

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 26

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 26 The Dawn

"T*ouch me," Astraea whispered. She never had to ask Fenrir twice, and his hands immediately slid down her silky skin, one grasping her a. ss and the other kneading her breast, eliciting a moan from her.

Fenrir's tongue swirled against her soft flesh, torturously slow and taunting. She had to reach for his hair, lacing her f*ingers in it to give him a tug, demanding for him to stop the games. The delightful pressure was already building inside her with every stroke he made, her thighs resting on his shoulders.

"Mine!" he growled, devouring her, and that word alone tipped her over the edge.

"Please!" Astraea hissed her plea, which unleashed the beast in him, and he lapped and sucked at her sensitive bundle of nerves. "Fenrir!" she screamed his name, arching her back...

Astrea jolted upright in bed, her breathing ragged and with beads of sweat already formed all over her body. Her heart was racing after yet another mind-splitting or.gasm she'd endured within these walls.

On her own. While sleeping.

This was the fifth night in a row. No matter what she did, she couldn't stop dreaming about herself and Fenrir doing all sorts of things to each other. Some of those she'd learned from those dreams, and now she was sure it wasn't normal.

Nova! She called out in the hope that her wolf could help her.

It's out of my control! The wolf was already tired of her complaining. I can't control dreams, Astrea. It doesn't work like that. Besides- is it that bad?

Waking up from extensive cli.maxing wasn't actually the worst thing in the world, but at the same time, it was torture. Everything in regards to the Rogue King was.

Nothing changed. He was still her target. She would have to kill him sooner or later. It didn't matter how incredibly hot he was or how he made her laugh with just one word or that smirk of his. It was wrong to be that invested in thinking about him. She was a professional.

Her last mission was just an emotional slip. This won't happen again. Not when her freedom and Niki's life were both on the line.

"Fenrir, what do I do with you?" she groaned, falling back to bed.

"Anything." The Rogue King's voice rumbled through the room, and she jumped up again, gasping. "Especially when you look like this."

Astrea found his glowing eyes in the darkness instantly.

"What are you doing here? How dare you!" she tried to find something to cover herself, which only made him chuckle as he strolled in without permission. She stopped her search, realising that he had already seen her wearing less than her silk lace slip from the time he'd found her in his room.

Each day he took her on a city tour, and each day she tried to test his patience in one way or another. However, they never spoke about the k*iss that happened on that bridge in Solace, and he had never tried to get a second one out of her. Which made her feel- puzzled. Frustrated, even.

Why wasn't he trying anything? He'd behaved as if he was a mere tour guide for almost a week, distancing himself from her emotionally and making her question her sanity. She provoked him many times, not because it was required for her mission, but because she simply couldn't help herself. He'd ignored every attempt, acting like the perfect gentleman and annoying the hell out of her.

And now he pranced into her room in the middle of the night? She wanted to make him regret it!

"How dare I?" Fenrir raised a brow at her, not at all bothered by the glares she shot his way. "First of all, it's my house. Second, I feel obliged to check on you when you call my name."

"I didn't call you-" She started, but stopped talking the moment she realised that it was possible.

“Oh, you did!” he insisted with a cocky grin. “Loud and clear. ‘Please, Fenrir! Please!’ and other similar niceties.” The rogue imitated the tone just as she remembered it from her dream, and now Astrea was happy that it was still dark in the room.

“I was sleeping,” she gritted her teeth and stood up, walking towards him.

“So, you were dreaming about me?” The corner of his lips tilted upwards slightly, and she wanted to wipe that smirk off his handsome face once and for all.

“Who says it was you? Fenrir is a popular name as far as I know,” she pursed her lips. “I know of at least ten guys with that name!”

“Liar!” He snorted and stepped closer.

“I never lie!” she lied through her teeth, backing away. “And it wasn’t the type of dream that your sick mind is imagining!” Another He.

“Sure, Menace, I believe you.” Fenrir, however, didn’t plan to retreat, advancing towards her. He was now so close that she could feel the heat radiating from his body.

Just like in the dream...

Astrea didn’t realise how close to her bed she was until she stumbled on the edge and fell back onto the softness of her sheets, with Fenrir chuckling, watching her struggle.

Breathing ragged, she looked left and right in search of anything to save her from embarrassment.

Her gaze caught on the gleam created by the moonlight falling onto the crystal on her bedside table. The one she kept close since she got here because Fenrir told her to

“Oh, Shimmering Goddess!” She gritted her teeth in realisation and snapped her eyes back at the Rogue King, whose smirk was now gone. “You didn’t!”

“I have no idea what you are talking about!” He shook his head. “I just came to check on you, and you seem fine! Good night!”

He was already at her door when she screamed at him, “Fenrir! Does this damn crystal have anything to do with the dreams I’ve been having?”

“No,” he stretched the word in an unusually high-pitched, for him, tone, “Of course not!”

She grabbed the crystal and stormed his way, shaking it in his face, “Did you give me some kind of... weird s*x crystal?”

“That’s a Nightmare’s horn! I told you that!” he tried to keep his face straight. “It suppresses the foreign magic on you.”

“And...?” She arched her brow expectantly. There had to be more.

“It may or may not have some... side effects,” he finally admitted.

“So, it makes me see you f***ing me every damned night?” she hissed. “In every way imaginable! You sick Eastern-”

“Whoa! It’s not supposed to do that!” Now his face was straight, and she choked on her own words. “Is that what you’ve been seeing?”

He furrowed his brows, and she realised that if he was still messing with her, he had to be the best actor in the world. Much better than she was.

“No!” Now her voice was high-pitched, and she swallowed hard, licking her dry lips.

Fenrir’s gaze traced her every move, and a heavy sigh escaped him right before he pinned her to the wall, looming over her with his imposing stature.

“Let me make this clear, once and for all,” his voice was low and husky, “I don’t need to make you have dreams about me to get you into my bed. It’s not as hard as you think for an experienced man to seduce a virgin, even if she is a big bad assassin like you are. It just so happens that I know everything there is to know about you, and you don’t have a clue about who I really am, so this will never work unless-”

His voice broke, and her breath wavered unsteadily. The world around them stopped spinning, the wind stopped blowing, and even the shimmering stars froze, expecting his next words to change everything.

“Unless what?” she whispered her question, looking straight into his eyes and seeing flames in them. It wasn’t the usual glow she knew from other shifters. The flames flickered and danced like a mesmerising inferno, enchanting Astrea and making her unable to break free from the pull of this man.

“Unless you choose to stay with me forever. Here. In Solace.” Fenrir’s face maintained an unwavering composure.

“Is that a joke?” It had to be.

“No.” He didn’t hesitate one bit, his eyes still locked with hers. “Stay here with me, and I am yours. I will do all those things you saw in your dreams and more. I will protect you, fight for you, kill for you, do whatever you want me to do. But it has to be your choice.”

“Fenrir-” She was lost for words. She expected anything but this.

He was so close, so warm, so alive, so god-damn good-looking, but all of this came absolutely out of nowhere. They’d known each other for barely a week. And she had never met a man she could trust before. Not like this. Not with everything.

She was about to say that she couldn’t before he stopped her.

“Get dressed. I need to show you something today.” He stepped back slowly as if it was painful for him to distance himself from her, and she still didn’t know if it was in jest or if he was serious. He did, however, pause at the door again. “I will wait for you in the car.”

Despite not knowing how serious he was, she dressed in record time, choosing an appropriate outfit for once. A white flowing dress and a scarf.

It was still dark when she left the mansion and saw him waiting for her, just as he’d promised. He drove her to the rocky part of the desert, where a chain of mountains was decorating the scenery.

Fenrir didn’t talk much, just like the last five days, only answering yes, no or dry, boring facts to her questions.

A part of her wanted to explode. He couldn’t drop a bomb like that on her and then play the silent game. This wasn’t right.

Another part of her, however, didn't want to raise the subject.

She couldn't stay. There was Niki. And all those plans to travel the world, tasting her freedom for the first time. She couldn't.

Not for a man she barely knew. It was stupid. So stupid.

But why was her heart racing so much that her breathing got heavier and heavier by the minute?

When the car suddenly stopped, and he opened the door for her, she got out without saying a word herself. Two could play this game.

Fenrir motioned for her to follow him, and she did, sensing that the sunrise was close.

The Rogue King placed a blanket on the ground and gestured for her to sit down. She did just that, and he joined her. It was always the praying time for the Easterners who believed in the old gods. One thing that she'd quickly learned was that, although Solace accepted everyone who wanted to live here and could prove themselves worthy, the majority of the people were still the Easterners who survived the Kingdom that Perished, which was once composed of several cultures and religions, a reflection of its location. They still prayed to the gods they believed in, and the ruler did not object to any of it.

Now that Astrea was thinking about it, she didn't feel that one religion was above another here. She saw people with Moon Goddess crescents on them; she saw that hideous statue of the northern god Fenrir; she knew about fox deities of the past and many others. Fenrir's tour introduced her to all that. It looked like a religion here was a personal matter for everyone to cherish on their own and without frowning upon others. She liked that part.

The first light of dawn began to pierce the velvety darkness, awakening something deep in Astrea's soul as she stole a glance at Fenrir. The majesty of the towering peaks, with their rugged contours and deep shadows, illuminate under a palette of warm hues. From deep reds and oranges to golden yellows and light pinks, the vibrant sky created a breathtaking backdrop against the mountains and the desert below, spread like a golden carpet.

It was a beautiful spot, perfect for a romantic date, but Fenrir was not making a move, keeping his distance.

Astrea watched him, trying to push the eagerness and disappointment at his lack of action deep down.

He was a target. Just a target. Nothing more than a target. A target. She didn't need to get involved with him.

"Wait for it," he said, keeping his composure as always, but this was enough to pique her interest.

"Wait for what?" she asked and turned back, her lips parting in surprise.

She could have never anticipated it, but she noticed two colourful hot air balloons flying up into the sky. She was about to comment on them when three more appeared from behind the sandy peaks.

Then more and more and more of them until a whole rainbow of colours painted the sky, a stark contrast against the desert's beige hues.

"Fenrir!" She grasped his hand without realising it, lacing their f*ingers together. "It's so beautiful!"

"Mesmerising," he agreed, looking only at her.

"What is this?" She didn't notice his focus on her as she was too busy looking at what was unfolding before her eyes.

"Yesterday was the night of the new moon," the Rogue King sighed as if it was explaining everything.

"What does it mean?" She couldn't tear her gaze away from the colourful display. She had seen many things but nothing quite like that. The balloons soared and bobbed gracefully, harmonious in their dance with the wind.

"It's a tradition here," Fenrir tightened his grip on her hand. "There are only couples in those baskets now."

"Really?" Her lips curled into a smile. "What are they doing?"

"They're trying to find their mates," he said, immediately getting her attention.

“A weird way to try to look for your mate,” she shrugged with a chuckle, shaking her silvery white locks. “Not that I am an expert, but there are easier ways.”

“Not here,” Fenrir’s expression became darker. “The protection of Solace blocks the mate bond. It doesn’t let anyone find their mates.”