

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 34

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Fenrir knocked the entrance door out with his foot, Astrea's bleeding body in his hands, his heart racing the way it didn't for the past century. If he lost her this lifetime like this, he wouldn't be able to go on anymore...

She was so tiny. Every time he was forgetting how small she was in comparison to him, how fragile...

A mortal, not a deity.

Her life was slipping away, and he couldn't take it.

"Fenrir, she is a traitor!" Salome insisted. "Heal her if you are so kind, but—"

A loud growl was his response to her, and the witch shuddered, exchanging glances with Warg and Bash.

"Fenrir!" She let out a frustrated sound when they followed him upstairs, and she realised he was taking Astrea to his bedroom. "Doesn't she have her own room?"

"Does it look like I give a damn?" The man growled at her, and Kara moved the witch aside, coming forward.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"Investigate," he practically snarled at her, seething, but the woman did not get offended at all. Luckily, Kara was a woman of action.

"What do you mean investigate?" Salome pursed her lips. "Isn't it clear what she was doing? She allowed intruders into Solace! We have laws for that!"

"I wonder how she let them in?" Fenrir finally offered her a glance, and she almost instantly regretted it because the storm of emotions inside didn't promise her anything good. "She had no contact with anyone and spent most of the time with me. Everything she had with her was inspected when we brought her here, and she still doesn't know most of our secrets."

“We found her with the intruders! She escaped and looked like she was ready to flee!” Salome crossed her hands over her chest. “And that’s on top of what we already know about her! She is not to be trusted! Whatever your plan with her was—”

“Stop testing my patience,” the wolf warned her.

“Then, at least let me investigate!” she begged, clenching her fists. “With my magic, I can—”

“I think the last Valkyrie would be a better fit for the job this time,” Fenrir waved her off. “Just leave. All of you!” They knew better than question him. After all, he was a god, and it was his territory.

Salome lingered at the door and threw one last glance at the man who had her heart for the last decade. He never looked at her the way he looked at that spy. Not once.

The familiar ugly cobweb was spreading over the witch’s chest again, casting a shadow on her confidence. That dark feeling first appeared when Fenrir brought Astrea to his house and didn’t listen to her advice to get rid of that girl as soon as possible. And then, every time she had to meet them on the streets of Solace together, that cobweb was growing, obstructing her from seeing things clearly.

She watched him touch one of the beads on his bracelet, the magic responding instantly and letting him take it off. Another prickle of

jealousy as the witch realised he was going to waste something so precious on that traitor. “Come on,” Warg wrapped his large hand around her shoulders, moving her away, but Salome couldn’t stop looking until the door closed right before her eyes.

“What was that all about?” She scanned her friends’ faces for a reply. “Why is he like that? Why does he ignore the obvious?”

“Does he?” Devoss appeared out of nowhere, an indifferent expression on his face which never fooled her. The fox could always see through her. On this dark night, he was dressed in a golden suit with elaborate embroidery, standing out as always. “Of course he does!” she insisted, feeling how Warg’s embrace became tighter. “It’s so obvious what she was doing! He said it

himself; she stole his bracelet! And then we realised she fled. We found her with intruder assassins and—”

“And she killed all of them,” Kara gave her a heavy glance. “Why would she if she was the one to invite them?”

“How would I know?” Salome shrugged, grateful that Warg still held her, providing her with the needed balance. “I wouldn’t know how these people without honour interact.”

“Ah, isn’t it great to be noble?” Devoss let out a heavy sigh and then clapped his hands as if it was a done deal. “Well, anyway! If everything is so... obvious, then you have nothing to worry about. Kara will fly around and bring Fenrir the same old news. Problem solved.

They all exchanged glances, admitting that there was nothing else to say.

“Every time she appears, it’s a mess!” Bash growled. “Look at us! A few months, and we are back to square one.”

“What?” Salome’s head snapped in his direction. “What do you mean every time?”

She already knew the answer, but her brain still needed confirmation from the ones who knew Fenrir best. However, none of them said a word, avoiding her gaze.

Which was an answer enough.

Hr*

Fenrir’s lips brushed softly over Astraea’s as he pressed her against a tree, the glowing willow branches tickling their skin. “They really shouldn’t let you wander alone at night,” he whispered, claiming her mouth, thirsty for her taste.

Astraea giggled, lacing her fingers into his hair. She did not want to talk, she wanted to k*iss, but he was asking for it. “Who says that I am ever alone?” Her eyes shone as a devilish grin curled her lips.

“You are always alone,” he chuckled, but his smile dropped when he saw her whistle, and a huge nightmare unicorn materialised out of the night mist in its battle form with glowing eyes and sharp teeth, ready to destroy whoever

touched his mistress. The creature instantly recognised Fenrir as his enemy since his hands were all over the starry goddess and went into full-blown attack, which the wolf barely dodged.

The man fell to the ground, and Astraea waved her hand to stop her protector at the last minute, giggling uncontrollably.

“Fenrir, meet Midnight. My guard,” she beamed, offering him her hand. He pretended to take it just for a moment, pulling her onto the ground the next. In seconds he rolled to appear on top of her, and the ugly thing pointed his horn at him again.

“Midnight!” Astrea let out the most beautiful laugh again, “Don’t! It’s Fenrir! He is— ours.”

The unicorn huffed as if telling her she could do better, but that made her giggle even more, and Fenrir couldn’t help but k*iss her again...

Astrea opened her eyes with a gasp, and it took her a few good minutes to process her surroundings. Her fingers clenched around something cold, and she brought it closer to her face recognising the crystal Fenrir gave her a while ago. The one made of a nightmare’s horn.

The Dragonflies, the black unicorn whose name was Midnight... Fenrir catching her red-handed while killing her ex-colleagues... It all seemed like a dream now.

She would give anything for it to be a dream.

Yet Astrea bounced up in bed the moment she recognised the Rogue King’s bedroom. The Dragonfly quickly assessed herself, realising she was surprisingly clean and suspiciously well for someone pierced with a silver dagger twisted a few times inside her. On top of that, she was only wearing Fenrir’s enormous black shirt embroidered with Eastern motives. There was nothing else underneath.

Someone had to put that on her... and take off what was there before.

She checked her side for any scars but found absolutely nothing, which was bizarre. Injuries like this usually require more time to heal.

However, questioning luck wasn’t in her nature.

Astrea found Fenrir sitting in a tall rattan chair on the balcony in front of the bed. Astrea couldn't believe her eyes because the sun was setting down on the horizon, which meant she was asleep for almost 24 hours. Remembering how serious her wounds were, that made slightly more sense. Especially since she wasn't supposed to make it at all. Lenora, Dominica and Adissa may not have been real Dragonflies, but they were still trained too well to make blows that weren't fatal.

Fenrir's eyes were closed, and she wondered if he had stayed with her the whole time without any sleep, finally dozing off now. He sure looked tired.

She tiptoed to him over the cold marble with her bare feet, unsure what to do.

Was he angry at her for everything, or could he possibly forgive her?

Astrea stretched her hand to touch his cheek, and his beard prickled her fingers, letting warmth spread over her chest. His blue eyes with tiny specks of red locked with hers, making her try to pull the hand away. Fenrir captured it, leaning into her palm as if this was all he needed from life.

"You were going to leave," he stated, surprising her with the question and the cold contrast of his voice.

"I was," she had to admit.

"And you were not going to come back—" his grasp on her tightened.

"No, I wasn't—" She couldn't bring herself to lie or look at him again, so she averted her gaze.

"Why do you want to come back to him so much?" Fenrir's words were filled with pain. "Would it have been so terrible to stay with me?"

"No," she shook her head, astonished by his reaction. "Of course not. That's not what it's all about at all."

"Then why?" Fenrir exhaled sharply, barely restraining himself.

It pained her to see him like this.

"I still chose you," she reminded him. "I killed my friends for you."

"They were not your friends," the rogue retorted. "You know that much."

She had nothing to say to that, and he pulled her onto his lap, cupping her face with his large palm to make her look at him.

“They were harming you for years, lying to you and yet you were ready to go back with them to the man who orchestrated all this. It’s the only thing I want to know. Why, Astrea?” His gaze was so intense she wanted to hide, but at the same time, she felt safe enough to tell him the truth.

“Because of my ward,” she confessed, and this changed everything for Fenrir, who wrapped his hands tighter around her.

“Your ward?” He furrowed his brows.

“Yes, it’s a girl I trained. A friend of mine... she is like a little sister to me,” Astrea explained. “For the past few years, she was the only family I had, and she stayed behind. I can’t leave her there.”

He was thinking for a few seconds before nodding for her to go on.

“Tell me everything and start from the very beginning,” Fenrir gently stroked her hair, and she felt like there was nothing to lose. With him, she felt secure, and words poured out of her with ease. She started with the first memory of her family, followed by how Joran saved her and her life on the Firstborn island ever since.

At first, Fenrir was calm, but when her story reached the silver pit, she felt his whole body turn to stone, and she could swear that the red specs in his eyes were shifting to real flames from time to time. Like smouldering embers.

“I am going to kill him,” he announced. “I am going to kill my brother.”

“Your... brother?” Astrea’s breathing hitched from the shock as her world turned upside down.