



## 170 170- White Powder

Luna Tamia 1

I leaned closer to the mirror, my nails digging into the edge of the wooden frame. The patch of my hair was gone, and my head seemed to be mocking me for being this ugly.

"What went wrong?" I thought with bitterness.

Why did my magic come back to me? Who was protecting her?

Lately, I had shut myself in my office, pretending to be busy. When I had to step out, I wrapped scarf around my head. I was the Luna, and I was reduced to this?

Wearing silk scarves felt like humiliation.

*Just like you humiliated Aurora?* My Lycan asked me in a bitchy tone. I never liked my beast. It was never in my favor when I wanted to learn magic.

It always sided with the wrong people for the sake of making me angry. 1

I touched the burnt skin on my head and winced. For some reason, my Lycan wasn't able to heal it.

*Pathetic beast!* I muttered in hatred.

Rage was bubbling in my throat.

Phoenix!

She was responsible for this.

And she would pay for this.

A soft knock tapped against the door. Before I could even answer, the door creaked open and one of the maids came inside.

I looked for my scarf in panic. Her eyes lifted just once, and then she gasped in horror.

Squeezing my lips, I tried to control my rage, but my blood had started boiling.

"How dare you!" I shrieked as my voice echoed through the room. I looked over my shoulder and noticed the scarf lying on the floor.

*There it is.*

I bent down to pick it up. In my panic, I had almost forgotten that I was a Luna and such trivial tasks could be handled by the maids.

"How dare you enter without my permission!" I covered my head hurriedly with the scarf and tied a knot near my chin.

The maid had dropped to her knees and was trembling in fear, "I ... I knocked, Luna..."

"You filthy wh\*ore!" I wanted to go to her and



slap right across her face, just to remind her of her worth, "What do you think of yourself?" I closed the distance and held her long, beautiful braid in my fist, twirling it around my hand.

She was shaking her head wildly, her words were stumbling, and she was trying to explain herself. I didn't want to hear her.

I was aware, now this would never stay a secret in the palace. They would talk behind my back and laugh at me.

I wanted to chant a spell and make her completely bald so that she wouldn't dare to share the news with her colleagues.

"How many maids will you torture, Tamia?" My lycan gave me a sarcastic grin, "Because if that's the case, every woman in the palace would be bald."

"Shut up!" I hissed at it and turned to the woman who was now crying silently. She had closed her eyes, and now I could see the fear on her face.

The fear of her death.

I leaned forward and took my mouth near her ear.

"If anyone knows about it, you are done. Finished!" I whispered, not knowing if her brain was able to register my words.





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It was a risk to let her remain in my office, or she could pee then and there.

Ha-ha.

"Get up!" I forced her braid up so that she would stand on her feet. The girl was shaking so much that I feared that she could fall back on the floor.

"Out of my sight, out of my room!" I barked, and she almost crawled out of the door.

"Pathetic woman!" I checked the scarf on my head.

I had some pressing matters on my mind, and Phoenix was one of them. I couldn't stay confined in my room.

"She must be practicing with warriors," my wolf reminded me.

I marched to the drawer of my desk and pulled it open. There was a small cloth pouch placed there. After untying its knot, I watched the green powder that I had kept for years.

A powerful potion indeed. One pinch and I would know about the person after throwing it at him or her.

If the powder remained green, then there was no witch involved with that person. But if he or she was taking some kind of aid from any witch, then the powder was supposed to turn red.

Scooping some into my palm, I watched it carefully, "Let's see who is helping you, Phoenix. And I pray to the Moon Goddess that it's not Amora. Your arrogance needs to be put in its place, and I'll do it today. Enough of this hiding!"

With a sigh, I turned and left the room. I was walking towards the ground, not caring that warriors were giving me curious glances. Maybe because I never carried a scarf.

I saw Phoenix sitting at the side of the ground, looking casually at her warriors.

"Well. You look tired," I said mockingly, expecting her to verbally attack me. But the crinkles around her eyes told me that she was grinning.

She looked happy.

I frowned when she didn't react and moved her eyes back to the ground. Like I didn't exist. As if I wasn't even there.

Her silence made my jaw clench.

"How many times do I have to remind you, Phoenix, that I'm the Luna?" I sneered, stepping closer to her, "Was your brain always this dead, or have you recently become like this? Because ever since you stepped into this palace, I've been reminding you..." I trailed off when I saw her rolling her eyes above her mask.

Her green Emerald eyes seemed unbothered.





"I'm not a maid, Tamia," she said drily without even looking at me, "I'm a head warrior and I don't come under your working staff."

Did she just...

She called me by my name?

I looked around quickly and found the eyes of several warriors on us. They must be wondering that a mere warrior wasn't even standing up in my respect.

"Phoenix..." I wanted to warn her that she was forgetting her status. But then she spoke again.

"Tamia. Why don't you start knitting?" I blinked at her question. She then exhaled a tired breath and got up to look into my eyes, "All grannies do that. You should start too. You don't need to impose yourself on everyone's head that you want respect, and everyone is supposed to kneel to you."

"Such a sharp tongue!" I tried to keep myself calm, though rage was simmering inside me, "Let's see how sharp it is when you unleash it on your enemy."

Before she could reply, I snapped my fist and flung the powder at her. It scattered in the air, like a shimmering green cloud.

She cursed under her breath, suddenly throwing her arm up to shield her face, "Are you crazy?"

I didn't mind the insult as my eyes settled over her.

Green or red?

What color would it take? I thought with a smile.

And then my smile faltered.

The powder simmered once and then turned white.

White! 1

My eyes widened in disbelief. This... this wasn't supposed to happen.

I staggered back a step, staring at her as she lowered her arm and glared at me in irritation.

"What the hell was that, Tamia?" she snapped, and her hands curled into fists as if she wanted to shake me brutally.

*Keep dreaming, Phoenix.* I thought with a smirk.

The white dust was now fading from her skin, and she must not have guessed that it was not a common powder but a powerful, old, traditional, witch's special dust.

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On my way back, I saw someone familiar busy smoking a cigarette.

Umm. I knew him. Jai.





The one who rejected Raya and then Klara. He was an old friend of Phoenix, and now there were rumors that they were almost like enemies.

The report on Phoenix, which I requested from Hunter, had reached me. It said that she belonged to the Crimson Claw pack and came to the Blood Stone pack after surviving the fire. 1

I was marching to my quarters when I received Sebastian's mind link, "Hey, love," I tried to mask the exhaustion in my voice and knew that he would detect it somehow and would scold me for that. 1

"Hey, Granma. Is everything okay at your end?" I smiled and waited for his stern tone.

"Yes, son. I'm good. Why?"

"Granma. If everything is good, then maybe stop bullying Phoenix?" I stopped dead in my tracks, thinking I must have heard him wrong.

"Excuse me?"

"Granma. Phoenix isn't one of your staff. Warriors come under me. I'll handle whatever the issue is."

Why was he talking to me like that? He didn't even ask me why I sounded so tired.

"Son... I..."



He didn't even hear me further and closed the mindlink.

I could feel my nostrils flaring.

It was all because of that ugly girl. How dare she!

Sebastian never talked to me like that.

"Because the women you bullied, he was never involved with them. This time, he is," my Lycan tried to give me a reality check. 1

*Now don't say such absurd things!* I waved my hand off and continued walking to my room.

I saw his involvement with Aurora Stone, but he forgot her. He would forget about Phoenix, too.

And then I remembered the white powder.

With a smirk, I opened the mind link again, "Hey, Son. Do you know Phoenix has gotten a wolf?"

"Granma. I'm in the middle of a meeting and ... Phoenix what?" I heard his sharp intake of breath.

This time, I was the one who closed the mind link first.