

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

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Chapter 47. Self Made

Joran considered spitting in the other deity's face and leaving, but... he knew far too well he couldn't afford it. Vidar was a god in the prime of his power. He resided in the divine realm and got all the nourishment his immortal soul needed

Joran's story was different. He wasn't born a full god, to begin with. And since then, he had to evolve on his own. From a Serpent who could only roam the earth and the sea, he had to slay one of the mightiest dragons out there to get his wings and fire, which allowed him to fly.

He was the definition of self-made, and that made him resent golden boys like Vidar, who had everything handed to them since birth. Vidar did not know the struggles he faced. Even so, he was currently more powerful.

Currently being the keyword. It could have been fixed if Joran got the entrance to the New Asgard, the divine realm he was thrown out of right after they lost Ragnarok.

For years, his and Fenrir's life was that of survival. They had to gain magic, gain powers, gain abilities. Then, they had to avoid Vidar when ever possible because every fight with him would take their gains away and waste the accumulated power and energy. Joran was so tired of this, tired of being a god and still having to hide.

He had been hiding as long as he had existed and absolutely loathed it.

Meanwhile, Vidar led the perfect life in the realm of gods. He would only come down when Astrea was close to adulthood during one of her new lives. If Fenrir was near, he would tear them apart, destroy them, make them miserable, and when he was done, he would go back to enjoy himself as the ruler of New Asgard.

At first, Joran sought his brother's forgiveness. Their bond had to be deeper than what happened between them. He was sure that one day, he would be forgiven for bringing those women to the cave and for lying to him. After all, Fenrir grew to love and take care of his one and only surviving son, so it wasn't all bad

Yet that day never arrived. No matter how many times he tried to get back into his brother's good graces, Fenrir only pushed him away or tolerated him when necessary. When the dragon came back with a plan to return to the divine realm, Fenrir laughed in his face.

"You are still trying to be something that you are not, Jor!" he told him. "I lived in Asgard for centuries. And trust me, that place will not make you happy if you don't have the right person by your side."

"That's why I want to go with you!" Joran reasoned. "Together we are unstoppable."

"Forgive me, brother, but I have more important things to do. And I will never trust you enough to go on a battlefield with you again. I will never let you guard my back after what you did." Those words hurt him. Their father was dead, and their sister Hel locked herself in her realm... Fenrir was everything he had left. Unfortunately, the wolf sibling did not consider him family anymore.

Over time, Joran accepted this and realised he was alone in his fight to go back home. However, now he wanted to take Astrea with him, too, which wasn't the original plan. He hated changes, and yet he was so close to achieving everything he ever wanted despite how complicated that was.

Shame, one more obstacle was in his way now.

Vidar sat in the High Chancellor's chair, which did not belong to him, and placed his feet on the long desk, glaring at him as if he was a disobedient servant. As always, the silent bastard had the most expensive shoes with tiny golden buckles and rare-looking leather. He loved his ridiculous footwear.

“Crocodile?” Joran raised his brow, pointing at the brogues and casually taking a seat in front of the man.

“Wild dragon,” Vidar responded, knowing how disrespectful it was to say out loud.

“Goodness gracious, the universe is in good hands if you are ready to kill rare creatures for shoes.” Joran did not plan to give that as-hole the satisfaction of seeing him agitated, so not a muscle flinched on his face.

“It was not for shoes,” the God of Revenge chuckled. “You really made me hate your kind, and wild dragons are the easiest to find where I come from. Not to mention that I managed to finally change the old-fashioned upholstery in one of my reception rooms. Was worth it, if you ask me.”

“Okay, I was under the impression you wanted to discuss more than your questionable fashion choices. Did I hear the word deal correctly?”

“You know you did, or you wouldn’t be here,” Vidar pointed out with a sneer and finally took his feet down, taking a less insulting posture.

“I know we are immortal, but I would greatly appreciate it if you cut to the point this century.” Joran tapped his fingers on the wooden desk expectantly. “I have plans for the evening.”

“Oh, it’s easy,” Vidar’s lips stretched, but the smile did not look nice. “You know what I want, I am sure of it.”

“My lovely fiancée is not for sale,” Jor stated bluntly. “To be honest, I don’t think you could offer me anything worthy of giving her up. You and my brother have been torturing my Dragonfly for centuries. I think she deserves a break, and I am happy to provide her one.”

“She is not your Dragonfly.” Vidar’s thin lips twitched slightly, and that was like an ointment to the dragon’s soul. He broke him first.

Perfect.

“She doesn’t look too thrilled to be by your side. Besides, you do know that if you don’t give her to me, I will find other ways to get what I want,” Vidar warned him as his eyes darkened.

“And yet here we are in a situation you probably couldn’t imagine, tver.” Joran pretended to enjoy the view through the glass wall. “If you don’t have to bargain with me, so why waste your precious divine time if you have everything figured out?”

Vidar contemplated whether to grace this abomination with a response, giving up in the end.

“Because it’s important for me to make her choose me.” The words lingered between them as both men tasted them.

“Believe it or not, I can understand.” Joran chuckled. He could understand indeed He had been thinking about it, too. Fenrir was staking his claim on Astraea for so long, and yet it was he who appreciated her first. Joran had been pondering on that so many times. Would the story be different if he didn’t hide behind that huge rock back then? What would have happened if he hadn’t pushed Fenrir to talk to Astraea and take the blame for her missing clothes? What if he walked to her back then and became her lover instead of his brother?

A part of him was always sure that she wouldn’t have such a tragic ending by his side. He was selfish enough to steal her away from Asgard the moment she fell for him and keep her safe, away from that psychopath Vidar, who was now glaring at him.

“Let me guess-” The God of Vengeance lost his patience. “ You took her in with your ulterior motives to use her to blackmail your brother or the Moon Goddess, or, possibly, both. However, the more time you spent with her, the more she got under your skin. You close your eyes, and you think of her. You give an order to your people, and you realise it benefits her. You see her as your Queen, the mother of your kids. She is the only woman you can imagine spending eternity with because there is no other like her. You’ve tried and tasted many, but it’s her you desire the most. I understand. I really do.”

“Funny you should think so after how many times you hurt her in the past,” Joran reminded him, disgusted by that pr*ck comparing the two of them.

“I have the worst temper, and I know it, but guess what, making her suffer never made me happy. She is my mate, and I want her to be happy with me. I can feel everything she feels, and I am most happy with her by my side.”

“If only she didn’t hate your guts!” the dragon snorted. “She remembers nothing, and, to be honest, it’s not important.”

“That’s one way of looking at it,” Joran scoffed

“Do not pretend to be a saint, Silver Pit. I did my research this lifetime.” Vidar sent him a withering glance as they scowled at each other.

“What I am trying to say,” Vidar breathed out in annoyance, “you probably already know it’s her last life. Unless you are ready to sacrifice your divinity for her, you can’t help her.”

“I am working on it!” Joran hated to be told he couldn’t do anything.

“And, by now, you can probably tell how impossible that is. You can’t enter the New Asgard, and she doesn’t have her divinity to survive. Maybe you can achieve one with all the little tricks you’ve been doing, but not both.”

Joran pursed his lips, knowing well it was the truth. Falling for Astrea was never the plan. He wasn’t supposed to take her with him to the divine realm when he was done here. Then again, he would need many more years to achieve that alone. He would have to unite the Moonrise Kingdom to get that kind of power as was promised in the prophecy he read many years ago. If that thing was true at all.

Unfortunately, his every attempt at uniting East, West. North and South failed, placing him back to square one. It would take more schemes and more generations to weave his vision into the minds of the people. Astrea did not have that much time.

“Out of us all, only I can have her and everything else.” Vidar was as arrogant as ever, annoying him. ‘You’d have to choose because you can have only one at best. Not to mention there are no guarantees you’d be able to achieve anything. Especially if I am against you.”

“You’ve been against me for years. And don’t forget about Fenrir.”

The deity sneered, resting his chin on his fist.

“As for your brother, it wouldn’t be the first time you betrayed him. So, what’s the big deal?”

“I don’t hear what I get out of it all.” Joran pretended to be bored.

“Everything but her,” Vidar announced, his tone as serious as it could get. “I will grant you entrance to the New Asgard personally. I will give you your own palace. You will finally be able to live like a real god and have everything you ever wanted. I will even make Asgardians accept you. In return, you will take that serpent off her neck and renounce your claim on her, freeing her for me.”

“What will you do then?” This was too good to be true, but at the same time, the new opportunity was not making him happy.

“I will bring her back to Asgard too. The moment she chooses me.”

There it was. The catch.

“And if she doesn’t?” If Joran knew one thing, Astrea had never chosen that monster in all her lifetimes. If there was a choice, she always went with Fenrir and died for it each time. This was one of the reasons he placed that snake around her delicate neck. He did not want to give her the choice that would undoubtedly kill her. Enough was enough.

His plan was to save her. To change the course of events. Something that both his brother and Vidar could never do. “She will,” the new ruler of Asgard cut him off “Regardless of what happens to her, you will get what is promised to you. Think of it. Snake, this is your best chance. The gates of Asgard will not open to you otherwise “

“Unless I kill you.” The words slipped off his tongue involuntarily, but he did not regret them. He didn’t want that pr*ck to know what kind of effect that deal had on him.

“There, there—” A deep laugh rumbled through the God of Vengeance’s chest. “If you could, we wouldn’t be having this conversation.”

He wanted to say something else, but the doors opened, and Alpha Forrest entered the room, eyeing them both suspiciously.

“Finally, I found you both!” he muttered, walking in without invitation. “We have a situation.”

“What is it?” Joran was happy about the interruption. He needed more time to think about everything. “The Delegation from the Western Lycan Kingdom arrived,’ Forrest informed them.

“Excuse me?” The dragon’s brow went up. “We are not expecting any delegations from the West.”

“Exactly!”