

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 43

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Astrea had been to the South a few times. In fact, this was where most of her past missions took place. Joran was a member of the Alpha Convocation in the Southern Republic, and he didn't exactly get there by playing nice. Quite a few people had to disappear or be threatened for the Serpent to gain access to such a high position.

As a result, she didn't have any good memories of this place. This dirty job was never to her taste, even though she was considered one of the best in the field.

Joran watched her all the way to the southern capital, New Verum, feeling more and more frustrated every minute.

She did not look at him once. Didn't even engage when he mentioned Nikki. It was as if he was giving a ride to a statue of his Dragonfly and not the real person.

Astrea did not say a word when they switched to a helicopter; just a tiny tear blinked in her eye when she saw the

remnants of Raja, the city he destroyed for her.

They were supposed to land soon, but he still couldn't get a word out of her pretty mouth. He had never been disrespected this much. Not since his Asgardian days.

"There will be some changes now," he informed her, making the snake on her neck tighten its grip. That made her touch the tattoo he gave her. At least they had some kind of contact now.

"Fine," she said quietly. "Whatever."

"I don't need you as an assassin anymore," he said, and she turned away to look at the window, not acknowledging his words. "You will live with me. I will take care of you."

She visibly shivered, but of course, it was new for her. This was officially uncharted territory for the two of them.

Ever since that day years ago when he found her terrified, alone in the woods and crying, he knew she would give him everything he ever desired. Now, he was starting to think that she could give him even more than that. Now, he began to want things he never considered before.

“I am going to run for the High Chancellor in two years.” He continued explaining his plan as if she had shown some interest in the matter. Which she did not. Yet he knew her too well to know she was listening. “I will need to present myself as a good family man.”

A snort escaped her, which she didn't try to hide from him, causing him to growl and pierce the expensive leather of his seat.

“Do you want me to find you a bride?” She finally gave him an unimpressed glance, knowing she would get away with her reckless provocation.

“No need,” his lips curled into a smirk. He was happy to repay her. “I already have a perfect candidate. It can only tolerate one person in the entire world.”

He watched the colour drain from her face, painting it with utter shock. She knew what he meant without him having to say it out loud, and he was wondering why he announced it like that.

This wasn't his plan, but the words left his mouth as if he had no control over them.

“That would be a horrible political move.” Astrea tried to reason with him.

“Good that it's not all about politics then.” Joran chuckled, taking his turn to look away. He was completely off his game, and that rarely happened to him.

“You are not serious!”

Now they finally were having a conversation, but he didn't like it.

“I am dead serious. We will conquer the world together, Dragonfly. Just you wait.”

“I have no interest in that!” she gasped, annoying him more. Couldn’t she just play along for once? It’s not like she could leave him. What did she expect to do?

“Astrea you are bound to spend your entire life with me. This is the perfect place for you.” He offered her his best argument. “You used to tell me that you want to change the world for the better, and this is exactly the chance I am giving you.”

“I am not exactly marriage material,” she countered, hopelessly looking for something more. As if she could change his mind.

“And I am not exactly a High Chancellor material according to the South, but when did stuff like that ever stop us?”

She stared at him without saying a word, eyes full of fury.

“Take that snake off me.” The Dragonfly gritted her teeth.

“No.” He shook his head. “You need it for protection and—”

“Lies!” she exploded. “This is control! It’s not a protection! And what you offer here is not a marriage. It’s—”

“Don’t confuse the situation,” Joran had enough of it all, “I am not offering anything. I am telling you how it’s going to be from now on so that you can get used to it sooner. Your role is changing, and that is all. I am not planning to force you to sleep with me if that’s what you are afraid of, but you will forever be on my team, and you know it. Might as well make it pleasant for yourself and stop fighting me on every corner. I am trying, Astrea! I am really trying to make you happy the way only I can.”

Deep inside, he really believed in this. He did so much for that stubborn girl, and she had no idea.

“If you really wanted me happy, you would have never done everything you’ve done to me!” she hissed, tears burning her eyes. “I am not some—”

“Niki is already waiting for us in the Verum residence,” he interjected to make this stop. He did not want to hear about

her cruel training, silver pit and Fenrir all over again. Everything he did had its purpose, and one day she would see that.

Joran knew he lost her trust very well when she grew up, but he also knew he would have it back someday. The day she would see the whole picture. Luckily, he was a very patient man.

“Just let her go,” Astrea exhaled with some kind of desperation in her tired voice. “You know I can’t leave you because I failed my mission, and now I am at your service forever. You can let Nikki go.”

“Why are you so sure she even wants to leave?” The Serpent raised his brow. “She is pretty happy where she is now. She has a great job and—”

“What kind of job?” Astrea’s head snapped in his direction, but no muscle flinched on his face.

“A job that would allow her to live with us when we restore the Moonrise Kingdom to its former glory.”

She ignored the crazy plan that had already caused too many wars and deaths because she knew he was distracting her.

“Joran,” Astrea did her best to say his name and not call him Teacher, which seemed to please him a bit, “where is Niki? What is she doing? You said before that her Ascension went well, but she didn’t have a mission yet.”

“Her Ascension went well indeed,” the man nodded, the corners of his lips tilting upwards slightly. “I am still thinking what gift to give her, which makes her a perfect candidate to look after my Champion.”

A thousand thoughts went through Astrea’s head.

“You have a new Champion?” she asked, remembering that according to what she had heard, the white bear he used to favour before died in the Northern War.

“Still the same,” Joran admitted dryly. “Darius Bjorn. He lost—”

“Bjorn?” the Dragonfly gasped. “You made Nikki look after Bjorn? That psychopath?”

She despised that man. Everything she knew about him was horrible. He was the one who wanted to kill all those people back at the Luna Trials. He represented everything she despised.

Just the thought that Nikki had to spend time with him was driving her insane.

“They have a good relationship,” he told her and placed his large palm on top of his. “I want to keep him close, and she is the only one who managed to tame his temper a bit.”

“She is an innocent girl!” Astrea couldn’t find the right words to express her disgust. “And he—”

“He is blind. He will not touch her.” Joran said it as if it was supposed to be the end of the conversation. “Being blind doesn’t make him a nice person!” She slipped her hand from under his. “No, it’s not, but she does.” Joran had no intention of giving up. “Just like you make a better person out of me.” She was lost for words once again.

“You just slaughtered a city!” she reminded him.

“And spared another.” He smirked, causing her to stiffen beside him. “You didn’t think I wasn’t aware of that secret city built under everyone’s noses. I knew it was there. All I had to do was knock, and it would have the same fate as Raja.”

Astrea put all imaginable effort into not letting any emotion slip onto her face.

“I spared that city because I knew you liked it. So, you are welcome.”

She turned away once again before she did something she’d regret later.

“We don’t have to discuss everything and make all decisions today.” Finally, Joran felt like he had won again.

They were about to land, and he wanted their visit to the capital to be as pleasant as possible. Astrea would need a lot of time to adjust to the new reality, and he would have to keep her busy for it to go smoothly. After all, no one knew her in this lifetime like he did. Not even Fenrir.

Someone was already waiting for them on the landing ground at the top of the central government skyscraper, and he frowned, noticing that it was his old frenemy, Forrest Romero.

His fellow chairman was true to himself, wearing his usual strict navy coat with a high collar, his dark brown curls whipped by the unyielding force of the helicopter rotors. Hands in pockets, he waited as if it didn't bother him in the slightest, and just the fact that he was there told Joran that it was indeed an urgent matter.

The Serpent gestured for Astrea to follow him, and, to his relief, she obeyed, knowing that causing a tantrum here would not help her with anything.

If Forrest was surprised to see him accompanied by her, he didn't let it show.

"Whatever caused you to rush me here?" Joran went straight to the point, his hand brushing briefly over Astrea's just to check she was there. "And why the hell couldn't you tell this over the phone?"

"One would think it's obvious," the pr\*ck commented as if it was a plain fact. "It's not a phone matter." He waved for them to go with him, and after locking eyes briefly, they did. They reached a long, glassy conference room just after a few flights of stairs.

The South loved everything made of glass. Or plastic. Which spoke volumes to Astrea. Her heart belonged in countries like the Northern Lycan Kingdom with its old-fashioned charm and the East, which gave her peace she never knew before.

"Forrest, seriously, cut the cr\*p. What do you want?" The Serpent was losing patience. Forrest was one of the few who knew his true identity, and he didn't like to play around with him.

"We need to call an urgent vote," Romero said in a lower-than-usual voice. "Alpha Lothgar, the High Chancellor, is dead."

Astrea watched her Teacher go pale and a part of her enjoyed it. However, she wasn't clueless. She knew exactly what they were talking about.

The High Chancellor was basically the ruler of the Southern Republic. Although most questions were decided on during the Convocation meetings,

the High Chancellor was ruling the country in their absence. He was also the one capable of vetoing any decision.

Not to mention that this was the position Joran expressed he wanted for himself just a few minutes ago.

“How did that happen?” Joran snarled. “I put the best protection in place for him. He was guarded by my Firstborn warriors!”

“A heart attack,” Forrest rolled his eyes. “You can’t foresee everything.”

“I need two more years to prep the South for me taking this position,” the dragon deity closed his eyes, trying to contain his fury.

He needed people to elect him for his plan to go well. This ruined it because he failed to bring the North to their feet.

His ratings were mediocre at best, and despite being a deity, he couldn’t just conquer the city. He needed at least one country truly on his side for his grand plans to work the way he intended.

The South was perfect for that.

“That’s not the worst part,” Forrest said, and Astrea noticed he was enjoying this just a little bit.

“What else?” Joran tilted his head to the side.

“His son is on the way here,” the other man informed him, rolling his eyes, “and he wants to take his place until we have a proper vote.”

Astrea didn’t think this terrible day could get better. However, at the very least, it was getting entertaining. Seeing Joran’s plans crumble was very satisfying, even though her mind wandered to Fenrir every time she got a spare second. She could only hope he was back in Solace by now and had no idea what any of them would be doing next.

She was entranced by her thoughts when a strong scent of blue spruce brought her back to reality. It was incredibly pleasant and so strong she was surprised its owner wasn’t in the room still.

“What the hell,” Joran swore under his breath, and at the same moment, the tall doors opened, revealing a tall man with long brown hair looking directly at her with some sort of familiar longing.

Nova became restless inside of her, agitated with the sudden revelation.

“Mate,” Astrea whispered before she realised what she was saying.

“Mine,” the man’s resounding reply echoed through the glassy room.