

Chapter Eighty-Six: Journey to Judgment

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Phera POV:

The room was filled with the soft glow of morning light filtering through the curtains, casting a warm hue on the sheets tangled around us. My body still tingled from the passion we had shared just moments ago. Zane's strong arms wrapped around me, his chest rising and falling with each breath. I felt safe, cherished, and undeniably loved.

With a content sigh, I extricated myself from Zane's embrace, earning a husky murmur from him. "Where are you going, my love?" he asked, his voice husky with sleep.

"We need to get ready," I whispered, pressing a kiss to his lips. "Today is important."

Zane stretched, his muscles rippling under his skin, and gave me a lazy smile. "I suppose we can't stay in bed all day."

Reluctantly, we got out of the shower and headed to the dressing room. After drying off, I slipped into the clothes I had chosen for the day. A simple, elegant dress that was both respectful for the occasion and comfortable for the journey ahead. Zane dressed in a crisp shirt and trousers, his presence as commanding as ever.

We made our way downstairs, where Axel and Damon were waiting for us. Their eyes lit up with warmth as they took in my appearance. "You look beautiful, sunflower," Zane murmured, kissing my forehead.

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"Thank you," I replied, my heart swelling with love.

As we stepped outside, the crisp morning air greeted us. The journey to the Alpha King's palace awaited, where Rex and Josh would face their sentencing. The weight of the day ahead was heavy, but I felt a sense of resolution and determination. Justice would be served.

The drive to the palace was filled with a quiet anticipation. Zane held my hand, his thumb gently stroking the back of it. "No matter what happens today, we are with you," he said softly.

I nodded, feeling the sincerity in his words. "I know. And I am with you, always."

We shared a tender silence, the bond between us strengthening with each passing moment. The road stretched out before us, a symbol of the journey we had taken and the challenges we had faced. Together, we were stronger, ready to face whatever lay ahead.

As the palace loomed into view, its grandeur striking against the sky, I took a deep breath. This was it. The moment of reckoning for those who had caused so much pain and suffering. I felt Zane's hand tighten around mine, a silent promise of unwavering support.

"Let's do this," I said, my voice steady.

Zane smiled, his eyes filled with pride. "Let's."

With that, we stepped out of the car and walked towards the palace courtyard, ready to face the future with courage and unity.

The courtyard of the Alpha King's palace was a grand

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expanse, meticulously maintained with lush gardens and towering statues of previous rulers. Today, it was transformed into a sombre arena of justice. Allies from every corner of the werewolf multiverse were gathered, their expressions a mix of anticipation and grim resolve. The air was heavy with tension, the weight of the day palpable.

I stood with Zane, Axel, and Damon at my side. The triplets' presence was a fortress of strength around me. As we approached the dais where the Alpha King sat, my heart pounded. Today, the sins of the past would be addressed, and justice would be served.

The Alpha King, imposing and regal, presided over the proceedings. His eyes were sharp, his demeanour resolute. On his right stood Alpha Vince and Gamma Thomas of the RavenClaw pack, their presence a reminder of the unity and strength that had brought us to this moment. Other allies, including the leaders of neighbouring packs, filled the courtyard, a testament to the solidarity of our kind.

Josh stood before the King, his shoulders slumped in defeat. The once proud future Beta of the Blue Moon pack was now a shadow of his former self, broken and resigned to his fate. The Alpha King's voice boomed across the courtyard, commanding silence.

"Joshua MacAlister, for your betrayal, collusion with the enemy, and endangering the lives of countless pack members, you are sentenced to death. It will be swift and merciful."

Josh nodded, a tear rolling down his cheek. There was no fight left in him, only acceptance of the consequences of

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his actions. I watched with a mix of sorrow and relief as the guards led him away. His punishment was harsh but necessary, a reminder of the price of treachery.

Next, Rex was brought forward, his hands bound in heavy chains. His eyes burned with fury, a stark contrast to Josh's defeated demeanour. The Alpha King's gaze hardened as he addressed him.

"Rex Evan, for your heinous crimes, the murder of your brother and his mate, the attempted usurpation of the Red Moon pack, and the countless lives you have destroyed, you are sentenced to a fate befitting your actions."

The Alpha King's words were cold and unyielding. "You will be stripped of your wolf, rendered human, and exiled to the darkest realms where you will live out your days in agony and solitude. This is a mercy you do not deserve, but it is the justice we mete out."

Rex's reaction was immediate and explosive. He thrashed against his chains, his face contorted in rage. "You think this will stop me?" he spat, his voice venomous. "I will find a way back. You cannot silence me forever!"

His outburst was met with steely silence. The Alpha King raised a hand, and the guards moved to restrain Rex further. His hateful tirade continued, each word dripping with malice.

"Your rule is a sham!" Rex screamed. "You hide behind your laws and your power, but you are weak. I will return, and I will destroy everything you hold dear. You will see your packs fall, one by one."

The courtyard was deathly quiet, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. I felt Zane's grip on my hand tighten,

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his support unwavering. Rex's words were desperate, the rantings of a man who had lost everything and could only lash out in his final moments.

The Alpha King's voice cut through the silence, calm and authoritative. "Your threats mean nothing, Rex Evan. You will be forgotten, a relic of a past that has no place in our future. Take him away."

The guards dragged Rex from the dais, his screams echoing through the courtyard. As they faded into the distance, a sense of finality settled over the gathering. Justice had been served, and the dark chapter of Rex's terror had come to an end.

I took a deep breath, the weight of the moment pressing down on me. My mates surrounded me, their presence a balm to my frayed nerves. We had faced unimaginable horrors, but we had emerged stronger, united by our love and our determination to protect our pack.

As the proceedings concluded, I looked at the Alpha King, gratitude and respect shining in my eyes. He met my gaze, a subtle nod passing between us. We had prevailed, and now it was time to rebuild, to heal, and to look to the future with hope.

We turned to leave the courtyard, the whispers of our allies fading into the background. The path ahead was still fraught with challenges, but together, we would face them all. The bond we shared was unbreakable, and with my mates by my side, I knew we could overcome anything. With each step we took, I felt the weight of the past lifting, replaced by the promise of a brighter tomorrow. The shadows of Rex's reign of terror were behind us, and the light of a new dawn beckoned.

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As we made our way back to the palace, I turned to my mates, resolve hardening my features.

"I need to see Rex's punishment," I said, my voice steady. The triplets exchanged worried glances, their reluctance evident.

"Sweetheart, you don't have to do this," Axel said, his hand squeezing mine reassuringly.

"I do," I insisted. "I need to see it. I need to know that justice is truly being served."

Damon sighed, his grip on my other hand tightening. "If you're sure, love. We'll be with you."

Zane nodded in agreement, though I could see the tension in his jaw. "Let's ask the Alpha King for permission."

We approached the Alpha King, who was deep in conversation with his advisors. As we neared, he turned his piercing gaze upon us, and the triplets bowed respectfully. I followed suit, my heart pounding.

"Your Majesty," Damon began, "Phera wishes to witness Rex's punishment. We seek your permission."

The Alpha King studied me for a moment, his expression unreadable. Then he nodded. "Very well. She has earned that right. But be prepared for what you will see."

I nodded, steeling myself for what was to come. The Alpha King motioned for us to follow, and we made our way to a secluded part of the palace grounds, where Rex awaited his fate.

As we entered the dimly lit chamber, I saw Rex chained to

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a stone pillar, his eyes burning with hatred. The room was filled with the scent of damp stone and old blood, a fitting backdrop for the justice that was about to be served.

The Alpha King stepped forward, his presence commanding. "Rex Evan, you have been sentenced to the stripping of your wolf and exile to the darkest realms. This is your final punishment."

Rex snarled, his chains rattling as he struggled. "You think this will break me? You're all fools!"

Ignoring his outburst, the Alpha King signaled to the guards. They moved forward, chanting an ancient incantation that reverberated through the chamber. The air grew thick with power, and I felt a chill run down my spine.

Rex's body convulsed as the incantation took hold. His eyes widened in terror, and a guttural scream tore from his throat. I watched, transfixed, as the essence of his wolf was forcibly ripped from him. His skin seemed to writhe and contort, his bones cracking audibly.

The pain was excruciating, and Rex's screams filled the chamber, echoing off the stone walls. His eyes rolled back in his head, his veins bulging as if they were about to burst. The guards continued their incantation, their voices unwavering.

I felt my mates' hands on my shoulders, grounding me as I witnessed the gruesome spectacle. My heart pounded in my chest, but I knew this was necessary. This was justice for all the lives Rex had destroyed, for the pain and suffering he had caused.

Finally, with one last, agonising scream, Rex's wolf was

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stripped away, leaving him a broken, empty shell of a man. His body slumped, his chains the only thing keeping him upright. His eyes, once so full of malice, were now hollow and lifeless.

The Alpha King nodded to the guards, who stepped back, their task complete. He turned to me, his expression solemn. "It is done. You may approach him if you wish."

I took a deep breath, my heart heavy with a mixture of satisfaction and sorrow. I stepped forward, my mates flanking me protectively. As I neared Rex, his eyes flickered with a spark of defiance.

"You think this changes anything?" he spat, his voice weak but venomous. "You will never be free of me."

I stared down at him, my resolve unshaken. "You are nothing now, Rex. You have lost everything."

I reached for the steel rod, a symbol of the pain he had inflicted on so many. With a steady hand, I plunged it above his heart, the cold metal sinking into his flesh. Rex gasped, his body jerking in pain.

Leaning in close, I whispered, "This is for every life you've ruined, every heart you've broken. Your reign of terror ends here."


I stepped back, my gaze never leaving his. Rex's breath came in ragged gasps, his eyes losing their focus. The guards moved to take him away, but his hateful gaze remained locked on me until the very end.


Turning away, I walked back to my mates. Their hands found mine, their touch a comforting reminder that I was not alone. Together, we left the chamber, the weight of justice lifting from my shoulders.

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As we emerged into the sunlight, the realisation of what had just transpired began to sink in. The darkness that had loomed over us for so long was finally dissipating. We had faced our demons and emerged stronger for it.

With my mates by my side, I knew that whatever challenges lay ahead, we would face them together. And with each step we took, I felt the promise of a brighter future unfolding before us.

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