

Chapter 63 - The Alpha God's Luna

“What proof do you have?” Forrest asked, running his hand through his rich brown curls.

“We analysed the explosion, and it was triggered by fire blood magic.” Vidar nodded at one of the Alphas present, and the man started handing the papers to his colleagues. “And guess which Coven Salome Gray belongs to?”

“She is from the White Tree Coven,” Fenrir grunted.

“Don't be hasty and read the papers I prepared for you,” Vidar smirked. “That's her mother's coven. Her father comes from the Obsidian Circle Coven, and his bloodline is famous for fire-wielding. Fire blood magic, to be specific, which is a rare gift, may I add. Barely any other witches can wield fire like the Gray bloodline.”

“And you found out all this in less than one day?” Gideon arched his brow suspiciously.

“We work fast in the South.” A chuckle rumbled through the God of Vengeance's chest. “Please, keep in mind that we're only sharing this with you, hoping that you would understand the measures we have to take against the North. Considering your relationship—”

“That's very generous of you.” Gideon did not let him finish. “Queen Savannah is my sister, and King Kai is — there,” he cleared his throat, “if you plan to wage war against the North, the West will not take this kindly, whatever reason you have.”

“It's bold of you to say this,” one of the younger Alphas at the table growled, “considering you're currently in our territory.”

“Is that a threat?” Gideon's eyes glowed golden as a warning.

“You are not at all like I imagined you.” Vidar turned away and took a few steps to draw attention to the view of the destroyed city behind it. “They say you are wise and just, but it looks like you're playing favourites because of your little sister's involvement.”

“My sister was brought up the same way I was, and this is how I know she would never stand by something like this. I suggest the South look for their enemy somewhere else. Possibly closer.”

“We'll take your words into consideration when we decide how to respond to the North's aggression,” Forrest promised.

“I think it's rude to speak about the North as if they committed a crime,” Fenrir added. “We still have seen no solid proof of their guilt. Keeping your own army at your own border is not exactly a war crime.”

“But blowing up civilians of the neighbouring country is.” Vidar was getting more and more confident.

“A flag projected on a wall is also hardly proof,” Astrea folded her hands over her chest. “If the Northerners were this proud of their action, they wouldn't deny it now!”

“They are not denying. They aren't responding.” Forrest said quietly, but everyone heard him.

Vidar nodded, and one of his minions brought a box to the desk, removing the lead and making everyone gasp.

A chill went down Astrea's spine because there was a new shiny bomb inside the box. An explosive device similar to the ones she was taught to work with on the Firstborn Island. Only that one was triggered by magic.

“I came here because I heard rumours about the other three countries preparing to attack us. My father was investigating this, and I am pretty sure this got him killed.” Vidar used everyone's shock to his advantage. “I continued his work when I arrived, and my men found this device underneath the very building we are at.”

Everyone exchanged concerned glances.

“We found and disarmed twelve more,” the Asgardian exhaled heavily. “Sadly, we didn't get to them all in time, and for that I apologise.”

“Moon Goddess, Vincent!” someone gasped. “You are our hero! No need to apologise.”

“If he hadn't find it in time, we'd all be dead!” someone murmured.

“The damage was supposed to be much bigger!”

Every muscle in Astrea's body went rigid hearing these words. Vidar wasn't a hero. He was a monster who probably orchestrated all this, and now he twisted the narrative in his favour.

“How convenient!” Fenrir commented. “I still don't see how any of this proves it's the North's fault. Or Salome's, for that matter.”

“I am getting to that.” Vidar raised his chin high and clicked a button on his remote. “The North is implicated just as much as the East. And it all comes back to the witch. Although I am not surprised you try to save your lover, King Fenrir Vanargard.”

Astrea growled as Nova was ready to pounce on their enemy.

“Apologies, Luna,” her mate offered a fake smile. “You are yet to learn who you chose to spend your life with. But here is the proof you’ve been asking for.”

Images of Fenrir and Salome from their life back in Solace appeared one by one, and Astrea had to use all her willpower not to rip the screen off the wall. In some of the images, Salome had her arms wrapped around Fenrir’s. In another, they were hugging, and many had them laughing together, looking like the cutest couple ever. Then, a video of the old woman from the square and her puppet show appeared as she told the same old story she believed in.

It was a disaster.

“So, your proof is that we know each other and some gossip from an old woman who lost her mind a long time ago?” Fenrir looked unbothered. “I never denied that Salome used to live and work in the East. This is how I know her character and doubt that she would accept a job which includes killing innocents.”

“Unless you are the one who wants them dead,” Vidar tilted his head with an arrogant smile playing on his lips.

“She would do anything for you, won’t she?” He cast a diminishing look at the witch.

For the first time since the beginning of this conversation, Salome lifted her head to look at her captor defiantly.

“A desperate mistress would do anything for you when a new plaything threatens her,” Vidar locked eyes with Astrea, and her stomach churned.

“No!” Salome spoke. “That’s a lie!”

“So, what is the truth?” The deity stared down at her. “Let’s have a glance at how it all looks from here. Last year, King Fenrir sent you to be a spy at the Luna Trials.”

He showed people a photo of Salome walking in the garden with Kai.

“I wasn’t a spy!” The woman clenched her fists, her chains rattling. Her magic was undoubtedly blocked. “I was looking for an alliance, and the King knew it!”

“Exactly!” Vidar nodded eagerly. “Both kings had to agree on the same plan.”

“No!” Salome protested.

“Let him speak.” Fenrir shook his head, and the witch bit her lip. Vidar would say what he wanted to say, anyway. They had to regroup.

“See, even now, she only listens to his orders. Would she do that if she was banned, as he claimed before?” He was gloating, moving to the next photo with a click. “When the Northerners

had a civil war, Salome Gray brought her Coven and helped them change course, granting her the trust they all needed and the idea of destroying the only country in their way, the Southern Lycan Republic.”

“Because what?” Astrea rolled her eyes. “Reasons? There is no motive!”

“Of course there is!” Vidar did not spare her a glance. “To ruin the strongest of the four countries on the continent is one of them. Besides, we all know that the North needs more land. They begged the West to give them some last year.”

Gideon let out a low warning snarl.

“And the East is so poor it hurts to look at them,” the God of Vengeance shrugged. “Their land is no good either. Who wants to live in the desert? Besides, they are literally just a bunch of rogues.”

“Still. No. Proof.” Fenrir growled loudly, slamming his fist on the desk.

“Oh, I am just getting there.” Vidar was full of himself as he displayed the next image. “This is the report I prepared for you. The metal used for the bombs can only be found in the North. The crystals used to activate the magic are from northern caves. Even the wire is produced there. If you wanted proof, there it is!”

They all needed a moment to process this, and Astrea glanced at Fenrir, who seemed calm. Yet she felt it wasn’t exactly true.

Sounds of a commotion behind the doors distracted them all. The doors burst open, as one of the guards flew to the ground, and a scene of two more trying to hold back Warg unfolded before their eyes.

“Salome!” he shouted, and the woman on the ground flinched. She was the only one who couldn’t see him.

“Command your barbarian to stop!” Vidar frowned at Fenrir.

“Warg, stop!” the wolf god said, his voice unusually loud. The words made the first lycan freeze, eyes begging his King for permission to fight. “You are not helping her,” the wolf god explained, and he finally stopped struggling.

“As I was saying—” Vincent was about to continue with his lies, showing yet another image of Salome on the border, accompanied by the northern army.

“It’s all me,” the girl whispered, but no one heard her, so she repeated. This time louder. “It’s all me!”

The people in the room turned their attention to her, and she finally stood up, raising her head high.

“I am the only one at fault here! I used the token I got after the Luna Trials to move the army to the border. I planned to destroy the South and attack while it was weak. For me.”

Fenrir closed his eyes. It was the end.

“Nonsense.” Vidar angled his head to look at the witch with a cruel grin. “One little witch doesn’t need this. But thank you for your heartfelt confession. Take her to the cell!”

“No!” Warg growled, and more warriors arrived to restrain him.

“On that note, I would like to ask our guests to leave.” Vidar put his hands in his pockets, leaning on the glass wall as if he was the victor, proud of everything he had done.

“Not before you return my wife to me!” Gideon growled.

“Queen Riannon is our guest, and her safety is ensured as long as the West does not interfere in our matters,” the deity explained.

“So, not only have you abducted her, but you are also blackmailing me?” the Westerner seethed.

“Of course not.” Vidar shook his head. “Please, don’t read this the wrong way and give us some privacy. We are almost at war.”

Gideon stood up, clenching his fists so hard his knuckles turned white. Astrea followed him, knowing they would have to find her sister as soon as possible.

Fenrir was the only one who remained still.

“What are you waiting for?” Vidar raised a brow at him.

“I am waiting for the show. You like those, don’t you?” he challenged his enemy.

“Very well.” Vidar never refused an opportunity to show off. “I would like to address the Alpha Convocation. The matter is urgent, and our situation calls for a vote! We need a High Chancellor, even if a temporary one, to deal with the ones who attacked us! This cannot be left alone, and too many things seem shady! We need a leader, and our laws allow us to elect one within a Convocation gathering when we are on the brink of war.”

Vidar spoke with more and more confidence. It showed that he had a lot of practice as a public speaker after millennia of ruling over the New Asgard. “I have gathered as much proof as possible in such a short time. I am the only one not allied with anyone here. Fresh blood. Blood ready to be spilled for our Republic. As the son of my father, I summon all of you today for an Urgent Vote to choose an Emergency High Chancellor to lead us during this time.”

“Let me guess,” Fenrir gritted his teeth, “you offer yourself as the candidate?”

“Yes, I do!” Vidar did not even bother pretending to be modest. “I believe I am the best choice right now, but I will let you all decide who will lead us during the dark times.”

The room fell silent as everyone contemplated their next action.

“Jordan is not here,” someone remembered about Joran. “He’d offer himself as well, and he—”

“He is not present,” Vidar reminded. “Therefore, he’ll have to miss this vote as a candidate.”

“Let’s go!” Fenrir grasped Astrea’s hand and pulled her behind him, gesturing for Warg and Gideon to follow them.

“So,” they heard Vidar’s eager voice behind their backs as the door were closing, “shall we?”