

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 30

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"Am I interrupting?" Her slender fingers traced along the delicate neckline of the dress.

"Looking like that, you can interrupt my funeral. I would surely rise from the dead just to have a better look," Fenrir's voice got huskier than usual as his gaze traced her every curve. "Oh, you mean this old thing?" She giggled, curling her lips and stepping closer.

Fenrir threw the hose he had in his hand away, and it began curling and twisting, spraying glimmering droplets of water in all directions. Under the dull light of the lamps inside the greenhouse, they seemed like cascades of diamonds falling on their heads.

Laughter erupted from Astrea, but Fenrir remained calm, his eyes not leaving the beautiful woman in front of him, even for a fraction of a second. "You totally did this on purpose!" She giggled and lifted her hands up, dancing in the improvised rain, her silk dress soaked and clinging to her skin.

In two abrupt steps, he was next to her, catching her by her waist and pulling her closer, their breathing ragged as her fingers ran up his chest and to his cheek.

"Why did you come here tonight, Astrea?" He asked her bluntly, but she knew she was not going to verbally answer that question. She simply couldn't.

"k\*iss me," she ordered him firmly, and a low growl escaped his chest. "Why are you here now?" He repeated the question.

"Fenrir," she cupped his face, "if you don't k\*iss me now, I will die." Technically, it wasn't even a lie. The words changed something in him. For a moment, she could swear she saw fear, but she brushed it off, not quite believing he cared about her that much already. It was a crazy infatuation, an illusion. What they had here was special but absolutely impossible. He had to know that.

She was repeating it to herself every day.

Impossible, impossible, impossible.

“I wouldn’t allow that to happen,” he whispered and greedily covered her lips with his.

For a moment, they were the only two people on the planet, finding themselves at a place where their hearts could no longer resist the pull towards one another as the rest of the world faded away. With every droplet that touched their skin, their tongues sought each other as if their lives depended on it. They needed each other like air, the unspoken energy drawing them closer and closer.

Astrea wasn’t sure at first if it was the droplets that caressed her skin or Fenrir’s hands; too many new sensations at once made her question if she was dreaming again. After all, this did remind of her previous dreams about him. Passion overwhelmed them both as she heard his heart racing and her fingers laced into his hair to close the last tiny gaps between their heated bodies. She wanted to be one with him more than anything.

Their lips parted briefly to gulp some air, and his tongue trailed down her neck as his hands grasped her ass, lifting her up and sliding underneath the wet fabric clinging to her silky skin.

“Touch me,” she begged, and although everything inside him told him not to, he hadn’t been with her for too long. He wanted her, needed her, he waited for her, and she was finally here again, almost begging for him to do everything he wanted to do with her.

Fenrir brought her to a wooden table with new empty pots he had received a few days ago, and with one sweep of his arm, they all found themselves broken on the ground.

He placed her on the wooden surface gently because she was the most precious thing in the whole world. His eyes glowed red as he watched his beloved woman arch her back for him, hard nipples poking through wet silk, teasing him.

“Fenrir!” His name on her lips was always his weakness, and he captured them once again as his hand slid between her thighs, searching for the underwear... which wasn’t there.

“Menace, you little minx!” he snarled into her mouth, knowing that he wouldn’t be able to restrain himself for long.

“Please,” she tugged his shirt, ripping the buttons away to touch his skin, too. His scars radiated with a heat she couldn’t explain. “Fenrir-”

His fingers slipped across her core, one finding its way inside while the other expertly circled around her c\*lit, creating exquisitely torturous friction.

She tried to push her hips against him, but he held her in place, letting her know that he was now in control.

Astrea bit her lip painfully, trying not to scream from frustration, but when her nails dug into his skin, he was the one who lost control first, and a loud growl echoed through the space surrounding them.

Fenrir pulled the straps of her dress down, yearning for more of her flesh. His lips found her breasts, teasing them, caressing them, devouring them... all while his fingers found the rhythm which made Astrea’s body respond to him.

She clenched around him, unable to form words now that the pleasure built up at the bottom of her stomach.

“Fen- rir—” She panted, not knowing what to expect next.

“Let go for me,” he told her in a calm but commanding tone, which tipped her over the edge, and she screamed as he worked her through her release, watching her come undone as the droplets of water still sprayed over her exposed body.

“You are the most f\*cking beautiful thing in this world, Astrea,” he stated as if there couldn’t be any objections to it.

She watched him towering over her. So strong, so beautiful... with eyes full of love.

“More,” she whispered, although it wasn’t exactly what she wanted to say.

She felt that there had to be something else. Something familiar and something that would make those eyes full of desire and sadness lose the latter part.

But she couldn’t say it.

The bracelets glimmered in the lights of the greenhouse and she came back to her senses. This... whatever this was, was the most wonderful experience of her life, but- this wasn't why she was here today.

Although she was happy that she would have this memory of him in the future, her plan had to be executed today. For her own life and for Niki's.

However, it wasn't the time to stop yet.

"More," she curled her arms around his neck, claiming his lips again. His whole body was as hard as stone and almost unbearably hot...

"Sorry, Astrea," he exhaled heavily and distanced himself from her, his hardness evident through the fabric of his jeans. "Not like this-"

That unexpectedly hurt her. More than she could have imagined. He wanted her, she could tell this much, but then why was he rejecting her?

Fenrir turned away, and she jumped off the table, quickly adjusting her dress to cover her again as he caught the hose and switched the water off.

The greenhouse lost its magic as she stood in a puddle, not sure where her shoes were.

"Why?" she asked him straight because she needed to know his reasons more than anything.

"Because you didn't say you would stay with me," he turned to look at her, wet hair to his shoulders framing his beautiful masculine face. "You didn't say that you chose me."

Astrea pursed her lips. There were already enough lies and secrets between them. She didn't want the lies to be his last memory of her, so she said nothing, and a sad smile graced his face as his eyes seemed to lose their colour.

"See you tomorrow, Astrea," he said and turned away to leave when she caught up with him.

"Fenrir, wait!" she gasped desperately as she cut one of the strands on his wrist with her sharp claw that she managed to hide almost instantly. Beads

scattered around the room as she managed to slide one more strand off and hide it in the secret pocket of her dress without him noticing.

He didn't say anything, and she swallowed uncomfortably.

"I am so sorry," she whispered. "It's all right," he brushed his large palm over her cheek, cupping it gently. "I'd never hold it against you."

His words felt like a knife through her heart.

"Fenrir-" She called his name again, not sure why. What could she say now? It was time to go to that meeting already.

"Go, Astrea." He turned away and she couldn't find it in herself to torture him further.

She ran to her room as fast as she could, squeezing the damn bracelet in her palm and hoping that it was worth what she had just done.

*It was for him, too. And for Niki. She had to do it for them both, it was for the greater good...*

But why was it so hard to convince herself?

*Let's go, Nova suggested dryly, it's best not to be late.*

Her wolf was right, and although Astrea felt like her heart was breaking with every step she made, she kept on walking.

The days she stayed here were enough to learn this place and know how to avoid the guards, Warg being the toughest of them all. He circled around the gardens day and night, so Astrea had to choose to climb the mountain that served as one of the walls instead. Many would find that impossible, but she managed to do it just fine. Though it made her way to the Northern border longer, it was safer.

There weren't too many buildings next to the border, and the ones that stood here were mostly empty as they were to be used in case the city was under attack. With the secrecy of the location and the protective barrier, this wasn't much of a problem, so when Astrea saw four figures on one of the rooftops, she knew that they were her colleagues.

"It's past 3 AM already," Lenora scolded her when she got upstairs to meet them. "You are late."

"And you have already delivered the baby, I see! Congrats! Motherhood suits you," Astrea retorted with a smirk.

"Seriously, you have no shame, Astrea!" Adisa growled, crossing her arms over her chest. "How quickly you forget the months you spent in the pit below our feet. You're already talking back to us again."

"Excuse me?" Astrea arched her brow up. "Should I talk differently to you after how you acted during those months?"

"You killed Emma!" Dominica snapped, her full lips trembling. Astrea had no snappy retort for her. Dominica used to be Emma's ward. They had a connection similar to what she shared with Niki. She was probably the only one Astrea didn't expect different behaviour from. The youngest Dragonfly had her reasons to hate her.

"She tried to kill me first," Astrea admitted dryly.

"And we should believe you because... what?" Adisa let out a snort, brushing her hand through her short curly hair as her ebony skin glowed, reflecting the moonlight.

"Of course, she wanted to kill you! She probably realised you were a traitor! She had to at least try and stop you!" Dominica narrowed her brown eyes, her black outfit unapologetically embracing her generous curves. If she could kill Astrea here and now, she absolutely would.

"Ladies, we can leave all this for later," Lenora took the role of the leader. The role that was always Astrea's. They were letting her know the new place she had here.

"Yes, I have some news you should pass to the Teacher," Astrea prepared to distract them, but the redhead raised her hand, motioning for her to stop.

"Later," she said in a strange tone, and they all exchanged discreet looks. As if they couldn't wait for something important.

"I think we should-" Astrea was testing her luck again.

“Dragonfly Circle first!” Lenora interrupted her. “What if we are attacked soon? We need to recharge our powers.”

Astrea hated this. Recharge wasn't the word she would use for the ritual.

The snake tattoo on her neck tingled for the first time in a while, making her shiver. She was probably too close to the border.

Just then, she remembered Fenrir's words again...