

Alpha God's Dead Luna Chapter 8 - 8- Evil

Chapter 8: 8- Evil

The slap!

That slap kept me awake for so many nights. Who was I? What was my worth?

I didn't have anything against that girl. She was not my best friend. Nor was she a family that did the worst to me.

Maybe that slap gave me a chance to reflect on so many things. Roles had reversed. Kamila used to crack jokes to make me laugh. But I didn't want to laugh anymore. There was no light at the end of the tunnel.

For whom should I cross that tunnel? No one was waiting for me at the other end.

What was the purpose of my life? Because my parents only taught me to obey the men in my life.

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Yet Luna Tamia wasn't a man.

She has money, silly. A stern voice spoke in my head. *She has money, power, and position. That's why everyone obeys her.*

"Luna!" Kamila placed the tray down on the table, "Your lunch."

I didn't feel like eating.

Six months.

What would I do for these six months? Stay in this jail?

What would happen after that?

"Luna," I jerked a little when Kamila placed her hand on my shoulder, "Forget about that night. We are slaves, and getting tortured is our fate."

Fate?

I was not a slave. I was a free woman like them, dammit.

They pushed me into this marriage against my will, and now I was also a breeder for them. What was next?

To snatch my baby and still treat me as a slave?

If it were a boy, then they would hand him over to the Alpha and his stupid mate Tina. What if it were a girl?

She would become another slave, working beside me?

"Kamila," I still hadn't touched my food, "Is... is there..." my voice dropped to a whisper. Kamila had to move closer to listen to me, "Is there any escape? How can I get out of here?"

"Luna!" Kamila had panic in her voice, "What are you talking about? It was just a slap!"

Just a slap?

Who was I? An experimental rat? Whom they could reject, sell, buy, get her married, use her to warm the bed of an unknown man, and then slap?

What about my self-worth?

My self-respect?

You lost that self-respect when you went back to Mateo to talk to him.

You lost your self-respect when you thought that your beauty could make any man fall for you.

You lost your self-respect when you didn't study hard enough, and instead, you focused more on your skin and hair so that you could get a good husband.

This is not the first time someone slapped you. You received such slaps in the past, too. More brutal ones.

But you became immune to them.

There was a voice inside my head that was constantly giving me some reality checks.

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We both straightened when there was a short knock at the door.

"This must be Delis, asking me to leave the room," Kamila quickly got up and signaled to the tray, "I can't stay longer. Do finish your food, Luna. Because you can't think clearly if you are empty stomach."

I inhaled a long sigh and moved my focus to my food. Maybe Kamila was right. If I wanted to think straight, I needed to keep my tummy full.

I was pacing in my room, thinking of my future. I needed to do some serious thinking before my Alpha husband would decide to sleep with me.

My beauty would never attract him when he already had a mate. I was not Maya, who would eye someone else's boyfriend or mate. I could do better than her.

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Goddess! I needed some fresh air. I fanned my face with my hand.

There was too much suffocation in this room.

I cracked open the door and peeked outside. Delis was not there. The coast was clear.

I stepped out and felt the pleasant night breeze on my face. I just needed to take a stroll in the garden and then be back in my room before anyone would see me.

The path to the garden was too quiet at this hour. Honestly, I just needed to breathe before I lost it completely.

I walked into the garden, hugging my arms around myself, until I saw something unusual that made me freeze in my tracks.

Right in the middle of the garden, Luna Tamia was sitting cross-legged like she was meditating or something...

Her lips were moving fast, chanting weird words that didn't sound like any familiar language. Six or seven women were standing around her in a circle, all wearing black hoodies with their heads bowed.

What the hell was going on?

I blinked, trying to make sense of all of it. Was she a witch? Was it some kind of ritual? A prayer? A cult?

I couldn't move. I just stood there hiding behind the hedge, watching in shock.

Then all of a sudden, Luna Tamia looked up.

And her eyes...

Goddess!

Her eyes weren't blue anymore. They were glowing. Like actual fire. Bright, burning orange.

And they were staring right at me.

Shit!

My breath got stuck in my throat, and my whole body locked in place. The fear was holding my feet to the ground.

But I needed to run away. I couldn't stay here. Using every ounce of my strength, I turned and sprinted back to my room. I didn't even care how loud my steps were.

Maybe I was imagining it, but I swore I heard an evil laughter behind me.

Delis's eyes widened in fear when he saw me running to the room. Poor man must be thinking that I was inside my room.

"Goddess! I thought you were in there. I can't even pee in peace, Luna!"

I ignored his whining and slammed the door shut and locked it. My chest was heaving as I balled my cold hands.

What the hell did I see?

I couldn't even sleep in fear, expecting Luna Tamia to barge into my room any instant.