

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 21

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"You are not wearing this," Fenrir growled, and Astrea brushed her fingers over the golden chains that covered her chest, giving minimal coverage to her breasts and getting under the King's skin by the looks of it.

"Excuse me?" she tilted her head questioningly. "Since when do I need your permission? Remind me."

"Since—"He closed his eyes and exhaled sharply through his nostrils, knowing she had a point. "Since you are on my territory and have to respect East and its traditions."

"So much for everyone is free here!" She rolled her eyes, not making another move but shifting her gaze to Devoss. "Is this offending you?"

"As a true Easterner, I have to say that I do not feel offended!" Devoss interjected and received an angry glare from Fenrir.

"That's not a top!" The King insisted, his jaw ticking.

"It is!" Astrea placed her hands on her hips, provoking him more and not knowing why she was enjoying all this so much.

That wasn't a top, of course. It was an embellishment on one of her dresses which she ripped away from it in haste because she had to throw Fenrir off his game and had to think on the go. It was clearly working, so she had no regrets.

"Seriously, I don't see what all the fuss is about!" Devos went on, and Fenrir gave him a menacing glare.

"Isn't it time for you to go?" Fenrir's tone was also a warning.

"Nah," Devoss replied and got elbowed immediately, which made him cough.

"Are you sure?" The King repeated his question.

“Now that you mention it,” Devos rubbed his neck, giving a sly gaze to Astrea, “I have this thing— It’s very urgent!”

“Sure,” the woman waved him goodbye. “I am sure that— thing has to be dealt with as soon as possible.”

“Not only does our guest have a great fashion sense, but she is also so understanding. Don’t you think so, Fenrir? This one is a keeper.”

Astea’s smile faded as she wasn’t sure if this was a joke or a threat.

She exchanged glances with Fenrir, who snarled at Devos in response.

“Bye, Dev.”

They watched the guy leave in silence, and their eyes met again, bolts of lightning flashing between them as the tension rose.

“Shall we?” Astrea’s lips curled as she returned the control of the situation.

“Not until you are properly dressed.” He stood his ground, and she grazed her eyes over him.

“Fine!” she sighed and descended, walking as close to him as possible. He watched her every move like a predator, ready for anything she prepared for him, but the woman slid her hands around his shoulders, making them tense but disappointing him when she simply unwrapped a light black fabric scarf he had on.

“What are you—”Fenrir’s voice caught in his throat.

“Can I borrow this?” She giggled as she was already draping the thin fabric around herself to form a loose top. “How is this? Better?”

The woman twirled for him, demonstrating her new look where everything was covered properly, yet the chains remained on her delicate flesh, giving him the ideas he did not wish to have in his head now.

He clenched his lips when he realised she was playing with him. Again.

“You heartless little minx,” he muttered under his breath.

“And I will smell like you now.” She pretended not to hear.

“Next time, if you want to smell like me, Menace, just ask. I assure you there are other, more pleasurable ways to do that, which we will both enjoy.”

Now Astrea was the one who was lost for words, but the rogue already took her hand and led her out of the building.

“So, what are our plans?” she wondered, throwing a quick glance at the man next to her.

“I am giving you a tour of Solace,” he informed her dryly, their fingers lacing together. Astrea’s heart fluttered, but she tried to kill the feeling on the spot. Fenrir was playing his game, and she was playing hers. It was purely business; she couldn’t let it become a pleasure. Not when her own and Niki’s lives were on the line.

Fenrir’s mansion overlooked the whole city as it was mounted into a big rocky mountain like ancient shrines of the East she studied for her research. The design, however, was modern, rivalling the best mansions of the South, with lots of greenery growing over the glassy walls to give it a fresh look.

There was a pond in front of the house and an abundant garden on both sides. Things that shouldn’t have existed in a desert, yet here they were.

A long staircase led from the house to the actual city, and Astrea wondered if it was annoying to go up and down it every day.

She tried to study the city’s structure while she saw it from this upfront, noting that the glassy modern buildings were all equipped with solar panels, which probably helped to sustain the city’s need for electricity. Quite a few wind turbines were on the outskirts, which made so much sense.

This was clearly a hidden city no one knew of. They had to be independent and self-sustainable to pull a scheme of this multitude.

For a city in a desert, Solace was unexpectedly green and shiny, a rare mix of nature and high-tech marvel. The buildings were not tall, but each had its unique features. However, they all blended nicely together in style. Astrea hated to admit it, but she loved it.

It seemed like Solace was alive, people buzzing everywhere, buildings connected by intricate walkways and bridges to allow inhabitants to move freely between destinations.

Nevertheless, the most beautiful sight for Astrea was the river that ran right in the centre of it all, glimmering in the sunshine and disappearing in the sandy horizon.

A river that was not supposed to be there.

They were walking down the stairs for quite a while, but she lost her patience fast.

“That river is not on the map,” she pointed at the water.

“Nope,” Fenrir confirmed but didn’t add another word to it.

“Then how?” She tried not to sound too eager, unwilling to demonstrate how intrigued she was. A smile curled onto his lips, letting her know he was already aware anyway.

“All in due time,” he promised, showing her to the car.

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This time was different. Not like her tour of Raja at all. This place lived differently, breathed differently. The people they met on the streets were happy. Solace was beautiful with its long alleys and narrow streets with everything one could imagine – from green parks full of trees and flowers to shops and galleries. Astrea spotted a few museums that caught her attention, but Fenrir didn’t let her linger anywhere until they got to the riverbank.

“Will this tour become audible at any point?” She mocked him slightly because he was barely saying a word to her all the time, leaning over the stone rails with her back, watching the man who didn’t say much the whole time.

“Your eyes will tell you more than my words,” he retorted, and she was about to annoy him more when something drew her attention away.

“No way!” She gasped and went to a tall silver wolf statue that was a short distance from them.

“Astrea, please!” He tried to stop her, but she ignored him, marching to the majestic monument.

“Fenrir,” she read the letters on a silver plaque at the wolf’s feet and bit her lip not to make a sound.

"It's—"The man next to her was looking for words to explain why there was a giant statue of him in his city.

"What a size!" Astrea whistled. "Are you compensating for something, my King?"

The words made him grunt. "It's not me. It's the wolf god." He tried to explain, and she glanced at the beautiful monument again.

"Strange, I thought they only believe in Fenrir in the North," she admitted, remembering her days during the Luna Trials.

"Do they?" He smiled. "And you believe in—"

"Myself," she replied without delay.

"So, you don't believe that gods exist?" He smirked.

"I do," Astrea shrugged, continuing her way alongside the river. "How could I not when my wolf claims the Moon Goddess chose her spirit for me personally? It's just—"

"It's just what?"

"I don't worship them," she gave him a stern look, holding his gaze as if she expected him to challenge her beliefs. Wolves usually were very protective of their gods because they were tightly connected to them.

"How so?" He surprised her with the question, and she contemplated replying.

"Deities are selfish and power hungry. They have it all but still want more, not caring who will get in their way. We are just tools for them to achieve what they desire!" She was surprised she said this much. She didn't intend to have a heart-to-heart conversation with Fenrir, and she already deviated from her plan.

"Deities—"Fenrir tasted the word on his tongue. "Or maybe it's just the one who sent you here?"

Her eyes darted at him. This knowledge... he wasn't supposed to know this. Joran hid who he was from everyone. Even his buddies in the Alpha Convocation had no idea who they were dealing with. Not every Firstborn knew that.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she muttered, still taken aback. This just complicated things. If Fenrir knew about this, then he wasn’t easy prey. Her task had just become a tad more complicated. She had to stop underestimating the rogue.

“As you wish,” he turned away from her, “but he shouldn’t have put that tattoo mark on your neck.”

She shivered, remembering the day it happened.

“What would you know about it?” The words escaped her again. She wasn’t usually this careless, but today, she sang like a bird for that man.

“I know that as long as you are here in the city, it wouldn’t work. Especially if you keep that crystal.” Fenrir looked at her as if he expected something, but she wasn’t sure what.

“Did Salome tell you this?” She was surprised the witch’s name came to her mind.

“No, but I love that jealous tint on your cheeks,” Fenrir chuckled, and she inhaled deeply. She was supposed to be the one throwing him off the game, not the other way around. Why was she reacting to him that much?

“Nice try on changing the subject. Why does the snake tattoo bother you so much, but you are fine with the dragonfly one? The same person gave me both.” She narrowed her eyes at the rogue King.

Fenrir tried to stifle the laugh that threatened to escape him but failed miserably.

“What’s so funny?” The woman furrowed her brows.

“It’s funny that you don’t know a damn thing about your own tattoos.” He started walking again, and she was forced to follow him, feeling that she was so close to getting an essential piece of information.

He knew something she didn’t, and now she was dying to find out what that was.

“Care to elaborate?” she caught up with him.

“Why should I?” he offered her a wide grin. “You seem like such a strong and independent woman. I am sure you’ll figure it out without me on all your own. Besides, it’s lunchtime, and I am hungry.”

“So, you give me bait, and now you are changing the subject,” Astrea summed up, following him.

“Why would you say that? I really am hungry,” Fenrir let out a small laugh. “Solace has the best cuisine in the world, I assure you. It may be a bit spicy for you, though.”

“I can handle any amount of spice!” she insisted, still annoyed with him and willing to prove him wrong everywhere she could.

“I am not joking, Astrea, it’s very—”

“I said I can handle it!” she growled, and it was the first time she lost her cool while working. “And what about you? Can you handle giving me an honest answer?”

She glared at him with such intensity that memories from the past started circling in his mind. That stubbornness stayed with her in her every life.

And it still worked the same on him, igniting his inner fire.

“Let’s make a deal,” he gave a slight quirk to the corner of his mouth as she greedily traced his every move, eager to get what she wanted from him – information.

“What kind of a deal?” Astrea folded her hands over her chest.

“I will order the lunch for you, and if you last through each course, you can ask me any question you like, and I will answer to the best of my abilities.”

Another trap, Nova hissed in her mind.

“Deal,” Astrea agreed on the spot.