

# **Alpha God's Dead Luna**

## **Chapter 16 - 16- Darkness**

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It was weird to touch. The skin felt spongy.

After walking for three hours, I felt I could collapse at any moment. But the pain that was slowly overtaking my body, wouldn't let me rest.

I had to reach Blood Stone Pack and ask for help.

Every few steps, I had to pause and lean against a tree, breathing hard. I couldn't afford to pass out now.

Not here when I was this close.

The handkerchief over my face had dried, but I didn't take it off. I was scared to remove it. What if they started crawling all over my body?

This was nothing but a side effect of traveling through the forest. I never stayed in a dense jungle this long.

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Their territory must be nearby because now I could hear sirens in the distance. They might have thought that I was an intruder.

I kept walking, waiting for them to approach me.

Suddenly, a guttural growl echoed through the forest, stopping me in my tracks.

"You're trespassing," a deep voice snarled, "Stop now or be killed."

I froze, raising my hands slowly, even when the itching on my face got too much to control. Two massive werewolves emerged from the shadows, their eyes glowing in suspicion.

As they approached me, they shifted back into their human forms, two tall, muscular men with stoic faces.

"Who are you?" one of them demanded for an immediate answer, "What are you doing here? Remove that veil from your face!"

I couldn't control it and scratched my burning cheeks in frustration, "I'm not an enemy. I'm from the Crimson Claw pack. My entire pack is reduced to ashes. I'm seeking refuge— please help me. I .... I need... I urgently need a doctor."

The two men exchanged glances. One of them wrinkled his nose in disgust, "Goddess. When did you take your last bath? You smell of rotten eggs!"

*Rotten eggs?*

I turned my face to smell my armpits.

"Uncover your face, she-wolf. We need to search you for any hidden weapons and present you to our Alpha."

One of them moved towards me while the other one glazed back his eyes to send a mind link.

I pulled away the mask and looked up, only to find a horrified look on their faces.

"What the fu\*ck!" The taller one mumbled.

They both stumbled back. The shorter one couldn't control it and fell back on the ground. My attention was suddenly diverted by the extreme itching on my face.

This time, I knew there were more worms. I plucked one out and threw it on the ground, watching it writhe. Now both the men stiffened, as their eyes glazed over when they urgently mind-linked someone.

"There is something seriously wrong with my face. I need to see a doctor," I commanded, desperation was evident in my voice.

I caught another long worm that was inching towards my hairline.

"Stay here. You can't enter the borders. The doctor is coming to get you," After saying this outrageous thing, he turned away towards a tree and doubled over, puking all the contents out of his tummy.

The other one was also avoiding eye contact, his face was pale.

"P...please tell me... what's going on?" I pleaded with them.

"You want to know what is going on? Let the doctors' team get here. They'll tell you."

We waited, standing there. The itching was now burning my other body parts too.

A van arrived and screeched to a halt beside us. A woman in a nurse uniform whose face was hidden behind a mask stepped out.

Her eyes widened in horror as she saw me and instinctively pinched them shut.

I unconsciously touched my fingers to my sponge-like face, "What is the problem here?" I scratched my cheek, and she flinched again.

By now, the fear and confusion were swirling within me.

She rummaged through her medical bag and pulled out a stethoscope, turning its reflective surface towards me.

I thought my heartbeat might stop any minute. The face that was staring back at me wasn't mine. It looked like a rotten cheese, punched with big holes...

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"No!" I murmured to myself, "No..." Shaking my head, I started moving backwards.

"Listen. Come with us. The people who burnt your pack might have used a deadly chemical," The man told me gently with a concerned look.

My stomach churned as I clutched my belly and puked all the water that I drank from that river.

"That face... that is not my face..." tears started pouring out of my eyes, "I'm... I'm not like that... I'm beautiful...believe me, I'm..."

Goddess. That was the only thing I had. My beauty!

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"We have a team of expert doctors," the nurse tried to reassure me, but I shook my head and collapsed to my knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

I scratched my face again, the itching unbeatable, as tears streamed down my face.

"What happened to my face?" I screamed. I could hear the raw pain in it, "What will I do now?" and then I smelled it. The stench of rotten eggs filled my nostrils.

There was nothing left to vomit.

"Why me?" I raised my face to the sky and cried out in pain. My voice was filled with anguish, "Moon Goddess! Why me?"

"I can't... I can't take this anymore..." I whispered to myself, "Please make it stop..." My eyes were searching the sky for answers, "This isn't fair!" I screamed again without knowing if Moon Goddess could hear the pain in my voice or not.

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The exhaustion from walking, hunger, thirst, and mental trauma overwhelmed me. The world seemed to spin before my eyes.

I tried to stay steady, but then my eyes rolled back, and I felt my body falling back. The odd thing was I didn't hear any thud. I seemed suspended in space, waiting for an impact that never came.

The world got darker, and I felt that darkness enveloping me. That was when I lost my consciousness.