

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 41

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Trigger Warning: This chapter is rough. Read at your own discretion.

ASGARD

Almost every god in Asgard loved Vidar. Or, at the very least, considered him nice simply because he never spoke much.

Fenrir always knew that it wasn't the case. While the others could afford not to pay attention, he didn't have that luxury. He had to learn each and every one of them in ways they probably never knew themselves. By observing them when they thought no one was watching, he came to learn a great deal.

He always knew there was nothing nice about Vidar. He noticed how he looked at his older, more popular brothers loved by everyone. There was nothing "nice" about it.

And now Vidar proved he was right about him all along.

Initially, Fenrir thought that the son of Odin would grow tired of beating him up every day, but days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Every night the bastard left Fenrir bruised and bleeding on the ground, with Gleipnir still wrapped all over him. Then, when he healed from his wounds, Vidar would be back to inflict his revenge all over again.

Until one day, he returned with more than just his fists. Vidar's lips curled in a cruel smirk when Fenrir noticed the gleaming sword in his hand.

A divine weapon.

Divine weapons could leave permanent scars. Divine weapons could kill.

Although Fenrir was not new to torture by now, he was not ready to die. He still knew nothing about Astrea. They didn't get to spend at least a lifetime together. His sister was still locked in hell and his brother was still an outcast everywhere. He couldn't leave things like this. He wasn't done yet.

“Let’s try something new today,” Vidar stepped closer, his finger tracing the sharp blade of his blade. “I think our games are ready for the next step.”

“F*ck you!” Fenrir growled, emitting defiance as Gleipnir tightened, raising his hands in the air to make him an easier target for his tormentor. That chain had a cruel mind of its own.

A chuckle was his response.

“Don’t be so boring!” Vidar methodically glided the sharp edge of his sword across the prisoner’s face, exerting controlled force. Here did not take his eyes off his captor as the blade traced a menacing path, leaving behind a faint, searing mark.

The drops of Fenrir’s blood fell to the rocky ground, but he was not going to give that pr*ck any kind of satisfaction.

“Out of the two of us, I’m not the boring one,” the wolf commented, voice void of emotions. “You are the one who apparently has nothing better to do than come here. And here I thought I was the lonely one in Asgard. It seems that this crown is yours, after all. Even your brothers don’t want to spend time with you. How is Thor, by the way? Any new conquests? I bet he brought another big fat victory while you were beating the cr*p out of a tied up man. It’s been a while since the last one.”

Fenrir’s head snapped to the side as Vidar’s boot connected solidly with his face, the sheer force of the blow kicking the air out of his lungs.

“Choose your words, mutt!” The next savage blow came to his abdomen. And then again and again until it forced Fenrir to wince, curling on the ground from the pain. If there were enough chains, he would have strangled Vidar with those. Gods knew he had nothing to lose.

“Fine!” Fenrir growled, seething with anger. “I’ll choose some words for you. Pathetic—”

Kick.

“Slimy!”

Kick.

“Weakling!”

Vidar swung his sword, slicing it through one of Fenrir’s hands, finally getting the guttural scream he desired so much.

His face contorted into a mask of rage as he brandished his sword, his intentions clear. With swift movements, he unleashed a barrage of calculated strikes upon his defenceless arrival.

The sharp steel bit into the prisoner’s flesh, leaving shallow cuts that oozed blood all over his b*ody. Each blow was carefully aimed at inflicting pain rather than cause fatal harm. Vidar wanted to break him, not kill him.

“I will stop if you beg me,” he taunted with a cruel sneer. “Plead with me, apologise, beg for my forgiveness, tell me she is mine!”

“Never!” Fenrir snarled. Something very dark and dangerous was waking up inside him. Something new.

Vidar swore under his breath, making his attacks more brutal and dangerous.

Gods could live forever, but divine weapons could end their lives.

“I will marry her in a month!” Vidar shouted, kick after kick landing on Fenrir’s battered b*ody. “By the time I am done taking her on every surface in my palace, she won’t even remember your name!”

“Is that what you are telling yourself?” The corners of Fenrir’s lips quirked up despite the pain it caused.

It drove Vidar mad. A new series of blows and cuts unleashed, and this time, Fenrir didn’t believe his enemy would stop. This was probably the end. He tried to shield himself, but the chains didn’t let him move much. “What are you doing?” A familiar voice made him flinch as the assault ended abruptly.

Tyr ran towards them, pushing Vidar away. Eyes filled with guilt, his rage filled the air quickly.

“Don’t Peking touch him! This wasn’t the agreement! You had your revenge. Now leave him alone!” The God of War was fuming, his hand on the hilt of his own sword, ready to pounce anytime.

Vidar spat, wiping away the beads of sweat that formed on his forehead from all the “work” he had done. “It’s not worth it!” He muttered, storming out of the cave and leaving the old mentor alone with his student. Fenrir hated to be seen like this, bleeding and humiliated. Not to mention that it was the first time they met after Tyr’s betrayal. His old friend didn’t visit him, probably unable to face him without shame.

The God of War silently kneeled next to him, taking off his cloak and using it to pat his many wounds. “It’s going to be alright,” he promised, as if his words could be trusted.

“Are you going to release me, then?” Fenrir raised his brow questioningly, knowing the answer too damn well. “You know I can’t,” Tyr grunted. “But I swear to you, he will never hurt you like this again.”

A deep dark laugh echoed through the walls of the cave. It took Fenrir some time to realise that he was the one laughing.

“How sweet of you,” he told his once best friend. “Too bad that you are the one who hurt me way more than Vidar ever could.”

Tyr’s fingers twitched at the words.

“I’ll ease the chains a bit.” He ignored the topic. Neither did he apologise for his betrayal. “Fenrir, I know it’s bad now, but at least you are alive. A century or two, and Odin will change his mind. I think—”

The moment his binding loosened enough, Fenrir jumped onto his feet, blinded by rage, and wrapped it around Tyr’s hand, pulling them tight around his joint. Gleipnir was very thin, with a goddess’s hair strand as a part of it, making it a divine weapon too. So it sliced through his mentor’s flesh fast as he put all his strength in it. Last sharp pull, and he managed to tear the hand off, eliciting an ear-shattering scream from Tyr.

The moment it was done, they both fell to their knees in agony.

“You did owe me a hand,” Fenrir reminded as Tyr watched him in horror. “Don’t worry. In a century or two, and you will learn to live without it.”

Tyr scrambled to his feet, still in disbelief at what happened.

Fenrir threw the blooded cloak at him. “Here, pat your wounds with it. After all, I’m not a monster.”

His ex-friend’s lips trembled as the irony sunk in.

“I’ll send valkyries to guard you,” the God of War informed him. “Vidar will not bother you anymore.” Tyr winced from the pain as he walked towards the exit and Fenrir hated himself for asking, but there was no other way to get the information he needed.

“Is it true that they’re getting married, after all?”

His mentor stopped in his tracks, panting and not turning to face him.

“Really? You still care about her after everything that relationship cost you?”

“I’m not surprised you have to ask—” Fenrir sprawled on the ground, looking at the little opening in the cave’s ceiling that allowed him to see the stars each night. It was literally the best thing he could experience in the last months. Each time he looked at them, he could imagine talking to Astraea. Sometimes it even seemed like she was talking back to him, whispering words of love and encouragement in his ears.

“I love her,” Fenrir said, knowing he didn’t need to explain himself, but he had nothing to hide. “I will love her until the day the last star dies in the sky, and even when the darkness consumes everything, my love for her will still be there to bring her back.”

“You will die for her,” Tyr stated dryly.

“In a heartbeat. As many times as she needs me.”

Fenrir closed his eyes, his injuries finally catching up to him. He lost too much blood, and Gleipnir was still sucking the life out of him.

The next time he opened them, a woman with long brown hair with golden wings stood before him. He recognised the Valkyrie who observed him with concern written all over her face.

“My name is Kara, I am in charge of—”

“—my prison.” He finished for her, his voice unusually gruff.

“The food will be over there,” she pointed at a nearby rock. “Don’t try to escape or break any rules again. There will be punishment if you do.”

She was ready to leave when he spoke again.

“And here I thought the Valkyries were on the side of justice, honour and best warriors.”

The words made Kara turn on her heels to glare at him.

“We are!” she gritted her teeth.

“Then remind me again what crime I have committed other than being born different from everyone here in Asgard?”

He locked eyes with her, knowing that the valkyrie wouldn’t be able to look away.

“You seduced someone’s betrothed.” The woman didn’t let a single emotion cripple onto her face. “I did no such thing,” he countered, trying to sit up, his face contorting from pain. “We fell in love long before that deal of a marriage was struck. We begged not to do this to us, but no one cared to listen. Everyone wanted the union we could have given them in a heartbeat if they simply allowed us to be happy together—”

Kara said nothing, but it didn’t escape Fenrir how her fingers clenched around the hilt of the sword she was carrying.

“The water is next to the food,” she said before spreading her wings and flying into the opening of the cave. Not that he expected anyone to regret their actions. That would have been too good to be true.

Fenrir didn’t need food. He needed something else.

His whole b*ody was sore, bringing waves of excruciating pain every time he moved. Those wounds would leave ugly scars.

The night fell, and the stars appeared before him once again. He tried concentrating on them, thinking of Astrea, remembering her scent and how her silky hair felt between his fingers.

He closed his eyes just for a moment, allowing himself to drift off to sleep and hoping to see one of those dreams. He loved dreaming now. In his dreams, he could meet her again.

"I missed you," Astrea whispered, peppering his chest with kisses. Waves of tingles rippled through him when she did it, and it was a very pleasant feeling.

"I will get to you one day. I promise," he muttered, barely able to open his eyes. He wanted to see her better, to take her in, to slide his hands all over her body. Sadly, his eyes couldn't open from the bruise while his joints were too weak to even grasp her flesh the way he loved to.

"Fenrir, I want you so much," she breathed out, undoing his pants.

His member was already hard for her when her fingers wrapped around it, stroking it up and down. Fenrir threw his head back when her lips touched his tip, making it moist.

It felt good but... he couldn't quite enjoy it the way he thought he would.

Astrea took him in, letting him hit the back of her throat. Then, when he was so hard for her he couldn't take it anymore, she released him with a pop and climbed on top of him.

She was so beautiful on top of him, untying the top of her dress to let it fall to her waist. He groaned at the sight and she smirked, taking his hand and placing it on her bare breast to help him feel more of her.

"Like that," she teased, guiding his cock to her entrance with her free hand and sliding it all the way in.

It felt good, but... at the same time, he couldn't help but feel that this was so wrong.

And yet. It was her, and she was here. It was everything he had hoped for...

"Gods, you are so big!" she moaned, riding him as fast as she could. There was no love in those movements, no warmth he always felt when they were together. She pounded her own flesh into him, screaming as the release ripped through her body, knowing that his followed right after.

Fenrir grunted as he came inside her and she finally stopped, panting.

“You are as good as they say,” she muttered and his whole b*ody went rigid.

It was her voice, her face but... it wasn't her behaviour. Astraea would never say these words. She was about to slip out when he finally found the strength to grasp her hand and yank her towards him with force.

“Who are you?” he growled so loudly that the mountains surrounding the cave shook.