

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

## Chapter 50

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Chapter 50. Poetic Justice

Astrea walked into the banquet hall with an agenda of her own, hoping to make the grand entrance of her life. It had to be done if she wanted to play her cards right, and she wanted it badly.

No one was telling her what was going on, but she was not a fool. She could see through schemes and secrets because Joran raised her that way. He taught her not to trust anyone, including him, and for the first time ever, she was grateful for the lessons.

She knew Fenrir couldn't tell her the truth, but maybe one of those two could spill the secrets, ending this mystery game once and for all.

Dragonfly simply knew better than to believe that her mate appeared out of the blue at the worst moment possible. Considering Vincent and Joran definitely knew each other despite pretending otherwise, she came to the conclusion he was someone powerful too, and not just a Lycan from a prominent family. The fact that even though her Teacher didn't like him, the Southerner was still alive and with all his limbs intact meant that he wasn't someone to dispose of easily.

So, she chose the prettiest dress that would certainly glimmer in the evening lights. Just enough to attract attention, but not over the top.

However, the entire plan went to waste when she walked in, ready to slay suitors, but that damn bear was in her way again. She stopped, giving him time to disappear. Yet it took Bjorn forever to check the stairs with his cane. On top of that, he was clearly about to fall and break his nose.

Although he deserved that, considering his past actions, gloating at the man who was already down and paying for his sins was not fun.

To add to the pain, she noticed Nikki rushing towards him through the crowd.

Astrea grasped Bjorn's arm before her ward reached him, not letting him plaster all over the floor, and helped him down with a forced smile on her face.

"Be a good little bear, Bjorn," she hissed at him. "Find a dark corner and hide there. Don't think about looking for Nikki. Don't look for her. Don't act all pitiful. She knows exactly what kind of monster you are."

She felt his whole body tensing under her grasp and knew she hit the bullseye with her words.

"I don't want her, and I don't need her," the werebear cut her off, freeing his hand and fixing his dark glasses. "If I could get rid of her, I would. I thought that you, Astrid, of all people, know very well that we aren't free. My life belongs to Joran now, just like yours, and until it remains so, I am stuck with that girl!"

He sucked in a sharp, angry breath and his lungs filled with the scent of strawberries. Bjorn's lips parted as he realised she was near and heard it all.

Astrea felt horrible seeing Niki's face during that conversation, and although she had done many questionable things in the past, for some reason, to allow her to hear all that felt the lowest of the low.

"Sorry," she mouthed to her ward, and Niki pretended she wasn't offended at all. Even though her lips quivered slightly, and her eyes glistened with tears. The tears she'd never allow to fall because she was trained better than that.

The girl walked away, and Bjorn stayed as if he was carved of unmovable stone.

"You and I may be stuck here," Astrea whispered to the man, "but Nikki has a chance of getting her freedom back. Stay away from her. I will not say this again."

He did not respond, and she felt worse. If he said something snarky, she could convince herself that she was right. But now... "There you are!" Joran appeared out of nowhere and wrapped his hand around her waist as his political buddies surrounded them, studying her with interest. Astrea turned back to search for the werebear, but he disappeared into the crowd without a trace. The Dragonfly was a novelty to these men and women who supported her Teacher's political career in the Southern Lycan Republic, but she knew all of them very well. She had to study each of their files Joran had so carefully prepared at one time or another during her work for him. Little did they know they were all his pawns.

"Who is this beauty?" One of the Southerners asked, devouring her with his eyes as if he had never seen a woman before. Astrea hated cringy men like that.

A smile curled onto Joran's lips as he pulled her closer. "Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to introduce Astrea Sade! My future wife."

The words almost made her ears bleed, but she still managed to suppress her frown, forcing a little smile as people around them started congratulating them. Just a moment ago, she was some pretty thing without a name, and now her importance grew in an instant, making everyone eager to get closer.

"Joran is a lucky man. You look absolutely divine, my dear," a woman with bright red hair said as she gave her a handshake. Astrea recognised her as one of the key Chairwomen In the country. She was someone Joran wouldn't mess with for some reason. He had to be elected for the position he wanted. Otherwise, he would have taken it a while ago, but here he was, buttering them all up.

"You two are such a beautiful and happy couple!" someone chimed in from the back.

"Oh, trust me," Astrea giggled, "we aren't that happy!" Joran's grip on her tightened, only making her grin wider. He hated defiance, and she was going to drown him in it. "Can I see the ring?" Someone's trophy wife wondered, and Astrea waved her empty hands at her.

“He didn’t put a ring on it! Can you believe it?” she huffed. “I guess technically, I am still single and up for grabs.” The grasp around her became even tighter, and so did the snake tattoo on her neck. She was ready for that trick, though, and started coughing, forcing him to back down.

“Are you all right?” One man seemed really concerned. “Peachy!” Astrea gritted her teeth, slipping out of her so-called fiancé’s arms. “Darling, it seems like I need some fresh air, but please, don’t mind me. I’d hate to bother you at such an important event, n

“Beautiful and understanding,” another Southerner praised her. “Jor, you hit the jackpot with this one.”

“You have no idea!” Joran clenched his jaw, angry but unable to object. Their eyes locked in a silent battle, and she knew she won that one.

Maybe she couldn’t leave him because of their deal, but Joran wasn’t exactly free, either. Something was holding him back. She never thought of that before. Why would a deity need a Firstborn army of assassins? Why was It so important for him to make deals when he could take whatever he wanted?

Maybe it was simply because he couldn’t.

Her lips stretched into a cold smirk as she turned on her heels and sauntered out of the hall to the main balcony that, luckily, was empty now.

Hundreds of thoughts were circling through her mind. She could tell she was so close. However, there was something constantly in her way of remembering everything.

She was ready to swear, but then the familiar scent reached her nose.

Astrea had to admit that a mate had an appeal. If this were before Fenrir, she would have been interested in knowing him better. She could feel him with her skin, each cell calling to her to embrace the bond.

It was her heart and soul that told her otherwise. “It’s cold,” Vincent sighed as he wrapped his blazer around her without asking if she needed it, his fingers lingering around her shoulders.

“The view here is beautiful,” She did not turn to look at him, and he had to step forward to stand next to her.

“I’ve seen better,” her mate admitted. “But I can’t say I had better company.”

“Well, I like it here,” she stated firmly. “I always loved the South, and being here makes me happy. I don’t think I see myself living anywhere else in the world.”

“If you love it so much, then—”

“I think it will be poetic to do it here.” She angled her head at him, and their gazes met at last. He leaned lower, their breaths mingling.

“Whatever you say—” His lips almost brushed hers. “I reject you, Alpha Vincent Loth—” She started saying the words, but he grasped her and shook her almost violently.

“What are you doing?” he demanded angrily as she gazed at him with big eyes, forcing tears.

“It has to be done.” Astrea’s voice was barely a whisper. “We could never—”

“You are my mate,” he seethed, desperately trying to calm down, but she could tell he didn’t hear no often.

“And therefore I am doing this.” She placed her palm on his chest as the first tear rolled down her cheek. “You’ll be free of me, and the Moon Goddess will find someone better for you.”

The mention of Selene caused a shadow to cross his face. He caught her arm, pulling her closer. “I don’t want anyone else. I want my mate. You.”

Vincent looked at her as if he was waiting for something, but she only bit her lip, which had a stronger effect on him than she expected, his eyes glowing red just for a moment before he suppressed it.

“Astrea—” He brushed his fingers over her cheeks, creating tingles, and she closed her eyes just for a moment. “Don’t fight this. We are meant to be together.”

“He will never let us,” she whispered. “Just trust me on this one, okay? Joran will never allow us to be happy.”

“He is nothing to me. He can’t do anything!” Vincent narrowed his eyes, clenching her wrist tighter. “You belong to me.”

“You have no idea who he is!” She started whispering in panic, checking to see if anyone was listening. “He — he is not a regular

Lycan. He has powers beyond anyone’s imagination, and he can be so cruel — Please, don’t make it hard for me. We can just reject each other and pretend it never happened. It will be safer for us both.”

“He can’t do anything to me,” Vincent assured her, giving her shoulders in his blazer a squeeze. “And to you.”

“He can — Once he made me spend six months in a silver pit

“I’ll kill him for you!” The man was fuming with rage. “You don’t know what you are talking about.” She lowered her head, and he had to cup her chin to make her look at him. “I know no one can stop me on the way to my mate. And if you like the South so much, I ‘ll lay it at your feet.”

“Preposterous promises to someone else’s fiancée!” Joran seethed, leaning over the balcony entrance. If looks could kill...

Astrea rushed to push Vincent away, and that only made the man angrier.

“You have no rights to her!” he growled to her Teacher’s face.

“Oh, and you do?” Joran scoffed, not intimidated in the slightest.

“She is my mate, given to me by the Moon Goddess!”

“Big deal!” The dragon rolled his eyes. “I don’t get the fuss with that mate bond thing.”

“It’s the strongest connection to exist!” Vincent scowled and lifted his chin to demonstrate his superiority. “Is it, though? You, of all people, should know.” Joran’s lips curled into a menacing smirk. “Surely it can’t be that strong if just a couple of words can break it.”

“I can say the same about your neck! Just one snap can end It all!” Vincent clenched his fists, and it took all Astrea’s willpower not to smile, seeing them exactly in the positions she wanted them to be. It took her just one night.

“Gentlemen,” a calm but confident female voice interrupted them and made everyone look at the beautiful woman at the rance. “You are making a scene.”