

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 36

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Fenrir watched her trying to come to her senses after what he had just done to her, and a part of him was afraid that he wouldn't be able to remember to control his strength with her. He desired her too much, and it had been too long since the last time he had her. His whole b*ody was burning just at the mere sight of her, uncontrollable flames coursing through his veins.

Astrea's n*aked c*hest rose and fell as he brushed his fingers from her c*ore to her navel and up to between her perfect perky b*reasts, finally resting on her neck.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she tried to focus her gaze on him. "Eyes on me at all times, Astrea."

This was the only way. He needed it. He had to have those eyes to trace his every movement because he would remember how fragile she was as long as she did that. His monstrous nature would not harm her.

"Tell me what you want," he taunted her, and she bit her lip, making it a more intense shade of pink.

"I want you to take me," she whispered. She wasn't shy about her desires, though. He knew that much. Astrea had a hard time restraining herself too. He recognised that primal hunger in her because it matched his own. He missed this.

Fenrir leaned over her, their lips colliding at once. They couldn't get enough of each other.

"Mine," he growled again because he was never tired of repeating this word when he was with her. He could hear her heart beating faster each time he did this, and there was a different kind of satisfaction in that.

He left a wet trail of k*isses down her neck, shoulder and c*hest, inhaling one of her ni.pples, swirling his tongue around it until it hardened in his mouth. When he reached the other, it was already firm, so he bit on it gently, eliciting

a moan from Astrea, who entwined her fingers in his hair, encouraging him to do more.

He teased her, played with her, bringing her as high as he could and stopping at the last moment to watch her helpless protests and frustration. The game he knew how to play with her. She had no chance to win this one. "Please!" she groaned, arching her back when he kneeled before her, placing her thigh on his shoulder and tracing his fingers all the way down her sleek s*x, parting it slightly.

"Anything for you," Fenrir ran his tongue along her folds, making her b*ody shudder in his grasp. "I am going to worship every inch of you tonight."

The words made her centre clench against her will. He loved getting this reaction, so he made another torturous slide, and then another, and another, until he drove his tongue in her, drawing a beautiful scream. She was still so new to this, so innocent... So when he inserted a digit in her, it almost tipped her over the edge.

Fenrir pleased her, adding one more finger to t*hrust in and out as he teased her sensitive bundle of nerves at the same time.

Astrea couldn't control herself anymore, the heat was building up quickly inside her. He knew exactly what he was doing. She had to admit now that her knew her b*ody way better than she did. Probably the benefit of having his memories of her.

Fenrir added a third finger, and she lost it, trying to ride them, craving more than he was giving her, finally ready to take all of him. The need inside her was so overwhelming that she did not care how it looked. He curled his fingers, hitting a sensitive spot inside her over and over, and she gripped the table she lay on, almost breaking it as the earth-shattering cl*max surged through her while he watched her come undone.

Fenrir let her ride her pleasure, not stopping until her b*ody became limp. He placed one last k*iss on her c*ore, sending a wave of tingles all over her.

She was so beautiful now, and he was barely holding back. He took his shirt off, throwing it away somewhere in the dark corner. Just as promised, Astrea watched his every move, not missing the moment when his pants fell to the ground, and he stepped out of them, crushing grass under his feet. His b*ody

was pulsing with strength and desire, hard a*ss tone. Nothing could hurt him now.

Astrea licked her lips when she noticed a tiny drop of prec'm glistening at his tip. She was about to touch it when her eyes were drawn to the scars on his b*ody instead.

Fenrir shivered slightly, noticing her interest, and she rose to trace his scars with her fingers.

"Will I remember where you got those?" she arched a brow at him, and he brushed his palm over her cheek in return.

"These ugly things?" he hummed. "One day—"

"Fenrir," she shook her head with a heavy sigh, "no part of you is ugly."

To prove her words, she traced every scar she found with her mouth, making him tremble with restraint as tingles erupted every time she touched him. He knew she didn't lie to him. Those exact words left her lips every single time... Many things could change between them, but never this.

"Astrea," he growled, throwing his head back. "This—"

"Yes," she looked at him innocently, wrapping her hand around his length and stroking it just as torturous as he caressed her earlier that night.

He entwined his fingers into her hair, pulling her closer and claiming her lips with a snarl, then carefully laid her back on the table, positioning himself at her entrance.

"I'll be careful," he promised, nudging the tip to probe her and soak it in her arousal.

"I know," Astrea whispered. "I am ready."

He pushed in, watching her breath come in sharp pants despite her confidence. So, he took his time with her, letting her adjust despite his whole b*ody shaking with the need to take her faster. Inch after inch, soon his hips met hers, and Astrea let out a moan of pleasure.

Fenrir withdrew slowly, swearing under his breath. This felt too good, and he t*hrust back in faster this time. "More," she pleaded, and he grasped her

thighs, bringing them up slightly to give himself better access. "As you wish," he groaned, feeling his c*ck pulsating inside her as he plunged it to the hilt. She let out another moan, urging him to go on, and he was happy to comply.

He pounded into her again and again, watching her b*reasts bounce in unison with his movements and finding his growls matching her screams of pleasure.

"Mine!" He snarled when he felt her inner muscles clenching around him, knowing she was at her edge again. Astrea didn't find how to respond, her nails digging into his flesh. She was too lost in the sensations because, right now, they were the most intense she had ever felt.

He grasped her b*reast as he drove into her with force, tugging her n'pple between his fingers and lowering himself to capture her lips. She was too undone to respond to the k*iss, and her new moan greeted the org'sm that ripped through him as he filled her with his seed, both of them cl'maxing together.

This felt like heaven. Just the way he remembered it. Her sweet scent enveloped them, mixing up with his. As it should be.

"I love you, Astrea," he whispered. "I've never loved anyone else but you, and I never will. You are mine, and I am yours."

She looked at him, eyes still slightly hazy after what she experienced.

"You are mine and I am yours," she repeated with a smile, getting used to his closeness. She loved to feel his heavy chiselled b*ody covering hers. She loved the way he looked at her. She loved the way he made her feel like the most desirable woman in the world.

She loved that she felt whole again. As if he returned her a piece she didn't know she was missing. This was hers. They belonged together, and there were no doubts about that.

Her heart barely stopped racing when he scooped her up and walked away from the greenhouse. "Wh-what are you doing?" she asked, wrapping her hands around his neck.

"Giving you time to regenerate," he smirked, marching straight up the stairs leading to his bedroom. "I am afraid this is just the beginning. I was deprived

of you for so long, and there is no way we can catch up. But it doesn't mean that I will stop trying."

She rested her head on his chest, grinning.

"You want to continue?" Astrea giggled.

"Menace, we barely started—" He offered her a devilish grin, already bursting the door to his bedroom open and throwing her onto his soft bed. "If you want to stop, just tell me."

Astrea crawled deeper onto the bed, liking the soft satin sheets more than the firm old table. "And what if I don't want to?"

He flipped her on the mattress and lifted her hips, adjusting his already hard cock back at her core while grasping her waist with one hand and her bottom with another. He could do this forever.

"Then I will not have to painfully restrain myself," he smirked and thrust back into her, making her hips quiver.

They managed to fall asleep only in the morning when the sun was already rising, but none of them cared, their bodies entwined around each other, and happy smiles etched on both their faces.

Fenrir watched her falling asleep in his arms, still not able to take his hands off her. He knew how precious moments like these were. He knew the price they had to pay for them.

And he refused to waste even a second.

Salome tried to get into Fenrir's mansion as early as possible every day, even though he repeatedly told her there was no need. Ever since Astrea moved in, she felt that their connection with Fenrir was slipping away, and the witch was ready to do anything to try and restore it.

She often found him in his greenhouse when she arrived, suspecting that the Alpha God rarely slept like a normal person, but today she gasped when she saw the building's state. It looked like it went through a gruesome battle, but

no one was alerted, and the house was slowly waking up when she arrived, so she decided that it was one of Fenrir's angry episodes.

Sadly, sometimes his anger was taking over him, and this was the result. He destroyed something he built to avoid hurting people.

Salome spent at least half an hour restoring the place with her magic, saving any plant she could, knowing that Fenrir would be sorry about destroying them later. The little task put a smile on her face because, finally, there was a problem for her to solve. To remind him why they worked so well together.

Her next stop was the kitchen, where she brewed fresh coffee for him, knowing that it was the best way to appease his cranky mood. A part of her hoped that his disappointment with that traitor caused him to wreck his favourite greenhouse, but as long as she would be the one to bring peace to him, she was fine.

She opened the door without knocking since he never scolded her for her boldness and expected to find him on his balcony or in his favourite chair at this hour. However, what she saw caused her to drop the tray she carried, and black coffee spilt all over the floor.

Astrea was the first to wake up, sitting up in bed on instinct and meeting the witch's frustrated gaze as she pulled the sheets to cover herself. Fenrir followed soon after, arms wrapping around the woman next to him defensively. His eyes filled with flames, ready to destroy the intruder before realising who stood on his doorstep.

"What the hell, Salome?" he growled at her, and her heart sank. Watching the two of them together was too painful. More painful she could ever imagine.

Astrea squeezed his hand discreetly, but the motion did not escape the witch's gaze. She also noticed how relaxed Fenrir became after such a little gesture. She had never seen him calm down so fast.

"I— I am sorry," she muttered, waving for the cups to go back on the tray, but it didn't work since they were shattered in myriads of little pieces and she couldn't concentrate enough to make it work.

"It's okay," Astrea was next to her in no time. She was wrapped in nothing but sheets. Fenrir's sheets Salome personally picked for him.

The pain was choking her. This was too much for anyone.

“I am fine!” she snapped when Astrea tried to gather the pieces, pushing her hand away angrily. She was embarrassed for her actions immediately, knowing Fenrir was watching her.

Salome swore at all her ancestors in her mind for allowing this to happen.

She was about to say something when the silver spear on the wall next to the bed began to glow, blinding them all.

“F’cking hell!” Fenrir swore under his breath. “Not now!”