

TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

Chapter eight

As I stood outside the door, I continued to hear the strange, unsettling sound-low grunts and muffled voices. I hesitated for a moment, wondering if this was a private moment that I wasn't supposed to intrude on.

But then a surge of worry swept over me. What if someone was in trouble and needed help? Taking a deep sigh, I decided to open the door and investigate.

I pushed the door open and walked in, only to freeze in shock at the sight before me. Alpha Logan was locked in an embrace with a woman, their bodies pressed together in a way that made my heart sink. They were on the bed, and she was straddling him, her dress pushed high on her hips.

The woman was a maid, just like me. She had soft, dark brown curls cascading down her back. Her figure was slender but curvaceous, and she wore a look of intimacy and familiarity that tore at my already shattered heart. Then she turned her head to the left, and her eyes widened. "Hey!" She screamed.

The moment my presence was acknowledged, Alpha Logan's expression shifted from passion to fury. He pushed the woman away roughly, his eyes blazing with anger as he turned toward me. "What in Moon's name are you doing here?" He roared.

"I... I just wanted to..."

"Why did you walk in without knocking?" he snapped, his voice harsh and commanding. "What do you think you're doing?"

I stammered, struggling to find my voice amidst the crushing weight of my hurt. "I-I thought someone might be in danger. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt."

Alpha Logan's eyes narrowed, his frustration palpable. "Danger? You're a slave. You don't barge into the Alpha's room uninvited, especially not when you're supposed to be working. Get out!"

I felt my face flush with embarrassment and pain. I turned and hurried towards the door. My heart was heavy, and the sight of Alpha Logan with another woman left me feeling utterly broken. I grabbed the doorknob, tears pricking at the corners of my eyes, when I remembered why I was really in his room in the first place.

Angrily, I wiped the tears from my cheeks. Why was I even feeling heartbroken? It wasn't as if I was the Alpha's Luna; our only connection was that one night. I had no right to expect anything from him.

I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself as Alpha Logan's angry voice pierced through the hurt. "What are you still doing here? What did you come for?"

I steadied my voice and replied, "I came to clean, Alpha Logan."

He scowled at me, clearly irate. "Then get to it. And make sure you're out of here as fast as possible. I don't want to see you lingering."

I nodded quickly, avoiding his gaze as I moved to start cleaning. I grabbed a cloth and began wiping down surfaces, my movements mechanical and numb. The sound of Alpha Logan and the maid's kissing filled the room, mingling with my cleaning tasks. I did my best to ignore the sounds, focusing on scrubbing and tidying up.

Each sound increased the pain I felt in my chest, but I forced myself to keep going. I just needed to finish quickly and get out of there. As I worked, I tried

not to let my emotions get the best of me, reminding myself that I was just a slave in this place-nothing more, nothing less.

When I was done, I turned and picked up my cleaning materials, then walked out on the kissing couple. When I was a safe distance away, I stopped, trying to control my scared panting.

The pain at seeing Alpha Logan with someone else was subsiding now, and clarity was coming back to me. I needed to act fast; if Alpha Logan was this sexually active, it meant that he might get another one of the slaves pregnant. I didn't like what that did to my prospects.

I had to do something to rectify this problem.

But a sharp abdominal pain lurched with nausea made me instantly weak to my knees. My eyes flew open, and I rushed to the nearest chamber pot, retching all the content of my stomach into it.

When I was done, I wiped my mouth clean with the back of my hand. If anyone found out about my pregnancy sooner than I'd planned... I didn't even want to think about what would happen, then. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me. "What are you doing?"

I froze, my breath catching in my throat. I turned slowly and found myself face-to-face with Alpha Logan. His piercing eyes, still smoldering with anger, locked onto mine. His presence was overwhelming, and I felt a shiver run down my spine. "What are you doing here?" he repeated. I could see the muscles in his jaw clenching as he waited for my response.

"I... I was just leaving, Alpha," I stammered, trying to keep my voice steady despite the fear that gripped me. I clutched the cleaning supplies tighter, as if they could somehow protect me from his anger.

Alpha Logan took a step closer, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinized me. "Why are you standing here like a lost pup?" he demanded. "You should be working, not loitering in the halls."

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"I finished cleaning your room," I replied meekly, hoping to placate him. "I was just about to find another task."

His gaze swept over me, and his expression shifted to one of disgust. "Is that vomit on your face?" he asked.

I blinked in confusion, then instinctively wiped my cheek with the back of my hand. The remnants of the tears I had shed mixed with the grime from cleaning and my vomit, creating a smear on my skin. "No, Alpha," I said quickly, my voice trembling. "It's just... dirt from cleaning."

"How should I believe any word you say," he took more steps closer, his breath patting my face. "You are never sincere so how should I trust you."

His hand stretched like they were about to pull me to him, but it pushed me aside instead. He peeked into the pot and noticed there was nothing. Hopefully, I was fast enough to have rinsed it out. "I should get back to work now," That slipped out of my mouth after I took in a deep breath.

"Are you pregnant, Aria?"