

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 55

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 55.

Astrea couldn't believe her eyes.

She was back to that forsaken place after its destruction, witnessing the charred remains of what was once a bustling training ground. The island, once filled with the echoes of swords clashing and the whispers of Firstborn in training, lay in ruins. The buildings that once stood tall were now reduced to ashes, smoke still lingering in the air.

She had a pretty good idea of what had happened here, and her thoughts went to the many kids who lived and trained in this very place. However, knowing Fenrir, she knew he'd never hurt the innocent and trusted his process, whatever that was. This had to be a message for her Teacher, and she didn't feel sorry for him. After all, this island only brought her and others pain. The real trouble, though, stood before her. Dominica had her arms crossed over her chest as she watched her with a sneer, dressed in her usual black leather. "You sleep like a log!" she commented

"That wasn't sleep," Astrea retorted, checking what limbs she could still move. "I was strangled until I fainted. There is a difference."

"If that's an attempt to make me feel sorry for you, then you are delusional!" The Dragonfly scoffed.

"You? Sorry for anyone?" Astrea rolled her eyes. "Please! You are a leech who fed off me for years and was still ready to put a knife in my back! I don't remember hearing a nice word from you once."

"Like I had a choice!" Dominica growled. "He didn't ask me! He didn't ask any of us! Do you think we liked this? Do you think any of us wanted to experience this? Craving the power you had was no joke to any of us! It changed us in unimaginable ways."

Astrea tried slipping her wrist from under the chain, but it held her firmly in place. As if by magic...

“You seemed to enjoy it! You guys always wanted to do the Joining Ritual. Even if I was sick for days after.” Astrea reminded her.

“With the power you had, that was hardly a challenge,” Dominica brushed her off. “Do you even realise what you are capable of when the four of us were turned into super strong warriors just by taking a few sips of power from you?”

“Didn’t feel like a few sips to me!” Astrea frowned.

“Cry me a river!” The woman curled the strands of her long brown ponytail around her finger. “You always had it all and appreciated it the least.”

“Dorn, you have no idea what you are talking about!” Astrea sighed, still trying her luck with the chains. Sadly, luck was not on her side.

“Don’t call me that!” The girl closed the distance between them in seconds and slapped her face so hard Astrea tasted blood. “Only Emma could call me that!”

Damn it. Astrea knew this would come up.

“It was self-defence,” she repeated the words she had already told Dominica many times.

“Shut up!” The brunette screamed, her eyes glowing in warning. “Do you think I care why you killed the love of my life? She is gone, and nothing can fix this!”

Astrea’s heart skipped a beat. She did not want anyone to experience this kind of loss. This was never her goal. If she could turn back time, she would find another way to escape.

“I am so-”

Another slap prevented her from talking.

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!” Dominica’s scream pierced her ears. “I don’t need your petty words and apologies! You can’t give her back to me!”

This was true, and Astrea regretted it like no one else. Would things be different if Emma survived? Would they leave her alone?

“Right now, the only thing I want is my freedom, and there is only one way to get it!” Dominica grabbed her hair, and Astrea thought she’d hit her again. She was ready for it, but instead, her ex-teammate grasped her shoulder, ripping the fabric of her dress to reveal the dragonfly tattoo on her back.

“What are you-” Astrea didn’t get to finish her sentence because sharp claws pierced her skin right where the dragonfly tattoo was. The sensation was painful at first, but quickly, it changed to something else.

Something way worse.

Astrea could feel strength slipping away through her wounds as Dominica rolled her eyes back in ecstasy, lost in the sensation of draining the life and energy from the woman she hated the most.

Unable to fight her, Astrea finally realised why she was brought here. It wasn’t just to kill her. Her ex-colleague wanted to bleed her dry, stripping her of any kind of power.

The Joining Ritual for one

Looking at Dominica now, Astrea saw how the process consumed her, glowing magic flowing through them both as blood trickled down Astrea’s back. Despite that, the woman dug her claws deeper into her flesh, making Astrea hiss in pain. “It’s too much!” She tried to explain, but the assassin didn’t even spare her a glance.

She did not care.

Insatiable hunger took over Dominica. She wanted it all. All that Astrea had to offer – her power and her life.

“There is only one way to be free,” she leaned forward to whisper into her helpless victim’s ear. “Emma knew it, and she told me. We were supposed to do it together. You have enough for two-”

“You want to drain me!” Astrea gritted her teeth, thrashing against the chains.

“I want to do worse things to you!” Dominica sneered. “If it was a choice, I would have given you the most horrible death I can come up with. But this will have to do!”

“You don’t have to do this! You said it yourself: I have enough for two. You can just-”

“I know, but I really want to,” the false Dragonfly’s full lips curled into a cruel smirk. “I want to see your eyes when life leaves you! I want you to know it is I who took it all from you! I want you to be this helpless and pathetic! This is something I can finally enjoy! Because you deserve it, you f*****g b*tch!” Astrea felt her claws going deeper again. A bit more, and Dominica would reach her heart.

Her strength began to wane, a deep fatigue settling in her bones. Just a few seconds ago, she was ready to fight, but now, each movement was a laborious event.

Her mind became clouded, but when Astrea’s eyes locked with her attacker’s, she saw how full of life and energy Dominica was.

If she didn’t stop her now, it would be too late. A few more minutes and she wouldn’t be able to fight her, even if the chain disappeared. It was a race against time.

Astrea tried to think about what she could do, but her mind was now a mixture of abrupt, unconnected thoughts. What could she do?

“When you die, I am going to throw your body into the silver pit where you belong! It was so satisfying to see you there before!” Dominica was gloating, getting intoxicated by the dragonfly energy. “And now you will rot in there forever!” Astrea looked at her with pity because she knew the

woman was addicted. The ecstasy she felt now was temporary. Regardless of how everything ended today, Dominica would eventually come down from her high and feel with redoubled force how empty her life was.

However, she did not have the luxury of delving into pity. She had to fight for her life any way imaginable.

“I dropped Emma’s body in a pit, too,” Astrea said in a hoarse voice, and the woman’s blissful expression faded as she tried to focus her gaze on her face.

“What – what did you say?”

“It wasn’t silver, though. Just some dirt and dried leaves in the forest.” Astrea waited for her to process the information, and she felt the claws ripping her flesh when Dominica removed them roughly.

“Repeat this!” she hissed, leaning closer.

“I said-” Astrea did not plan to finish that sentence. Instead, she lured her enemy closer and then thrust her head forward, hitting her as hard as she could.

The plan proved successful, disorienting Dominica long enough as her broken nose caused blood to gush over her face while Astrea tried to manipulate the chain.

What the hell was that? Why couldn’t she break it? Astrea knew she needed help. Urgently. Desperately.

But no one even knew she was here. She needed a miracle. Just like the last time she fought the other dragonflies...

The last drops of life were leaving her when she heard distinct neighing coming from the ruins behind them, and her breathing hitched, realising that maybe her prayers had been heard.

It was absolutely impossible, and maybe all this was just a product of her inflamed, dying imagination, but she saw a dark cloud gathering behind

Dominica, who really didn't pay any attention to anything but her. The Firstborn finally regained her control and charged at Astrea.

At the same time, against the backdrop of charred buildings, a Nightmare with a glistening ebony coat strode in their direction, emanating darkness itself.

He came to help her, answering her inner call, and the corners of Astrea's lips tilted upwards despite Dominica stalking towards her, wielding a long blade she was ready to use. The fake Dragonfly was close enough for the real one to kick her on the knee, dislocating it and winning a few more seconds—the seconds she so desperately needed.

"The chain!" she screamed at the Nightmare, hoping that he could understand her now too. The creature lowered its head, its horn gleaming in the shadows. It hooked up the chain and tore it in half with ease, letting it fall to Astrea's feet and freeing her.

Their eyes met, and once again, she felt they were close. She knew that black unicorn as if it was a part of her.

A gut-wrenching sound left the nightmare's chest, and at first, Astrea did not understand what was happening. Time stood still while the world around them shattered at the realisation of what was happening. Only a few seconds later, she noticed Dominica retrieving her bloody daggers out of the creature's back.

She wanted to scream, but no sound was coming out of her as the majestic black unicorn fell to the ground. He came to save her, only to be killed.

He saved her so many times.

He looked at her with so much hope, and there she was – useless.

"Oops!" Dominica chuckled darkly. "I guess it's my lucky day because I wanted to find that thing too."

The last nightmare... Astrea swallowed her pain, seeing that her opponent was now charging at her

She was still weak in a torn evening dress and bare feet, but she had no intention of letting it go. Fury was coursing through her every cell now.

Dominica had an advantage. She just drank Astrea's power and strength, weakening her. She seemed to be as angry as her opponent, and yet, unlike her, Astrea had something to fight for.

"I guess you are going to get that gruesome death after all," the brunette spat while stretching her neck.

"I am offering this to you once," Astrea warned her, not yielding. "Walk away and be free of all of this. Joran wouldn't care."

"It's Joran to you now, is it?" The woman sneered. "I guess he finally got what he wanted. I hope it hurts when he f-cks you!"

The ex-Dragonfly said nothing else and, fueled by brute strength, launched forward, her strikes imbued with almost primal force. Each swing of her blades created a whirlwind of high precision, but Astrea's nimble footwork allowed her to dodge and parry effortlessly, the silver dross swirling around her like a protective cloak to mask her movements.

She had to explore every opening with calculated accuracy. The mesmerising dance of death went on for a while, and soon Astrea realised that she would have to create an opportunity herself.

Dominica lunged forward, and Astrea screamed, falling into the sand, her ruby-red blood sprayed over the light silk of her garment.

"It's your end, b***h!" the dark-haired woman prepared to make a lethal blow when Astrea threw sand in her face and ripped her skirt with lightning speed, wrapping it around Dominica's neck to block her airflow.

"Yield!" she grounded out, struggling to keep the bigger woman in place. Her muscles still ached after all the draining

"F*ck you!" the girl tried to cut her again, but Astrea managed to dodge. She smashed her opponent against the tree with the chain and was finally able to knock the blades out of her hands.

“Yield!” Astrea ordered. “We don’t have to-”

Dominica grew her claws and tried to thrust them into her, but the true Dragonfly caught her hand and twisted it with force, making her enemy scream in pain.

“I don’t want to kill you!” she yelled at her, breathing ragged.

“Then you will have to sleep with one eye open!” Dominica roared, tears streaming down her face. “I hate you! I hate you so much, and it will never change!”

The woman tried to hurt her with her free hand, and Astrea was getting tired of it. She tied her hands at the back with the piece of her dress, knowing it would not hold the assassin for long, but also not wishing to slaughter her like that.

She took the chain and wrapped it around the defeated warrior, rushing to check the nightmare.

“Midnight!” She wanted to cry, but there were no tears left. She assessed the creature’s wounds and used the remnant of her skirt to stop the blood. “You are going to be okay. It’s going to be all right!”

Her lips were trembling as she kept repeating the lies, looking into Midnight’s eyes.

He knew. He knew that this was it.

“I am so sorry!” She lowered herself and hugged him, finally able to let out an internal desperate sob. “It’s all my fault! I am so sorry!”

Midnight tried to neigh, but the sound that came out of him was unnatural. It was as if he was trying to tell her something.

She stroked his coat, crying, brushed her fingers through his silky mane, but still had that feeling inside that he wanted more.

“What can I-” she whispered and gasped when she realised what the magical creature was trying to tell her. The horn.

The memories of the last time she touched it circled in her mind. She couldn't faint now.

“Should I – touch it?” she asked and saw the relief in the nightmare's gaze. This was what it wanted from her. In no way that sounded like a good idea, but each time she called, he arrived to save her.

If anything, she owed him one.

“Fine!” Astrea nodded and wiped away her tears, checking that Dominica was still struggling with her bounds.

She exhaled heavily, preparing for what was yet to come.

“Fenrir,” she whispered, praying that he would hear her too, “I hope I am doing the right thing.”

And with those words, she wrapped her fingers around the nightmare's horn...