

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter seven

I woke up the next day to someone roughly tapping me. As I squinted my eyes open, I saw a middle-aged woman standing at the foot of my bed.

Her sour expression was unmistakable, with deep lines etched into her face around her mouth and eyes, giving her a permanently scowling look. Her gray-streaked hair was pulled back into a severe bun, and her dark eyes seemed to pierce through me with a mixture of disdain and impatience.

"Get up!" she snapped, her voice harsh and unyielding. "Get up, you lazy bag of bones!"

I blinked, still disoriented from sleep. "Who are you?"

"I'm Martha, the head housekeeper," she replied curtly. "And you, little miss, are a slave. You shouldn't be sleeping so late."

I rubbed my eyes and sat up slowly, trying to shake off the remnants of sleep. "I'm sorry, I didn't know—"

"Of course you didn't," Martha cut me off, rolling her eyes. "It's clear you need a lesson in proper behavior. Slaves in this house are up at dawn. There are no exceptions."

That was when it all came rushing back- my conversation with Alpha Logan the previous day, and what it subsequently meant for me in this pack house.

I lowered my gaze, feeling the sting of the woman's words. "I'll remember that."

"You better," Martha snapped, crossing her arms over her chest. "Now get dressed. There's a lot of work to be done, and we won't tolerate any laziness."

I nodded and swung my legs over the side of the bed. "What do you want me to do?"

"You'll start by cleaning the Alpha's quarters. And mind you do a good job, or you'll find yourself in the punishment room before you know it."

My heart sank at the thought, but I forced myself to stand and move toward the wash basin in the corner of the room. "I'll do my best."

"See that you do," Martha said, turning on her heel. "And don't make me come back here again. Next time, I'll have no patience for excuses."

As the door slammed shut behind her, I felt a wave of despair wash over me. I quickly washed up and dressed, trying to steel myself for the day ahead. I had no choice but to endure this harsh new reality, for the sake of my unborn child and my own survival.

I was terrified at the thought of facing Alpha Logan again after what had happened between us the day before. My heart pounded as I stepped outside. I felt completely lost and unsure of where to find the cleaning supplies I needed. I wandered the corridors aimlessly, until finally I spotted a group of chattering maids making their way down a hall. Desperate for guidance, I decided to follow them at a distance.

They led me to a large room stacked with just what I needed; cleaning equipment. The room was a cluttered mess, with mops, brooms, and buckets scattered around haphazardly. The shelves were filled with half-empty bottles of cleaner and rags in various states of disrepair. Dust hung thick in the air, and the overall atmosphere was one of neglect and disorder.

I quietly picked up a dustpan and broom, planning to leave as quickly as possible. But just as I was about to walk out, a maid stepped in front of me, her arms crossed and her face twisted into a sneer.

Oh, Goddess! I had enough experience with bullies to know how this would end.

"Where do you think you're going with those?" she demanded.

I glanced at her, feeling a wave of unease. "I'm... I'm just getting some cleaning supplies. I need to clean the Alpha's quarters."

The maid's eyes narrowed. "Oh, really? And who let you in here? This is for the regular staff, not for some lowly new slave like you."

I glanced around to see that other girls had started gathering around, their faces full of both eagerness and contempt. It was obvious that this was a familiar form of entertainment for them-torturing new slaves.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled, trying to keep my voice steady. "I didn't know. I don't know about any of the rules around here, really."

The maid scoffed and stepped closer, her voice dripping with mockery. "You didn't know? How convenient. Maybe you should learn your place before you start taking things that don't belong to you. Get that into your thick head!"

I tried to move past her, but she blocked my way, a smug smile on her face. "What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? Or are you just too stupid to know how to behave?"

I felt my face flush with humiliation. "I just need to do my job, please. Let me go!"

"Well, here's a lesson for you," the maid continued, her tone harsh. "You don't get to just wander around taking things. You're a new slave. That means you follow orders and stay out of everyone else's way."

Her words stung, but I didn't want to provoke her further. I clutched the broom tighter and tried to sidestep her. "I'll just return the supplies and leave."

"Not so fast," she snapped, grabbing the broom from my hands. "I think you need to be taught a little respect."

She yanked the broom away and pushed me back, causing me to stumble. I caught myself and quickly backed away, fear and anger mingling in my chest. "Please, just let me go."

The maid smirked and tossed the broom back onto the pile of equipment. "Get out of here before I decide to report you. And don't let me catch you here again."

With that, she turned on her heel and walked away, the laughter of the other girls echoing around the room. I stood there for a moment, feeling both relief and humiliation. I quickly grabbed the dustpan and broom and hurried out of the room, my face burning with shame.

I retreated to a corner, trying to steady my breathing and regain some composure. The sting of humiliation still lingered, but I needed to focus on finding Alpha Logan's room.

I spotted a passing guard and approached him, my voice trembling slightly.

"Excuse me," I said, "could you please tell me where Alpha Logan's room is?"

The guard looked me up and down with annoyance. "And why would a slave like you not know where the Alpha's room is? Are you completely clueless?"

I flinched at his harsh tone but managed to keep my voice steady. "I'm... I'm new here. I don't know my way around yet."

The guard raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed. "New, huh? Well, that explains the ignorance."

He sighed heavily, clearly annoyed by the inconvenience. "Fine, I'll show you. Follow me."

He led me through the corridors with a brisk pace, clearly eager to get rid of me. We passed through several doors and turns, and finally, we arrived at a large, imposing door. "This is it," he announced, stopping and gesturing to the door with a curt nod. "Knock, and don't waste his time."

"Thank you," I murmured, relieved to finally be at the right place.

The guard grunted in acknowledgment and walked away. I took a deep breath and raised my hand to knock on the door.

But then, a strange sound stopped me.