

15. Asgard Part I

~ASGARD~

Fenrir was late for the meeting for the rst time in the last decade or two. Worried that his brother had already left, he blamed his own curiosity for the unfortunate occurrence.

The rules had been simple since they were taken away from their mother. His brother and sister were prohibited from entering Asgard. He was the only one with the privilege to reside among the other gods. And with his sister locked in Nilfheim's underworld realm, he could only see Jormungandr from time to time. Once per month on the rst day of the Full Moon. In secret, just as they agreed.

Today was the night, and he was unforgivably late because he tried to catch a glimpse of the guests from the other divine realm. An event to which he wasn't invited, so he couldn't actually march there and see everything he wanted to see.

It was so stupid, but he couldn't help himself. The Olimpian group was small, yet he managed to see almost everyone who arrived. Just three deities, though. He was only able to see two, Selene and her brother Helios in their silver and golden attires, respectively. Two perfect gods, probably the most beautiful people he had ever seen.

But there was one more. The one whose name was on everyone's lips today the moment her small foot stepped through the portal. She was so popular that he couldn't catch sight of her because a crowd of Asgardians surrounded her constantly, making it impossible for Fenrir to see anything but her silvery-white hair, shining like threads of starlight.

He tried to change his location or wait for people to give her some space, at least for a moment, and to step aside, but that never happened. Whatever he was doing, he couldn't see her face.

Astraea, the one they called the new goddess of stars, still remained a mystery to him.

Fenrir didn't notice how and when it got dark and remembered he had more important things to do tonight when he was already running late.

Joran wasn't in their meeting spot when he got there, and Fenrir was angry with himself. He missed the one and only person who cared about him, because he was trying to see some... girl.

He waited some more in the secret cave he had discovered years ago, with the perfect view of the river that fell into the sea. This was where Joran used to sneak into Asgard for them to meet.

Angry, Fenrir kicked a rock on the ground, realising he had missed his brother, and now he would have to wait another month to see him. Other than lessons with Tyr, it was the only thing that brought him joy, and he always looked forward to this day.

Tonight he deprived himself of the opportunity. Jormungandr had to be careful in these lands.

The sky was clear tonight, and Fenrir gazed at the blanket of stars stretched above his head, glimmering like diamonds, one more beautiful than the other. The full moon shone, kissing the surface of the calm river. He noticed movement in the water, a smile curling on his lips instantly.

"Jor!" The young wolf breathed out in relief, seeing the Serpent's scales glide through the water. A wave crashed over a massive boulder in front of him. A familiar broad-shouldered gure walked out of it, wearing his usual tunic, embroidered by their mother back in the day with pants and boots, only the moonlight drawing his features in the darkness.

"Rir!" Jormungandr smiled as they gave each other a warm brotherly hug. "I thought you forgot about me!"

"Never!" Fenrir chuckled, "I was distracted today, but– Nevermind! We are both here, and that's all that matters now."

"True," Joran agreed and hit his shoulder in a friendly manner.

Fenrir was excited to see his sibling. Jor was the only one who could travel between the nine realms and meet both him and their sister if he was careful enough. When Odin tore them away from their home, he threw Hel into Nilfheim, the underworld realm, and released Jor into the sea, binding him in his serpent form. Only Fenrir was accepted to live with the rest of the deities in Asgard but was never told why.

His life was... tolerable. Living in Asgard had many perks, but his father was barely there, his mother and siblings weren't allowed inside, and the other gods weren't his biggest fans. He was different. This was something undeniable, something he learned to live with and accept.

He didn't look like them, he didn't behave like them, he didn't have the same powers they had. He couldn't wield any kind of magic and was therefore considered a lesser god.

The only thing he could offer them was his physical strength. This was his domain, where he had no rivals.

However, that didn't exactly help him nd friends. Tyr was the only one who paid him attention because he respected strength and was initially curious about the young wolf. In many ways, he was Fenrir's one and only friend.

That being said, Fenrir was working on xing that.

"Father told me about the guests," Jor mentioned the matter casually as they walked inside the cave to hide in case someone saw them. No one was supposed to know about those meetings. "Who could have thought that our realms would nally nd something in common!"

An unexpected wave of jealousy rippled through Fenrir. Their father barely spoke to him. Especially in public. He travelled a lot and, thanks to that, could see Jor more often than anyone else; the Serpent loved to follow him on his many quests. While Fenrir had to stay behind and behave, representing their family branch.

He suppressed the ugly feeling fast. All that wasn't important. The important thing was that no matter how far they travelled together, Jor made an effort every month to come back to Asgard and meet him. And this was more than anyone else ever did for him.

In return, Fenrir always made sure to bring his brother Asgardian mead. The drink of the gods and the only thing that could help the dragon to sustain his power and grow. Each time they saw each other, his serpent dragon form was getting bigger and bigger.

"I wonder why they let them in," Joran muttered as he sat on a rock with the ask his brother brought for him, taking his rst gulp and enjoying the taste.

"I heard they want some kind of alliance with us," Fenrir shrugged. "You know what happened to them, right? Most of their pantheon was wiped out."

"Not much of a loss if you ask me!" Jor huffed a laugh. "More world and power for us!"

"Not everything is about power," Fenrir leaned over the same boulder, chuckling.

"Yeah, sure!" Jor scoffed. "Easy for you to say. Living here takes your ghting spirit away."

"My ghting spirit is ne, in case you want to test it!" the wolf deity teased with a snarl. They loved friendly sparring.

They stared at each other for a few seconds before bursting out laughing.

Fenrir missed this. His biggest hope was that one day he would prove to Asgardians, he was one of them, and they would let their family reunite.

"They still didn't notice you stealing this?" Jor sneered, shaking the ask. The mead didn't have much effect on him, although a regular Asgardian would be properly drunk after a full ask.

"It's not like they are looking. No one expects this–" Fenrir confessed, averting his gaze.

"You know what they expect," Joran's playful tone was gone. This was a topic that never ended well.

"They are just– worried," Fenrir sighed heavily, a familiar unpleasant feeling building in the pit of his stomach. "And for good reason."

"Of course," Joran sneered, "when the end of days come, they will have to go, and we will stay and rule. I'd be afraid of this day, too, if I was in their place."

"You still talk about this–"

"It's not like I have a choice, do I? No one invited me to live in Asgard with the gods and their faithful servants. They threw me into the sea, hoping never to see me again. Just shifting back into human form took me decades!"

"Yet here you are–"

"Here I am," Jor smirked, locking eyes with his brother. "Together with you. Same blood. Same essence. Maybe you like your life in Asgard, but deep inside, you know it will never be... it. You are not one of them, Fenrir; you will never be one of them. But you will always be one of us."

"You know very well there is no one I care about more than you and Hel. I am doing my best to x everything," Fenrir tried to explain. "If I earn their trust, they will let you back in and then–"

"It will never happen, brother," Joran placed his palm on his shoulder and squeezed it tightly. "The only way for us to move forward is to destroy them. Think of it when they shun you again and deprive you, me, Hel and Father of the respect and life we deserve."

Fenrir wanted to retort, to make his brother see reason, but a strange glow lled the space outside the cave, and both their heads snapped in its direction.

Someone was too close to them, and Fenrir recognised the ethereal shimmering almost instantly.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Sorry it's a bit late, I had trouble logging in due to some changes. Also, this will be a double update as the chapter came out too long. The second part is with the proofreaders, and as soon as I get it back, I will post it.

Asgard events will take a few chapters, and I will be mixing them up with the present timeline. You can recognise the past by the bold font, and I will also mention that the event take place in Asgard. I hope that helps.

This note will be deleted later. I just had to let you know what is happening and I know that not everyone sees the normal note.

P.S. The Mega Giveaway will start in Marissa Gilbert's Circle group this Sunday. Don't miss!