

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

Chapter 53

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Chapter 53. Blind Love

“There is a giant fire wolf attacking the capital!” Some woman showed her phone to her husband “We need to go!” Confusion quickly turned into panic as fear painted people's faces, turning them pale. In a matter of seconds, a once jubilant crowd erupted into chaos, scattering in all directions. Frantic screams filled the air as people desperately tried to escape while Nikki stayed, searching for Bjorn. One person accidentally hit her on his way out, and then another one, almost knocking the Firstborn off her feet, but she had to search for that man because ... he was her responsibility.

If something happened to him – She wasn't sure what she'd feel if something happened to him, but something was telling her she wouldn't be happy.

Nikki was stuck in the middle of the crowd when someone grasped her and pressed her against his chest, wrapping large arms around her. The scent of Wintergreen enveloped her as she looked up to see Darius's emotionless face. He engulfed her in his giant embrace, placing his back against the fleeting crowd, and it took Nikki a few good moments to realise he was trying to protect her.

She tried to move, but he held her in place, his tall form serving as a shield for her.

“Easy, Strawberry!” He said, leaning slightly towards her ear. “The best course of action is to wait it out.”

“Let me go!” Nikki hissed. “It's your chance to finally get rid of me! Use it!”

She could handle herself. Astrea trained her well enough not to be afraid of a mad crowd. Moreover, she was the one who was supposed to protect him.

And yet he was doing this for her, despite his earlier claims.

The blind bear found her in this mess and now did everything to protect every inch of her as his fingers brushed her bare back.

“At least I get to see what you are wearing, after all,” he whispered, her cheeks flushing at his words. She was happy he couldn’t really see her now.

“W-why are you doing this?” Nikki’s breathing hitched. “It would be a shame if something happened to you,” he replied nonchalantly. As if it wasn’t a big deal. As if they didn’t spend months hating each other. And as if he didn’t say all those hurtful words to Astrea earlier today.

She lifted her head to look at him and realised they were finally alone in the hall.

How long had it been? She couldn’t tell.

“We need to go,” Nikki heard herself saying.

“Do we?” Bjorn held her as tight as before. “Absolutely.” The assassin knew she had to push him away, but despite that, she didn’t.

“Fine,” the bear sighed. “Lead the way, but remember – you owe me one.”

Her breathing hitched, but she took his hand firmly and led him out of this place and into the safety of the Teacher’s penthouse. But when the elevator doors opened, and she saw the view behind the glass wall, she froze from shock.

A giant wolf with flames all over his black fur was clearly marching in their direction, setting the sky ablaze with shades of crimson and vermillion.

“What is it?” Bjorn asked. “I feel the heat. I smell the smoke, but it’s hard to tell.”

“Frankly speaking, it looks like we all may die if we stay here. “ Nikki confessed, “I probably should

“Leave me and escape,” he finished the sentence for her.

“That’s not what I was saying!” Nikiyah protested, but Bjorn caught her arm and pressed her fingers against his chest. She could tell his heart was racing inside, and that did something to her. Something she couldn’t quite explain.

“That’s what I am telling you to do,” he said. “Run away like your friend did. You are not her. He will not look for you. Leave me and save yourself. No one would blame you.”

She needed a few seconds to process what he was saying.

“Please, go,” he whispered. “That’s all I can do for you.” Darius let go of her hand, and she felt colder and... lonelier.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

“I can’t go,” Nikki sighed heavily and touched his cheek, making him flinch because he didn’t expect it. “I still owe you one, remember?”

He wanted to say something and stopped before the words left his mouth.

“If it’s bad, you really need to go.” His voice rasped in his chest.

Nikki glanced at the window again, noticing the wolf was already gone and wondering if it was an illusion. Unexplainable things were happening today.

“I think we have a few minutes,” she whispered, and his lips trembled just for a second. “How can I repay you?”

He sucked in a sharp breath, and that sound held so many unspoken words that Nikki was sure he would push her away. Yet the werebear surprised her.

“I want to see you,” Darius confessed, startling her. “I – I sorry but-”

“Like this.” He stretched his hand, searching for her face. For a second there, she doubted if this was a good idea. Too intimate. Too close. “It’s okay if you don’t want to-”

Nikki leaned into his palm, and Bjorn shuddered because he did not expect this. Yet she did not pull away, so neither did he.

Her skin was soft like a rose petal. Just like he imagined. He brushed it with his thumb to remember how it felt. Not wishing to stop, Bjorn traced his fingertips gently over the contours of her face, noticing the curve of her lovely cheekbones. She probably looked insanely cute when she smiled.

Slowly, he drew his fingers over her forehead, then explored her eyes, noting how long and thick her eyelashes were. Then, he traced her little perky nose. Right until he got to her lips. So soft and full They probably tasted like strawberries, too...

Bjorn brushed his fingers through her silky hair, and after that, he couldn’t resist leaning a little lower to inhale her scent.

He shouldn’t have done it.

“You need to go,” he whispered into her ear and heard how her heart began to beat faster. Faster for him.

“No,” she touched his cheek, and he froze, too afraid to scare her off.

“It s dangerous!” he told her, his voice dark and heavy. “I think the danger is over,” she said, not even glancing outside anymore.

“It’s wrong!” he warned her.

“That we can agree on.” Nikki stood on the tips of her toes, pulling his face lower. He obeyed, and she brushed his lips with hers, gently, like a feather.

“Stop-” His breathing was ragged, and his grasp on her became tighter.

“I don’t want to,” the girl stated firmly, and he crashed his lips onto hers, demanding entrance that she granted without delay.

The world of sensations unfolded. Now that he couldn’t see, everything felt so much more intense. Her sweet strawberry scent intensified, making him want to devour her. His hands glided over her bare back, allowing him to feel more of her flesh. He wanted it all. Desperately. Greedily. Selfishly.

The bear beast in him was awakening. Nikki pressed herself against him. It was her first kiss ever, and had she known it would feel so good, she would have initiated it sooner.

Darius laced his fingers in her hair at the back of her head, not letting her distance herself. Not that she tried.

She wanted to be closer, wanted to be one.

Nikiah pushed him onto the settee right behind him, enjoying his confused expression for a few seconds before she inched closer, and he caught her wrist on pure instinct, pulling her onto his lap.

Their lips collided again, and a soft whimper left Nikki when Bjorn dipped his head in the crook of her neck, leaving a wet trail of kisses.

“Darius!” she whispered, digging her fingers in his hair. Bjorn froze.

He couldn’t do it. Sure, she knew who he was, but she didn’t really know. She didn’t see him commit his crimes. This beautiful little creature had no idea she placed herself in the hands of a predator.

He could tell it was her first kiss. Of course, it was. The Firstborns didn’t lead a normal life. That girl saw nothing, knew nothing. It was the only reason she was remotely interested in him.

He couldn't take her innocence. He couldn't do that to her.

"Darius?" Her heart was about to burst out of her chest, leaving her panting breathlessly.

"Strawberry -" he sighed and cupped her cheek. "We should stop. You don't need this."

"The only thing I don't need is you telling me what to do!" she insisted, angry as hell itself.

He sensed it and tried to smile apologetically, but his lips quivered and curled downwards instead.

"You will understand why I do this one day," Bjorn promised.

"You deserve so much better than me - than this-"

"It's not for you to decide!" Nikki's eyes were already burning with tears. He was doing it again - leading her on and then hurting her feelings. She had never felt this way for anyone before. He was the first one who had awakened this side of her.

"I am a - horrible man," he tried to reason with the girl who was still sitting on top of him, arousing desire like no other. Nikki may not have been experienced, but she knew what that meant. He wanted her just as much as she wanted him. "Maybe you are," she agreed, her fingers digging into his skin. "Or maybe you were. Who am I to judge? After you, they will send me on a new mission, and I will have to kill someone. And then again, and again, and again. Until one of those missions becomes my last one."

His whole body shuddered at the thought. She was not wrong. This was how the Firstborns lived. This was how they died.

The same destiny awaited Nikki.

"This is why you should run. Now!" An internal growl left him.

“They found Astrea, and she is ten times more prepared for anything than I am. If I run, I am as good as dead. Because he keeps me to control her. If I run, he will lose her and I will be the one to pay the price.”

Bjorn clenched his jaw, thinking of what she said and knowing it was the truth.

“You still deserve better—”

“You are right,” she finally agreed. “I deserve so much better than this! I deserve to be loved and wanted I deserved to have my body worshipped and cherished. And I definitely deserve not to have to beg the man I like to take me because this may as well be the only good memory I have this year!”

Nikki’s voice broke, and she tried to stand up when he held her in place.

“I just – I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Then don’t.” She claimed his lips again, and this time, he couldn’t resist.

Bjorn checked the settee with one hand, and in the next moment, he flipped Nikki over, pinning her arms above her head.

“Tell me you want this.”

“I want this,” she murmured, and that was all he needed to unleash him.

The werebear traced his tongue across her delicate neck while one of his hands lifted her skirt, sliding up her smooth, toned thigh.

“Strawberry, you – drive me crazy,” he rasped out as she arched her back for him

It was quite possible that the world around them was falling apart, but in this moment, there were only the two of them in the entire universe.

When his fingers reached her core, a sweet moan escaped her lips, and Bjorn gave her a smug half-smile. He drew his finger along her ruined

underwear, ready to hook it and rip it off, when Nikki reached for him and... took his sunglasses away.

Bjorn stopped in his tracks, knowing that what she saw could only be ugly. He used to wear an eyepatch over the eye he lost first or cover it with his hair after his late mate Ingrid told him she couldn't stand to look at the scars. And he was no fool to know that his second eye hardly looked any better after a divine weapon went through it. He didn't even have his long locks to cover it anymore.

"What's wrong?" Nikki asked, seeing his frustration.

"The glasses—"

"Weren't they in the way?" She blinked, afraid she just ruined the moment.

"Maybe we can use a ribbon or something instead?" He suggested.

"For what?" Nikki furrowed her brows.

"So that – you don't have to look at it."

"Why would—" She stopped mid-sentence, realising how insecure the man on top of her was about his scars. He was worried they would scare her off, and that made the young assassin bite her lip.

He tried to pull away, but she took his face in her hands. "It's fine," she breathed. "I like you this way. Scars are normal to me."

Bjorn leaned down, searching her lips, and she helped him find them, entwining her hands around his neck to get him closer.

"What the hell is this?" Joran's voice broke their bliss, and Bjorn instinctively pressed Nikki to his chest, ready to pounce at the intruder before them. Right then, he smelled a new yet somehow familiar scent.

"Goddess!" Nikki gasped and urged him to stand up. Luckily, they were both still fully dressed.

“Is this a joke to you?” Fenrir shot his brow up at his brother. “May I remind you it’s your clock that is ticking, Jor?”

Nikki still tried to fix her dress, even though it was perfect. She was sure her hair was dishevelled, though, and she couldn’t help but notice her lipstick on Bjorn’s chin. She never realised it could stain like that.

“It’s a private matter,” Bjorn responded calmly and searched for her hand, gripping her fingers the moment they touched. She was amazed at how composed he remained despite the circumstances, which gave her confidence, too.

“I’ll deal with you both later,” Joran gave them both a withering glance. “Where is Astrea?”

“But – She was with you.” Nikki’s brows went up. She wasn’t sure if this was a joke or a test, but then her eyes went to the man she had never met before. Tall, strong and handsome, he had flames burning in his eyes, and she instinctively knew who or what he was.

“I left her right here!” Joran pointed at the settee. “Use common sense! Would I be asking if she was with me?”

“No one was here when we came,” Bjorn interjected. “We were alone the whole time.”

The Teacher looked surprised, and Nikki had a gut feeling that something was wrong.

“I’ll look for her,” she said and rushed to check every available room in the penthouse, finding all of them empty. Her thoughts were racing. Astrea would never leave her. Joran would never let her go Yet there were no signs of a fight.

Just what was happening?

“And?” Joran growled when she returned to the main area, and she shook her head, confused. “What the f*ck?!” the Teacher swore under his breath, and the man next to him clenched his fists.

“Where is she, Jor?” he demanded.

“I- “ Joran looked at his brother with knitted brows. “I don’t know, Rir. But I will find her!”

Astrea felt nauseous, her whole body contorting, forcing her to open her eyes. She tried to move her arms, but found them bound by a golden chain to a tree. The chain was wrapped around her body several times. So thin, yet she couldn’t break it when she tried because she noticed how stiff all her muscles felt.

She had been here for a while.

“Wakey-wakey, b*itch!” A familiar voice made her shudder.