

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 38

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Chapter 38 (Fenrir, Astrea, Kai from Fenrir's POV)

NORTHERN LYCAN KINGDOM

Fenrir wanted to be done with his North business as soon as possible. Just the thought that Astrea was waiting for him back at home in his bed made his whole b*ody shiver with anticipation.

However, he had to deal with the baby first.

He always had a soft spot for the North. This place was his home once.

However, he did not expect a warm welcome this time. It was his mistake and he hoped to fix it one day. It just so happened that he was right, as always, because the moment he stepped into the room where the firstborn child, who now technically belonged to him was, he felt binding magic crawling up his feet.

A dirty trick. A trick that would never work on him, yet the worst news was that he recognised the pentagram on the floor. The runes, the style, the magic... everything looked like Salome's work.

He noticed more protective circles and signs around. The King and Queen of the North prepared to meet him.

It didn't help that he felt like the villain in this situation.

Just seeing Kai, his chosen champion, trying to reassure his young and beautiful wife with a baby in her arms made his heart clench painfully. He wasn't a monster. He didn't want to take the child. It was a mistake, but... the words given to the gods were binding.

He gave them a few more minutes before making himself visible, but he could tell that it was of no help. The new parents were aware of what was to come. The best event of their lives was darkened by the pain of inevitable separation.

Thunder rumbled behind the windows, thick dark clouds gathered fast, and the lamps in the room of the northern castle blinked again. Lightning sliced the sky.

Nothing else was happening, though.

“Maybe- it’s not today,” Savannah suggested hopefully, and the look in her eyes almost broke her husband’s heart. Fenrir felt sorry for him. Kai had similar luck to his own, always getting the shorter end of the stick.

“Maybe—” The northerner offered her a weak smile that did not reach his eyes.

None of them believed it. They could sense the power rippling in the air with their skin.

“Sorry to disappoint,” Fenrir sighed as he stepped out of the darkness, his voice deep and unearthly.

Queen Savannah clenched the child to her chest with one hand, treacherous tears streaming down her face at the inevitable encounter. However, she did not let the hormones cloud her judgement and grew sharp claws on her free hand. She wouldn’t give up her baby without a fight.

Fenrir would have probably smiled if it was appropriate. She reminded him too much of Astrea, and he could see why his champion was ready to give anything for her.

King Kai was now watching his movements, probably hoping that the trap they set up with the witches’ help was enough to subdue a god.

Fenrir decided to play along and stepped just in the right place on the carpet, allowing the couple to feel more at ease while they talked. Kai breathed out when he saw magical lines forming in the air.

The cage weaved with ancient magic appeared, locking him inside. It was a good one and he would have praised Salome later if he didn’t feel she went overboard with all this. What was she doing exactly? They never spoke of this. The worst part of this was that this Magic was not new to Fenrir since he had already spent many years in a similar cage, trapped by the ones he trusted the most.

“Rude much?” He arched his dark brow at the royal couple as his eyes traced the glowing bars of their trap. “It’s not like we had a choice,” Kai still couldn’t relax. This was far from being over.

“On the contrary, you always have a choice,” the deity countered, rubbing his well-trimmed beard. He was dressed in

a black shirt and pants, looking like a regular modern man. Insanely handsome, very tall, perfectly built modern man.

“The last time we met, I made a mistake.” Kai decided to cut straight to the point. “You think?” The God let out a humourless chuckle. At least they could agree on something. “I was desperate,” the Northern King gritted his teeth. “And I agreed to what you asked!”

Fenrir exhaled heavily, rubbing the bridge of his nose. If anything, he looked tired.

“See, I didn’t actually ask you, did I? I was joking!” he confessed, bringing the royal couple in a state of shock. A heavy silence hung in the room as Kai and Savannah processed what they had just heard.

“You- You joked about the life of our child?” Savvy looked as if she wished to rip Fenrir’s head off, but didn’t move. Wise girl.

“I didn’t joke about your child! I joked in general, and your husband here was the one to spit the promise in my face without any warning!” Fenrir rolled his eyes. He was so tired of everyone villainising him. They didn’t even say thank you for him saving them twice in the length of one week. “While touching a divine weapon, may I add! Didn’t you hear that the words you give to the gods are binding, Amarak?”

Kai lowered his head. Fenrir made him an Amarak, a giant ice wolf who was much stronger than regular lycans and werewolves. The child was the price for the miracle.

Their eyes locked and Fenrir knew that they both wished they could turn back time. Sadly, he didn’t have a bead like that.

“So, you don’t want to take our child?” The Queen cleared her throat, her voice hopeful but at the same time distrustful.

“I don’t want to,” Fenrir confirmed, not knowing how to approach this better, “but I will have to.” The hope drained from their eyes, and Kai squeezed his wife’s hand, trying to give her strength. “I am ready to do anything to fix this.” His voice was confident as he met Fenrir’s glare. “Let’s make a new deal. I will pay any price you want. Take my life instead. Take me. I will do whatever you want! I will serve you forever.”

“Did it ever occur to you that maybe I don’t need anyone to serve me?” Fenrir threw his head back in exasperation. “All I wanted was to live peacefully away from humans.”

“Then walk away and have your wish!” Kai insisted. “None of us would ever bother you! I swear!”

Fenrir snorted. “If only it worked like that.”

“But you don’t want her, and we don’t want to give her up!” Savannah tried to sit up higher and reason with the god before her. “What is the problem?”

“This is the problem!” Fenrir waved his fingers, and the cage around him dissipated while the familiar silver spear appeared in his hand, making the Queen gasp and the King bare his teeth at him, ready to shift any moment.

The air in the room became chilly at once, windows covering with frost. Amarok was unable to sustain his power, but Fenrir tapped the spear on the floor, and everything returned to normal.

A power move on his side. He had definitely just proven them his might, so that they didn’t test him anymore. “Gungnir,” the deity clarified the name of the divine weapon. “Your daughter is now bound to it forever. I cannot release her from that oath of yours until the spear releases her. And knowing how these things work, it’s probably forever.”

“No!” Savvy whispered, clenching the child tighter. She couldn’t bear the thought of separating from her.

“Listen,” Fenrir was already tired from this conversation. “I don’t need a child. Or anyone, for that matter. I will not be taking her today. Or ever.”

To his credit, the King and Queen didn’t smile. They knew better than believe it was that easy.

“But,” Fenrir pressed his lips together tightly, his knuckles white from grasping the spear too tight. There it was... the but that was going to ruin everything.

“But what?” Kai snarled.

“But the oath will not go away,” Fenrir admitted. “It’s not up to any of us, the fates will do their work, and when the

time comes, everything in the world will be pushing your daughter towards me and the spear. None of us will be able to do anything about it, and if we fight it, she’ll be the one to suffer.”

“Where does that leave us?” Kai asked, still trying to figure out how to process the new information.

“That leaves you with your daughter. For now.” Fenrir grazed his eyes over the child. Her place was with her parents. He really wasn’t thrilled about the whole thing. “Bring her up as you wish. I think the fates will give her time until adulthood at least, but once you start seeing the signs, you will need to surrender her to me.”

“No!” Savannah protested. “Callista will choose her own fate!”

“That she will,” Fenrir didn’t argue. “She will have to live next to me, but I will not restrict her in any way. As I have already told you, I have no interest in her. She will find her place in my realm, and that will be it.”

He really hoped that the Northern Princess would be open-minded enough to enjoy the desert life.

“But-” Kai wanted to counter, to say something that would change things, to strike a bargain... anything to free his daughter from this unknown fate.

“That’s enough!” Fenrir raised his hand, and they heard thunder rumbling behind the window again. “I came here to inform you so that you don’t spend every day of your life drawing witch traps for me. Tell Salome that it’s not funny, by the way. And keep the trinket she gave you. It will be useful one day.”

He sensed they had one of the witch’s old amulets.

Their gazes snapped back to him, confused and frustrated.

“When the time comes, bring Callista to my cave in the mountains. I am sure you know which one.” Fenrir turned on his heels and started walking away. “She will be safe, but this is all I can promise you.”

He felt like they had enough for one day. There was nothing to speak of for now, as he needed them to process the information. Not to mention, that he desperately wanted to return to Astrea.

For now, this matter was done.

Fenrir closed his eyes and thought of his little dragonfly, transporting back to his bedroom.

However, when he opened his eyes, he was surrounded by darkness, swearing loudly because this time the trap was a bit better.

“F*cking Gleipnir!” he muttered, realising that he was now stuck in this void of a place, locked inside his own portal until he can break the chain that caught him the second he left the King and Queen of the North.