

# The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert Chapter 45

## The Alpha God's Luna by Marissa Gilbert

### Chapter 45

#### ASGARD

Fenrir watched his brother fighting Thor in the sea next to Asgard. The bloody battle took longer than it took him to kill Odin, but he knew he couldn't interfere. It was Jor's destiny to kill his nemesis.

His own fight exhausted him, but also finally gave him some closure.

Odin destroyed his life. The All father was the reason for his suffering, and now he finally paid the price. If the ruler of Asgard didn't treat him like an unwanted pet, none of this would have happened. And Astraea would have been alive.

The gods were dying like flies around him, and he needed to find one more man. The man who took Astraea away from him.

A deep s\*\*h left by Odin on his abdomen was bleeding and he tried to heal it, but the power and strength were slipping away from him.

A stomp of water rose to the skies, and somehow Fenrir knew it meant the end of his brother's battle. He saw Thor walking out of the sea on shaky feet, black liquid oozing from his wounds. Jor's venom. This would be Thor's end.

Fenrir turned away from the dying son of Odin. He did not feel sorry for him. Strangely, he felt nothing. Somehow, all his emotions had been blocked since the last shimmering star of Astraea dissipated in his arms.

He searched for his brother, not knowing what he would do without him and found his human b\*ody washed upon the shore. An ominous sign for sure.

It took him a while to get there, but he dragged Joran, barely breathing, to safety, collapsing next to him.

"He got me!" His brother was trying to close his gushing wound, but judging by its placement, it was useless. The two gods killed each other. This wasn't the end they counted on.

“Hold on just a little!” Fenrir begged him. He had already lost Astraea. He wasn’t losing Jormungandr, too. His brother did not deserve it. He didn’t have the long and fulfilling life that Thor had. He wasn’t everyone’s favourite; he never knew what home or love was. It wasn’t fair!

“Damn, that’s one embarrassing death!” Jor could barely focus his eyes.

“For what it’s worth, his wounds look more embarrassing to me,” Fenrir tried to keep a brave face. “A slow death from poison is not that heroic if you ask me. And lucky for you, you have a far better brother than all of his taken together. You are not going anywhere.”

“I probably lost most of my dragon form—”

“You’ll grow a new one. Remember you wanted large wings to be able to fly?”

Joran smiled at the thought. Flying was one of his biggest dreams, but he needed to slay another dragon and steal that ability from him. Dragons were hard to come by.

“We can get you wings, too,” he muttered.

“I’ll pass,” Fenrir chuckled.

He ripped his bracelet off, searching for suitable beads. It was hard to concentrate now, but even if he simply gave Jor more time to regenerate, it could work.

Finally, he found what he was looking for and crushed it, seeing instant relief on his brother’s face.

His joy was short-lived because a sword went right through his back and all the way to his chin and nose at a sharp angle.

Such an unexpected and brutal attack...

No Asgardian hit from the back. They were all too honourable—

All but one.

“You didn’t think you were getting away with it all, did you?” Vidar spat, disgust clear on his face. Joran watched blood trickle down Fenrir’s neck,

eyes wide as he grasped his wrist with the bracelet, knowing that there had to be more than one healing bead.

Vidar drew his sword back, and Fenrir towered over his sibling, disbelief surging through him. It wasn't supposed to go this way... His father and brother planned Ragnarok for years.

Fenrir was supposed to have an honest battle with Vidar. Just like he did with his father. And he would have ripped the silent prick apart—

“Coward!” Joran hissed, trying to get up, yet they were both too weak to fight.

“Call me whatever the f'ck you want!” Vidar chuckled darkly. “I am the last man standing. All the heroes die today like the fools they are! I have to say thank you to you both and your father whom I just killed. If not for your nasty plans, I would have never risen to rule Asgard!”

“You rule nothing, you b'stard!” Fenrir gathered his strength to face his enemy. “We fight and—”

“Fenrir, I already won a longtime ago,” Vidar announced. “When everyone you loved betrayed you. Asgardians, Tyr, your father and even your brother—”

“What are you talking about?” The wolf narrowed his eyes.

“Who do you think was bringing all these women to you while you were imprisoned in that cave? Who made them look like her? Who could change someone's appearance so that the glamour can fool even the gods? Who do you think drugged you?”

Fenrir swallowed his own blood, regeneration not working as fast as he had hoped.

“No!” He whispered as the realisation settled in his head.

“Have you not noticed your own children fighting today?” Vidar burst out laughing. “They grew those mutts so fast!”

You are an incredibly disgusting family.”

“Are we?” Joran's lips curled into a smirk. “Aren't you the one celebrating the death of your father and brothers now?”

“At least I didn’t use them for breeding to create chess pieces for myself!” Vidar pointed out, and Fenrir’s blood boiled. Vidar could be lying but— his father and brother never came to his rescue. They waited under the cave and were ready as soon as he was out. And he did notice other wolves fighting. He just didn’t care who was on the battlefield because he sought Odin and Vidar.

From the corner of his eye, he already saw a familiar Valkyrie flying towards him with the body of a white wolf in her hands. Five seconds ago he would have no idea who that was, but now his heart clenched when he saw a blood stain on the fur. His stomach churned as a whirlwind of emotions stormed through his soul. He hated what had happened to him, but if the acts resulted in women giving birth to his children, those kids were not to be blamed.

Vidar did not see Kara and it was doubtful she could kill him, but there was one thing Valkyrie’s were particularly good at. Opening portals between the realms.

A swirling vortex opened right next to him, and before he could do anything, Kara flew right into him, pushing him and his brother into the portal.

The kaleidoscope of colours caught them in the middle of a storm as they fell, fell, fell... landing in the middle of ice mountains. Fluffy snow caught them in its soft embrace.

“Where are we?” Joran tried to stand up, but landed back into the snow. His bleeding had stopped but he needed days of regeneration to feel better.

“Midgard,” Kara carefully placed the white wolf on the ground, hissing as she tried to open her broken wings. “Midgard?” Joran looked at her with wide eyes. “Don’t tell me—”. “Yeah, I brought you to the mortal realm. The only one I had access to.” The woman did not look apologetic. If anything, she looked concerned.

“Thank you,” Fenrir stood up. Talking was painful due to his injuries but he had to know. “Is that—” Kara couldn’t bring herself to look him in the eyes. She was the guard in his prison. All the terrible things that were done to him were done on her watch.

“One of your sons— Skoll.”

“Let me guess, my father named him.” Fenrir shook his head, still in disbelief. “If he survives, I will give him a better name.”

The Valkyrie glanced at him, surprised beyond belief.

“You are—” Kara swallowed her pride and kneeled before him. “I owe you a debt that I will never be able to repay.

Please accept my service as the payment.”

She offered her sword to him, and Fenrir looked around.

What was he to do? A young dying wolf who was apparently his child from one of the women he hated. A Valkyrie with a tarnished humour, who has just betrayed Asgard for him and begged him to accept her sword. And his brother, who watched all this without saying a word.

Fenrir slowly turned to see him.

“Rir,” Joran understood at once what was about to happen. “If there was any other choice, I would gladly—” He did not get to finish because a powerful punch landed on his face, knocking him off his feet.

Fenrir pulled the chains again, his powers still lacking, but they would soon be enough. Just a little more... “Vidar wanted to kill her?” he growled, fire coursing through his veins.

“I don’t know what exactly his plan was, but he attacked her car when she was just a child in this life. He killed her guards, older brother and her twin sister. He sent demons from Hel’s realm after them, Fenrir. If Joran didn’t feel the divine presence next to him and interfered, she would have been out of our reach forever.”

“And Joran was there by accident, of course,” the wolf groaned, not buying it.

“He was helping his Champion’s interests in the area,” Selene informed him. “It’s a long story, and most of it doesn’t

matter anymore, but I checked, and it looks like he was not lying. We were lucky that Freyja told me this life would be Astrea’s last, so I gave her a twin when she was reborn. A girl who was identical to her in looks. It’s probably cruel, but H

“Cruelty was never a problem for you.” The man chuckled.

“No, it wasn’t. Not when it’s about protecting my daughter.”

“This way of thinking really helps you sleep at night, right?” He scoffed. “I can’t believe you let her live her life by my brother’s side.”

“It was the best choice at that moment,” she reasoned. “You were nowhere to be found, and he was — there.” The words stung him. If only he knew the truce was broken, he would have taken Astrea away that very day and hidden her in Solace. He built the city with her in his thoughts. It was a place for those who wanted to disappear and feel safe. A home that was impossible for the outsiders to find.

And yet, it was his brother who ruined everything for him again.

Joran. That selfish b\*stard.

“I guess this is the abomination you can tolerate.” He couldn’t help but throw a jab her way. “It’s not about us anymore! Joran promised to keep her away from Vidar, to keep her safe. Vidar thought she was dead because he saw Astrea’s twin’s b\*ody, however—”

She stopped talking, and he knew that something was up.

“However, what?”

“I think deep inside, he knew it wasn’t her. He kept looking, kept watching us, kept searching for her.” The Moon Goddess looked anxious, hugging herself, and he knew she wasn’t acting. “I think— He senses her through their mate bond. He feels she is alive.”

“That psychopath!” Fenrir gritted his teeth. “He could have rejected her years ago, but he kept the bond to torture her.”

“Fenrir, you don’t get it. Barely anyone would break a mate bond.” The woman sighed. “It’s a life-changing experience—”

“The western princess and the northern king would have broken any mate bond just to be together,” Fenrir reminded her. “The bonds shouldn’t serve an agenda. You never even considered them as mates, and their love is stronger than any mated couple’s. “

“It’s an exception to the otherwise perfect rule.” Selene ran her hand over her face. “AsforVidar, I think he loves her in his own way—”

That thought alone was so disgusting that the anger rolled over him in waves, finding the exit at the tips of his fingers as his claws grew.

“He.” Fenrir pulled Gleipnir to its limits.

“Doesn’t.” His claws went in between the links, cutting through them. “Know.” The first link was broken.

“What.” The second was crushed into pieces.

“Love.” Pulling the chain by his other hand, he broke it in two.

“Is!” Gleipnir fell to the deity’s feet as his chest heaved with fury.

The Moon Goddess didn’t flinch, watching him rise before her. It was as if she expected it, wanted it. “It took you a while,” she commented calmly.

“Thanks for being as unhelpful as always,” he raised a brow at her.

“Fenrir, our old grudges are not important anymore. I am here, and I want to help,” Selene assured him, but he took it with a grain of salt. He would have killed for her help years ago, but what good was it doing to him now?

“I don’t need you,” he told her bluntly, without sparing her feelings.

“I guess you know Vidar’s plan then.” The Moon Goddess pursed her lips.

“I don’t need to know it.” He brushed her off, gathering the chains he had just broken. “I’m going to kill him and end this once and for all.”

“And how exactly would you do this?” The woman looked at him questioningly. “That’s none of your business.” He let out a dry laugh. “You don’t think I will share my secrets with you, do you?”

“Fenrir, whatever Vidar is doing, he’s been planning it for years!” She reminded him. “And I wasn’t sitting on my ass without thinking of our situation daily either,” he snapped at her. “He is going down this time.”

“Fenrir, he is a god in his prime power and you—”

“I know very well what I am, Selene.” His response was firm as he wrapped Gleipnir around his hand. “But if this is really Astrea’s last life, I am not leaving anything up to a chance. She is all that matters to me. If she dies, I die as well. Maybe in that way, we will finally be together without all of you meddling.”

“Is that all you want to offer to my daughter?” The Moon Goddess called him out, but he did not stop. This was nothing new to him.

“See you in another millennia, Selene!” He raised his hand to wave her a goodbye without turning to face her. “Her divinity can be returned!” The woman shouted into his back, making him pause for a second. He didn’t say anything, but she did not want to waste her chance, so she continued. “One God can give his or her divinity to another as a sacrifice—”

Resounding laughter erupted and Selene bit her lip.

“There it is!” He threw his head back, unable to control himself. “Now, this whole conversation finally makes sense! You want me to sacrifice my divinity and immortality for Astrea!”

“Didn’t you say you love her?” The woman crossed her hands over her chest.

“Didn’t you?” He turned on his heels to meet her gaze. “What was that about motherly love and all?”

“Do you think I didn’t consider doing it myself?” She sounded as if she was appalled. “Unfortunately, Fenrir, no one can replace me! I am the goddess of the Moon! I help to keep two races from slaughtering each other or maybe you have forgotten how you begged me once to give mates to your lycans too because they were losing their minds otherwise?”

“How can I forget when you constantly remind me of that. You have to give mates to everyone now, don’t you? After all werewolves, werebirds and other creatures created to help destroy me needed them, too.”

“I hate doing this again.” She closed her eyes, exhaling sharply. “If Astrea will take the burden of—”

“Selene, so many centuries, and you still know nothing about me,” he reproached her. “You don’t need to trick me to help Astrea, you don’t need to ask me, you will never have to beg me. She is in my heart, and no one will

ever take her place. All I do is always in her best interest, and if I need to give up my divinity for her, it's not a question. She can take it all – my immortality, my soul and my life. She has them even if she doesn't need them. She will always be the only keeper of my heart.”

“I am sorry,” Selene said as sincerely as she could. “Then— Then, if you can do this, she could be saved. Everything will be restored to its place!”

“Really?” A scoff escaped him. “If I sacrifice my divinity, I will die, and you know it. Astrea will stay alone. It may come as a shock to you, but for the two of us it's worse than death. At least in my case, I knew she would be reborn again and again. I had something to look forward to before you and Vidar broke me. When I am gone, Astrea will have nothing. And I am not sure she will be grateful to any of us for that decision.”

Fenrir raised his hand, creating a portal back home. He was done here.

“Wait!” Selene said, rushing to stop him, grasping him by his shoulder. Shock pulsed through the wolf god. That woman never touched him in all those years, considering it beneath him.

“What do you want?” He grunted. The wind of the portal was whipping both their hair.

“You are right about me. I don't know you,” Selene admitted. “I never gave you the benefit of a doubt. I have long forgotten what being in love feels like. Ever since my husband died, I have been alone, our children were my only source of joy. And when my realm started to crumble, I lost them too. I was one of the last ones standing and I thought I knew what I was doing. You two proved me wrong.”

He was glad she finally understood, but here and now it was irrelevant.

“Your confession is too late,” he told her, locking their eyes. “It will change nothing now, but if you need forgiveness, you have to ask for it from your daughter.”

“I don't need forgiveness,” the goddess lowered her head. “I need— I need to see her happy.”

“That makes two of us.”

She let go of him, and they stood like that for a few seconds before he exhaled heavily and prepared to leave. “And what if— There is another way.”

“To hell with it, Selene! Why won’t you start with it then?” She hesitated.

“Because I am not sure you are going to like it.”