

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 40

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#### SOLACE

Astrea watched the people surrounding her with anger written all over their faces. Their fury was palpable, and the worst part was that she couldn't even blame them for it. She was the one at fault; she knew it very well. Maybe not directly, but she was the reason for what was happening, and it was eating her from the inside out.

Yet it did break her heart a little that, once again, she was an outsider, the odd one out. She allowed herself to live in happy bliss, thinking she had finally found a place she could call home for just a few hours.

Now, the heavy reality of her situation sunk in.

She would never belong anywhere.

Astrea was thinking of what to do when her eyes met a pair of dark ones, and everything became clear instantly.

Salome was smirking. SMIRKING!

Shall we kill her as a farewell gift to Solace? Nova suggested sarcastically. They would do so much better without her! Just saying.

When did murder solve any troubles? Astrea tried not to let emotions take over her.

I can't stand when such people win, the wolf grunted.

There is no world where we allow ourselves to be set up like that and let the person at fault get away with it, Astrea assured her.

This was the main thing she learned on the Firstborn Island. You let them walk over you once, and it would never end.

“That’s her fault!” Someone shouted, pointing at the newcomer again.  
“Everyone in Raja died because of her!”

“We should kill her for this!” Some man insisted. “My son is dead thanks to her! She ruined our lives!”

“Kill her, and you will join him!” Kara crossed her hands over her chest, stepping before Astrea as if to shield her. Her unnervingly calm voice was not mistaken for a sign of weakness, so a few people took a few steps back.

“Let’s remember the rules of Solace for a moment.” Devoss tried to calm everyone down with his usual carefree expression. “No murders allowed! No physical fights! You know what the punishment is!”

A wave of disapproval rippled through the crowd. They really wanted her blood.

Astrea noticed Warg and Bash running from another corner of the square towards them, but she couldn’t tell yet if this was good or bad. If Kara and Devoss were on her side and Salome was clearly against her, both Warg and Bash remained a mystery.

“She deceived Fenrir!” someone suggested bitterly. “We need to throw her out of Solace!”

“Good riddance!” another supported the idea. “Let her join her people!”

Astrea’s patience was growing thin by the minute. They didn’t know what they were talking about.

“I did not deceive Fenrir!” she announced loudly, making everyone quiet as she raised her hand to draw attention. “I came from the South, yes, but Fenrir knew everything there was to know about me. Who do you think your King is?”

That was a powerful argument. They may not have trusted her, but they had no doubts about their King. That gave Astrea the confidence to go on.

“On top of that, I had no idea Solace existed, and I didn’t ask to be brought here. Fenrir did it because of an accident on the border of Raja, and I was not aware until I woke up here. But I don’t regret anything. I am happy I ended up in this place and got to meet you all. This was a life-changing experience. All

that being said, I have no part in what happened in Raja. I didn't know about it and—"

"Shut up!" An older woman growled at her. "We all know that there was a breach here in Solace! For the first time ever! And we know that you were there! You brought the enemy here! You are at fault!"

"Now the Southern army is probably marching here!" Someone from the back added.

Astrea clenched her fists.

"It's true that I knew the people who breached Solace, and I was there when it happened!" She breathed out and prospered to tell them everything. It couldn't get worse anyway. "But I didn't invite them. I didn't help them! I didn't know it would happen, and when I found out... I chose to fight for Solace! I killed two spies out of three with my own hands and almost died in the process! This was why Fenrir believed me! He saw it with his own eyes!"

She could tell that people were not so sure anymore, but most were far from convinced. After all, words were just words.

"It's true!" Kara confirmed, and they seemed to believe her more. "I was there as well."

"Not to mention that I couldn't help anyone to get in!" Astrea decided to give them some harsh facts. "All the intruders had bead bracelets on, and before this morning, I didn't have one. It could be literally anyone but me!"

She raised her wrist to demonstrate the beads Fenrir gave her just a few hours ago, and finally, everyone got quiet.

"See?" Kara pointed at the jewellery piece. "Fenrir trusts her, and he knows everything! Why are you still questioning her?"

"This—" Salome became pale as she pushed through the crowd. "Who gave it to you? So many—"

The witch's lips trembled uncontrollably, but Astrea did not feel sorry for her. Not anymore.

“The question is,” Devoss was smirking, “who did have access to those other beads? Salome, dear, do you have any idea?”

The witch’s head snapped to him defiantly as she regained her composure.

“For starters, you did, Dev,” she replied unemotionally, rolling her eyes to demonstrate how unbothered she was by the subtle accusations.

“And who else?” The fox’s lips curled.

“Look,” Bash stepped forward. “That’s not important right now. We have an army moving towards us, and Fenrir is missing.”

“And whose fault is that?” Devoss arched his brow, making the blonde guy frown.

They all knew more than they were telling her.

“Their leader would stop at nothing to get what he wants!” The witch interrupted him again. “We need to work on problems at hand!”

“How would you know how their leader works?” Astrea decided to jab her one last time. “I thought South and East never communicated before I arrived.”

“It’s my job to know these things!” Salome gritted her teeth. “I am the protector of the East! I’ve been doing this job perfectly for years until you arrived!”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have lost your focus then,” Astrea couldn’t hide her amusement

However, her excitement died down fast when she saw the faces of the people around her, who seemed utterly lost now. They didn’t know what to do or think, and that public conversation wasn’t helping.

This was when the citizens of Solace needed reassurance, but their leader was gone, and his team they trusted so much was falling apart on their eyes. They were losing trust in everything, devoured by panic, fear and pain. And worst of all – they didn’t know what to do with the army on their doorsteps.

“It’s going to be alright!” Astrea raised her hand again, attracting everyone’s attention. “We can’t change what happened in Raja, but you are right, I know these people. I know these people and I— I think I have something that can stop them.”

“You shouldn’t do it!” Kara grasped Astrea’s hand, and the two women crossed gazes briefly. “Kara, I could feel that there is a story between you and me,” Astrea told her as she slipped her hand away. “A story you are not telling me.”

Valkyrie sighed heavily, which was a subtle confirmation of her suspicions.

“I owe you a debt that can never be repaid,” Kara admitted, and Astrea nodded understandingly. That explained it.

“Well, it’s good that I want to collect,” the Dragonfly snorted. “Kara, I want you to take care of Fenrir when I am gone and always stay loyal to him. Gods know he needs loyal people by his side. Especially now.”

“He will never forgive us for this,” Kara shook her head, running her palm over her face. “If he was here, he would never have allowed this to happen.”

“But he is not here,” Astrea smiled sincerely, adjusting her weapons on her battle suit. “And we are. It’s up to us to try and defend this place, don’t you think?”

“When he is back, heads will roll,” Devoss commented as they all watched her getting ready. She had to look a certain way for what she was going to do.

“And our task is to keep the right heads intact for now.” Astrea let out a dark chuckle, but no one joined her. Salome lowered her eyes, while Warg swore under his breath.

“It’s not right!” the tall warrior punched the wall, indenting it permanently.

“kmi,” Astrea grinned. “I had no idea you liked me that much! Good to know for the future.”

Once again, no one joined her fake fun and this time Bash was the one who pushed off the wall, walking towards her firmly.

She expected something snarky as usual, but instead, the young wolf took her hand and placed something cold into her palm.

“Fenrir forgot to add this one to your bracelet,” he said dryly when Astrea looked at what he gave her.

A little red crystal bead was gleaming in her palm, and she raised her brow questioningly.

“What is this for?”

“This will help you not to forget everything again when you cross the border,” Bash informed her, and she noticed that his bracelet didn’t have a red bead anymore. “And when you come back, it will allow you to see and enter the city. Just remember to destroy it if the wrong person tries using it. Keep it safe.”

She was surprised by this sudden change, but Devoss and Kara were calm about this, meaning it was safe to accept the gift.

“Wait!” She tried to stop him. “What about you?”

He turned to look at her, the corners of his lips tilting upward.

“Let’s just say I owe you one.”

Astrea decided not to waste the time and leave that conversation for later. The closer the Teacher got to Solace, the fewer chances they had to save it.

She could see the dust gathering at the horizon and knew it would take the Firstborn less than an hour to get to the border. They had the coordinates. Back when she fought the other dragonflies, she helped Dominica escape Midnight’s wrath and leave Solace. Now it looked like this was the price, and the beads on their hands back then were identical to the one Bash gave her now. They helped to cross the border of Solace without forgetting everything that happened here. They also helped them see it.

A sad smile played on Astrea’s lips when she stepped to the border, feeling the magic rippling through her b\*ody. Fenrir’s magic.

The people of Solace were right. It was her fault, after all. Her mistake.

And now she would have to fix it.

Joran was furious.

It had been hours since he destroyed that dirty city, leaving it in flames. It helped him to appease his anger just a bit, but he still couldn’t feel his Dragonfly no matter how hard he tried. Cursing himself every time for his stupid decision to let her go, he knew she had to be somewhere near.

The desert was vast, but it wasn't endless, and he was ready to turn it upside down just to get her back.

Ever since the day she left him again, he couldn't eat or sleep properly, confirming his worst suspicions. He needed her now. Needed her more than ever.

His plan seemed to be so perfect at first. Originally, when he didn't know that Fenrir was acting as the Rogue king, he knew that Astrea would fail her mission of arranging an alliance between the rogues and the republic. There was no way the South would ever want to work with rogues, no matter how well she groomed them. The idea was to learn everything about them and conquer them fast, getting spare access to the North from the side they didn't expect an attack and recruiting any leftover rogue warriors as his spare chess pieces in the end. After all, what the South didn't know couldn't hurt them. They would die distracting the North and the West while the South conquered the continent in a clean swipe.

But he had to adjust when it became evident that he had made a mistake and Astrea met his brother again. He ordered his Dragonfly to kill Fenrir, knowing very well that in no lifetime, under no circumstances, she would be able to do it, which would, in turn, give him what he wanted. Her failure.

If she lost, she could never leave him again. She would have to stay by his side.

Maybe she thought otherwise, but Astrea wasn't aware she was giving a word to a God. And the words given to the gods are binding.

Now, she would have to stay with him forever no matter what plans she had before that.

His father taught him well, after all. Each deal always came to one little technicality in the end. There was only one problem, though. He couldn't find her.

He chose to drive in a car, not to be a target in the air. His little personal army was by his side, and they were moving towards the location Dominica specified.

A part of him was wondering what kind of city Fenrir built and how he created a protection so good that no one could detect it for years. Not even him.

The little red bead was on his wrist now. He had never seen anything like that one before. His brother, whom he considered broken and useless now, turned out to not be wasting all that time they spent apart.

First, his tricks cost him the North. And now, he tried to take the Dragonfly away.

Just the thought of the false dragonflies made him cringe. Three dead, one useless now. And Astrea slowly regaining her full power.

He had to find her fast.

The wolves that ran before his car stopped, and so did his driver, making him get out and see what all the fuss was about.

One of his men pointed somewhere far in the desert, and he noticed her.

Astrea was walking towards them...