

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 49

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Chapter 49. Unfashionably Late

“What is taking her so long?” Joran gobbled another glass of whiskey and placed the glass back on the bar table. Bjorn stood still next to him while Nikki was adjusting his tie.

“She is probably doing her makeup,” Nikki mumbled apologetically, and he poured himself another glass. “That’s your fourth,” Bjorn pointed out flatly.

“Your point?” The dragon still wasn’t In the mood after last night, having to spend the night on the sofa. Never in his life had he ever been this humiliated, but he knew his limits with Astrea now that she had met his brother and Vidar, who was still technically her mate. Thanks to their history, he was the one she was not drawn to. He had no advantages over those two other than her word that bound them. So, he had to play nice.

“My point is that if you didn’t get any yesterday when you were sober, you aren’t getting it when you are drunk,” the bear cut off, and it took all Nikki’s willpower to suppress her laugh. She had never imagined anyone talking to the Teacher in that way.

“Talking from your experience with Savvy?” Joran snorted, but put the glass down.

Bjorn wasn’t smiling or showing any emotions to her, but Nikki could feel how tense he became.

So, the woman he was in love with was this Savvy...

Warm skin on her wrist brought her out of her trance. “It’s too tight. Strawberry,” Darius told her, and she was happy he couldn’t see her blushing.

“Sorry,” she cleared her throat and loosened the tie a little, sliding her hands up and down his neck to check if it was comfortable.

“It’s ok,” the werebear said and touched her shoulder. It was something he did a lot lately, and not once did she distance herself from him, freezing every time it happened until he let her go. “Go check on your friend. I need to speak to Jor.”

Since the Teacher did not object, Nikki rushed to escape his company.

The corners of Bjorn’s eyes tilted upwards when he heard the long train of her dress rustling over the floor, mixed with the clicking of her heels. He imagined how she looked, knowing her height and size from the times she helped him. He also already checked that her long silky hair was down today and wondered what colour it was. No one ever told him.

Joran, clearing his throat, brought his attention back to the deity.

“I am glad you like her,” he told him, and Bjorn frowned in response.

“I tolerate her,” he lied.

“Sure,” the dragon chuckled. “Should I kill her then? I have no other use for her since you don’t need her.”

“Do as you wish.” The bear turned away.

“It’s a done deal, then,” Joran shrugged. “She knows too much, and I can’t risk it.”

Joran watched his Champion and was honestly impressed how not a single muscle on his face flinched. He had chosen the right candidate back then. It may be that he could still rise to power if he played his cards right.

“Now that I think of it,” Joran went on, “I should probably make it quick before the party.”

Bjorn used his cane confidently to walk back to the window wall. He couldn't see the view, but he could feel the sun kissing his face, and it was better than nothing.

He shouldn't have said a word.

And yet he heard himself saying, "Astrea will hate you forever when she finds out. And she will. She is not dumb. They both got silent. Joran's lips stretched into a wicked grin.

"There is no shame in admitting you like the Firstborn girl." The Serpent's mood went up.

"I don't." Bjorn brushed him off coldly. "She is no one to me. n

"She is no one now, but she could be someone in the future. Don't you think so?"

"I already have a mate. One is more than enough."

"I am afraid that ship has sailed. My brother connected her and the Northern King, and you—"

"I know that very well and don't need a reminder," Bjorn cut him off. "This is exactly why I don't want anyone else. You can't replace a mate with just anyone."

"And I know that," the dragon deity retorted. "That's why I want to make her your mate. A mate can only be replaced by a second-chance mate. Or a third one in your case."

Bjorn's lips pressed into a thin white line.

"And how exactly would you do that?"

"I'll figure this out," Joran promised. "I just need a bit more time and—"

"No," the bear raised his hand to stop him. "Don't. Let Nikki be."

“So, she is Nikki to you now?” the Serpent smirked. “You heard me. Leave her alone. She may meet her real mate and then—”

“And then she will have to kill him,” Joran interjected. “One of the rules of the Firstborn island – no mates.” Bjorn clenched the silver bear handle of his cane so tight he left indents.

“Come on!” Joran tapped his shoulder as he suddenly appeared right next to him. “Just imagine it.”

“Imagine what?”

“What I am offering here. We can be one big happy family.” The Serpent teased him. “Astrea will stay with me, she loves Nikki like a sister. As my Champion, I will give you more powers to compensate for the lost sight. She will be proud to be yours. And then we will think of what to do with our Northern predicament. We can still put them to their knees.”

Bjorn tensed, realising that this was tempting and repelling at the same time. Luckily, he didn’t have to respond because Nikki was back. He could feel her before she opened the door of her mentor’s room and walked out of it.

“Astrea said to go without her. She will join us shortly,” she informed them, slightly scared. It was a tiny vibration in her sweet voice, but Darius could tell. He learned to feel what others couldn’t see. She tried to be brave, but her mentor was too c*ocky to send her with a message like that for the crazy god.

“Is that what she said?” Joran’s words were filled with venom, and Bjorn knew this intonation very well.

“What’s the big deal?” He found himself saying as he stood between the Serpent and Nikki, taking away the attention from her. “The Dragonfly is bound to you and will not go far away even if she tried. In the meantime, you are almost one hour late to an important political party. I am sure that Lothgar guy is already the centre of everyone’s attention.”

“Fine!” Joran had to agree, reminded that he was playing more than one game at once, and all of them were equally important. He wanted to walk into the event with Astrea, but they would have many events like that in the future.

Bjorn heard his angry, receding steps and the slamming of the door, but he forgot about all that the second a little hand draped itself around his arm.

“I guess we have to follow, too,” Nikki whispered awkwardly. “Thanks for your help, by the way.”

“It wasn’t free,” the bear grunted, stumbling to ensure they didn’t have to be in the elevator with Joran. He felt the woman tensing, cursing himself inwardly for the stupid joke. “Wasn’t it?” The girl let out a shaky laugh, which was not typical. “What do you want, then?”

He paused with the reply until she led him out of the penthouse and pressed the elevator button.

“Tell me what you are wearing,” he said, the first thing that came to his mind.

“Excuse me?” Nikki gasped as the door opened, and she roughly shoved him inside. That was more like her. “Why the hell would I tell you that?”

He chuckled the moment he found his balance. By now, he was adept enough with his blindness not to fall on the straight surface.

“Why?” he smirked, knowing she was watching him. “What if some other woman that smells like strawberries attempts to lead me away? I’d have to check if it’s you or not, and I need to know what I am looking for.”

“Oh, you poor teddy bear,” she cooed sarcastically. “Don’t worry, I don’t think it would tempt anyone to lead you away!”

He knew she was fuming as the heat was radiating from her body. He knew it, and he liked it.

“You never know,” he said, and sadly, the elevator door opened again. She led him out into a spacious room full of people, the buzz of many conversations filling his ears at once.

“I’ll take that chance!” she hissed and added, “There! We are at the party, and we came together. Mission done. They say we have to mingle as not to be rude, so off you go. I know you can manage that much!”

She left abruptly, and he felt the disappointment settling in his chest. For some reason, he expected it to be different now, but it was the same as always. Yet another woman did not care about him. He checked the space before him and exhaled heavily, realising he was standing before a descending staircase. Worst-case scenario.

Vidar watched the entrance like a hawk despite talking to more people than he cared to remember. The annoying ants always wanted something from him. It was as if they could feel the power he emitted.

Jormungandr was already here, trying to sabotage his position and claims. As if he cared about that! He truly only cared about one thing here, and she was unfashionably late.

New guests stopped appearing from the main entrance a while ago, but Vidar kept watching, knowing she would arrive sooner or later. His little mate was too curious to pass up the opportunity. He knew her well enough to be sure of that. Thousands of years of observing the woman gave him an advantage. It was unlikely she could surprise him now.

He noticed some blind guy in dark glasses searching for the rails as everyone at the party ignored him. At least it was some kind of entertainment. His chances of falling down grew as his cane found the second step rather than the first. He was about to trip when a delicate arm caught his elbow, helping him, and Vidar’s jaw tightened as he saw The Goddess of Stars in person.

She looked like a vision in a silvery chiffon dress with shimmering sequins adorning her bodice and the single long off-shoulder sleeve. The

delicate fabric was draped around her toned body, reminding him of the outfits she wore when he first met her, with the ornaments imitating fallen stars. The diamond and silver clasp on her shoulder seemed to hold the whole thing together, allowing a sheer cape to flow freely behind her. She was the Goddess he remembered. Even when she did not.

Her hair in this life barely reached her shoulders, but it was still arranged in an intricate hairdo with a delicate star halo crown holding it all together.

Astrea let go of the blind guy the moment they were down, and Vidar moved in her direction like a shark chasing his prey. But before he could get there, Joran stepped before her and wrapped his dirty hand around her waist.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he announced loudly. “Allow me to introduce you, Astrea Sade. My future wife.”

A round of applause erupted, and Vidar knew it was his time for a speech.