. Minutes stretched into what felt like hours. When the door opened again, the doctor's face was grim. "Miss Aria," she began, her voice softer now, "the tests have come back."

I managed to rise to my feet without retching pitifully again. "Have they? And....and what did they say?"

She scrutinized me with eyes like those of a hawk. "You are pregnant."

The words hit me like a physical blow, knocking the breath from my lungs.

Pregnant.

My mind reeled, struggling to comprehend. "How... how far along?" I managed to whisper.

"About six weeks," she replied, her eyes still fixed on mine. "Given your....condition, this pregnancy will be difficult. You will need to take care of yourself."

Tears pricked at my eyes, and a flurry of fear and devastation washing over me. Pregnant. By the monster who had kept me in chains, who had beaten and humiliated me. The weight of this new reality crushed me, and I buried my face in my hands, sobbing.

The doctor watched, her expression unreadable. "I'll inform the Alpha," she said, and with that, she left me alone with my despair.

I sat there, surrounded by the cold sterility of the room. My hands moved instinctively to my abdomen, where a new life was growing despite the darkness surrounding us.

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

The door opened again, and the guards returned. They dragged me back to my room, where I collapsed onto the bed, tears flowing freely. How could I bring a child into this world? Into this life of pain and suffering?

As I lay there, the reality of my situation sank in. This child was part of me, a tiny spark of life in my bleak existence. But it was also part of him, the Alpha, the man who had caused me so much agony.

I had no choice but to carry this burden, to protect this innocent life growing inside me. Despite the darkness, despite the fear, I would find a way to survive. For myself. For my child.

\*\*\*\*\*

That very same night, as the household settled into silence, I lay awake, my mind racing. I couldn't let my child be born into this life, only to be taken away by an Alpha who saw me as nothing more than a tool for his pleasure. The thought of my baby suffering in this wretched place filled me with fear.

I had to escape.

I waited until the guards' footsteps outside my door grew faint, signaling that they had moved to the far end of the hall. With my heart pounding in my chest, I quietly slipped out of bed and crept to the window. It was a small, barred opening, but I had spent months observing its weaknesses.

Using a shard of broken glass I had hidden, I carefully pried at the rusted bars. They gave way slowly, and after what felt like an eternity, I managed to create a gap just wide enough to squeeze through. The night air was cold against my skin, but it was a welcome change from the suffocating air of my cell.

I slipped out, landing softly on the ground below. My senses were heightened, every rustle and shadow putting me on edge. I had to be careful. Moving stealthily, I made my way through the compound, avoiding the patrols and keeping to the shadows. I finally reached the edge of the territory, to the border separating my pack from the neighboring one.

I crossed the boundary, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. I stumbled into the woods, my mind focused on one thing: getting as far away as possible. But my journey was short-lived.

Suddenly, I was surrounded by figures emerging from the darkness. My breath caught in my throat, and I darted behind a tree, waiting earnestly.

Were they men from Dendrick Pack?

I tried to move stealthily away, but one of them soon saw me. Cries of "Stop there!" echoed through the forest as I tried to run.

They seized me, their grips like iron, and despite my struggles, they dragged me through the forest.

Soon, I was dragged into the pack house and dumped in front of their Alpha. My heart pounded in my chest as I was thrown to the ground at his feet, dirt and leaves clinging to my skin. I dared to lift my head, my eyes meeting his. He was imposing, towering over me in all his mightiness.

But for the first time since my first shift, I could sense my wolf leap in amusement.

He isn't my mate, is he?

His bright red eyes held a flicker of something I couldn't quite place as he looked at me. He stepped closer, his gaze never leaving mine.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

I opened my mouth to speak, but before I could, he asked one of the men who caught me. "Hope she is not one of those assassins disguised as sluts?"

My heart sank at those words. It never changes with men seeing me only for pleasure, but somehow, I expected something different. I still feel something different.

"Speak, young lady. Who are you?" He snapped.

"I... I'm Aria," I stammered, my voice trembling. "I escaped from the Alpha of Dendrick. Please, I need help."

His gaze hardened at the mention of Dendrick, and he looked at his guards. "That man, again!"

Turning to a maid standing nearby, he ordered. "Take her to one of the guest rooms. Clean her up and see that she is comfortable. Once she is ready, bring her down for dinner."

The maid nodded and gently took my arm, guiding me away from the hall. I followed the maid, my legs shaking with exhaustion and relief.

The maid led me to a spacious room with a large bed, a private bathroom, and a wardrobe full of clothes. It felt like stepping into a different world.

Perhaps, just perhaps, I had found a place where my child and I could finally be safe.