

Alpha God's Dead Luna Chapter 5 - 5- Discarded Daughter

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Along with other slaves, I was kneeling on the floor. I might be the only one who was silently staring at the ground while other girls were talking to each other excitedly.

"I've heard the Lycans pay good if they find you attractive enough to warm their beds," one of the slaves told another in a hushed tone, "I don't want to work in the kitchen. If I'm lucky, I might be chosen for the Lycan Alpha, Sebastian King."

"Oh, that will be a dream come true," another one spoke in a dreamy voice. I didn't know what they were talking about.

I was no more interested in knowing about my future. I was dead inside. How can your family make you an outcast just because you don't have a wolf? Or was rejected by a jerk for some shitty reason?

Just because some men committed a sin, I was the one getting punished for it.

"Silence!" a heavy voice boomed in the hall, and the heavy oak doors opened, "No one is allowed to look up. Your eyes should be on the floor!"

I didn't know about others, but my eyes were already cast down. I wasn't interested in knowing about anyone.

"Luna Tamia! This is today's stuff," someone informed Luna.

Stuff? They thought of us as some random stuff?

"Hmm. Boring! As always! All of them deserve to be in the kitchen," her rude voice reached my ears, and I did everything in my power not to flinch.

What did she think of herself? Cleopatra?

"Wait a minute!" her voice rang out to me, "What do we have here?" I felt her walking towards me, and I tried to sink into the floor.

If she thought I would warm the bed of some stinky Lycan, then she was mistaken. I'd kill myself first.

She held my chin and forced me to raise my face, "Who are you?"

Before I could answer, a man spoke, "She came from Red Moon Pack. Her father sold her for a few acres of land."

Few acres of land? Was that my worth?

"Hmm," she kept looking at me, "Rest of them may leave. I've found the one," she said in a stern voice.

Found the one?

What was going on here?

However, her next words brought gasps out of everyone's mouths who were present in the room. Including me.

"Make necessary arrangements. We've found our Lycan Alpha's bride."

A bridal dress was tossed to me and my head was reeling, thinking that maybe this was all a dream.

I was getting married to Lycan Alpha? But why?

What kind of wedding was it?

They didn't even allow me to wash my face. The wet mud on my face had dried, and now I could feel my face getting cracked. The mark of that slap was still there because my cheek was still stinging in pain.

"Can I wash my face?" I asked one of the maids who was busy gossiping with others.

"Why? Are you a princess?" her reply made everyone crack up. Another one walked to me while swaying her hips unnecessarily,

"What do you think you are? Already imagining yourself in the role of a Luna?" All of them laughed again when a plump, short woman came inside and tried to control her panting

"They want her in the pack church," The information made everyone present there on high alert.

"Let's take her or we will be beheaded."

"You are the bride," Luna Tamia said in a dangerously soft voice, "But you will remain a slave. Don't forget that."

I was in a room full of powerful Lycans, and I was sure everybody heard her. It was indeed shameful for me.

"When he enters the hall, you are supposed to look down. Don't you dare try to raise your eyes and look at his face..."

Why? Was the Lycan King this ugly?

"Always remember. You will always remain his slave. You will be the slave of this Lycan packhouse. That means only one thing. You are inferior to everyone present here. You are below everyone in the pack. All the maids, guards, midwives... even the girls who are part of his harem are above you. I find you ogling at him, and you are finished. Got that?"

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"Y...yes..." I felt my voice breaking a little.

"Louder! I can't hear you," her voice boomed in the room.

"Yes..." I cleared my throat, "Yes, ma'am."

Like, how is it possible?

How can I not look at the man who would be my husband?

What would I do when he ...

Suddenly, the room got quiet and there was a heavy voice of the heavy boots in the deafening silence.

"Look down, or I'll poke a sharp knife into your eyes and make you blind!" She hissed near my ear.

I quickly had to cast my eyes down.

"Is she the bride?" The cold, heavy voice spoke as a pair of boots appeared before my eyes, and I felt like my thumping heart would jump out of my chest.

He had this aura swirling around him. I could feel his powerful presence even when I wasn't looking at him.

Secretly, my eyes traveled up a little, and I found a strong pair of thighs in the cotton pants.

Good Goddess.

Right now, all I should have been doing was crying and begging all of them to let me go. But something else was slowly taking over my mind.

Revenge.

What would Mateo and Maya do when I visit their pack as the Luna of Lycan Alpha? The same Alpha who was expected to become a king soon.

That meant only one thing. I would be the queen. I would be above all those who ditched me and disappointed me.

That included my family, too.

They sold me like I was nothing to them. Now I would tell them that I had risen above their betrayal. I would show them that I was no longer the weak, discarded daughter they had thrown away.

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I would be the Luna, the queen.

And they would have to face the woman I had become.

I jerked a little when I heard a priest saying the vows.

I never thought I would be a bride with dried tears on my cheeks and mud stains on my face, along with a slap mark.

"Aurora Stone. Do you take Alpha Sebastian King as your husband?" he was asking about a man whom I had never seen or met in my life.

"Yes. I do." After saying my vows, the strong hand held my sweaty one and slipped a ring on my finger.

Someone who was standing nearby gave me a silver band that I needed to slip onto his finger.

"Congratulations. Now I pronounce you husband and wife."

After the announcement, I was waiting for the kiss. My eyes were still cast down. I felt him leaning towards me, and I closed my eyes.

His hand tilted my head aside using his index finger. Nothing had prepared me for the bite he gave between my neck and shoulder.

I was taken aback by this unexpected mark.

"Don't worry. It's not a proper mark. He only inserted his fangs partially into the skin. It isn't a full penetration."

Someone informed me from behind. It was the same old cow but now she was too gentle with me. Maybe because of the presence of her grandson.

I might be inferior to a slave in this packhouse, but secretly, I was willing to make this marriage work. This was my only chance, and I needed to use my beauty to bring the required results.