

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 25

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Chapter 25 ASGARD

“Like this?” Astraea asked, bouncing at the top of a ladder and furrowing her silver brows as she finished yet another set of runes. As always, Fenrir’s gaze was fixed on her after he was done drawing the signs on the ground for her to copy.

It was perfect. Astraea loved working in her glowing garden at night, and it was the only time when he could approach her alone. And it was worth it even, despite Tyr wiping the floor with him due to his tiredness during their battle training.

Time with Astraea was worth every struggle.

He knew it wasn’t meant to be. He wasn’t naive. Tyr prohibited him from seeing her because she was meant for another. At least these were the rumours.

But days passed, and nothing happened. No announcement, no proposals.

Maybe Tyr was just wrong about this.

“No, there should be another line on the left.” He pointed to where it should be, but she placed her f*inger on a different spot.

“Here?”

“No, not-”

“Here?” The goddess of stars was impatient, her star magic glowing at the top of her f*inger.

“No!” He chuckled and decided to use the chance to get closer to her. “I’ll show you. Just wait a second.”

“What? No!” She gasped as she saw him climbing up the ladder. “Fenrir, no offence, but you are huge. This thing is going to break!”

“It’s going to be fine!” He was behind her in no time, and they both froze from the sudden closeness.

“Here!” He pointed at the correct spot, placing his palm above her tiny hand and moving it gently following the rune. His cheek barely brushed over her silky hair, but he felt as if struck by lightning, while heat radiated from his body.

Astraea angled her head to look at him, their gazes locking together. The attraction was undeniable. Especially now that she was trapped here with his strong arms at every side of her.

It would have been appropriate for him to move away, but Fenrir did no such thing, inhaling her scent so that it filled his lungs instead. Her lips parted as she watched him and he leaned lower, somehow knowing that she wouldn’t push him away. His breath was already burning his skin as he was about to claim her first kiss when a snapping sound echoed through the garden before they realised what was happening. The ladder suddenly gave way beneath them, sending the couple tumbling towards the ground. Astraea gasped and reached out to him, but he managed to twist his body and catch her in his arms, hoping to save her from the fall.

What he didn’t expect was that the fall never happened as the air around them became thicker, allowing them to float instead. It took him a few seconds to realise that she was the one doing it.

“Astraea?” Her name escaped from his lips and he realised how tightly he held her in his arms.

“I- I got you,” she whispered, cheeks flushing from their proximity and their hair intertwining in the air.

Their gazes locked, and the world around them slipped away. They were caught up in the heat of the moment, unable to resist the pull that brought them closer. Astraea’s long white hair seemed to dance in the light, and Fenrir was drawn to the shimmering strands as if they were a manifestation of pure magic. There were no Asgardians and no Olympians anymore. No cursed wolf deity and no new goddess of stars. They were just Fenrir and Astraea and they couldn’t fight the attraction anymore.

One of his hands wrapped around her waist while the other slipped all the way up to the back of her head, fingers entangling themselves in her silvery locks.

Fenrir pulled her closer, covering her l*ips with his, and greedily thrusting his tongue into her mouth the moment she granted him access. She tasted so sweet that he couldn't possibly have enough of her. Astraea moaned into him and the sound alone undid something inside him, something feral ... something he couldn't control anymore.

"Mine!" Fenrir growled and her f*ingers dug into his flesh, letting him know that she loved this as much as he did.

They gasped for air, Astraea's heart racing in her chest.

"Oh my-" Her eyes met his again as if she realised for the first time what they were doing and whatever power kept them floating in the air dispersed instantly.

They landed in a heap on the soft glowing grass, Fenrir taking the brunt of the impact as he shielded her from harm.

Astraea lay on top of him, trying to catch her breath and find the words to thank him for protecting her.

"Th-thankyou," she mumbled, realising she needed to add something else not to look like she was thanking him for k*issing her, but in the next moment he rolled on top of her, pinning her hands to the ground.

"I got you too, Astraea," he smirked, leaning lower. "I want to k*iss you again. Tell me if you want me to stop."

He was looking her straight into the eye and she... didn't say a thing. "Thanks to all the gods!" Fenrir muttered and crashed his l*ips into the woman he craved more than anything in this world.

Fenrir returned to his chambers, but no matter how hard he tried to keep his excellent mood up, it was fading away with every passing second.

Now that he k*issed her and held her in his arms, he couldn't lie to himself anymore. It wasn't curiosity or a simple infatuation. He wanted that woman on every level imaginable. He wanted to claim her, make her happy, make her his wife and give her everything she ever wanted. This was something he never thought about regarding anyone else. He wished to be the reason that

wonderful smile blossomed on her beautiful lips. He desired to take her, to worship her the way she deserved. Fenrir wanted it all.

Sadly, he knew that every single Asgardian would stand in his way if he so much as dared to speak about his claim on that woman out loud.

“Long time no see, son!” The familiar voice made every muscle in his body strain.

Was it this month of the year again? The last time he checked, it wasn't. So, what the hell was this man doing here?

“Father,” Fenrir greeted his unexpected guest dryly.

All the illusions about that man were long dead. Although usually, Fenrir longed to see his father, today, his heart didn't jump in his chest at the sight of him. Loki could have tricked anyone into giving him anything. Yet one thing he never attempted was to bring his children back together again. He never begged Odin to change his decision. He never asked other gods to support him. All he was doing was living his life as if he had produced no offspring.

“Look at you!” The trickster deity hugged his son, gracing him with a wide smile that meant nothing because he offered it to anyone. “A true warrior! A leader!”

Fenrir would have rolled his eyes, but it wasn't worth the effort.

“Good to see you, Father; I hope you had a nice journey,” he muttered, walking past the man to his desk and wishing for nothing more than to be left alone. “Can't wait to hear all about it at the next feast.”

This was how he usually found out about his father's adventures. At celebrations where he wasn't really welcome. Or from Jor, who followed the old man when it was possible.

“Your words are like an arrow through my heart, son,” Loki chuckled, trailing him deeper into his chambers.

Fenrir dropped into a large wooden armchair, and his father sat on the armrest, observing him with a curious eye.

“Nothing like that,” Fenrir tried to brush him off. “Just a long day.” His father was not to be shared any secrets with. Unless he wanted everyone to find out about them the next day. And not in the best light. Sometimes Loki’s desire to have fun was outweighing his fatherly feelings, and it made Fenrir feel even lonelier here. For now, only his secret about seeing Jormungandr each month was safe for very obvious reasons.

“I’d say the day is long gone!” Loki smirked and leaned closer, “maybe that young starry goddess made you lose track of time?”

So, he already knew everything. That explained the visit.

Usually, Fenrir couldn’t wait to spend time with his father, but not today. For the first time, getting his attention or approval didn’t mean much. He had more important things to worry about.

“Did you want something?” The young wolf snapped, regretting it almost instantly.

“You do know why she is here?” The playfulness was gone from the trickster’s face, and their eyes locked in a heavy unspoken confrontation.

“I do,” Fenrir admitted coldly. He didn’t want to think about it if he could help it.

“And you are still pursuing her?” Loki said. Not asked. It wasn’t a question but a statement.

“She deserves better than that-” Fenrir forced himself to stop talking. He knew he was heading on dangerous ground.

“And you consider yourself a better option?” His father c****d a brow up.

“We have... something-” Speaking about his feelings was new to Fenrir, and his father was the last one he wanted to open up his soul to. Yet... he had no better options.

“Something,” Loki rolled the word on his tongue, tasting it. “Something isn’t going to cut it, son, when you aim that high.”

A growl escaped his chest. He tried to suppress it, but his nature was overpowering him at moments like this. Loki stood up and paced back and forth with his hands behind his back for a while.

“We don’t have to talk about it,” Fenrir said, tired of this... whatever that was.

His father frowned, a few wrinkles gathering between the brows on his still youthful face.

“She is a prize, son,” he sighed, giving him another pitiful look. “A priceless prize from a dying realm. The Olympians are on the brink of death, and she is their last chance. The previous goddess of stars is dead, and now this young child is wielding that huge cosmic power without understanding what it really means. They will only give her to the one they think can save them.”

Fenrir turned away to look out the window and into the dark night sky. The silence was deafening, and the only sound to be heard was the gentle rustling of leaves in the wind. In the distance, he could see the stars twinkling and shimmering against the midnight blue canvas. But as he gazed out into the expanse, something caught his eye. A shooting star streaked across the sky, leaving a trail of shimmering light in its wake. He watched in awe as it disappeared beyond the horizon, making a wish before he realised it.

“This is why I think it’s not impossible,” Loki said, and it took a few moments for his words to register.

“What?” Fenrir’s head snapped in his direction.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Loki sighed and walked back towards him. “If it was any other goddess, I would reprimand you now and make you lay low, but-
Astraea is Selene’s daughter. And if the Moon Goddess loves anything, it’s her daughter and her wolves. She was already interested to see you, and I bet she wasn’t disappointed.”

“Do you really think so?” Fenrir tried to suppress the excitement building up inside him.

“I think you have a shot if you play it right, son,” Loki nodded, finally getting his son’s full attention.

“Care to elaborate?” Fenrir attempted to conceal his curiosity, but apparently, he was failing miserably because a familiar knowing smile curled his father’s lips.

“Of course.” Loki rested his hand upon his son’s shoulder, giving him hope. “Join me and your brother when the time comes and help us overthrow the current rulers of-”

“Not this again!” Fenrir let out a growl of frustration. He heard all that before.

“This is the best solution!” Loki protested. “Just think about it. The Olympians will be happy to give you any goddess you want when they know your true power!”

“Ideas like this made them separate me and my siblings in the first place!” Fenrir retorted angrily.

“It’s ideas like this that can bring us back together,” Loki insisted, but seeing his son’s reluctant face, he sighed heavily and gave up. “Fine, there is another way,” he groaned, rolling his eyes.

“I am all ears,” Fenrir poured himself some mead and gulped it all in one go.

“Go to the Moon Goddess, and ask for Astraea’s hand before any announcements are made.” His father offered him a heavy gaze. “This is your best chance. Now or never. After she is promised to another, it will be done. And remember that you will only have a shot if you remind her of your wolf side. Also, your chances will increase if that conversation happens when no Asgardians are present”

“Like that’s ever going to happen,” Fenrir scoffed, knowing how the guests were always surrounded by people.

“What can I say? You are in luck that Selene is a night goddess. If you ask for an audience before dawn, you may be lucky enough to see her alone as she never sleeps.”

Fenrir tapped his f*ingers on the armrest of his chair and then stood up in one swift move.

“So be it!” he announced, storming out of his chambers and leaving the god of trickery behind.

Loki decided not to wait for him and went to the place he knew Fenrir would end up tonight.

“Did you do it?” Jor walked out of the cave the moment he saw his father arrive. “Will he-”

“He will try,” Loki nodded, sadness lacing his words.

“I can’t believe it’s this serious. He is going to make a fool out of himself for some girl!” The young dragon hit the huge boulder next to him with his fist.

“It may be for the best,” Loki admitted. “Fenrir is too naive thinking he can behave and get what he wants from Asgardians. They will never care about any of us. Each of you is alive only because they couldn’t kill you. And they would rather die themselves than accept you.”

“Do you think there is a chance they would let him marry that girl?” Jormungandr calmed down, seeing how reserved his parent was.

“No, I don’t think he stands a chance. They want royalty for her, not a villain. No one would care that they love each other.”

“Why did you send him there then?” Jor furrowed his blonde brows. “Because he has to learn that lesson, he has to experience the pain. And then, when he is down and abandoned, he will realise that only you, me and Hel are his family. Soon he will know that his plan will never work, and there is no hope other than taking what’s ours. On that day, Fenrir will join our cause, and the gods of Asgard will die.”

When Astrea disappeared on the first day from his radar, Joran did not panic. He knew that this was to be expected when his brother was involved.

But then she did not reappear on the second and third days, letting different emotions reign inside his soul.

“She couldn’t remember him so fast!” he knocked the desk off and sent it flying over the wall, watching it break into myriads of pieces. “And she couldn’t disappear with my mark around her neck!”

Without warning, he lashed out at the nearest object, a delicate porcelain vase perched on a mahogany side table. With a guttural growl, he grabbed it and hurled it at one of the onyx columns, shattering it into hundreds of glittering shards. The sound of breaking glass echoes through the room like a war cry, fuelling the man’s anger further.

He tried to summon the little snake again and again, but there was no response. He didn't feel it; he didn't control it anymore.

Joran couldn't do anything about it, and this was something he hadn't felt for centuries. He did not get what he wanted, and his little dragonfly slipped away from his grasp.

He closed his eyes and tried to get through again, to no avail. However, this time he had to think clearly. Fenrir couldn't hide her from him. Their powers did not work like that. Which only meant he needed more information.

"Call her!" he snapped at one of the Firstborn, and the latter immediately realised who his Master was talking about.