

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 44

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Fenrir hated that this was the exact moment she had to make an appearance. Selene, the Moon Goddess, was watching him struggle against the remnants of Gleipnir, the only chain in the world capable of binding him. Someone went into the trouble of getting it and reconnecting the links just to stall him here. Someone powerful.

There was a list of people he despised, and Selene was definitely at the top of it.

“Came to gloat?” He raised his chin, offering her a defiant glare and trying to channel his anger into breaking the damn binding. “Happy?”

“I haven’t been happy for a while.” The woman before him sighed, and for some incomprehensible reason, he knew it was true.

It’s been a while since they last saw each other. Just one look at her was enough to believe her. Selene seemed young, and her skin had that celestial moon glow, yet —small wrinkles gathered around her eyes and above the bridge of her nose. They didn’t ruin her beauty but gave her that tired look she never had before. Her eyes lacked their usual magical gleam. They were dull now, nothing ethereal in them anymore.

“Who ran a bus over you, and can I buy them a drink?” The wolf chuckled, not sparing the goddess’s feelings. She never spared his.

“Sure, you can.” The woman shrugged nonchalantly. This was the relationship they had. “He is your brother, after all.”

“Ah, Joran!” Fenrir nodded understandingly. “I thought you two could work together this time, considering where Astrea was brought up.”

“Work isn’t the word I’d choose,” Selene frowned.

“This is probably killing you.” A hearty laugh rumbled through Fenrir’s chest. “You have to cooperate with another— what was the word? Abomination.”

“Do we have to do this?” The Moon Goddess rolled her eyes.

“No, we don’t. So, off you go,” he grunted, wishing for her to leave him alone as soon as possible.

“We have to speak,” Selene insisted, giving up first.

“We really don’t.” Fenrir tried to stifle a scoff. “We had many conversations, and none of them ended well. Remember?”

“It’s about Astraea—”

“It is always about Astrea! And one thing we can always agree on is that we will never agree on anything!” He pulled the chains again, but the concentration wasn’t there. It was a useless move, and once again, he loathed the fact she was witnessing his failure.

“I was wrong,” she said so quietly that he could barely hear her voice.

Yet it made him stop in his tracks. Never in a million years, he thought he would be able to hear anything like this from her lips.

“I didn’t hear you,” Fenrir stated bluntly. Not to be a jerk. He was sure he imagined that. Surely, she wasn’t—

“I was wrong.” Selene repeated louder this time, furrowing her brows. “I thought I was right, I thought sooner or later she would forget you and move on. And I was wrong.”

He couldn’t find what to say to her. Centuries ago, he allowed himself to imagine this moment sometimes. He never thought it would happen in a portal void with him in chains, but he did think that when Selene finally admitted her mistakes, he would be able to gloat or say something smug to her.

Sadly, that wasn’t the case.

He did not care for the Moon Goddess anymore. He didn’t count on her. All he thought of was Astrea, who was waiting for him back in Solace, and that someone close to him betrayed him. What if she was their goal?

He was too happy and too distracted by the birth of the promised baby. He rushed, and this was the result.

“What do you want, Selene?” He asked her, tired of their usual banter already. If she could admit her faults, he could skip that part.

“I want my last daughter to be happy.” The woman blinked away a single tear that formed on her long lashes. “I had many children once upon a time, but they all died. Astraea is the last one.”

He knew that much, but it still never helped him to see her side of things.

“I only sought for a way to protect her.” She turned away, unable to face him. “An eternity with a son of Odin seemed like a good idea once. She would have ruled all the divine realms together with him. He could give her anything she wanted — Protect her — It was a good plan.”

“Well, that worked out great!” He let out a heavy breath. “All those lives wasted on being miserable!”

“If she could accept her mate—”

“It could only happen if I was her mate!” A growl escaped his chest, but for the first time, she didn’t comment that he was an uncivilised animal. That was the most progress they had made in centuries.

“That’s impossible,” Selene admitted dryly. “You know that much.”

“I know you ruined all our lives!” The familiar flames ignited inside. A little more, and he could escape. For once, that woman was helping.

“I am sorry,” she whispered, and his lips parted. Shock coursed through his veins. It was one thing to admit some of her mistakes, it was another to apologise properly. For a moment, he wondered if it was really Selene, but her aura was unmistakable.

“Did someone poison you or something?” Fenrir decided to clarify and saw her letting out a nervous laugh. “Everything’s changed, Fenrir,” Selene couldn’t hold back tears anymore. “Astraea has no more lives to waste.” Every muscle in his body got tense hearing that.

“What do you mean?” He could feel the fire burning through his skin, anticipating the answer and hoping he was wrong about it.

“Because — it’s Astraea’s last life,” the Moon Goddess confessed, causing him to fall to his knees, pain engulfing every cell of his b*ody.

“No.” He shook his head, not accepting the news. “She is a celestial. She is supposed to live forever.”

“Fenrir!” Selene covered her face with her hands. “She already died. She hasn’t reached her celestial powers once in millennia. Astraea — she lived on borrowed time thanks to Freyja’s gift. Unfortunately, her time is over. This is her last life in a werewolf’s b*ody.”

“I Peking hate you!” He said the words with a note of despair in them, not sparing her a glance. “I hate what you did to us! I hate everything you represent! I hate how you feel you are better than anyone and that you know better. You ruined her! You ruined the best, the purest creature in the entire universe and never paid the price for what you have done!”

“I know!” she shouted, bursting out crying, unable to control her emotions.

Fenrir observed her in utter shock. They had known each other so long, and yet he never saw her like that. A mess.

“I know—” she repeated after a while in a much weaker voice. The whole time, he was watching her, not knowing what to think and sadly realising it did not bring him joy to witness her falling apart. “But don’t think I paid no price. I have been paying it for so long. Watching her suffer like that — it wasn’t a walk in the park for me either.”

“You could have stopped it!” he growled.

“I wish I could!” she countered. “Fenrir, the more time passed, the less control I had over anything. Vidar has forged the threads that bind them to each other, sacrificing the divine weapons of his deceased family for it to happen. I had nothing to counter it with. I asked him to consider letting her go, but he —”

For once, Fenrir was glad he was chained. Just listening to this made him want to destroy everything around it. This void was a good place to get the news.

“He still wants his revenge.” Fenrir gritted his teeth, clenching his hands around the chains. “Hasn’t he had enough?”

“You know him as well as I do,” Selene sighed, pacing back and forth. “He claims he loves her, but — The mate bond is driving him crazy.”

“And who do we have to thank for that?”

“Look, I came here for a reason.” The Moon Goddess stopped him. “In this world, you are the only one who would do anything for her, and so am I.”

“Are you?” he scoffed. “You let so many of her lives be destroyed by that monster!”

“That monster is the only one who can save her,” Selene reasoned, and he became anxious hearing this. “Save her? Do you even remember how many times he was the reason for her death? Each time Astraea and I got together, he was throwing hell at us until he got us apart!”

“I remember very well. I had to watch this. Over and over and over again! Each wolf I gave her perished as a result.”

There was the Selene he remembered, her face once again lacking emotions.

“I was the one who pitched him the deal you two made. You steer clear of Astraea, and he lets her be as long as you two don’t meet.”

Every muscle in Fenrir’s b*ody stiffened.

That deal gave Astraea a few calm lives, but he wasn’t allowed to be with her or help her in any way. “That was you?” He always thought it was weird Vidar even considered offering him something like that. He hated it, but it was better than watching her be tormented and killed. Ironically, she never was completely happy

in those lives, but she lived. And there were good days in those lives. Knowing what bad days could look like, he wanted to give her at least that.

“Yes,” Selene nodded. “It was better than nothing. I hoped that maybe he would calm down and leave her alone, but

“But he is too obsessed to forget.” Fenrir chuckled darkly. The silent pr*ck was a sadist. “So, if you solved the problem and everything was amazing, what is all this?”

“He broke your deal.” The Moon Goddess informed him, and he pulled the chains harder.

“What do you mean? Astrea didn’t meet him. She knows nothing of him.”

“He tried to kill her when she was a child,” Selene frowned, fisting her hands.

“If not for your brother, her last life would be over—”