

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 39

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ASGARD

“How dare you, Scum?” Vidar’s roar echoed through the golden halls of the Asgardian palace. “She is mine! You took what belongs to me!”

Fenrir did not want to grace that nonsense with a response. Astraea wasn’t a property for anyone to own.

He was worried for her, remembering how scared and startled she looked when this monster stormed into the temple where they made love, devouring her with his greedy eyes while trying to kill him. It was an ugly fight, and Fenrir would have probably killed that annoying son of Odin if other gods didn’t interfere and if the Moon Goddess didn’t appear to take Astraea away.

“What have you done?” Tyr whispered, trying to subdue and bring him back to his senses. However, that day wasn’t when Fenrir wanted to lay low. He didn’t know if a day like this would grace this world again. He was done with quiet submission.

Hearing Vidar spouting Astraea’s name made him want to wipe the damned Asgard from the face of all nine realms. Enough was enough!

They called the Divine Council to decide what to do with all this. They would judge him, and he had no doubts that they wanted to get his apologies, including an oath never to approach Astraea again.

An oath they were not going to get.

Over his dead b*ody.

The Allfather was sitting on his throne and watching the scandal unfold with a stern expression. “Selene gave Astraea to me! She is my bride, and now she is my fated mate. He had no right to—” Vidar’s voice faltered.

“Defile the Goddess?” Heimdall scoffed, offering the end of the sentence.

The words made Fenrir even more furious, flames filling his insides, ready to burst out any moment. It was so hard to control the hellfire coursing through his bloodstream, and the Asgardians weren't helping.

"Do you even need her now, brother?" Heimdall continued with a sneer. "She was supposed to be a virgin goddess, after all. And now she is spoilt goods—"

"Enough!" Freyja walked inside with her entourage, passing Fenrir without sparing him a glance. She was a kind goddess, he always knew that, but for some reason, she was never kind to him and he could never understand why. "Thank you for joining us, Freyja," Odin welcomed her as she took her grand seat not far from him.

"I would ask everyone to choose their words!" She warned them, her eyes glowing just for a second, reminding them she wasn't just a goddess of love and fertility. She could quickly turn into a warrior who almost won the war between the gods. Who knew if she wouldn't be the one to sit on the throne if they didn't agree to a peace treaty.

That finally made Heimdall close his mouth and bow in respect.

"Astraea was given to me!" Vidar stepped forward again. "She is mine. And I don't plan to refuse such a gift! I am only demanding what is just."

For a silent prick, he was talkative today.

"She is not a thing to be given!" Fenrir retorted, letting them know that he had an opinion too. "She didn't choose you! She chose me, and I—"

"How dare you interrupt my son?" Odin's voice rumbled through the room. He was imposing when he wanted to be, but Fenrir was not going to back down.

"It's irrelevant who he is!" The young wolf thundered, shocking everyone with his resistance. They were not used to seeing this side of him. "It's about her and her choice! She is a goddess too! Just like you all. She doesn't need anyone's permission!"

"Is that why you are speaking on her behalf?" Freyja seemed angry. "She doesn't need our permission, but she needs your useless claim? Tell me, Fenrir, what are you going to offer her?"

That was a low blow because, unlike Vidar, Odin's son and one of his heirs, Fenrir had nothing to boast but his strength.

"I already offered her my love and protection," he announced, raising his head high. "And she accepted."

"Too bad she is my mate now!" Vidar gritted his teeth. "She did not object when her mother bound us for life! Which tells me that she must have been deceived by you!"

If looks could kill, Fenrir would probably be already beheaded by now.

"That was her mother's decision! Not hers! It doesn't count!" He argued, clenching his fists. If Vidar wanted to fight, he was ready to give him that. "Take her mother then if you like this mate bond thing so much—"

"Shut up!" Odin bellowed the words in a fit of rage. "Is this all a joke for you?"

"On the contrary," Fenrir growled. "This is the first time ever I asked for anything! Astraea and I—"

"You ask for my bride!" Vidar charged at him, and this time Heimdall had to hold him back from a physical confrontation.

"She doesn't even love you! Why are you so—"

"She will never be with a dog like you!" One of the other gods spat. He didn't even know who, but it didn't matter much. They were all the same.

Fenrir was about to send them all to his sister Hel when the tall doors behind him opened, filling the room with a serene glow. He could feel her with his bones, his heart racing with anticipation.

Selene and Helios entered the Golden Hall first. Astraea followed right after, the attention of every Asgardian on her. She was as beautiful as ever, with her long glowing hair adorned with diamonds and silver threads. Their eyes locked, and he could finally breathe out because he could tell that nothing changed for her. She loved him today the same as she did yesterday.

And he would burn Asgard for her if he had to. Especially if they were asking for it.

The silence was unbearable as the three Olympians stood soaking in everyone's attention.

"Welcome," Odin greeted them. For once, even the All father didn't know what to say. They all needed the alliance, but the situation was tricky.

"Thank you for accepting us here today once again," Helios flashed his blinding smile, but the tension was too strong for anyone to reciprocate it.

"We want to say that—" Selene spoke, but Astraea stepped forward.

"My apologies. I am the one at fault here," she announced loud enough for everyone to hear.

Gasps and whispers filled the Golden Hall. Everyone was astonished by the brazen little goddess. "What are you talking about, child," Freyja smiled. "We have all been young once. There is nothing to apologise for. Having a lover is not a crime for a god. In your lifetime, you will have many."

A growl escaped Fenrir's chest, and Odin sent him a warning glare. At the same time, Vidar frowned, folding his hands over his chest. His eyes did not leave Astraea, and Fenrir wanted to gauge them.

"I only want one," the goddess of stars replied politely, and a few chuckles followed. They thought she was too young to understand what she was talking about, sure that they knew better.

"That's good to hear, considering—" Odin spoke, but he was bluntly interrupted.

"I am happy to provide an alliance for our realms," Astreae looked the ruler of Asgard straight in the eyes. "It's my honour. I ask only for one thing. I want to choose my future husband myself!"

Another wave of astonished gasps ripped through the room as Fenrir felt warmth spreading over his chest. She was fighting for him just as he fought for her minutes ago, alone against everyone.

"Astraea!" Selene took her daughter's hand. "But you already have a fated mate! My gift—"

“It would have been nice if you asked me first, Mother,” the starry goddess sighed. “We could have avoided all this mess.”

“Niece,” Helios tried to interfere but Astraea shook her head.

“It should be my decision and-i—”

“Very well!” Odin stood up from his throne. “We want a happy union, don’t we?”

This was probably the one and only thing everyone agreed on.

“So be it, Astraea,” the Allfather nodded, the golden eye patch in his eye reflecting her glow. “Any Asgardian would be honoured to have you as his wife. And in three days, we will have a feast in your honour. You will be free to choose any eligible god.”

“Even Fenrir?” She asked, ensuring that there were no tricks. “Yes,” Odin confirmed. “Whoever you see fit for yourself on that day. The choice is yours.”

“That’s— Thank you.” A smile curled her lips.

“Forgive my niece for being so... difficult” Helios also produced a charming smile despite his ugly words. Fenrir wanted to get to her, but Tyr stepped in his way.

“Not now.” He whispered, offering his friend a new cup of wine. “Too many witnesses, and Vidar is still here.”

Fenrir caught another gaze from Astraea, and she didn’t walk to him either, realising that keeping her distance for three days wasn’t such a bad idea. They have offended enough people today to display their affections publicly. All they had to do was just wait three days.

“Can I speak with you in private?” Selene asked Odin and the latter nodded in response. “Everyone dismissed!” The ruler waved them off, and although Fenrir didn’t like that those two wanted to speak without anyone present, he could also understand why they had to.

On top of that, he wanted to see Astraea, and he knew there would be only one way to do it.

Fenrir used every hidden path he knew to avoid being seen as he went straight to the Starry Garden. It stood empty, and he waited for quite some time in their usual spot before he realised she probably couldn't get out. Although disappointing, the day ended very well, and he couldn't complain.

The desire to see Astraea and claim her again was clouding his mind, but he knew that after years he spent here alone, three days were nothing.

He was about to leave when her voice stopped him.

"Fenrir!" Astraea appeared with her elegant skirt in her hands, ankles visible to his sight, evoking all kinds of sinful thoughts in his head. He knew she was running here by the way her chest rose and fell, and he opened his arms for her as she closed the distance between them, pulling her as close as he could without hurting her.

"What do you do with me, my little star?" He kissed the tip of her head while she tucked her face in his chest. "Tell me it's going to be alright," she whispered.

"Astraea," he cupped her chin and made her look at him, "I will die before I let them separate us."

"You aren't exactly helping the case!" She shook her head.

"Forgive me, my love." He leaned down to claim her lips in a gentle kiss, feeling how agitated she was. He wanted to reassure her and give her strength. After all, didn't he promise to protect her?

"Give me your hand," the wolf signed, watching her eyes widen.

"What are you doing?" The little goddess gasped when she saw him slide his bracelet onto her. Both rows of precious beads were given to him by his father and collected personally when opportunities presented themselves. "Fenrir, no," she tried to protest. "These mean so much to you."

"And you mean everything to me," he countered. "I want you to have it. In that way, you always have a piece of me with you."

She brightened a bit and he knew he did the right thing.

"Fenrir," Astraea whispered so that he could barely hear her. "I love you."

“I love you too.” He kissed the tip of her nose.

“I can’t say I trust any of them,” she confessed, unwilling to distance herself from him.

“Out of everyone here, I only trust Tyr,” Fenrir admitted. “He is the only one who I can call a friend.”

“Do you think he would help us if the worst happened?”

He didn’t know what to answer, because deep inside, he wasn’t so sure. “I can speak to him about it first,” Fenrir suggested, and his beloved nodded. “Try that. We need any help we can get.”

“That’s quite a mess you’ve caused,” Tyr leaned over the doorframe to his study.

“That’s one way of looking at it,” Fenrir replied with a chuckle, putting aside the book he was reading. It didn’t help to distract him anyway. “How can I help you?”

“I am afraid I am the one who has to help you,” Tyr smirked, waving for Fenrir to join him. “It’s best if no one sees you these three days. Everyone is fuming, and anything can happen.”

“What are you offering exactly?” The wolf arched his brow lazily.

“Help me test my new invention,” Tyr smiled, but for some reason, that smile didn’t reach his eyes. “It’s in a nearby cave, and no one can see it until it’s done.”

“Another one?” Fenrir rolled his eyes, but deep inside, he was happy that the god of war needed his assistance. It was a perfect opportunity for that conversation, away from this place where even the walls had ears.

“If I am correct, this chain will be enough to subdue Odin himself,” Tyr shrugged. “But I need someone like you to tell me for sure before I present it to him. Maybe such a gift would lift his mood up.”

“One can hope,” Fenrir snorted, standing up. “Show me the way!”

They walked deep into the mountains, and the further they went, the less Fenrir liked the idea. “How far away is this exactly?” he asked his friend.

“We are almost there,” Tyr replied without looking into his eyes. He tried not to read too much into this. They were always doing things like this, yet something felt off today.

“Is everything fine?” He wanted to hear the confirmation. He needed it.

“Yeah, sure,” Tyr insisted, letting out a laugh just like usual. “If anything is wrong, you can take my arm off.”

“What would I do with your arm?” Fenrir burst out laughing. “Only scratch my ass, but it’s too good for your hands.”

They joked some more on their way to the cave’s entrance, and Fenrir was relieved that all his worry was just in his imagination.

Until something heavy bound his feet without any forewarning, and then his thighs, getting his hands too before he could do anything about it.

“Tyr, what the f’ck?” he growled, trying to free himself, but it proved impossible. He tried to reach his wrist to get the beads... only to realise his mistake.

“Tyr?” he roared, the sound echoing through the tall walls of the cave.

“I am sorry, Rir.” The God of War was unusually quiet. “I had no choice—”

“What did you think?” Vidar walked out of the darkness, and Fenrir realised the gravity of the situation. “That Tyr is really your friend? He was just watching you because it was an order! You have no friends!”

“Release me!” Fenrir demanded, struggling against the strange chain that was so thin and yet prevented him from moving.

Vidar’s boot landed harshly on his face.

“Do you even realise how much work that was to submit you finally? So many creatures had to take part. We had to repeat werewolves and create werecats, werebirds, werebears... all just for you. So that Gleipnir could be made.”

“Gleipnir?” Fenrir met his rival’s gaze and got hit in the stomach.

“The chain that bound the monstrous wolf,” Vidar explained. “The sound of a cat’s footfall, the roots of a mountain, the claws of the bear, the breath of the siren, the feather of the birds and a maiden’s hair. As a special courtesy to you, we used Astraea’s strand to bring you down. I hope you can find some solace in it because nothing else will ever happen to you. This is where you stay to rot forever. Forever!”

PRESENT TIME

This was so clever that if he weren’t absolutely furious, he would probably complement Salome on the idea. Gleipnir, the chain that held him prisoner once, was the only thing able to contain him. Temporary because he already broke it once, and he would do it again. And yet it would hold him here for quite some time.

Anger coursing through his veins, he tried to concentrate on reaching the state just like back then.

It seemed like hours had passed, but he still had no results.

This was when an ethereal glow illuminated the void, and he saw an elegant figure appearing right before him. “Longtime no see, Fenrir.”