

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 33

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### Chapter 33. Darius

\*\*\*FIRSTBORN ISLAND\*\*\*

When Niki was told she was going to be a Firstborn warrior and risk her life on a daily basis, this wasn't quite what she imagined. Being stuck between two controlling men with fiery tempers wasn't a walk in the park.

All day that man, who didn't even bother introducing himself to her, was throwing things at her and telling her to leave as if she could. As if, at any point, the choice to be there was hers.

Although she was initially sympathetic to his situation, he started to get on her nerves quickly. Being fully blind did not excuse his awful behaviour. And, frankly, he was lucky she still hadn't put a dagger through his throat and blamed it on his clumsiness. After all, he couldn't see, which meant he could trip and fall on a knife... accidentally. A few times. A dozen, at least.

"This is disgusting!" he threw the cup of hot coffee at her, and she barely managed to dodge it, her own anger reaching a boiling point. He'd made her roast the coffee beans and then grind them manually. And now this was the third cup he'd rejected after she followed his own instructions carefully. It was as if he was setting her up to fail just to entertain himself.

"Maybe coffee is not for you anymore," she said, her words laced with venom she could no longer hide, and his head snapped in her direction.

Astrea had taught her not to object to orders and not to speak when there was no point, so she took everything like the soldier she was. And yet, this colourless bastard was getting on her nerves.

It seemed like he loathed her as much as she did him. However, she was the one stuck here with him. Not the other way around. "You speak too much." He gritted his teeth.

"I was sent here to take care of you, and coffee makes you grumpy," Niki retorted. "Since I was told to pay special care to your health, you will have herbal tea from now."

“That is not going to fly!” His hands were moving, and she realised quickly that he was searching for something to throw at her again.

As\*hole.

“You know, nettle tea will do,” she couldn’t help the grin stretching on her face, “it will be so good for your nerves. I’ll get it and some toast. Gluten-free, of course.”

So that maybe you would choke on it! She gloated on the inside.

She was about to leave for the kitchen when she heard the sound of claws tearing the leather of the chair’s armrest.

“You think you are so clever?” he smirked, and she didn’t like it. There was something menacing in the way his lips curled.

“Me?” she gasped, slightly overdoing the innocence. “No, of course not.”

“I can fall through the glass window in front of me and say that you pushed me,” he informed her, making a chill crawl down her spine. “I can throw myself at the glass cabinet on my left and say that you tripped me. The next drink might scorch my skin, and I’d say you did it on purpose. I can do many things and blame them on you. Would you like that?”

She definitely wouldn’t like that, but she wasn’t going to give him that power over her.

“You would regenerate faster than you can shout for help,” she reminded him, trying to persuade herself before him.

“Shall we test your theory?” He taunted her, smiling genuinely for the first time since she met him. The colourless bas.tard was enjoying this.

Niki didn’t say anything. He looked crazy enough to do it, and she didn’t want trouble with the Teacher. She already had enough on her hands since Astrea’s punishment. If they were lucky, her mentor would return soon, and everything would go back to normal. At least, she would have a better idea of what to do next. She just needed to hold on until then.

“I see we understand each other,” the man said in a smug tone, and she wanted to remind him that two could play this game. “You do realise that I can

spit into your coffee, and you would never know?" Her voice was sweet as honey, but she did not get the reaction she wanted from the patient in question.

"Sweetheart, I would know," he turned away from her as if it made a difference. He couldn't see anything anyway. "Your delicious wild strawberry scent would be way more intense if you did that."

Niki stumbled, unsure how to react to that. It was probably normal that he paid attention to her scent, considering this was the only sense he could rely on. Her cheeks still heated slightly, and she rushed to the kitchen to keep herself busy and stop thinking about it.

She returned a few minutes later, handing him the cup, and to her surprise, he did not complain and just drank it, trying to pretend he was not enjoying his little win.

"Did you bring it?" He asked all of a sudden, and she groaned, hoping he would forget. From the moment he asked, she wasn't sure it was such a good idea to obey that order. But the Teacher was too busy to ask, and no one else could know about her new task. "I guess so," she muttered under her breath. A few days ago, he requested that she get an issue of *The Northern Star*, one of the most popular newspapers in the Northern Lycan Kingdom. She had no idea why he would want to read that, but then again... if this would keep him quiet and help the day pass more quickly, then it probably wasn't such a bad idea after all.

"Read it to me," he ordered, a slight tremor in his usually firm voice.

"Fine," she took a seat in front of him. "What would you like to start with? Politics, entertainment—"

"There is a column about the royals—" He tapped his fingers nervously over where he ripped the leather on the armrest just minutes ago.

Niki didn't take him for a gossip lover, but who was she to judge?

"Okay," she mumbled, looking for the correct page. "Oh, it's not a column. It's a whole spread." "Read," he rushed her impatiently.

"Fine," Niki rolled her eyes, slightly annoyed by him. "Princess Elene is accepting the role as Ambassador—"

“Next,” he stopped her at once. “Anything about the— Queen?”

“Hmm, let me see.” She searched for the titles and finally found something. “Yeah, here is something. King Kai and Queen Savannah are about to welcome their firstborn child into this world. The couple appeared together at the Bookathon Charity Auction in a dazzling display of elegance and grace, wearing shades of Northern blue. The royal beauty, who is expecting the first heir to the throne, donned a stunning maxi dress with Northern quartz natural beads created by a local designer Anne Gilmore, especially for the occasion. While the royal couple has remained tight-lipped about the gender of their baby, their enchanting appearances together in the past few months has stoked the excitement and anticipation among the Northerners. Royal enthusiasts and well-wishers eagerly await the official announcement, While bookmakers accept bets on whether we will have a Prince or a Princess, the King and Queen look as in love as they did on—”

“Enough,” the man in front stopped her, running his hand through his white hair. “You can go now.”

“I can’t leave you this early,” Niki objected, noticing how the corners of his lips tilted down, a little wrinkle forming between his eyebrows.

“I said go!” he growled, and she stood up immediately, knowing well enough by now what was to follow.

She closed the door to his room as the sounds of broken glass and furniture followed.

Just go. her wolf urged her. He will be done in an hour or two, as usual. There is nothing for us here until then.

Yet something stopped her this time. She couldn’t move, clenching the latest edition of the Northern Star available on the island. Niki did not tell him that there was a beautiful picture of Queen Savannah and King Kai on the page she read to him. She decided not to describe how happy they looked together and how he gently held her by the waist. They looked like they were each other’s everything, and she chose not to tell this strange blind man about that. Something told her he wouldn’t be able to bear it.

He was done sooner than she’d expected, and Niki gave him a few extra minutes after the sounds of things breaking stopped. His room was

minimalistic for a reason. She understood that on the second day of her new post.

Now, the space looked like it had been through a couple of rogue attacks on the same day and then got run over by a train. Pieces of glass and furniture were scattered around, marks of claws decorating the walls.

Usually, she was met with this picture of chaos in the morning when the trainees were already cleaning the mess up, and all she had to do was pretend that everything was A-okay.

It was the first time she'd found him breathing heavily on the floor, scratches on his skin still not healed, and his white hair a mess. His black glasses were missing, broken pieces in different corners of the room while the daylight sun traced the lines of his face.

Niki shuddered when she saw the scars etched into his flesh. Those were the wounds that made him lose both his eyes. They were a testament to the darkness he had faced and the price he had paid for whatever sins he had committed. Some of those scars were at least a decade old, some were still fresh and not healing properly. He was probably in pain, and for the first time in a long time, Nikki felt sorry for him.

She started cleaning up without saying a word, and nothing in him acknowledged her presence.

"You know, you could at least let me know your name," she grunted when she noticed one of his hands was bleeding and went for the first aid kit.

He stayed silent, and she was sure this was it for today. She knelt next to him and took his arm to examine it, blowing on it gently before removing a piece of glass stuck in it. He didn't even flinch.

"I don't think you'll need a plaster or anything else," she informed him. "The cut is clean, and it's already healing. A few minutes and it will be gone."

Just like all the other wounds he had inflicted on himself since she'd started working here.

"I'll go tell them you need some more furniture," she announced, standing up.

When she was already at the door, she heard a heavy sigh.

“Darius.” His voice was so low and lifeless that, at first, she thought she imagined it.

“What?” She glanced at him curiously.

“My name is Darius,” he repeated, making her smile awkwardly at this sudden progress.

“Nice to meet you, Darius.” She did her best not to chuckle. “I’m Nikiah, but you can call me Niki.”