

## TWO ALPHAS, ONE SEX SLAVE

### Chapter nine

Those words were spat with so much conviction, like he had been noticing for a long time and had been looking for the right time to ask.

Did he possibly know about it? Before our intimacy?

"Speak up!" He snarled.

I instinctively stepped back, but he grabbed my arm violently, dragging me up to my feet. "Explain yourself, now."

Panic surged through me. I couldn't let him know I was pregnant; at least, not yet. I tried to steady my voice, but it came out as a stutter. "I... I just felt a bit sick. It's nothing, really, Alpha. I'm okay." He growled, his grip tightening painfully. "Don't lie to me, Aria! I can tell when someone is lying!"

I struggled to maintain my composure, but the fear and uncertainty overwhelmed me. "I swear, Alpha, it's nothing serious. I'm just not feeling well today."

His eyes darkened, and his voice grew even colder. "You're hiding something. You think I can't see through you? Tell me the truth, now."

Desperation clawed at me. "I... I promise, I'm telling the truth. There's nothing wrong. Please, just let me go."

But he wasn't having any of it. With a furious snarl, he dragged me down the corridor, his grip unrelenting. I stumbled along, trying to keep up with his pace as my heart pounded in my chest. Oh, no. What would he do to me if he found out that I was truly pregnant? Finally, we reached a door, which he opened

and pushed me inside a small room. He followed me inside and grabbed my arms again, forcing me onto a chair.

"Stay here," he ordered. "I'll be back."

He slammed the door behind him, leaving me alone in the suffocating silence. I sat there, trembling, thought after scary thought filling my head.

What would happen when he returned? How long could I keep this secret? The walls of the room seemed to close in on me, and I fought to steady my breath, knowing that the worst was yet to come.

When Alpha Logan returned, he came along with a doctor. The doctor was dressed in a dark, meticulously tailored frock coat with brass buttons that gleamed in the dim light. His face was framed by a pair of round, wire-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, and his thin, wiry mustache twitched slightly as he examined me with a discerning gaze.

Logan's tone was sharp as he ordered, "Doctor Farkas, kindly perform some tests on her and find out what's wrong. I need to know if she's a liability."

The doctor raised an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. "Is this truly necessary? She is only a slave."

"Do not question me, Doctor!" Logan's eyes flashed with irritation. "I'm not about to house a slave who could be a problem. Do as I say. I want results within the hour."

Without another word, Logan exited the room, leaving me with the doctor who regarded me with a mixture of curiosity and clinical detachment.

The man gestured to a small, unadorned bed in the corner of the room. "Lie down here, please," he instructed. "I will need to conduct a thorough examination of your body."

My heart raced as I lay down, staring up at the faded, floral-patterned wallpaper. The doctor began his examination with professional efficiency, his hands moving methodically as he checked my pulse and examined my abdomen. Each touch and press made my anxiety escalate, and I fought to keep my breathing steady. The fear that he might uncover my pregnancy gnawed at me.

As Doctor Farkas continued his examination, my fear reached a breaking point. I couldn't bear the thought of him discovering my pregnancy, so I blurted out, "Stop! Please, stop the examination."

The doctor looked up, puzzled. "Why? Is there something wrong?"

I took a deep, trembling breath, my voice wavering as I spoke. "I-I'm pregnant."

His eyes widened in shock, and he straightened. "Pregnant? Well, this is crucial information. I must inform Alpha Logan immediately."

Panic filled me as I reached out and stopped the man with a hand on his shoulder. "No, please! Don't tell him. I need to keep this a secret for now."

The doctor's gaze was stern. "How did this happen? Was it with the Alpha?"

I hesitated, a lump forming in my throat. I knew I had to protect my secret, but the pressure was too immense.

Finally, I nodded. "Yes, it's his."

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The doctor's eyes narrowed with a mixture of disbelief and curiosity. "You might be carrying the heir of the pack. This is of the utmost importance. I really must inform Alpha Logan."

Filled with desperation, I reached out again, gripping his sleeve. "No, wait! Please, don't. I need to keep it secret for now. I'll tell him myself when the time is right."

The doctor stared at me incredulously, his eyes flickering with the weight of the revelation. "This is a matter of great significance. I cannot simply ignore it."

"I understand, but please, just give me some time." I pleaded. "I'll explain everything soon. Just don't tell him yet."

The doctor's gaze remained fixed on me in confusion. "Why exactly don't you want to inform Alpha Logan now? I must understand the full situation."

I swallowed hard, my mind rummaging for a convincing lie. "Because... because I'm a slave. If he knew I was carrying his child, he might he might kill both me and the baby. I'm not worthy to carry his child. He might see it as a threat or an embarrassment."

The doctor's eyes widened slightly, as though my explanation had struck a chord. He seemed to consider my words carefully, his expression turning thoughtful. "I see. That does make a certain kind of sense. The Alpha's pride and the status of a slave could indeed make such a revelation dangerous."

Relief mingled with my fear as Doctor Farkas nodded slowly. "Very well. I will keep your secret until when you think it is appropriate to tell the Alpha."

I let out a heavy sigh and nodded. "I am very grateful, Doctor."

"Oh, no, no." The doctor shook his head. "That is not all, young woman!"

I frowned. "What else is there to discuss, doctor?"

The doctor glanced over his back before turning to me, a sly glint in his eyes. "If I keep your secret, what's in it for me?"