

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 24

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Chapter 24 ASGARD

It was just one stupid dance, but Fenrir couldn't throw her out of his head for the past two days. Tyr's words were also coursing through his mind, and although no announcements had been made as of yet... it bothered him.

So, he went to the only place that brought him peace – the cliff above the cave where he usually met with his brother. No one ever went there because there wasn't anything particularly interesting near that river. However, when he reached his destination today, everything looked different.

He paused at the gates that definitely weren't there the last time he checked, but when he sensed the familiar energy, his instincts compelled

him to enter what looked like a garden.

Fenrir was greeted by moonstone arches and columns, sparkling with a silver light that glinted off the surrounding rocks.

Glowing flowers lined the winding paths, shimmering with iridescent hues of blue, purple and gold, interspersed with exotic plants that seemed to swirl and dance playfully in the night breeze.

Pure magic.

Foreign magic.

"You are not supposed to be here!" Astraea tried to sound reproachful, but her voice betrayed her as she couldn't hide that little note of excitement.

Fenrir froze, transfixed at the sight before him. She wore a delicate silver and white dress that seemed to shimmer with the light of the stars. Nothing like women wore here in Asgard. Her hair, a cascade of gleaming silver locks, hung down her back like a gentle waterfall of starlight.

Astraea was mesmerising as she stepped out of the shadows to meet his gaze.

“Me?” Fenrir scoffed, leaning over the nearby column as if he was leisurely passing by. “How about you? What do you think you are doing in a realm that isn’t yours? Alone and at night... Exploiting our land.”

Unlike her, he didn’t have trouble pretending. He spent most of his life playing a role that wasn’t really his. So, when he furrowed his brows, a shadow of doubt ran over the woman’s beautiful face.

Astrea regained the composure quickly, though.

“This is my gift for Asgard,” she lifted her chin, sending him a daring glance. “And I have official permission from the ruler to do whatever I like here.”

“That doesn’t sound like good old Odin at all,” Fenrir chuckled. “He is very territorial about everything that belongs to him.”

“Maybe he just likes me more!” She suggested with a giggle that died down at once when she realised what she had just said. “I am sorry-” she covered her lips with her fingers quickly, and something warm spread over Fenrir’s chest.

Because she cared.

“You have nothing to apologise for.” He cleared his throat, not sure what to say next.

“It’s good that you are here!” Astraea said all of a sudden and grasped his hand, breaking all the walls he had built around himself in less than a second. “Come with me! You’ll help me test it.”

“Test what?” He asked, although he didn’t really care. She was pulling him deep into the garden, and he was more than happy to oblige. There probably wouldn’t be another chance like that during the day, and he wanted as much time with this unpredictable young goddess as he could get.

“You know everything here and what they like. I am worried that my gift is not good enough,” she bit her lower lip, probably not realising what kind of effect it had on him. “So, I will show you everything first, and you will tell me what you think.”

“I am afraid you will owe me more than a dance after this,” he let out a low laugh.

"I think you are mistaken," Astraea arched her brow at him. "You are the one who owes me now."

Their gazes locked, and he noticed how a pink tint crept up her cheeks. "Is that how you see it?" Fenrir's lips curled into a smirk, and her smile faded. She still held his hand, and he felt how she squeezed it tighter.

"They shouldn't treat you that way," she whispered as if she was afraid that someone would hear them.

His whole body stiffened because he knew she meant it. It was the first time someone said it out loud. Someone other than his father or Jor.

"Lead the way." He changed the subject swiftly, and that pretty smile curved her lips again.

She walked him through the labyrinth she created here and explained every turn, arch, and sculpture. Everything had meaning, and he was amazed by how her mind worked.

"The garden's true power lays in its bloom, which only occurred at night," Astrea explained. "Those are not your regular flowers. I sprayed each with my personal magic, and because of that, every time the moon rises and the stars appear in the sky-

"They will glow," Fenrir finished her thought.

He looked around again, seeing how the flowers erupted in a chorus of luminescence, illuminating the whole garden and casting everything in a soft and mystical glow. It was then that the garden truly came alive, blossoming into a riot of colour and magic. Her magic. A particle of her soul.

Something Asgardians would never appreciate. She poured her heart and soul into this place, but they would never see it or even if they did... they would never care. It pained him to know that all her effort would be in vain.

"So, what do you think?" she caught him off-guard. "Is it beautiful enough?"

"It's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," he replied, not taking his eyes off her.

“Do you think Freyja would like it?” Astrea smiled, and his treacherous heart began racing again in his chest.

“She loves nature and flowers,” he said. “She would love it.” Astraea’s smile became brighter, and he realised he wanted to see more of that.

“You know what may be a good t*ouch here,” he casually suggested, rubbing the back of his neck.

“What?” She looked at him through her long lashes.

“Runes,” he crossed his hands over his chest to look more serious when he was spouting nonsense.

“Runes?” She looked puzzled. “Yeah, runes. Freya created quite a few magical ones for luck, prosperity, fertility and so on. If it’s her approval you seek-”

“But I... don’t know any runes.” Their eyes locked, and the corner of his l*ips tilted upwards.

“Well then,” he sighed, “you are in luck. Because I know every single one.”

She s*uc*ked in a breath, and he knew that everything would depend on her response now.

“Are you suggesting to help me?” she asked.

“And absolutely free of charge,” he nodded, trying to hold back that smirk that threatened to escape him.

“Shivalry in Asgard is blooming,” she gave him a look that implied she knew what he was doing, and for a second there, he was sure she was going to decline his offer. “How long do you think it will take us?”

“At least a week,” he blurted out, and she tried to suppress a giggle. “Maybe two or three if we want to do all of them.”

“Wouldn’t it be too much?” she taunted.

“No, sounds about right,” he stepped closer. He was planning to make those two weeks count.

SOLACE

"I knew there would be a catch!" Astrea narrowed her eyes at him, and Fenrir shrugged.

"Depends on how you look at it, really," he said nonchalantly.

"What is it?" she snapped, lips still burning from his kiss. A kiss she wouldn't mind repeating even though she'd rather die than admit it.

"If you cross the border of Solace, you will forget everything about this place and what happened here," he informed her, knowing this changed everything.

"Big deal," she scoffed, tensing on the inside. There was no way she could return to Joran without Fenrir dead or at least some kind of valuable information. "So, I forget the tour of the city and a very questionable dinner." She still tried to pretend it didn't matter.

"And the kiss of your life!" A laugh rumbled through Fenrir's chest.

"Don't flatter yourself!" she hissed, wondering if any kind of magic could erase that from her mind. She doubted it. "I already forgot." long at your job," Fenrir stepped closer, towering over her. "You are a terrible liar."

"Or maybe you are a terrible kisser!" she retorted defiantly, knowing it sounded stupid. "Overestimating yourself mu-"

He leaned lower as if he was about to kiss her again, and she lost her train of thought completely, their breaths mingling as one.

"You were saying?" he chuckled, his beard barely brushing over her skin.

"I am leaving!" she seethed through her teeth, balling her fists. "Bye then." Fenrir's lips curved. "Just so that you know, it's not freedom if people have to stay here!" Astrea tilted her head, locking their eyes once again.

"No one has to stay here. That's the whole point. Everyone who wants to leave is free to do so. Yourself included. Wanna leave? Be my guest!"

"And if someone here decides to leave, do they forget their family?" Astrea furrowed her brows. "Don't you think that it's cruel? Is there anything worse than not remembering the ones you love?"

His throat bobbed with emotion. If only she knew what she was talking about.

“Trust me, it’s more painful for the ones who do remember!” he told her, and her lips parted when she noticed the look in his eyes.

“Did... Did someone forget you?” Her voice was barely a whisper. “Anyway,” he decided to return to the original topic. “Are you leaving or staying?”

She wanted to reply but quickly realised that she hadn’t made the decision and had no clue what to do now. She wasn’t prepared to leave. If she did now, Joran would own her for the rest of her life.

They stared at each other for a few more seconds when she realised something.

“But you can leave,” she pointed out.

“I can,” he confirmed.

“And so can Devos and Salome,” Astrea continued.

“The trusted circle can leave and return as they please.” Fenrir watched her intensely.

Nova, I think I know what to do next! Astrea mentally grinned at her wolf.

Stay and find out how the others leave, Nova sneered. Then leave the same way and use Solace as the bargaining chip for trading our and Niki’s freedom.

Yeah, exactly- The woman agreed, but for some reason, she didn’t feel happiness or excitement. It didn’t feel like a victory at all.

“I will still remember that Unicorn thing,” she suddenly said, although there was no reason to remind him of that. What if he changed his mind about letting her leave based on that?

The question is if you want to leave, Nova said in a strange tone, I am getting mixed signals here.

“You will forget,” he nodded, eyes on her at all times.

“Didn’t you bring me here so that I couldn’t tell anyone?” Astrea reminded him.

“That wasn’t the only reason. And I don’t think you will tell anyone about that.”

“What makes you so sure?” Now she was genuinely interested. He couldn’t possibly trust her with this kind of information.

“It’s the last Nightmare,” Fenrir disclosed what had to be a secret. “If you tell Joran about it, he will hunt it and kill it.”

“And you decided that I would care about it... why exactly?” Her brows went up. “That thing poisoned me!”

“But right before that, it bonded you.” The rogue’s words stunned her. He gave her a few seconds to process this information and went on with a chuckle.

“What? You didn’t think a Nightmare lets just anyone t*ouch it? Besides, if anyone else slid their hands around his horn, they would be dead instantly. He softened the blow for you.”

“Wh-why?” Astrea looked at him with wide eyes.

“That’s a question for another day,” the man smirked at her, dimples on his cheeks deepening. She hated how handsome he was. “That’s, of course, if you’re staying.”

She gave him a withering glance. It’s not like she was going to leave anyway, but he still had the upper hand.

“All right,” she sighed dramatically. “I’ll give this place a few more days before deciding. I’m free to do so, right?”

“Of course you are!” Fenrir’s tone let you know that he knew she was faking it, but he let it slide. “I think it’s time for us to come back.”

“Fine!” she agreed. “But I’m going to need more of that ice cream. My mouth is still on fire.”

“How much are we talking?” he asked.

“A whole cart, at least!” She let out infectious love that made him grin at her against his will as he laced his f*ingers with hers just like back then

“Is that a whole cart of ice cream?” Bash gaped at them when he saw the couple approaching Fenrir’s house. The blonde guy was sitting on the steps

next to the entrance, with Salome standing beside him and watching the whole thing in awe.

“It is!” Astrea smirked as she licked the one in her hands, casting a playful glance at Fenrir. “Be my guest and treat yourself!”

She giggled and ran up the stairs, Fenrir following her with a low snarl escaping him.

The duo watched them with their jaws clenched tightly.

“Do you see what I’m talking about now?” The witch folded two hands over her chest. “I’m telling you, she’s a problem and a liability!”

“Fine!” The man snarled. “I’ll talk to him.”

“I think we’re past the point of talking.” Salome shook her head, rubbing the bridge of her nose.

“What do you have in mind then?” Bash asked, and her lips twitched as she tried to suppress a sneer.