

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter six

As I lay on the table, trying to steady my breath, the reality of what I'd done began to sink in. The room was filled with the scent of our passion, a mix of sweat and satisfaction. I could hear the Alpha's heavy breathing beside me. Slowly, I pushed myself up and looked over at him. He lay there, eyes closed, a satisfied smirk on his lips. I couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. This was a man who had shown me desire and passion, something I had longed for. But my intentions were far from pure.

I slipped off the table and began to gather my clothes, trying to cover the evidence of our encounter.

As I finished dressing, the Alpha also stood up and began to put on his clothes. His demeanor had shifted; I could sense that. The warmth and desire that were in his eyes before was now replaced by something colder. He didn't meet my eyes as he buckled his belt.

"You should leave," he said abruptly.

I blinked, taken aback by the sudden change. "What?"

He sighed impatiently. "My Beta and Gamma will be here soon. It wouldn't be wise for them to find you here."

I bit my lip, trying to push down the sting of his words. He was right; after all, I was just a slave to him.

"Of course," I muttered, my heart sinking. I turned to leave, but his hand shot out and grabbed my arm.

"Tell anyone about what happened here, and you will regret it!" He growled.

His words cut deep, but I forced myself to nod. "I understand."

He released me, and I hurried out of the dining room.

As I stepped into the hallway, I nearly collided with a tall, imposing figure. The man held me back, his eyes narrowing as he looked down at me. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I replied quickly, ducking my head. "Just leaving."

The Beta's gaze lingered on me for a moment longer before he stepped aside, allowing me to pass. I hurried down the corridor, feeling his eyes on my back.

Once I was out of sight, I leaned against the wall, taking a deep breath. I had to stay focused. There was too much at stake to let the Alpha's words get to me. I needed to keep my wits about me and remember why I was doing this. For the baby. It was all for the baby.

If I messed up, I would be back in Alpha Denderick's nightmare of a pack, and who knew what he would do to me then? Even thinking about it gave me sudden chills.

My wolf stirred within me and scoffed. "After all my warning, Aria," she grumbled. "Let's see how well this works for you."

"If you're not going to help, then stop whining!" I shot back, then took off down the corridor.

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I finally found my way back to my room, after dashing through the maze of rooms that made up the pack house. Once I was safely inside, I moved over to the window and peered out.

The view from my window overlooked the sprawling grounds of the pack's territory. In the distance, dense forests framed the horizon, their dark green canopies stretching as far as the eye could see.

Below my window, I saw a large training field sprawled out, bustling with activity. Warriors were scattered across the field, engaged in various forms of combat training. Some sparred with each other, while others practiced with weapons.

In the center of it all stood the Beta. He barked orders, his voice carrying across the field, and the warriors responded with immediate obedience. If the Beta was on the field, then it could only mean one thing...

The Alpha himself was free.

Suddenly, I heard a knock on my door. With trepidation, I stood to open it. And as if my thoughts had conjured him up, there stood the Alpha himself.

His taunting shadow darkened the doorway. His dark hair, which had slipped from its ponytail during our earlier encounter, now framed his chiseled face, cascading over his broad shoulders.

His green eyes were intense, like the deepest part of a forest. The muscles of his chest and arms, barely contained by his shirt, didn't escape my scrutiny.

He stepped into my room without a word, closing the door behind him. The small space seemed to shrink with his presence, and I kept my head bowed, unsure of what he wanted from me. "We need to talk," he started, his voice a low growl.

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I nodded silently, my heart pounding in my chest.

"I'm sure you do not know my name; I am Alpha Logan," he continued. "And I need to make something very clear. You mustn't tell anyone about.... about what happened between us in the dining room. Do you understand?"

I remained silent, my eyes fixed on the floor. I had no intention of telling anyone, not now, not ever. The consequences of those few minutes were already heavy enough.

"I have enough on my plate as it is, since I'm hosting a runaway from Alpha Denderick's pack." He continued. "The last thing I need is for you to call attention to yourself."

He took a step closer, and I could feel the heat radiating off his body. "From now on, you will be a slave in the pack house until we are sure of who you are and what you're doing here. Your place is to serve, and you will behave accordingly. Is that understood?"

I swallowed hard and nodded. "Yes, Alpha."

"Good," he said. "Remember your place, Aria."

With that, he turned and left the room, the door closing behind him with a finality that left me feeling confused and trapped.

I sank onto the edge of the bed, my mind racing. The man who had shown such raw desire for me moments ago had now reduced me to nothing more than a slave. The reality of my situation was harsh, but I had to endure it for the sake of my unborn child.

Six weeks. I would give it six more weeks before I announced the news.