

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 19

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Fenrir's lips were softer than she imagined. He brushed them over hers, sliding his tongue gently, begging for entrance which she granted with a gasp.

She shouldn't have done it... but she couldn't resist anymore either.

The moment their tongues collided, his strong hands pulled her closer so that she could feel all the heat radiating from him.

A growl rumbled through his chest, followed by her moan as he found the ties of her dress and pulled them roughly, breaking them in the middle. The sheer fabric pooled at her feet, exposing her skin. The cold air made her shiver, but Fenrir's large calloused fingers explored every inch of her body, not letting her get cold.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered as they broke their k*iss to gasp for air, his voice hoarse for some reason. "So— ethereal—"

Her lips curled into a smile. "That couldn't be further from the truth!"

"I am afraid you will just have to trust me on this one," he smirked, making her giggle. That laughter, however, changed something in him. His eyes got darker, breathing ragged as if he was barely restraining himself.

"Fenrir," she called his name, awakening something else in him, and he pressed her closer against his warm broad chest.

"Say that you are mine—" he whispered, his chest rising and falling.

"Are you mine then?" she taunted, biting her pink lip and sliding her delicate hand to wrap it around his strong shoulder.

"If you will take me." He didn't break eye contact when the words left his mouth, surprising her.

"Are you offering?" She arched her brow at him.

"I am begging, Astraea," he confessed, exhaling loudly and pressing her naked body against the temple wall. The moonstone was cold to the touch, but it couldn't put down the flames between them.

There was so much pain in his eyes that she couldn't bear it anymore, cupping his cheek and smiling at him.

"Then it's a deal. You are mine, and I am yours. Remember that these words are binding, Fenrir."

"You are mine, and I am yours," he repeated, sending tingles down her spine.

She stood on her tiptoes to try and reach his lips, but he still had to lean down for her to do it. Her featherlike k*iss was met with him crumpling her lips, greedily thrusting his tongue as if he couldn't wait anymore.

He lifted her up as if she weighed nothing and took her to the altar, placing her on top of it and towering over her.

They chose the worst place in the world to do it...

She pulled his tunic up, revealing his perfect physique and throwing the unwanted piece of fabric away. Their gazes locked once again, and she ran her nails over the chiselled lines of his abdomen, leaving a trail of shimmering magic all the way to his chest, which looked as if it was carved from stone, desperately restraining herself from begging him to take her sooner.

This wasn't like her at all, but she never desired a man like that before.

Fenrir trailed his tongue over her neck, eliciting a rush of goosebumps over her flesh as she laced her fingers into his hair. When his mouth inhaled one of her n*pples, she arched her back, unable to hold back a loud moan.

Fenrir chuckled, sliding his free hand between her thighs and flickering his fingers over her wetness, teasing her.

She was untouched and so pure.

And now she was his. He couldn't believe his own luck.

"Please," she whimpered when he drove her too close to the edge and stopped.

“Anything for you,” Fenrir replied, parting her thighs and taking her in. Her naked body was at full display for him, silvery hair scattered over the moonstone table, her body glittering with the magic she couldn’t control anymore.

She was trembling from his every touch, her body made for him.

“What are you waiting for?” She asked, not taking her eyes off him.

“You said stars burn,” he reminded her, and her smile dropped as she wasn’t sure where he was going with this at the moment like that. “I will gladly burn forever if I get to be with you.”

She rose to him to pull him in for a k*iss, unable to find words to match this confession but wishing for him to know how she felt about it. The motion undid him, his desire almost painful. He peppered her with k*isses, swirling his tongue over her breast peak and drawing a gasp from her, pushing her to lie down again. His caresses went lower and lower until he felt her shiver in his hands when his lips descended on her core.

Fenrir’s body quivered with restraint, the need to possess her overwhelming him, but not before he could hear her screaming his name in pleasure. So he kept teasing her glistening flesh over and over, driving inside with his tongue and then getting back to the little sensitive bundle of nerves which made her moan every time he touched her.

Astrea arched her back, screaming when rel*ease pulsed through her...

Astrea screamed, panting as she sat on the bed, the dream still haunting her as if she was indeed in Fenrir’s arms moments ago. Luckily, it was just an illusion, and she was in bed with grey satin sheets in the bedroom... she didn’t recognise.

“What the—” There was something in her palm, and when she unclenched her fingers, she saw a little dark crystal she never had.

“Morning,” Fenrir greeted her, taking a sip of his coffee at a little table next to a glass wall.

A glass wall she didn’t recognise.

In the room, she saw for the first time in her life.

A beautiful luxurious room decorated with beautiful expensive stuff.

“Wh-where are we?” she asked meekly, hectically assessing the situation and thinking of what to do next. The memory of the previous evening made her heart race because there was no chance in hell Fenrir didn’t notice her bag full of weapons. She did not manage to run away, so the only way now would be to try and kill him right now, then figure out where she was and how to escape this place later.

Maybe the Teacher was already looking for her. After all, wasn’t this why he put that snake tattoo on her. Her hand instinctively went for her neck, and Fenrir furrowed his brows as if he didn’t like that motion.

“That thing wouldn’t work here,” he informed her matter-of-factly, and she gulped.

Not only did he know that the tattoo had to be “working”, but he also managed to block it somehow. If this was the case, how would the other Firstborn find her? The Teacher relied on that snake.

Their eyes met, and her stomach churned.

He knew. Fenrir knew everything.

“Listen,” she got up, realising she was wearing just a thin black lace slip. Not something she went into the desert wearing. “Who changed me?” she yelled, forgetting what was important.

“Really?” the Rogue King chuckled. “This is what worries you the most now? Not anything else?”

“Many things worry me,” she admitted, “but I have the right—”

She lost her voice when she noticed all her weapons neatly arranged on a different table behind Fenrir. Her knives, her little grenades, the gun she hated but brought anyway and everything else she packed for this mission. It was all there.

“They were all sandy, so I cleaned them for you,” Fenrir chuckled, angering her. He was mocking her failure, and it wasn’t funny. Although he did have a right to it. She had to give him that.

“Well, I couldn’t come to the Rogue Kingdom unarmed,” she defiantly crossed her hands over her chest.

“No one expected you to,” he retorted, standing up. “Why hide them, though?”

She didn’t have a good reply to that, but she had to come up with something.

“Oh, excuse me for not revealing all my tricks to my potential attackers! How silly of me!”

“No one will touch you here,” he growled, towering over her, and for a moment, it reminded her what happened in the dream, heating up her cheeks. That dream was... intense.

“Well, someone already did, remember?” Astrea reminded him, desperately trying to change the subject and get herself off the hook.

“And you remember what happened to them,” Fenrir raised his chin higher, giving her a warning glance. He turned away and walked past the table with weapons. “Interesting collection. Do all southern women have grenades in their purses?”

“Depends on where they work,” she retorted, not wishing to give up. “It’s a must for me, and these are for self-defence only!”

“Really?” Fenrir chuckled and picked up a small black ball, making every muscle in Astrea’s body tense. “So, you are telling me this little thing here would not blow up half of my building?”

“You are so clever, Fenrir,” she sneered at him, “you tell me.”

“Why don’t we try and see?” he arched his brow, and she knew he wasn’t serious.

He couldn’t be serious.

That would be nuts.

He knows it’s explosive, he is bluffing! she said to Nova.

He doesn’t look like he is bluffing, the wolf replied. I don’t feel anything from him.

She clenched her lips, not wishing to lose that staring contest.

“Do it!” she approved with a curt nod, squeezing the crystal in her hand tighter. She still didn’t know what that was, but she also didn’t care now.

“Fine!” the man smirked and crashed the ball in his hand, stopping the whole world around them.

“No!” Astrea screamed, feeling the time around them freeze. She threw herself at him, not even knowing why. He couldn’t be this stupid; he couldn’t risk and end his life just like that!

He couldn’t–

She found herself holding his fist with the tiny grenade, her fingers digging into his skin. Astrea stared at it in horror, not able to say a word. She could sense it exploding in his palm; she could feel how heated his skin became, only to return to its normal temperature almost instantly.

“Got you,” Fenrir scoffed, pulling her closer by her waist and enjoying her shocked expression.

“You–” she couldn’t find words to express herself. Which was a first.

What was going on? Did he trick her, and it wasn’t a real grenade from the island?

“Relax, Astrea,” the King chuckled. “I knew you were a spy the moment I saw you. It’s not a big deal for me.”

Slowly, she returned to her senses, processing the new information. It had to be a trap! There was no other reasonable explanation for that.

“I am not– I don’t know what you are talking about!” She put her best innocent face on, knitting her brows together as if she was offended. “And take that back!” she shoved the dark crystal into his hand, “whatever that is!”

It was probably safer to get rid of it.

“I am afraid you need it more than I do now,” Fenrir took her arm and placed the crystal back into it. “After all, I am not the one with a crazy deity’s tattoo on my neck the day after I touched a Nightmare’s horn.”

Her lips parted, remembering the events of the previous night with more clarity now. The majestic black unicorn... and how she touched its horn. That creature mesmerised her enough to be that careless.

“Was this real?” she locked her gaze with the wolf. “A Nightmare! What was that thing? I... I didn’t even read about them in books!”

“That’s because this one is the last one,” Fenrir responded, watching her closely, afraid to miss even a flicker of emotions in her. “And you are lucky he likes you. Or you would be long dead. Although you can still get there if you don’t keep that.”

Astrea looked at the crystal again.

“What is it?”

“A fragment of a Nightmare’s horn,” he replied calmly, but she almost dropped the thing to the floor.

“Didn’t you say they were poisonous?” she panicked.

“I did,” he chuckled, still holding her hand. “But not this one. That one was dropped a long time ago. Nightmares do what deer do with their antlers. After the horn is dropped, it can be used for many things, including healing. So, you are welcome.”

“Th-thanks,” she muttered, still lost.

He was too calm for someone who discovered a spy.

Unless... he wasn’t afraid of her at all. He knew she was powerless here. Didn’t he tell her that her tattoo didn’t work anymore? That meant that help wouldn’t be arriving anytime soon. He had all her weapons, and she didn’t even have footwear.

The rogue King took precautions.

“Where are we?” she repeated her question from before, realising that this was the most important one out of them all.

“Ah, this,” Fenrir’s lips curled into a smirk as he led her to the room’s glass wall, “This is the real East, Astrea. Welcome to the city of Solace, the place where everyone is free.”

“Except for you!” a female voice sounded as the door behind them opened.