

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 35

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Chapter 35. Part 1.

"Oh, Goddess!" Astrea found it difficult to breathe because, for a moment there, she thought it was all a product of her inflamed imagination.

Did Fenrir just call Joran his brother?

How was this even possible? This couldn't be real!

"You are brothers," she said aloud to try and make the words real. So many thoughts circled through her mind that she didn't notice how she grasped his hand and squeezed it tight.

As if it could help her.

"Yes." Fenrir was ready to curse himself for the slip-up. It was so dangerous. Too dangerous. He had experience with this and knew that any information had to be revealed carefully; otherwise, the consequences could be brutal.

"This means—" Her sky-blue eyes met his, and he felt a prickle of guilt. "This means he knew precisely where he was sending me."

"Not exactly," Fenrir shook his head, "We lost touch decades ago. He found out I was in the East when you arrived here."

"Decades," she muttered to herself while staring at him.

She knew for quite some time that her Teacher was more than just a shifter. He was something else entirely. He did not get old, and his powers didn't match any species. He was a dragon, yet he was too different from any other known dragon shifter in history.

Which could only mean that Fenrir was the same. Different from any other wolf.

"Fen—rir—" She tasted his name on her tongue again, getting a completely new flavour this time. "Oh, my god—"

Astrea was lost for words as the realisation finally sunk in. “You are the wolf god Fenrir!” she gasped, letting go of his hand. This changed everything!

He lowered his gaze before answering her in a low voice. “Yes.”

“Why didn’t you— tell me?”

Partially she knew why. Who was she to be informed of such things?

And yet... he chose her. He wanted her. He told this to her time after time.

A whirlwind of emotions struck her. All the puzzle pieces were falling in their places.

It finally made sense. Of course... only a deity could keep Solace protected like this. No witches were ever able to do anything of this magnitude.

He had immense powers...

“Astrea, I couldn’t,” he found her hand again, lacing their fingers together. “It’s not that simple.” “Are you serious? This is all you are going to give me?” She raised her brow at him but not a muscle flinched on his face.

“All in due time, Astrea. You are too fragile to—”

“Oh,” she huffed a laugh, “that’s a first for me! Do you really think I am that fragile to handle a grown-up conversation after everything I’ve been through?”

“Of course not,” he shook his head, “It’s more complicated than that.”

“I bet it is! You are a freaking god, Fenrir!” She chuckled darkly. “And so is the man who trained me! Is this a coincidence?”

“I highly doubt it,” Fenrir responded honestly, but it still wasn’t enough.

“Tell me everything I need to know!” She demanded.

“Astrea, I can’t! Not like this. You need to remember everything yourself,” he said sternly, running his hand through his hair. “Just trust me on this one, okay? If we rush, you can pay a high price for this. And I can’t— I can’t lose you. Not again.”

She stared at him, searching his face for the answers she so desperately needed. She could already feel the truth, but deep inside, she was afraid even to assume it was possible.

“You need to get some rest,” he cupped her cheek, stroking his thumb over her delicate skin. “We will talk more in the morning, okay?”

Astrea didn’t like this “solution” but nodded at him nonetheless. After all, she did need time to think of what was happening. She had to process it all.

Fenrir found himself back in the greenhouse in no time, his heart racing like crazy. Pacing back and forth between the plants, he couldn’t forget the disappointment on her face.

He hated that he couldn’t just pour all the memories into her in one go. He hated this waiting game. He hated to feel this powerless. Just like back then...

Not thinking twice, Fenrir swung his arms, shattering glass panes and sending shards flying in all directions. Pot after pot, stand after stand, he ruined them all one by one to appease the anger rising inside him. The once vibrant and meticulously arranged plants were now crushed under his relentless fury, their delicate leaves and blossoms reduced to debris.

He was breathing heavily when he noticed her.

Astrea was watching him quietly from the doorway.

“You— how long have you been here?” His voice broke in the middle of the sentence.

It couldn’t have gotten any worse. Now she saw him in such a state.

“Long enough,” Astrea stepped carefully between the shards, and only now Fenrir noticed that her feet were bare as she only had his shirt on. He sprinted towards her, picking her up as if she weighed nothing and looking around for a safe place to put her on.

Ironically, he destroyed them all.

“I am fine,” she whispered while he held her with just one arm, lifting a table he knocked over with another. After carefully inspecting it, he sat her on the top of it, eyes searching all over her body for cuts.

“Are you sure?” he asked, avoiding her gaze.

“Fenrir—” Astrea tilted her head, realising what he was doing.

“The glass was everywhere—” he muttered as she caught his hand and pointed at a long cut on his wrists. “Look at this,” she glided her fingers over his skin, watching how the wound healed faster than it should have. “It’s nothing.” He tried to hide his hand from her, and she placed her hand on his chest instead, arousing all kinds of emotions in him.

“I remember you, Fenrir,” she said, catching him off-guard.

He thought he was ready for this, but he was mistaken.

“You— remember?” His discerning gaze was searching for answers.

Astrea was still watching his wound disappearing, and when it was done leaving no trace, she placed something cold into his hand.

“That’s not to suppress my tattoo, is it?” She offered a reproachful look as he found Midnight’s old crystal horn in his palm, swallowing hard.

“You caught me.” Fenrir let out a low chuckle, meeting her gaze.

“That Nightmare helps to jog my memories,” she furrowed her brows, the tension between them rising. “And you knew exactly what you were doing when you gave it to me.”

“Maybe.” A smirk curled his lips. “The question is, Astrea, did it help?”

“I remember that I loved you,” she said bluntly, and it made his heart clench painfully. It’s been so long since he heard these words from her.

“Anything else?” It was too early to be agitated. He knew better than raise his hopes up.

“You loved me too.” Astrea’s lips trembled. “And Midnight was there.”

He waited for more, only to realise that she didn’t remember anything else, the disappointment almost breaking him.

“That’s good,” he smiled, cupping her cheek. “Very good. Hopefully, soon you will remember more.”

He wanted to walk away, when she caught his arm, pulling him back.

“Astrea, I am sorry—” He was about to apologise and find a way to escape when their eyes locked, and he saw determination in hers.

“You said that all I need to do is choose you,” she reminded him. “Well, guess what, I did. I chose you before my mission and before my friend.”

“I swear, I will find a way to—” He was about to explain that he would find a way to negotiate Niki’s release with Joran in one way or another, but she interrupted him.

“I know,” Astrea placed his palm on her heart. “I can feel it, Fenrir. I trust you.”

“Good,” he nodded, knowing that he had to pull away but doing no such thing. “I don’t need the crystal anymore,” she breathed out, “but I need something from you.”

“What is it?” Fenrir couldn’t control the heat building up in him.

“Remind me,” she whispered, lacing her hands around his neck. “Make me remember—”

She covered his lips with hers slowly, sliding her hot little tongue into his mouth and exploring it gently. Like only she was able to, probably not aware of what exactly she was awakening within him with her actions.

“Astrea,” he snarled when they broke the k*iss to take greedy gulps of air, “I will not be able to decline this invitation.”

“Good!” She k*issed him again, and this time something in him snapped as his hands pulled her into him greedily, roughly even. He deepened the k*iss, the world around them fading into insignificance as he laced his fingers in her hair as if he was afraid that she would disappear any moment.

“You are mine, Astrea!” A growl escaped him in between k*isses. “No matter how much time passes, no matter who thinks they have a claim on you, you only belong to me!”

“Yours,” she confirmed, her elegant fingers working on the buttons of his shirt. He did the same with the ones on her shirt, tearing some of them off because they were too stubborn, and he couldn’t wait anymore.

At last, he was able to free her from the fabric, gently lowering her on the table, his hands all over her, kneading, grasping, stroking.

His tongue traced her jawline, getting all the way down to her collarbone. She trembled under him, eager for more, encouraging him.

“Please!” she whimpered as his fingers found her core, probing it gently.

“I barely touched you, and you are so wet already—” His eyes locked with hers, breathing ragged.

“You said it yourself; it’s easy for a man like you to seduce a virgin—” she panted, and he paused, circling his fingers over and over her sensitive bundle of nerves.

“Don’t worry, Astrea, I had your first time many times,” he confessed, “You are safe with me.”

“Fenrir!” The woman arched her back because the first release of the night shot rippled through her body, making her forget everything...