

# **Alpha God's Dead Luna Chapter 11 - 11- Ouch!**

## **Chapter 11: 11- Ouch!**

Aurora:

(After six months)

"Oh, Goddess, Aurora. You still haven't learned how to fold these napkins," Luna Tamia made a face and signaled a maid to help me with the napkins.

"I'm sorry, Luna. It won't happen again," I kept my eyes cast down, agreeing with her but fuming internally.

I could never forget her words.

*Luna's order, slave! Because it's Luna's order!*

Delis was right. I needed to be the most obedient slave if I wanted their guard down. They shouldn't have any doubts that I was planning to run away.

After getting that insulting punishment, I did what Luna asked me to do. I chopped the rest of my hair and started wearing a scarf around my head.

Alpha Sebastian was hardly in the palace, but if he was, I never made another attempt to meet him or to attract him to me.

As a brutal reminder, Luna Tamia kept shaving the middle of my head every month, and I swear I never cried or tried to protest.

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Repeated head shaving was fine, but I couldn't afford another burnt mark on my back. With my limited time in the palace, they had taught me well how a slave was supposed to behave.

I had learned the hard way how cruelly I could be treated.

A slave didn't have any free will, a heart, or a brain.

She needed to act like a robot all the time.

Sometimes I felt I was dying a slow death. Everyone around me seemed to be working on a personal mission to insult me.

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"You are again folding it the wrong way," The mocking voice of another slave pulled me back from my thoughts.

Tina tried making fun of me by cracking an insulting joke, but I made myself like a rock that was deaf, dumb, and didn't have feelings.

I was supposed to get a divorce after six months, and Alpha Sebastian needed to reject me so that I could carry on with my slave duties in the palace.

I didn't know what was taking him so long.

Luna Tamia said that he was too busy nowadays, as he was a strong contender for the next royal throne.

The present Alpha King was on his deathbed and didn't have an heir. The council needed to select the next king by holding different competitions.

Once Mateo told me that he was also willing to participate, but it was an open secret that nobody could match the strength of a Lycan Alpha.

Delis and Kamila were still with me, but we rarely communicated. I didn't want to put them in a tough spot.

On my insistence, they used to be rude to me when we were in public. I didn't want them in deep waters once I made my escape.

However, our plans were on hold because the divorce was not happening. Alpha Sebastian was never available, and the rejection wasn't possible without his presence.

I was obediently folding the napkins when my gaze momentarily lifted, and I saw Kamila passing outside the front window of the hall.

She was carrying some laundry. When our eyes met, she blinked twice, making my heart race. It was our secret code.

It meant one thing. *Tonight!*

Tonight was the night I needed to escape.

The slaves who were helping me with the napkins were giggling secretly while glancing at me now and then.

"If I were Alpha's bed partner, I would have given him a baby in the first month," she told the other slave.

"Something is wrong with her," the other one put in, "She is barren."

They both giggled again.

I had stopped taking such remarks to heart. Why waste energy on such low lives? Obviously, I couldn't be expected to download kids from the Play Store when their Alpha wasn't ready to sleep with me.

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"The council is invited for the dinner, and I want everything to be perfect tonight," Luna Tamia was telling Tina, whose eyes were on my face.

In the last six months, I gave her the impression, through my expressions and actions, that she was superior to me in every way. They were walking around the hall, inspecting every décor.

I was folding the napkins lazily, trying to suppress a yawn. I wanted to get done with it and go back to my room. Delis and Kamila had to explain to me about the plan.

Suddenly, the door to the hall opened, and a hush fell across the room.

"Rise, everyone— for the alpha," We all got up after the unexpected announcement. Alpha rarely visited the common quarters of the palace.

I kept my gaze low, trying to divert my attention to the colors and the small flowers embroidered on the tablecloth.

"Oh, Sebastian," I heard Luna Tamia say. She must be hugging her grandson.

"Hey, Granma!" he said softly in that deep, low voice that was next to impossible to ignore.

"Sebs. You've been so busy lately," Tina complained to him, and I felt like she was a bit louder than necessary, "Let's go somewhere. Just you and me."

Poor girl might be trying to make me jealous.

*Sorry girl! You're welcome to have him. No more Alpha or future kings. I am not Maya, I can never snatch anyone's guy.*

I have started hating men. In the future, if I ever go for a man, that wouldn't be because of his title. It would be due to his kindness and his care.

I was so lost in my own Lala Land that I didn't even realize the Alpha had slowly started walking towards me.

"What do we have here?" he asked lazily, and I think the question was directed at me. I didn't speak and kept staring down.

That was the best thing to do in these powerful people's presence.

"You've started wearing this cloth over your head lately," his voice had dropped to a whisper as he reached out to hold the small auburn strand coming out of my scarf.

I stayed quiet, not daring to raise my eyes. This was the time to prove to Luna Tamia that I had accepted my fate.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" he was twirling the strand around his index finger. I gulped hard as I was not expecting this question at all.

*I am planning to escape from your clutches and perhaps will be in the forest doing a happy dance tomorrow night.*

I tried to speak, but no word came out of my mouth. I could feel his gaze that was burning my face.

Shaking my head, I told him silently that I was not doing anything tomorrow.

*So, you decided to notice me just when my escape time is drawing closer? Huh!*

"Will you have dinner with me? Tomorrow night?" he asked me gently, and I again had to try hard not to look up.

*I'd rather have you as my dinner, hunk!*

*Don't, Aurora. They are all the same. Never trust men.*

I nodded, still looking down.

Dude! You are supposed to divorce me... and unmark me. Not invite me on a date.

"If you have any food preferences, let our chef know," he said huskily, and I again nodded. He slowly let the hair strand free from his grip and brushed his knuckles against my soft cheek.

The sparks!

My eyes fluttered, but instead of closing them dreamily, I tried to focus more on the napkins on the table. This deafening silence from Luna Tamia and Tina wasn't a good sign.

*Mr. Sebastian King. Your girlfriend and your precious Granma will kill me, man. For sure. Now move the fu\*ck away from me!*

He might have heard the mocking monologue in my head because his hand, which was busy touching my cheek, dropped down to his side.

"Tomorrow... Wear something nice. It will be an outdoor dinner," this time, I didn't give any reaction.

*I told you. Tomorrow I won't be here, mister. I'll be far away from this madhouse that you call your packhouse or your fu\*cking palace.*

After he left, I took a sigh of relief, but then flinched internally when I found Luna Tamia and Tina giving me that mean look.

*Last time they shaved my hair. What's next?*

Luna's face was stoic as usual, but Tina?

Ouch! If looks could kill.