

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 32

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### Chapter 32. Midnight

A sharp wind blew straight into Astrea's face as Dominica charged at her first without warning, wielding her twin daggers with deadly accuracy. For someone with generous curves, she always moved unexpectedly fast, making Astrea work to remain in one piece. When Lenora and Adissa joined her with their own weapons of choice, Astrea could barely manage to dodge their group attacks. They worked as one sleek, perfect machine. It did not help that she had charged them while they drained her of her strength. It may have been the last time they ever did it, but she could still feel the consequences of their deception. Her instincts were duller, her movements not as sharp as she needed them against these opponents.

Lenora was armed with a slender sword, each move carefully choreographed to perfection just as she practised it for many many years. Her stands were fluid and precise, each swing of her blade a testament to the years of discipline and mastery. Adissa was using a whip trying to capture Astrea's arms or feet, or at least s\*\*\*h her skin open, but luckily they weren't the only ones who had trained for many years.

This was probably the first time Astrea was happy that she was indeed Joran's favourite, because thanks to that she learned from him personally, mastering every technique her opponents were using today, even before they arrived on the Firstborn Island.

The three women she fought were fuelled by jealousy and hatred.

Well, she was fighting for something much better.

From the moment they mentioned their plan regarding killing Fenrir, Astrea knew she would die before she would let that happen.

She did not tell him she chose him, but she was certainly choosing him now over everything else. Although she knew she had to leave, at least she could ensure his and Solace's safety first.

Astrea quickly knelt and extracted her twin blades from her boots, cutting Dominica's heel tendon just before she jumped off the roof.

The border was very close, and she wanted to get them there. Technically, her plan could still work if she got them out. They would forget everything that happened in Solace, and she could lie to them that they escaped an attack. If she remembered what to tell them, of course. This was a problem for later, though.

Lenora's blade cut air right next to her ear, but Astrea managed to block the next swing of the sword. However, this time the whip managed to lash her wrist, knocking one of her knives out of it and wrapping around it tightly, pulling her back.

She blocked another attack, but this time Lenora managed to kick her in the stomach, forcing her to kneel. Dominica was already on her way, her foot only half healed but enough to continue the battle.

Astrea grasped the whip and pulled it roughly towards herself, making Adissa land face down on the sand. Another swing of Lenora's sword came way too close, and she grabbed her arm, losing another one of her daggers in the process.

This wasn't going well. Astrea wished she could set them on fire again, but counting on the miracle repeating itself so shortly was silly.

She tried to free her wrist from the whip while Adissa was standing up, at the same time grasping Lenora's right hand to prevent her from new attacks. She noticed a thin black thread with a single bead on Lenora's wrist, and it made her furrow her brows in confusion. This was definitely new. And she hadn't noticed it before.

The confusion cost her a few priceless seconds, and a sharp pain pierced her left side, causing her to let out a soundless pant. Ruby drops of blood fell on the golden sand next to her feet, and this was when the whip hit her, preventing from defending her again with her arm.

"A little slice here and there wouldn't hurt!" Dominica offered her a cruel cold smile as she twisted the dagger in her flesh, forcing her to scream.

Lenora was already behind her, kicking her down on her knees and ready to wound her more. They all knew that it was better to be safe than sorry.

"Agreed," the redhead was about to stab her thighs where it would hurt the most and have to heal the longest.

Astrea cursed at herself inwardly. She shouldn't have let them form the Dragonfly circle at all. This was her biggest mistake today. After not telling Fenrir how she felt to his face.

Breathing ragged, she needed at least a few seconds to regain her strength. A few seconds that none of them planned to give her. "Cut the tendons in both her arms and legs!" Adissa pulled the whip higher to make sure she couldn't do anything with the captured hand.

Astrea heard her own heart racing in her ears... and a rhythm of hooves on sand joining it.

Disoriented, she was sure it was just an illusion at first. Yet the whip holding her trembled, meaning that Adissa lost her composure.

"What the f\*ck is this?" Lenora snapped her hand in the direction of the dark sand cloud.

"Relax, it's not a wolf or anything dangerous," Dominica twisted the blade again, and Astrea whimpered. The desert was illuminated with a soft teal and purple glow. Not bright at all, and for some reason menacing...

"It's a—" Adissa was lost for words as the nightmare unicorn finally galloped out of the darkness.

Even Astrea gasped when she saw it, because today it looked nothing like the last time. Its ebony coat shimmered with hues of teal, purple and black as if the shadows themselves had been woven into its majestic form. Eyes the colour of smouldering amethysts glowed with an intensity that mirrored the inferno of its dark soul. It was the night itself.

Nightmare Incarnate. And its horn was pointed straight at Adissa.

The girl didn't manage to scream or move before she found herself pierced by the deadly unicorn's horn and thrown away, breathless. Lifeless.

Lenora hesitated, but Astrea did not. It's not like she saw a Nightmare for the first time. She twisted her arm, ignoring the pain in her side and grasped some sand, throwing it in Dominica's eyes. That finally had her let go of the dagger.

"What the hell?" the redhead was about to raise her sword, but Astrea took the dagger out of her side and plunged it right into Lenora's chest. Mere

seconds passed, and she could feel the vibrations of her heart beating...  
Once, twice...

Dominica scrambled to her feet, panic written all over her face.

One would have to do, Astrea thought to herself, but the Nightmare was coming back. Its horn still glistened with Adissa's blood, sharp teeth ready to destroy.

They were right next to the border; Astrea could feel it with her skin and bones. And despite all the hatred Dominica had for her, she couldn't find it in herself to kill her. Not like that.

Before she could change her mind, Astrea got the bracelet out with a note to Joran in case of a force major like this one and put it onto the startled girl's wrist.

"Run!" she commanded. "Shift and run!"

Dominica's lips parted, but the Nightmare's neighing brought her to her senses. She couldn't fight that... not without the dragonfly power.

"Go!" Astrea pushed her, and this time, she obeyed, running away as fast as she could.

Astrea wasn't sure how this memory barrier of Solace worked, but she hoped she didn't just make the biggest mistake of her life.

Dominica would forget everything and return to the Firstborn Island, alone and confused, giving her at least a few days to think of what to do next.

She could only hope she didn't blow it for Niki and her...

The Nightmare stopped right next to her, and she flinched when she saw it, not a trace of the beauty from their first meeting. As if reading her mind, the creature shifted back to its more presentable form, his long hair turned from clouds of darkness to pure silk in just an instant, and it tucked its nose into Astrea's chest.

"You like me indeed," she hissed in pain as she laced her fingers through his mane. The Nightmare's eyes locked with her, and she could tell this had happened before. "Midnight," she said, and the unicorn bowed its head to her.

Blood was gushing out of her, and that took her attention away from the fact that she somehow knew the name. There were more pressing matters now.

What was she to do with all this mess?

“Astrea?” Fenrir’s voice cut through the air and she turned, eliciting more pain from her wounds than she expected, Midnight giving her something to lean on.

“Fen— or—” She didn’t know whether to cry or smile. Devoss, Bash, Salome and Kara appeared right behind him, taking in the scene with shocked expressions.

“What happened?” He wanted to walk towards her, but Bash and Salome grasped both his arms, trying to prevent him from doing so,

“Fenrir, what does it look like?” Salome said, knitting her dark brows together. “Look around. She betrayed us! Isn’t this the woman she was helping yesterday?”

Astrea’s lips twitched with the realisation that all of this didn’t look good. Would he ever believe her if she told him the truth? His eyes went to the blood pouring down her waist and hips, and he ran over, catching her in his arms before she fell.

“Fenrir, you can’t ignore it!” Bash insisted, lifting Lenora’s arm to show something to him. “This is how she used the beads she stole from you.”

Astrea watched in horror how the situation developed. She did no such thing. They had beads, but she wasn’t the one to give them to these women.

Their eyes locked, and there was so much pain in his.

“What did you do?” She couldn’t tell if Fenrir was angry or worried.

“I chose you,” she whispered before the darkness finally overpowered her.