

The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 31

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ASGARD

Fenrir had been waiting at least two hours since the guards announced his arrival in the wing designated for the Moon Goddess.

He wasn't going to rush it, though.

It was nighttime, and she was probably busy with her work. Once again, he couldn't believe his own luck. No Asgardian would be in his way to speak to Selene. Most were probably drunk or asleep by now, his own father included.

"Please, follow me." A warrior in golden armour bowed to him and led the way through the white marble halls, sheer curtains swaying gracefully in the breeze. It was funny how the guests made this familiar place seem so foreign and ethereal.

She was standing on a large balcony, looking at the moon in the sky, her pale blue hair cascading down her silver open-back dress. Selene didn't look any older than her daughter, yet when she turned to meet his gaze, Fenrir saw countless memories etched across the expanse of time. The Moon Goddess was an old soul. There were no doubts about that.

"My apologies for interrupting your evening." He bowed his head in respect, and the woman's lips curved slightly. To his relief, she radiated warmth.

"No need for formalities, my boy." Selene stepped closer. "You know I have a soft spot for you. Why did you want to see me?"

This was a good start, yet still, Fenrir couldn't help but swallow nervously. One wrong word, and he could ruin it all, losing Astraea forever.

"I don't want to seem disrespectful," he started, immediately cursing himself inwardly. He didn't want to look like a barbarian to her, but it wasn't like he was taught how to handle such matters. Most of his education came from Tyr, and Tyr only knew war.

"You are not. Come in." Selene walked to a long table, gesturing for Fenrir to join her. A servant moved a silver chair for her and then helped to arrange the fabric of her dress so that she looked regal. Something deities here in Asgard didn't bother to do.

The Asgardian took his seat in front of her, and immediately goblets of wine and all kinds of snacks appeared on the table before them out of nowhere.

"Thank you." He took one of the goblets and tasted the drink that was as sweet as mead yet so different.

"It's my and Astraea's favourite." Selene also took a sip, closing her eyes just for a moment, enjoying herself. When she opened them, her interested gaze fell on her guest. "I am glad that you visited. This is a safe space for you, my boy. Actually, I wanted to speak to you too."

This was a pleasant surprise. Maybe his father was right after all, and he had a shot because of who he was. For once, being a wolf shifter was playing in his favour. Rumours had it that Selene not only loved wolves, she was creating shifters similar to him, sending them into Midgard, the human realm. Of course, he didn't know which of the rumours were true.

"You probably know that I was helping Astraea with her garden." Fenrir was choosing each word carefully, not wishing for the woman in front of him to misunderstand what they were doing. He teased Astraea and was crazy about her but didn't want his actions to taint her gleaming reputation. He wanted her to become his wife and had nothing but respect for her.

"I had no idea," The Moon Goddess looked slightly surprised, but then the corners of her lips tilted upwards. "Well, it may be for the best. After all, I wanted to ask you to spend more time with my daughter."

Fenrir's heart skipped a beat. Maybe this was all a dream, and he was about to wake up. He hated to lift his hopes up for nothing, but his dream was now so close.

"It would be my honour," he cleared his throat, unable to hold back a smile. "Astraea and I-

"She will need help once she lives here," the Moon Goddess continued, sadness lacing her words. "I hate to be separated from her. I've already lost so many people dear to me-" She hesitated briefly, lost in thought. "Nevermind."

After Astraea gets married, she will stay here in Asgard, and she will need a friend on her side. You can be that friend, Fenrir.”

The realisation hit him so hard that it felt like a dagger pierced his heart and was twisting, twisting, twisting in his chest, enveloping him in agony.

Friend. The Moon Goddess wanted him to be Astraea’s friend. Which also meant she had someone else in mind as her husband.

“I will always be her friend,” he said dryly, but Selene was not in a hurry to grace him with a smile. She could feel that something was wrong.

“I am glad-” Her discerning gaze studied him cautiously.

“But her and I, we are more than friends,” he announced boldly, his resounding voice echoing through the marble room.

There was a hint of puzzlement written over the goddess’ face.

“I-” He was about to explain, but she lifted her hand to stop him, all pleasantness drained from her features.

“How dare you imply such things!” She stood up from her seat and clenched her fists tight. Like any deity, she was a warrior, and now he saw it.

He knew that this was the most important moment of his life. Here and now, his fate was about to be decided.

“I know why you brought Astraea here,” he started, confidence growing with each second. *He would fight for her if he had to.* “Your realm is dying, and you hope to unite with Asgard to prevent it.”

The Goddess watched him for a few moments, not saying a word to confirm it but not denying it either.

“This is the reason you want her to marry an Asgardian.” Fenrir did not allow his voice to tremble. It was all or nothing. “You need a powerful alliance to defend yourselves. I- I can be that Asgardian for you.”

“Oh, you foolish boy-” She sighed and massaged the bridge of her nose. If this is how you see this, you will not bring her anything good. Just forget what we talked about. Let’s pretend this meeting never happened. And don’t go to see her in that garden ever again.”

She was about to walk away when he gave her a reply she didn't ask for.

"No." His voice was like steel. Unyielding. Almost a threat.

And Selene felt that because now she was glaring at him.

"No?" She let out a little cruel laugh. "Boy, I think you are forgetting who you are talking to. This is not up for negotiation."

"I am sorry if I come across as rude," Fenrir stood up too. "This is not my intention. But Astraea and I have something special. I- We are in love. I want only the best for her, and I am ready to fight to the death for her if I have to. Her light awakened something in me that I had no idea was even there and-"

"This is a nightmare!" The Moon Goddess covered her face with her hands.

"At least think about it," Fenrir offered, ready to drop to his knees and beg her. "I know I'm not the perfect candidate for-"

"Do you?" Now Selene was mocking him, an icy smile stretching her lips. "I don't think you understand what you're doing at all! You don't understand what kind of place you have here."

"I fully understand," he said, knowing far too well how the others treated him. "But you love wolves, and I happen to be a wolf deity myself. There will never be anyone bigger or stronger than me. I thought that maybe-"

"Stop it!" The goddess screamed, stomping her foot. The moonlight that illuminated everything inside became duller. "Even talking to you about it can bring us trouble!"

"I am ready to give any oath to prove my intentions are pure!" He insisted, not ready to give up.

"An oath is not going to help here!" Selene was getting angrier. "Who do you think you are to ask for her hand? She is the Goddess of Stars, for goodness sake! Do you know how pure her blood is? How strong is she going to be when she reaches her full potential? She will control the stars, Fenrir! And everything is made out of stars! Even you and me. What do you think someone like you can offer my daughter?"

“Protection, love, happiness,” he stated what was most important in his opinion, but it only made her laugh.

“Protection?” She threw her head back laughing, while exhaustion and anger pulsed through her. “If she is with you, you will only put a target on her back!”

“Didn’t you want me to be her friend just now?” he growled, anger surging through him.

“I wanted you to be her guard!” Selene snapped. “It’s an honour for someone like you!”

“Someone like me? Am I not the same as your favourite creations?”

“The same?” The Moon Goddess let out a cold, heartless laugh, not caring that her words would stab him in the heart. “Don’t compare yourself to my wolves, boy! I created my werewolves, carefully selecting humans to be rewarded with the honour of hosting an immortal soul and a beast to go with it to allow them to protect themselves. Yes, they are wolves, but they are also my fallen brothers and sisters, my loyal comrades who went to war on our side. While you- You are an abomination created by your father for fun! You call yourself a god? I doubt that even your father is one! What does that make you? A self-proclaimed deity! A demon! A monster! Never compare yourself to my werewolves ever again!”

It felt as if she had slapped him in the face over and over, but at the same time, it also explained a lot. The important piece of information finally sunk in and explained something Fenrir couldn’t understand before. For weeks he thought about why Asgardians treated these deities from the other realm like dear guests and not potential rivals. Just a couple of hundred years back, they would wipe them out and then laugh about it at a feast. Asgardians were killing their own with ease, let alone outlanders. Now he finally knew what could cause such a change.

If Selene found a way to preserve the souls of falling Olympians, even in such a questionable way, this could be her bargaining chip here. This was why she was the one to come here. This was why Odin did not destroy these rivals, using their weakness. It became clear that he would want to know such an invaluable secret and pay for it with whatever Selene wanted.

After all, despite being the most powerful divine creatures, the gods of Asgard could still be killed. Even Odin was familiar with the pain of losing the ones he loved.

This complicated everything because there was no place for him in that plan of theirs.

“Tell me what to do!” For the first time, emotions slipped into his tone, betraying him. “Name your price. I will do whatever you need from me. I will fight for your realm; I will kill-”

“Just leave!” Selene replied, exhaustion overtaking her. “They hate you here. You can scare them, but she will never be safe with you; she will never be respected if she is your wife. It’s not what I want for my daughter.”

“But she will be happy,” he argued his case, knowing deep in his heart that it was true. He often watched Astraea while she was with the others and could tell she was only at ease beside him. When they were together, she was funny and relaxed, a real alive woman and not the beautiful perfect statuette she was during the day while performing her duties in front of other deities. He was the only one who saw the real her.

“She will be happy with the one I chose for her,” the Moon Goddess said, but for the first time, she did not sound so sure anymore.

“You were in love before,” he decided to use his one and only leverage, “you know how precious that is. Not everyone gets to experience it! Will you take this away from her? No matter how safe and powerful she is, she would despise you forever if you broke us up!”

The silence between them grew heavy, and he was afraid to ruin the fragile success of his words.

“Just- Just think about it,” he offered. “You don’t have to make the decision now. Deep in your heart, you will know what is right.”

“Fine,” the woman muttered. “You can leave now.”

He decided to take this little win and, with a curt bow, turned on his heel and rushed to the Glowing Garden, where he knew Astraea was waiting for him.

After a sleepless night he spent with Astraea, holding her in his arms and k*issing under a blossoming glowing tree for what seemed like hours, Fenrir refused to change anything in his schedule. He had to act as he usually did so as not to draw unwanted attention.

He had made only one exception which was a strategic choice.

“I am surprised I don’t have to drag you to the feast this time!” Tyr clapped his shoulder warmly and gestured for the servants to bring them mead. “And you even dressed for the occasion!”

“Father said I need to make an effort,” he lied, searching for the Goddess of Stars with his eyes and finding her in the same company as usual. Freyja, Vidar and other bright stars of Asgard were surrounding her.

He wanted to join them and was already on his way when his gaze met Freyja’s, and she immediately stood up with a goblet in her hand.

“I think it’s about time for a gift exchange!” she announced loudly, and the others grew quiet.