

Alpha God's Dead Luna Chapter 9 - 9- Barbecue

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"Luna. You are treading on dangerous territory," Kamila mumbled, piling the plates expertly in the tray, "You are here for breeding purposes only. Within six months, if there is no pregnancy, you'll be free. Don't mess with Luna Tamia, ma'am."

"I'll be free? No, Kamila. I'll be a slave, serving the whole palace for my whole life."

I didn't want to upset Luna Tamia. I was sure there must be some punishment brewing inside her head.

Kamila was right. This time, I crossed a line and caught Luna Tamia doing something that was meant to be hidden from all the packhouse residents.

Before Kamila could respond, the door to my room slammed open with a loud thud. Luna Tamia barged inside like a storm. Her slaves and Tina followed her inside.

For some odd reason, Tina looked too pleased with herself.

Kamila straightened up, the tray tightly clutched in her hands, "Luna Tamia—"

Luna Tamia raised her hand to stop her, "Leave!" she ordered Kamila coldly. Kamila hesitated; her eyes darted to me, then to the slaves.

Poor girl was afraid for me.

"I said leave!" Luna Tamia snapped.

Kamila lowered her gaze and quietly walked out, shutting the door behind her. My heartbeat was frantic, not knowing what they would do to me.

"I'm..." I swallowed hard, "I'm sorry... I know I made a mistake..." My voice was barely above a whisper.

Luna Tamia didn't even acknowledge the apology. She just nodded at the slaves. And in the next breath, the two women were holding me by my arms, forcing me down on the floor to kneel.

They were Lycan women. A lot stronger than me.

I was no match for their strength.

What were they doing to me?

"L-Luna... Luna Tamia... can we talk?" A smirk formed on her face when she heard my subtle pleading.

"You have lost your chance, sweetheart. Now it's my turn to show you who I really am," she was regarding her nails so casually as if she was discussing today's weather.

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"I ... I c-can explain..." Oh Goddess. How to explain to her that I just wanted some fresh air. I was a fool to think that I could reach Alpha Sebastian.

I should have listened to Kamila.

"Let me go! Please, Luna... please don't do this!" I cried, not knowing what they were planning to do to me. I tried to struggle, but they didn't let me move.

Tina was casually leaning against the wall, her arms crossed on her chest, enjoying the show.

One of the slaves pulled out a small cut-throat razor, and I thought this was the end. What were they planning to do?

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Kill me?

Scratch my face? Poke it into my eyes? Make me look ugly?

"No— please, no!" I sobbed, twisting in their grip, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to see that...I swear your secret will be safe with me, Luna."

Luna Tamia moved to stand behind me. She was calm and silent. The cold edge of the blade touched my scalp. I was horrified when I saw the first strands of my auburn hair falling to the floor.

"Oh, Goddess. Please! Please don't do this! Please, I'm pleading with you!" As a beta's daughter, I never begged.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I kept pleading them, "I swear on the Moon Goddess. I'll be quiet. I won't say a word, Luna... please..."

But she didn't flinch.

The scraping sound of the metal filled the room. It didn't take much time to do their job.

Luna Tamia held my collar and pulled me up to drag me to the mirror, "Come on. Look at yourself!" she commanded.

This time, I obeyed her and looked at my reflection. They had spared half of my hair and just shaved the middle part of my head.

"You are so fond of stepping out of this room. Aren't you?" Luna Tamia smiled through the mirror, "I spared you ... I ignored when you did this the first time, Slave. What did you think? You're smart? Beautiful? That you could easily grab my grandson's attention? Ha-ha," she threw back her head and laughed. She even gave a slight shove to my leftover hair, "You love going out? Right, Aurora? Now go out and enjoy yourself. Let everyone see how beautiful you are."

Tina, who was standing aside, pushed against the wall and strolled to me with a giggle, "You're right, Tamia. She looks more beautiful now," She leaned in to get closer to me, "Oh, I'm so jealous, Aurora. A born slave like you deserves this treatment."

Her mocking tone made the fury surge through my veins, "Stay away from me!" I hissed at her, "I'm not a born slave! My father was a beta!"

Tina wasn't even a Luna. What was she so happy about?

"A Beta's daughter?" she cracked up and then suddenly got serious, "Lower your voice, slave. I don't like bratty slaves. One more word from your mouth and I will..." before she could finish it, I spat saliva on her face.

Placing a hand on her cheek, Tina was taken aback. She wasn't expecting it from me.

"Y...you...", she turned to Luna Tamia, whose mouth was still wide open in shock, "Did you see what she... oh Goddess!"

Her voice trembled a little, "How can you stand here, Granma, when she is showing disrespect to this pack's future Luna?"

Luna Tamia turned towards me, and her hand struck my cheek with a sharp snap. The skin where I got the slap not only burned, but it also scorched my pride.

Luna Tamia closed her eyes to control her temper and then signaled the slaves, "Take off her gown. Let's show her the consequences of her actions."

A slow smirk graced Tina's lips, and I thought I might turn into a block of ice when my gown was torn away from my body.

"Bring the hot iron rod," she ordered, her eyes not leaving mine, "Let me teach you all, how to barbecue the smooth back of a slave."

