

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 20

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Astrea did her best to keep her expression neutral when she saw who entered the room. She was utterly surprised to find herself face-to-face with the dark-haired woman.

“Fenrir, she can't walk freely in here!” Salome pierced her with her brown eyes, crossing her arms over her chest in a defiant manner. She looked like she owned the place, taking Astrea off guard. This was the last thing she needed.

She knew Salome. This beautiful delicate woman was one of the contenders at the Luna Trials, her previous failed mission. Salome was a strong witch and one of the first to leave the event. Back then, Astrea didn't pay her much attention for that reason alone, regretting it now. Otherwise, she would have at least some kind of insight on that woman.

Well, everything officially sucks now! Nova announced. She knows us.

I have a feeling they already know all about us, Astrea hissed at her wolf. Can you keep up with it, please? Fenrir just exploded one of my grenades in his hand and didn't even feel it! He knew I was a spy from day one! We are in some city that's not on the map! And the Teacher cannot reach us here!

That last part is not so bad, though, Nova noted, and she had to agree with that.

Maybe she doesn't recognise us, Astrea suggested, trying to sound optimistic.

“Astrid,” the witch sneered, dashing her hopes on the spot, “nice to see you here. You should have stayed where you belong, though. In the South!”

Not only did she recognise her, but she even remembered her alias.

“Just call me Astrea,” she cleared her throat. “Astrid is what my father used to call me—”

“Save it, dear!” Salome raised her hand to demonstrate how unimpressed she was. The witch looked dazzling today in a red silk kaftan dress with her shiny long black hair. She did not look this gorgeous back at the Trials, although her beauty was undeniable. Astrea took a quick glance at herself, realising that she hadn’t had a chance to brush her messy, wavy hair and was trying to ignore the fact she was wearing nothing but a flimsy nightgown. A nightgown that wasn’t hers.

Could it be Salome’s?

The thought alone made her shiver in disgust, but the question that bothered her the most, though, was why the witch felt so at ease with Fenrir.

Yeah, I don’t like it, Nova snarled, not helping her rising anxiety.

“You were sent here to spy on us!” Salome’s words were laced with an accusatory tone and directed at Astrea with a sharpness that couldn’t be ignored. “You want to bring all the information to your masters in the Southern Republic!”

The she-wolf cast a quick side-glance at Fenrir, who was watching her reaction the whole time, making Astrea wonder how much she gave away.

“Excuse me, since when is it a surprise?” Astrea straightened her back, folding her arms over her chest. “That’s literally what you agreed on. I come here, spend a few months learning everything there is to learn about you and help you prepare for your presentation at the Alpha Convocation. ‘Spy’ is the wrong word for it, though. I prefer the term ‘mediator’.”

“We should put her in a cell and forget she ever came here!” Salome suggested, and the words alone made Astrea shiver as the memories of the silver pit flooded her mind. That was the one and only thing she wasn’t sure she could take again.

“Then I demand to be sent back to the South!” she declared as if she had any rights in this strange kingdom.

“No,” Fenrir cut her off, and Salome’s mouth twisted into a smirk, making a chill run down her spine. Were they seriously going to lock her in a cell?

She eyed the other grenades, instantly thinking of possible escape routes.

“Don’t you even think about it,” Fenrir warned her, and she pretended to stare at the wall instead, not sure if it was convincing.

“I’ll tell Warg to take her to the dungeons,” Salome suggested eagerly, and Astrea couldn’t help rolling her eyes.

“No,” Fenrir said firmly, making both women snap their heads at him.

“Fenrir, please!” Salome knitted her brows.

“What can I say? He wouldn’t like seeing me behind bars!” Astrea shrugged, unable to feign indifference. “He likes to keep me close.”

“Shut your mouth!” the witch hissed, bringing her some satisfaction. This was almost too easy.

“Salome, did you want anything other than to harass my guest?” The Rogue King arched his brow at the woman in red, and she balled her fists involuntarily.

“Fenrir, you know that Solace’s safety is my first priority,” Salome attempted to rectify the situation.

“Good,” he nodded at her, “then go back there and patrol it.”

The reply didn’t sit well with the witch, and Astrea could tell by just one glance at her. Their eyes fixed on each other and she felt hatred vibrating from the other woman. Nevertheless, Salome turned on her heel and left.

“You are going regret keeping her here!” she blurted out before she was gone from their sight.

“So, she’s nice!” Astrea cleared her throat and glanced at the man next to her, watching his lips curve slightly at her words.

“Where were we?” he took a step in her direction and she took one back because she still wasn’t sure how to handle him.

“In Solace, everyone is free,” she reminded him. “I have to say I really dig the whole freedom idea.”

His small smile turned into a wicked grin.

“Do you?” Fenrir took another step, backing her into the wall. He braced himself against the glass, trapping her between his arms.

“As long as it includes me,” she tilted her head up.

“Oh, it includes everyone who has good intentions, Astrea,” he breathed out. “Are your intentions good, Astrea?”

She felt a twinge of pain in her heart, knowing that she was here to learn everything there was to learn and kill him when she was done. It was as far from good intentions as possible.

“My intentions are crystal clear, and the most honourable,” she lied through her teeth and noticed a glint of sadness in his eyes as his grin faded slightly.

“Very well then,” he pushed himself off the wall, making her feel unexpectedly disappointed. “Dress up.”

“Into what?” she replied, trying to understand why she had these exact emotions now. “All my things are in the Fortress.”

“They were brought here hours ago,” he informed her. “The East has decided to extend its welcome to you and show you its true face.”

“I am honoured,” Astrea hesitated slightly. “Does that mean I’m a hostage here?”

This made him chuckle.

“Of course not, you are my guest. Didn’t I tell you this before?”

He did, but she was sceptical about the whole idea of a city where everyone was free. Let alone a confirmed spy, like her.

Fenrir was already at the door when she realised he was leaving her alone in this room.

“Is it wise to leave me with all the weapons?” She pointed out and he stopped in the doorway, shifting his head to glance at her.

“Didn’t you say your intentions were honourable and pure?” He didn’t take his gaze off her, and she realised that this was a test. Which was a good thing because she’d never failed one in her life.

“I am going to take a silver knife with me,” she informed him. If he knew then she wasn’t sneaky about it.

“Whatever makes you feel better,” he shrugged as if he didn’t care. “Take the crystal I gave you as well. You will probably faint without it and I am not carrying you.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to be that gallant,” she retorted with a raised brow, which made him look at her again, eyes grazing over her well-trained frame.

“I’ll be waiting downstairs,” he said and walked away, leaving her alone at last.

Astrea got ready in a record amount of time, forming a new plan in her head.

Find out where we are first, kill Fenrir and run later, she repeated over and over in her head, trying to convince herself that it was for the best.

And what if we are far away from everything? Nova wasn’t excited.

Find out where we are first, find a car, kill Fenrir and run later, she corrected herself.

What could go wrong? The wolf snorted.

Everything has already gone wrong, Astrea sighed. And now we are improvising, trying to survive. You are not really buying the ‘everyone is a free’ fairytale, are you?

Please! Nova rolled her eyes. We grew up among Firstborn. I stopped believing in anything a long time ago.

Likewise, Astrea felt better knowing that they were on the same page. I mean, the North was great... The way King Kai and Savvy fell in love. I could write a song about it.

Dumb luck, her wolf scoffed. How many other happy couples have you seen?

Queen Riannon and King Gideon seemed happy as well...

So, that makes it... two, Nova summed up.

Yeah, just two, Astrea agreed. Sometimes I think of my parents. I wonder if they loved each other.

Even if they did, they died, Nova reminded her. Still not a happy ending. That's unrealistic.

You're right, the woman agreed, chasing away the thoughts. But Niki is real, and she deserves better. Just a calm life away with her by our side would be enough for me. I wonder how she is—

She is tough, Nova tried to console her. I'm sure she is doing her best and waiting for us. Her Ascension must be done by now and she probably got her gift already.

Probably—

She had to stop worrying and daydreaming. One problem at a time.

Astrea took one last glance in the mirror, happy with her choice for today. She had to throw Fenrir off his game and she was ready for the challenge.

The mansion she was in was modern and minimalistic. It was a stunning display of contemporary design, with sleek lines and an abundance of glass elements throughout its structure. Greenery was everywhere, unlike what she was used to back at the Fortress, which was dull and lifeless. The windows were only on one side, making her believe the building was built on a cliff or a mountain.

She found no one else here; every decor element gave strong masculine vibes. Mostly practical things were on display. She caught herself on the thought that she hoped Fenrir lived here alone.

At least if Salome lived here, it would have some witchy stuff, Nova gloated, lifting up her mood.

A whistle broke her train of thought as she descended a black and green marble staircase. Two men, Fenrir and Devoss, stood in the middle of a spacious living room, staring at her.

"You take no prisoners, Astrea, I see!" Devoss let out a laugh.

"Thanks," she beamed at him, happy that her plan was working.

"What do you think you're wearing?" Fenrir growled, and her lips curled instinctively. This was just what the reaction she was hoping for.

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Niki's footsteps faltered as she walked into the room shrouded with darkness, her eyes struggling to adjust for a few moments.

"Hello," she tried to sound confident, but her voice quivered, betraying her.

No one responded, but her task was clear and it wasn't exactly a choice. She still couldn't believe that, after all her work and training with Astrea, this was what she ended up doing.

Niki was finally able to see, so she walked inside, noticing that the room was minimalistic, with just a bed, a desk and a chair next to the window that was heavily curtained not to let any light in. She saw the outline of a man in that same chair, her pulse quickening with a mix of fear and curiosity.

"I was sent to—" She was about to introduce herself when a roar interrupted her.

"Go away!" the man in the chair said, and she could feel it was a warning.

"I'm sorry, but I can't," she tried to explain but only received another roar as a response. The man grabbed the curtains to help himself up, ripping them off and filling the space with the light that didn't even make him flinch, his silver hair shining brightly.

However, what astonished Niki the most were the sunglasses on his face, as she realised that the man she was so scared of was completely blind.