

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 29

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 29

Astrea stiffened, carefully observing the woman in front of her.

The unexpected arrival triggered her, and now her brain was frantically trying to find an explanation as to why this person was here in Solace. The city was a secret no one knew about, after all.

Unless the secret was out...

"It's 4837," the Dragonfly repeated the number from her bracelet with a hopeful smile curling on her dry lips. A fake smile.

Astrea had to give it to her. Lenora was always one of the best at acting. Even now, she looked nothing like her usual bright self. Her long, medium-length ginger hair was dull and braided to one side, with a linen cloth thrown over to cover her face that looked sunburnt and sweaty. As if she had made it here on foot, which she definitely hadn't. All new arrivals were brought here by Fenrir's men on buses and in other cars.

The square brimmed with warriors and sentinels, indicating a high level of security, and Astrea wondered how on Earth Lenora managed to get in.

It was time to return to her real job from this wonderful hazy reality Fenrir almost made her believe in. She diligently went through all the boxes in front of her, starting with number four and finding the correct container. She really hoped that Lenora didn't kill anyone to get the place.

"Here." Astrea smiled as she had with anyone else in the long line and handed the red box to the woman, only now noticing that she had a big round stomach... as if she was pregnant.

"Thank you," Lenora accepted the box with trembling fingers. *Damn, she was good.*

"You are welcome. Everything you might need should be in there, including contact details in case we did miss something," Astrea dryly gave her the same line they gave to everyone.

“You have no idea how much it means to me,” the Dragonfly tilted her head as if she was truly grateful for the help.

“How far along are you?” Astrea decided to keep up the fagade. “Almost seven months now,” Lenora smiled again and then suddenly her face contorted, and the red box fell to the ground as she hissed from pain, which was imaginary for sure.

“Let me help!” Astrea charged to her, knowing that it was a signal. They had to talk one way or another.

“Is everything okay?” Fenrir asked as she knelt on the ground, and she waved him off with a little chuckle while her heart was pierced with needles of guilt.

“Yeah, just helping this lady. Maybe I can take her to her new house? Considering her condition-” The words felt like crushed glass in her mouth. It wasn’t the first time she lied to Fenrir, but the taste was somehow bitter now.

“No need,” he brushed her off, handing another red box to someone, “just get her to the cars over there and tell one of my men to take her. They were instructed to do what you say.

Like a knife to the heart , Nova admitted. *Does he have to be so sweet?*

“Thanks,” A strained, painful smile tugged at the corners of Astrea’s mouth, and she took Lenora’s box from her, playing along with the narrative of her being really pregnant and struggling. “Nice cover,” she whispered so that only the two of them could hear. “You blend in impeccably here.”

“That makes two of us,” Lenora said sarcastically, but her face still transmitted exhaustion. “Look at you.

We thought you failed the task and were a captive here, but here you are with the Rogue King ordering his men to obey you. Bravo, A.”

“We?” Astrea’s stomach churned. *Were the others here as well?*

“They are waiting near the border, where it’s safer,” Lenora confirmed her worst suspicions. “We have to meet tonight to talk about how to proceed. Not to mention that it’s time for the Dragonfly Circle already.”

“Yeah.” Astrea nodded as her blood turned to ice. That damned ritual was what she hated the most. Not to mention that she couldn’t forget what she learned during her spicy dinner with Fenrir. Nothing was what it seemed, but right now wasn’t the moment to confront anyone.

“Meet us behind the North gate, but do not cross the barrier,” Lenora went on, “I think I don’t have to explain to you what would happen if you do.”

“Have a safe delivery!” Astrea smiled at her as they reached the cars, and the other assassin grabbed her hand.

“I will never forget what you did,” she beamed, but considering their circumstances, it sounded like a threat. Astrea knew very well that the other Dragonflies weren’t her biggest fans. Especially now, when she had been deemed a traitor.

Back when she was held in the pit, they used to visit her from time to time to watch her torturous demise and humiliation. Or to perform the stupid ritual because while she was alive, they were bound together. Their laughs and harsh words after they were done still rang in her ears from time to time.

Astrea shoved those memories down and walked away without saying anything else. She couldn’t waste time now, knowing she had hours to decide what to do.

Fenrir watched her as she returned to the tables, but Astrea pretended to be busy with the work.

Kara brought the next batch of red boxes, and Astrea threw herself into helping her. She was ready to do anything to avoid being close to Fenrir. Looking into his eyes and lying through her teeth was too much now.

This task... was different from everything else she had done before. She had a sense of déjà vu. It was as if she was back in the North when she decided not to commit mass murder at a mating ceremony because the people she was supposed to kill deserved better.

Fenrir deserved better too. “If you break his heart, I will break your neck,” Kara said calmly as they both arranged the boxes in a specific order, and Astrea cast a questioning gaze at her.

“Excuse me?” She thought it might be a joke, but the grim expression on the other woman’s face told her otherwise.

“You heard me,” Kara didn’t spare her a glance, continuing her work. “As my personal gift to you, I promise to make it quick.”

Astrea needed a few seconds to process that.

“Okay. That’s- generous,” she snorted. “I’ll keep that in mind for the future.”

“Not the future,” Kara shook her head, and the brown curls cascaded around her face, “I am talking about now. Think twice about what you are doing. I don’t think- I don’t think he can go through this again.”

“You know what, I can’t even get angry at that,” the Dragonfly giggled. “Fenrir is lucky to have such friends as you. But let’s not get carried away. We just met and-”

“No,” Kara stopped her. “I am not going to stay silent this time and do nothing. If you are not ready for him, it’s best if you walk over that border and forget about everything.”

“And if I don’t?” Astrea didn’t know why she asked that. Kara’s words were reasonable.

“Then lives will get broken if you are not ready to fight for him,” the woman said. “And not only yours.”

“Got it,” Astrea placed her hand on Kara’s and squeezed it firmly.

She avoided seeing Fenrir for the rest of the day and excused herself from the dinner, getting ready in her room.

A plan was brewing in her head. A decent plan. A plan that would let her not kill him, and somehow, that felt like a win on its own.

Are you sure about that? Nova asked with a hint of sarcasm in her voice

It’s the best shot I have, Astrea admitted bluntly, massaging her skin with one of the oils they provided for her. It smelled like a starry sky and sin, and there was some poetry in that, considering her plans for the night.

She had to look radiant for this.

If he catches you, you are screwed, Nova pointed out, and Astrea's cheeks heated, making the wolf realise that this wasn't the worst-case scenario for them.

I mean- if I absolutely have to, I am ready to take one for the team, the woman cleared her throat, making her wolf chuckle.

Your sacrifice will not be forgotten! Nova scoffed.

You are saying it as if you are not going to be a part of it, Astrea rolled her eyes.

She knew one thing – under absolutely no circumstances would she kill Fenrir. However, the Teacher wouldn't be happy about it.

So, in an attempt to keep Joran satisfied, she knew she had to give him at least something. A sob story would be one thing, but to prove her so-called loyalty, she needed more.

All we need is one bracelet off his wrist, and then we are good to go, she sighed.

Today she would get one of the bead bracelets whatever it cost her, and when she met with the other

Dragonflies later, she would give it to them with a letter for the Teacher. As soon as that was done, she would throw them out of Solace through its border, making them forget everything.

They will have a note to deliver the bracelet to Joran and no memories of what happened, which would give her some time to flee.

Hypothetically.

Hopefully.

She would have to leave a letter for Fenrir too, and then she had to think of how to get Niki out. Maybe if she got two bracelets, she could use one as a bargaining chip.

It's time, Nova announced, and she exhaled heavily, the pressure of the situation getting to her.

Thankfully, this wasn't her first time. She was a professional. She could do this. She could pretend... although, with Fenrir, she wouldn't have to.

This would be their goodbye.

She was wearing a thin red backless dress, the luxurious silk fabric flowing like a whisper of desire against her skin. She hoped that the vibrant colour would be enough of a hint for Fenrir. She hoped that he would do the hard part for her because she didn't know if she could get through this on her own.

Her silvery hair was barely touching her shoulders, and she couldn't help curling it around her fingers as she walked, hoping that she didn't overdo it with the makeup.

At this time of the night, Fenrir was supposed to be in his greenhouse. That was a little habit of his she noticed during her time here. He spent hours there, tending to plants. And this was something she particularly enjoyed watching as she spied on him, learning everything there was to learn.

Tonight, however, she visited his office first, placing the letter in his top drawer. There was no chance he wouldn't find it there in the morning.

He was right where she expected him to be, watering some of the plants with a thoughtful expression on his face. She still couldn't believe that this was how the mighty Rogue King was spending his evenings.

"Knock-knock." Astrea smiled at him as she stepped inside, pretending to be slightly cold. After all, the temperatures were falling significantly during the night.

"Hey," Fenrir greeted her warmly and was about to turn his attention back to the greenery when he stopped in his tracks, taking her in.