

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 23

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Fenrir studied Astrea's face with curiosity in his eyes.

"This?" He touched the beads on his bracelet, and a little smirk curled his lips. "My father gave this to me. It was a long time ago."

But that's not why Teacher wants it, Nova hummed.

Nope, Astrea agreed. But I can't tell him that.

"That's not the only thing that makes it special, though," she tried another approach. "Fenrir, I am not eating coals here for vague answers."

"No, you are not," he agreed with a grin. "You are eating them out of stubbornness."

"Why is this bracelet special?" she repeated.

"It... stores things," Fenrir replied after a few seconds of contemplation.

"Each bead is unique and priceless."

That was more like it.

"What does it store exactly?" she leaned forward, and so did he.

"That's a new question," the rogue smirked, and she groaned, returning to her seat.

"Third dish, please!" she called for Dylar.

"No," Fenrir shook his head. "We are done here."

"You don't get to-" She was about to reprimand him when the air in the room shifted and got thicker.

"This is it for today," he announced. "Your stomach must be on fire as it is! Sometimes I forget how u..."

He stopped talking, and she rolled her eyes at him. She knew it was too good to be true, but she still couldn't hide her disappointment.

"Then I am done too!" the Dragonfly declared, standing up.

She didn't wait for him to respond this time and charged for the exit. It was the golden hour, and everything around seemed even more beautiful now.

"Astrea!" His resounding voice made her shudder, but she wasn't in the mood to talk if he wasn't going to give her new information. She already got some and needed to process it.

From the corner of her eye, Astrea noticed an ice cream cart and grabbed the cone prepared for another woman, pointing at Fenrir.

"He will pay!" she sneered and kept walking fast, knowing that the rogue would take care of it.

She tried to get lost in the narrow streets, devouring the delicious vanilla ice cream that helped her tongue and throat heal faster from the spice. "You behave like a bratty child!" Fenrir caught up with her when she was on the bridge that went over the river. It was one of the smaller ones, and no one was there at this hour. She licked her ice cream as slowly as she could, winking at him. Letting out a low snarl, Fenrir wrapped the scar back around her, f*ingers lingering on the shiny chains on her chest for a few moments before he came back to reality.

Their eyes locked, and the cheerful expression she forced onto her face faded away.

"Well, what did you expect? I am trapped here! Should I have cried somewhere in the corner like a proper damsel in distress?" Astrea wondered.

They stood like that for a few minutes, glaring and not saying another word.

"You are safe here," Fenrir sighed. "Moreover, you are not trapped."

"Oh really?" she let out a humourless laugh.

"Yes. You can leave now if you want – the border of the city is right there," Fenrir pointed to their left, and she tensed. "If you follow that road for about an hour, you will find yourself at the Solace's border."

"Is he serious?" She asked Nova, and her wolf hummed in response.

No way. This is some kind of test. What was the point of bringing us here if we were really free the whole time?

Right, Astrea agreed. They knew far too well that nothing could be this simple. The Firstborn Island taught them everything they needed to know about how life worked.

This must be another test, she suggested.

Most definitely! Nova was on the same page with her.

"Will you give me a car?" Astrea glanced at Fenrir with a raised brow.

"No," he shook his head. "We have a limited supply, so if you want to leave, you must shift and run."

That was still reasonable. She could do it in her wolf form, of that she was sure.

Thoughts were racing through her mind under the pressure of making this very important decision. Her task wasn't complete, and she couldn't exactly return to Joran empty-handed. This would make her his slave forever, and she would rather return to the silver pit.

However, staying here for longer would be problematic too. Nobody was covering for her, and her story was falling apart more and more with each passing day.

Her main task didn't change. She had to kill him and get his bracelet. And they were alone now... The silver knife was safely strapped to her belt, and he was too relaxed in her company, underestimating her like many before him.

She could try it now, and no one would stop her. He was strong, stronger than her. She remembered how he killed four people without as much as straining himself. So, she would need to distract him. For example, if she k*issed him...

She had to k*iss him. That was the best idea that came to her mind now.

"Goodbye then," she took a step in his direction, and he didn't take his eyes off her. A part of her was disappointed that he didn't try to stop her, and she didn't know why.

“Goodbye, Astrea,” his words sounded dull and lifeless, and she took another step.

One k*iss, one quick stab into the artery on his neck. Easy. She could do it. She was trained to kill; this wasn’t anything special.

Just. One. K*iss.

“Don’t miss me too much,” she brushed her palm over his cheek, his beard prickling her f*ingers, creating goosebumps all over her for some reason.

“No promises,” Fenrir’s voice rasped in his chest, and she halted abruptly. Why would he say something like this?

“Thank you for your hospitality,” Astrea stood on her tiptoes, and he lowered himself gently. Initially, her plan was to pretend that she was going to k*iss his cheek and then ambush him the next moment. The Dragonfly was about to do this when she decided to back away at the last moment. That didn’t work. Fenrir caught her waist and pulled her closer, crashing his l*ips into hers.

His l*ips moved against hers with hunger as old as time, one hand pressing her tighter against his chest while the other tangled in her hair.

Fenrir snarled into her mouth, deepening the k*iss, their breathing ragged.

It was the perfect moment, and Astrea’s hand rested on the belt where she secured her dagger, f*ingers brushing over the cold metal that could take the rogue’s life in less than a second.

She could do it.

She had to do it.

For Niki...

“Mine!” The word left his mouth, and she gasped for air, pushing him away because... because he wasn’t supposed to say this!

The perfect assassination moment was gone.

Fenrir nodded understandingly, trying to catch his breath and kill the glow in his eyes. Nova was going crazy inside. They never felt anything like this before, and Astrea couldn’t explain this.

"I should leave!" she blurted out and noticed how quickly Fenrir clenched his jaw, his eyes full of anticipation just a moment ago turned cold and distant.

"As you say," he said dryly, not trying to stop her.

Anger washed over her. He couldn't k*iss her like that and then wave her goodbye.

She wouldn't be begging him to stay, either. If he was fine with it, so be it. The Dragonfly wished she had those emotions moments ago when she had the dagger in her hand. That would have been so helpful.

Instead, she turned on her heels and started walking.

Plan C, she announced to Nova.

We leave the city, regroup, call help, wait for Fenrir to be alone again and then...

"Wait!" the rogue growled, and her treacherous heart skipped a beat.

"I knew you missed me already," she angled her head to give him a taunting smile. "What do you want now?"

"You see, Astrea," the corners of Fenrir's lips turned upwards, "if you leave Solace, there is a catch-

She had to know that nothing could be that simple.