

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 37

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Astrea was sure she'd never felt this happy in her entire life, yet somehow this was all so familiar. It was nice to know this wasn't just another dream as she curled up in bed with Fenrir's arms pulling her possessively against his chest. He had a peculiar scent that she couldn't quite decipher. There was a distinct note of cedar wood, but at the same time, he smelled a little bit like smoke. Or smouldering embers. However bizarre, she would be happy to breathe it in all day, everyday.

It suited him.

They were still naked and still entangled together, and neither of them wished for this to end.

He looked so relaxed now. As if he slept for the first time in years, and Astrea loved that she was the one to bring this peace to him.

The door opened all of a sudden, and before Astrea had time to react, she heard clanking and breaking sounds. When she saw Salome's eyes full of pain, she wanted to help her. She knew that look in the witch's gaze. So many women on the Firstborn island looked that way at the Teacher. Some were ready to do anything just to end up in his bed.

"I— I'm sorry," Salome muttered, waving for the cups to go back on the tray, but it didn't work for some reason. "It's okay," Astrea was next to her in no time, wrapped in nothing but sheets.

"I am fine!" The witch snapped when Astrea tried to gather the pieces, pushing her hand away angrily, which brought Astrea back to reality. She didn't owe anything to Salome.

She was about to say something when the silver spear on the wall next to the bed began to glow, blinding them all.

"F*cking hell!" Fenrir swore under his breath, causing everyone to look at him. "Not now!"

“What is this?” Astrea felt a sense of foreboding looming over her.

“It’s—” Fenrir was looking for the right words, getting out of bed absolutely n*aked as if it was nothing. Salome’s cheeks flushed, and Astrea cleared her throat, overdoing it slightly to get the man’s attention. He swore under his breath again, and clothes appeared on him out of nowhere, which, she had to repeat to herself, was perfectly normal. “His baby is born!” Salome spat the words out, making Astrea’s lips part.

“Your what?” She gasped in shock at him.

“It’s not what you think,” Fenrir raised his hands defensively. “It’s just— “

“\ firstborn he has to collect for a favour he provided!” Salome announced bitterly, trying to blink away the tears that formed in her eyes.

That didn’t bother Astrea as she sat down on the floor, ignoring the shards of glass around her.

A million thoughts swirled in her mind.

A firstborn baby... A favour... A deity who was Joran’s brother.

She felt physically sick just thinking about it. She thought Fenrir was so different from his sibling but.. .was he? Her memories were not back yet to make a fair judgement. She was crazy about the man, but in the end of the day, she didn’t know him that well yet.

“Astrea,” Fenrir rushed towards her. “You cut yourself!”

Only now she noticed the aching of her palm and brought it closer to her face to see blood on it. It was nothing compared to the pain in her c*hest.

“You collect firstborns?” Her voice was barely a whisper as the colour drained from her face.

Fenrir knew what she meant at once, taking her hand to heal it.

“He—” The witch was about to say something else when he glared at her.

“You’ve helped enough, Salome, thank you.” He gritted his teeth, and the witch pressed her lips together so hard they turned white.

“I was just—” She was desperately looking for an excuse for her behaviour to fix all this mess, but nothing good came to mind, so she decided to change the subject. “If it glows, it probably means the baby is born. You have to go.”

Now that Salome was thinking about it, it was actually good. Thanks to Savannah Fionnlagh, she just got a chance to regroup.

“I’ll deal with it,” Fenrir growled. “Could you give us a moment in private, please?”

“Excuse me,” the witch tried to make an indifferent face. This time she waved her hand, and all the little shards and liquid from the floor got back onto her tray. One of the biggest pieces flew out of Astrea’s palm, cutting more of her skin, making her wince.

She left before Fenrir had time to react, avoiding the confrontation.

Although furious with his friend, Fenrir was more preoccupied with his woman. He was panicking because he knew exactly what was on Astrea’s mind now. She may have fallen for him, but she didn’t remember anything about his character to not be upset now.

He was healing her hand, and she couldn’t bring herself to look at him.

“Astrea,” he brought her palm to his lips and k*issed it gently. “I know how it looks but—”

“It’s fine!” She stood up, yanking her wrist back. “Who am I to judge the gods? Go collect your baby!”

“I am not going to,” he said, and finally, she spared him a distrustful glance. “Not until she is 18.” Astrea gave him the eye roll of her life.

“No, Fenrir,” she shook her head, searching the room for something to wear. “Don’t do this to a child! Don’t let her grow up in a loving family and then rip her away from them to turn her into a Firstborn warrior! I saw kids like that! They don’t do well! If you are going to do this, it’s best if she is taken young and brought up in the environment that—”

“I am not planning on turning her into a warrior!” Fenrir closed the distance between them. “I am not planning on turning her into anything.”

“Then why did you—” Her voice broke in the middle of the sentence and he couldn’t take it anymore, pulling her into a tight hug.

“It was an accident!” He assured her. “I came to the North to claim that spear, and it was buried in some dead guy’s b*ody. I hadn’t used it for so long that I forgot that property existed... When I grasped the spear to remove it from his b*ody, a jolt of electricity burst forth from it and revived the corpse. I lost my composure for a moment when he started to beg me for help, and I—”

He stopped, not knowing how to tell her.

“You what?” Astrea furrowed her brows.

“I kind of... joked that it would cost him his firstborn,” Fenrir barely squeezed the words out of himself. “You JOKED about it?” Astrea tried to push him away, but he held her tight regardless, hoping to wait out her wrath.

“I know, I know! Trust me, if I could turn back time, I would! I was frustrated and tired. And usually people never give up their firstborn kids like that! But it turned out that this guy was pretty desperate... his beloved woman had been abducted and—”

“Wait!” Astrea’s head snapped back to the spear. No wonder it looked so familiar. “Oh, Goddess, Fenrir! Are you talking about King Kai Fionnlagh?!”

“Yeah,” he offered her an awkward smile.

“So, you are the one who performed that miracle and saved him.” She finally allowed herself to relax in his hands, and he breathed out in relief, knowing that she didn’t hate him after all.

“I guess so—”

“And their daughter is the price—” She bit her lip painfully.

“I didn’t want this,” he said, “but words given to the gods are binding.”

“It still feels so wrong. She is their baby!” Astrea knew the king and his wife. She liked them. They were the ones she risked her life for.

“I know, Astrea, this is why I want to give them time until she is eighteen. It’s time for me too. Time to think of what to do with her. I don’t need another

woman bound to me. It's not like I am planning on keeping her as a concubine or anything."

"A concubine?" She scoffed with a raised brow. "Was that ever an option?"

"No," Fenrir chuckled, placing a soft k*iss on the top of her head. "There is only one woman for me, and that's you. I had all the chances in the world to be with someone else, but I know that my heart will only desire you. So, no. Concubines were never an option."

The spear started glowing again and Astrea groaned in frustration. It wasn't like they didn't have problems, but now there was also a baby. Savvy's baby. Astrea loved Savvy. It was quite possible that Savvy hated her now. Their last conversation wasn't great, and Astrea had to run away right after, but to her... to her, Savannah was a dear friend. Someone she'd grown to cherish. She'd risked everything for her and her family once.

And now Fenrir practically owned her child. It was weird, wrong, and absolutely unbelievable. Not to mention that none of them knew what to do now. Even Fenrir looked puzzled.

"You have to go." She sighed, imagining how unhappy Savvy and Kai probably were about this. "Tell them."

"You are upset," he cupped her chin and made her look at him.

"It's not exactly something to be happy about," she tried to smile.

"We will have 18 years to think of how to break the bond between that girl and me," he leaned down to k*iss her nose, "but today will not be a bad day for us. We finally found each other. It's a great day, Astrea. And I will return to you as soon as possible."

She couldn't hold back a smile because his words meant everything to her, but that smile dropped when he took her hand and put one of his bracelets into her palm.

"I wish I had a ring, but I hope this will do until I get one," Fenrir smiled at her, waiting for an answer. "Are you sure?" She glanced at him, realising that she still didn't confess she stole from him or that one of the dragonflies escaped with the beads. Neither did she mention that they came to Solace already wearing similar beads. "I am," he took the bracelet back and then slid it into

her wrist. "This is so that everyone knows that you are mine. And also, if the need arises, you can protect yourself with these. Each bead contains magic and can give you a specific power or ability. I have been collecting these for years. They are temporary, and it will depend on the bead size how long they last. If you touch them with the intention of using them, you will feel what they do first. The power will be yours when you crush a bead. But, Astrea, do be careful and only use in case of an emergency."

"Is that what you meant when you said they store things?" Astrea's eyes widened. "Fenrir, I—"

"Don't worry, Astrea," he cupped her cheek. "There wasn't anything useful on the bracelet you took for my brother."

She didn't know how to respond to that, and Fenrir chuckled, seeing her confusion. "You knew?" She felt so stupid now, thinking she could trick him so easily. He had been playing her this whole time.

"Remember that I know you and the way you think," he smirked. "And this is exactly why I don't hold anything against you. I— I understand your motivation."

"I am sorry," she muttered.

"You are not the one to be sorry for this," he k*issed her forehead. "Neither are you going to be the one paying for this."

"Out of interest, what beads did you give him?" Astrea's lips curled.

"The ones he would need the most," Fenrir chuckled. "Calming and wound healing." Astrea couldn't stifle a laugh, and Fenrir captured her lips, k*issing her gently at first but quickly turning into a wolf and an intoxicating storm. They were nowhere near done with each other, and soon their hands were roaming each others bodies again.

The spear glowed persistently, more intensely this time.

"Damn it!" Fenrir swore under his breath.

"I will wait for you," Astrea said, her breathing ragged and heart racing.

“Even if you don’t, I will turn the whole world upside down to find you,” he promised, eliciting another smile from her. “You are so beautiful— and mine.”

“Go,” she giggled. “This is more important now. I’ll be good.”

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Astrea had a long morning, taking a bath and thinking about everything that happened. She missed Fenrir and still had so many questions, but it had been hours since he left. It worried her, considering all he had to do was tell the parents that he wouldn’t be taking their child. Each passing hour made her more agitated because she sensed that something went wrong on the other end.

She couldn’t sit and wait even though she technically promised to do exactly that. But it wasn’t who she was as a person, and Fenrir claimed to know her well, so she decided to go out into the city and see if she could help in anyway. Or, at the very least, simply distract herself.

“Hey!” Kara met her on her way out.

“The last Valkyrie in the flesh!” Astrea smirked at the woman.

“You know what, I am honoured that you had time to chat about me while actively reuniting all night long!” Kara offered her a sly glance. “In fact, I am surprised you managed to have a full-blown conversation.”

“We didn’t,” the Dragonfly had to admit. “It kinda came out in between—”

“Ew, gross. Spare me the details,” the Valkyrie snorted.

“By any chance, do you have a way to contact Fenrir?” Astrea asked bluntly, not able to contain her anxiety anymore.

“Not really,” Kara shrugged.

“I am just worried because he was supposed to be back by now but there is no sign of him.” The confession wasn’t easy. She wasn’t used to pouring her heart out to anyone.

“He’ll be fine,” the woman chuckled. “What can happen to him? He is Fenrir, the mighty wolf god, an immortal who will, quite literally, outlive us all.”

They went the city together, having a somewhat nice conversation for the first time. Finally, Astrea felt like Kara could open up to her, telling her more and more about Fenrir's work in Solace. She was like a completely new person now.

"You don't have to try and sell him to me this hard." Astrea laughed as they entered the central street in search of a coffee house. "He will have a hard time getting rid of me now."

From the corner of her eye, Astrea noticed a group of people watching them and whispering. She tried not to pay too much attention to that, but soon two women pointed at her and that simply couldn't be a coincidence.

As someone who was taught to stay invisible when needed, Astrea knew when she was the centre of attention. And right now, it felt uncomfortable.

"Do you feel that something is a little bit off today?" she side-eyed at Kara, but the Valkyrie only shook her head in response.

A huge green car stopped right in front of them and Devoss jumped out of it in a matching salad green suit, hair slightly dishevelled.

"Oh, there you are!" He chuckled nervously. "Why don't I give you a lift back home?"

"I'm fine," Astrea noticed a few more people watching her and pointing their fingers. "We just arrived."

"Yeah, but it's so hot out here! Let's get back!" Devoss insisted, giving a glare at Kara. "You know what, he is right," the valkyrie changed her mind all of a sudden. "It is crazy hot today."

"We are in the desert," Astrea reminded them. "What is happening? Why are you both acting so weird?"

"Weird?" Devoss' voice reached an unusually high-pitched tone. "I don't know what you are talking about! But Fenrir is probably back and you have so many things to talk about judging by how the night went—"

Astrea prepared to reply something snarky to the man when a cold splash of water distracted her from the conversation. She saw an angry woman with an

empty cup in her hand, pushing a stroller with a baby in it, her chest rising and falling sharply and her face red with anger.

“How dare you remain here after what you’ve done!” The woman growled at her, her eyes glowing blue. “What have I done?” Astrea gasped, still shocked.

“You ask?” A few people surrounded them now, all looking furious.

“Shameless!”

“Traitor!”

The words stung, and Astrea’s breathing hitched. Not this again...

“Call her that again and you will die!” Kara snarled, giving her slightly more confidence.

“How can you protect her?” A man stepped forward, throwing accusatory looks at them. “You know she is responsible for the breach yesterday, and now Raja is under attack by the Southern Republic! They say no one made it out of there alive!”

Astrea’s lips parted in shock as the world stopped spinning.