

8. Just A Dream

Astrea cursed herself inwardly. He knew she was here the whole time! He was already onto her.

She needed an entirely new plan but, sadly, couldn't come up with anything in the spur of the moment. However, there was no time to think, and candence was the key to everything.

Fenrir still stood by the re, hands locked behind his back, his whole body a picture of strength and power. He was waiting for her next move.

And she decided not to disappoint. Astrea swiftly opened the curtains with both her hands, the fabric owing around her, revealing her frame covered with a sheer expensive negligee and holding her chin high as if she wasn't caught red-handed. Fenrir slowly turned on his heels to face her, and she could swear his bright eyes got darker as he swore under his breath, jaw tightening at the same time as he took her in. The slip she had on barely hid anything from his gaze that was becoming more and more feral by the minute. The same way as the room temperature seemed to rise.

"You must be kidding me!" he growled, and the corner of her lips tugged upward slightly.

"My King," she curtsied, and he was next to her in the blink of an eye, chest heaving, but to her surprise, he didn't try to touch her.

One could say that when a woman walked into a man's bedroom late at night dressed like this, there could be only one thing she wanted. He had to assume it. Anyone would assume it.

"What do you think you are doing?" he snarled, his body emitting heat.

"What does it look like I am doing?" She gave him the most seductive smile from her arsenal. She was relatively good at irting. Her Teacher made sure she excelled at that, but this was how far her missions went. Usually, nothing more was required. Even when she was sent to the Luna Trials, her task wasn't to seduce the Northern King. She had to stay as long as possible and report what was happening in the castle that wasn't common knowledge.

However, today she was cornered in the worst of ways. Trapped with no way out.

"It looks like you came to the wrong room," Fenrir graciously gave her a way out, which confused her more, making her brows knit together.

Why would he say that? Wasn't the most logical conclusion that she came here to offer herself to him?

His suggestion made her angry, and she wished to make him regret his words even though she didn't plan to sleep with him in the end.

"Oh, you got me!" she giggled. "I was looking for Devoss' room. Is that down the corridor on the left, then?"

She walked past this mountain of a man, but he caught her arm, pulling her closer. She bumped into his hard chest, feeling every ridge of his muscles under the shirt that separated them now.

"Devoss isn't into women," Fenrir leaned down to inform her, his breath tickling her skin, eliciting a rush of goosebumps. His unusual scent of cedarwood and smoke enveloped them both, and Astrea closed her eyes just for a second, inhaling it deep into her lungs. Smouldering cedar embers came to her mind, and when she opened her eyes, she saw the sparks of re shimmering in his irises. As if a ame about to die was starting to burn with newfound strength.

"Bash will do too, then," she whispered, aware of their proximity far too well. Fenrir did not like her words because the ames in his eyes intensified. As if they were real and not just an optical illusion of some kind.

"None of them will touch you," Fenrir warned her, and she tilted her head playfully, arching her brow.

"Why is that?" Astrea taunted, running her ngers up his chest, which made him suck in a sharp breath. He looked like he was barely holding himself.

"Because I said so." Fenrir's voice rumbled through the room, doing something to her. Something she couldn't quite explain yet.

"Why would you say so?" she let out a chuckle, realising he was still holding her wrist hostage. "We barely know each other. Why do you care?"

She knew that it was probably due to the fact he couldn't trust her and considered her the spy that she actually was.

However, he avoided the straight reply.

"And why did you come to my room?" he raised his brow at her.

"Isn't it obvious?" she giggled, becoming more and more daring and allowing herself to brush her ngers over the tip of his carefully trimmed beard. The rough hair pricked her skin, but the sensation seemed familiar.

And pleasant.

"Elaborate on that." Fenrir did not look like he was about to release her.

"I came to get to know you better, of course!" Astrea grinned at him, thinking this would be his last straw.

"Careful what you wish for!" He warned her again, pulling her closer when it was clearly the time to push her away.

If he wanted to, of course.

"I don't limit myself when I dream," she confessed and found herself trapped in his arms when she tried to distance herself playfully. The rogue before her was watching her pathetic attempts with some kind of amusement.

"Neither do I," Fenrir admitted right before his lips crushed into hers in the most unapologetic manner. His hands roamed her body at once, only the thin silk obstructing him from caressing her bare skin.

That did not scare her, though.

It was perfect.

For the plan, of course. Not in general.

She did form a new plan after all.

Nevertheless, each swirl of his tongue in her mouth made her forget what she came here to do, and soon Astrea found herself entwining her hands around his neck, lacing her ngers in his soft hair and responding to his kiss with her whole body, some of her physiological reactions a complete surprise for her.

Like the heat that gathered at her core.

She knew the anatomy. She knew what to expect, however... Astrea had never felt like that before, despite this not being her very rst kiss.

Something about this rough man she had just met awakened a part of her she did not know existed. That part did not want to play or pretend. It wanted to experience.

Breaking the kiss, Fenrir grabbed the hair at the back of her head and tugged it to give himself better access to her delicate neck, brushing his lips over it in a torturous caress which made her whimper softly.

"Last chance to stop," he warned her, stopping just for her collarbone, their breaths ragged and eyes xed on each other. She could feel the fervour radiating from his body, his scent intensified for some reason, and she found herself shaking her head before the answer graced her lips.

"Where would be the fun in that?"

One innocent reply, and it undid something in Fenrir, breaking the last obstacle between them.

"As you wish." He grabbed her waist, lifting her up as if she weighed nothing. Astrea wrapped her thighs around his torso, unbuttoning his shirt as he strode to the bed. She needed the buttons intact, yet the moment she managed to pull the damn shirt off him with his help, she halted. His shoulders were covered with ancient runic tattoos in intricate patterns, but what caught her attention were the scars. Once upon a time, the man in front of her was brutally tortured and wounded by a sadist. Because... it was hard to scar a shifter. Almost impossible. The one who did this to him probably left those scars intentionally. Moreover, he had to try hard to leave them. Very hard.

"Eyes on me," Fenrir ordered, and she obeyed, leaving her trance. Her lips curled when she remembered that she was here to play a game. This wasn't personal, and none of this was real. She had to remember that.

"As you say, my King," she smiled at him, and before she could say anything else, he silenced her with a kiss, placing her on his bed and pinning her hands to the mattress.

She could feel his pulsing desire. The prominent bulge in his pants was hard to miss, but... None of this felt as horrible as she expected. In fact, she found herself enjoying being desired this much. There was something in Fenrir that called to her. It was too hard to resist him and not enjoy this.

"So long—" he muttered as his hand slid down her thigh to lift up the silky fabric. She could feel his internal growl when his ngers nally touched her skin. He moved them up to grasp her a.ss greedily and groaned into her mouth.

He gave her a break just for a moment when he wanted to unbuckle his belt, but at that moment Astrea took the initiative and, with one swift move of her trained thighs, rolled him next to her, straddling him to his own shock.

"I like to be on top of things," she gave him a devilish smirk and received a growl of approval in response.

"Little Menace," he snarled and cupped her bottom, kneading it as he sat up, unable to tear himself off her even for a moment. There were no words anymore, no pauses to breathe, only his hands exploring her body and her moans because, despite all her training, she couldn't suppress them. Not with him.

Fenrir tugged the strap of her nightgown to make it fall to her waist and immediately took one of her hard n'pples into his mouth, hungry for her esh. Astrea arched her back for him, lost in all the new sensations.

It had to stop. She had to stop. It wasn't real. It was getting too far.

He wasn't a man. He was a mission.

Only that she didn't want to listen to this rational voice in her head. Neither did Nova. Her wolf was absolutely ne with everything that was going on, and it was strange.

She dug her nails into his skin, and he released her breast, fondling the other one with f his hand

They looked at each other just for a moment...

"You shouldn't have come," he said, his voice hoarse and deeper than usual.

"I know," she replied, and their tongues collided again.

Good. It felt so good that she decided not to stop. Maybe it was a strange decision to have her rst time with a complete stranger, but at least she knew that it would be good.

Astrea knew that if they stopped now, she would be the one regretting this.

He returned his attention back to her neck, sucking her delicate skin in all the right places. This was building her up quickly because she knew he was moving towards the marking spot next to her collarbone, a place so sensitive that she couldn't wait to feel him there. The anticipation was almost as good as what he was doing to her.

His tongue sent a wave of goosebumps rippling through her, and she closed her eyes, ready to enjoy everything he had to give her, but at the next moment, sharp, searing pain shot through her body, bringing her back to reality.

Astrea screamed in Fenrir's arms, her delicate frame shuddering.

He stopped at once, his darkened eyes searching for the reply to his unspoken question on her face.

Astrea wished she could have said something. When his lips left her skin, the pain stopped at once, but she could feel the snake tightening its grip around her neck now, strangling her. She couldn't breathe. This time for an entirely different reason.

Not a pleasant reason at all.

"Are you—" Fenrir looked so worried that guilt panged her heart as she pulled herself to kiss him, moving her hips to let his bulge feel it in the hope of distracting him from what was really going on.

The snake was controlling her. Her Teacher was controlling her. The Serpent.

Fenrir's hands were back on her in no time, and Astrea got the ower pin that was still holding the top of her hair out. A dainty little thing with a poisonous needle inside.

She didn't think twice, stabbing Fenrir with it in the neck. The concentrated dose could put down three huge men. It had to be enough for him to sleep until the morning. And for her to get the hell out of here.

If he felt the injection, he didn't inch, but his hand wrapped around her throat as he looked into her eyes with that same kind of desire and longing as the whole time she had been here.

"That snake tattoo doesn't suit you!" he groaned and then pushed her back to the bed, towering over her.

"I don't like your tattoos either!" Astrea narrowed her eyes at him vengefully. She didn't like the serpent on her skin one bit, but she also wasn't in a habit of letting men criticise her for any reason.

"Liar," Fenrir chuckled and blinked, lowering his face to kiss her again.

She wanted to push him away as the game stopped being funny, but to her own disbelief, the drug nally kicked in, and the next second she found Fenrir's whole body falling on top of hers, pinning her to his bed while he knocked out on top of her.

"Fenrir?" She called him simply to ensure that the drug worked. "Fenrir, are you okay?"

Not a sound.

The King of Rogues was so heavy that for a few minutes, she was simply wriggling under him helplessly.

He was so warm and smelled so nice that she almost regretted stopping what was happening between them.

Nevertheless, her task was clear, and this couldn't be happening. She had to leave, and she had to make it look like she had never been here.

Grasping one of the bedposts, she used all her body strength to get herself out, pushing him with her foot to turn him on his back.

Carefully, she examined him, coming to the conclusion that the drug worked just the way it was supposed to.

Next, she had to erase all of her traces here, starting from the king himself. Although she tried to control her scent, it was still all over him because of how close they were just a few seconds ago.

Astrea pulled her slip back up and looked around, her eyes landing on a cabinet lled with alcohol.

"Bingo!" She smiled to herself and took two bottles and a t-shirt she found hanging on one of the chairs. She opened the bottles and started spraying alcohol around, knowing that it would overpower any weak trace of her scent she left behind. Then she poured some on the t-shirt and returned to the king.

Swiftly and trying not to look too much, she wiped his torso with the whiskey-soaked cloth, pausing only for a second when she reached a scar right where his heart was. His wounds were strange!

She heard some noises outside and decided to hurry, spraying the rest of the bottle over the bed and then placing it in Fenrir's hand.

When he would wake up, he would be sure that he simply got drunk, and if he remembered anything about her, he would think it was a dream.

"Menace," he muttered, and she got worried that the drug wasn't strong enough for him. She had to get out of here fast.

"It's just a dream, Fenrir," she whispered into her ear. "A dream."

He did not respond, and she exhaled in relief.

Last but not least, she returned to the re, placed the t-shirt into it, ensuring it all got up in flames. She checked that the hairpin was in place and then tried the window she used to get into the room again. To her surprise, this time, the shutters opened easily, and she was back onto the roof in no time, praying that she didn't leave anything behind that could give her away in Fenrir's bedroom.

She didn't stay in her room for long either, gathering shower supplies and taking the trip to the showers. After all, the middle of the night was probably the best time here.

She cleaned herself thoroughly, getting rid of the rogue's scent on her skin. Then she washed her silk slip for the same reason, and only then was she able to return and nally get the well-deserved rest. Evidence-free.

In the morning, Astrea woke up from the buzzing of her phone. The caller ID made her swallow hard, and she replied at once because she knew better than to let her Teacher wait.

"Dragon," the Serpent greeted her, his voice colder than usual which was a bad sign on its own.

"Teacher," she muttered, wiping her eyes.

"No," he replied, stretching the word as if it was a game. "Try again."

"Joran." She remembered their new agreement and got out of bed, looking for a robe to throw on top of her nightgown. She passed the mirror on her way to one of the luggage bags and froze when she saw her reection in it.

"F*ck!" Astrea swore loudly, forgetting that she was still on the line...