

# Mated To The Lycan King Chapter 115

“Call Brent and Miranda!” I shouted at the warriors who were standing behind me.

“King Everest, Queen Avalynn,” The warrior paused for a moment, looking at the large injured black wolf that was left, “What would you like to do with this one?”

“End his suffering.” I heard Everest say and watched as he walked over to the wolf. He took the wolf’s head in his hands and twisted, snapping his neck. The action killed him instantly. My eyes widened as I looked at the back of my mate, who was now standing over the lifeless body. He turned and walked back over to me.

“Now we need to deal with Dexter and figure out how he came back to life.” I told Everest.

“I agree.” He nodded his head. “Are you..” But he was cut off by a painful scream.

My head snapped at the sudden screaming coming from across the field. I knew that when I turned my head Dexter was murdering one of our men, but to my surprise, he wasn’t. It was actually Dexter who was screaming as if he was in agonizing pain. I watched as Dexter’s body collapsed to the ground. His body twisted and contorted. His bones began to snap on their own, but he wasn’t shifting. Everyone took a few steps back, ensuring that they stayed away from him. I felt Everest’s hands on my shoulders pulling me away.

“Avalynn, step back. Something is going on.” Everest said to me.

The minutes passed by as we watched him. Brent and Miranda both ended up showing up in the middle of everything.

“How is this possible? What is wrong with him?” Brent yelled over his once thought to be dead brother.

“I don’t know how it is possible he’s alive. I don’t know what is going on with him.” Everest answered him.

Miranda came and stood by my side. “How long has this been going on?”

“Almost thirty minutes. His bones keep rebreaking, but he is not shifting. Is he losing his lycan?” I looked at her and saw her deep frown.

“I don’t know, maybe?” We all stood there and looked at what was unfolding before our eyes. We didn’t know how to help him or even if we should help him.

After a bit, Miranda turned to look at Brent. “I was going through everything that I have learned over the years. Between normal and dark and dangerous black magic. It is definitely black magic being used. I am almost certain.” She looked back at him. “His body could be trying to free itself from whatever curse was laid upon him.”

“So how can we help him?” Brent asked her.

“We can’t really help him. Whatever he is going through, he must go through it, even if it is for hours. We can’t move him, nor can we touch him. He could injure us and not mean to do so. It is extremely dangerous, not only for him but for everyone involved. I need a black magic book, but I don’t think that there are any here to find the exact spell they used on him.”

“Are you saying that this entire thing was orchestrated?” Everest stepped in and asked her, a deep frown on his face.

“That is exactly what I am saying,” Miranda said with a straight and serious face.

Everest turned his gaze to me and back at Miranda, “How.. Why?” He questioned, confused asked why it was all centered around me.

“What do you mean?” Brent looked at Everest confused.

“I guess I mean..” He trailed off and thought for a moment how he would word his question, “Well, why the obsession with Avalynn?”

“I think that would be something we could ask him, if he knows. Whenever he comes out of this fit, he may or may not have any recollection of what has happened. When he comes out of this, he may believe that no time has passed. If he has forgotten everything, he won’t be able to answer any of your questions.” Miranda answered.

“And what if he does remember?” I asked her.

“If he does remember, he will go through a terrible amount of guilt. He will know that hundreds, if not thousands, died by his hands or at the help of his hands. He will, however, be able to answer your questions. Generally, if I remember correctly, when a witch leaves their memory intact, it is in hopes that they end their life.” Miranda sighed. “I just want to know how long he was under that spell.” She turned back to look at him.

We all turned to watch him. He was still screaming and rebreaking all of his bones. Day soon shifted into night and night became day. It was about three in the morning when we noticed that the rebreaking stage of his bones began to slow. The sun was beginning to rise when Dexter took a gasp of air, filling his lungs. He laid there, on the ground, unmoving, except for the movements of his chest from his rapid breathing. We all looked at him, watching him carefully.

I noticed the sweat that was on his face, rolling down. His cheeks were obviously flushed. His eyes were closed and he laid still on the ground. I nearly jumped out of my skin when I heard Brent speak softly, as if he was almost afraid to talk.

“What is happening?” Brent whispered.

“I am not sure. I can’t really recall what the books said about this exact moment,” Miranda answered.

I looked at him and closed my eyes. I tried to connect with him but ended up with zero luck in reaching him. I looked over at Everest and shook my head. I knew that he knew what I was trying to do.

“No luck. I couldn’t reach him or his lycan, it was like there wasn’t anyone home.” I linked Everest, his hand moving to rest upon my shoulder.

We all stood there and watched as the minutes ticked by. Another gasp of air was heard from Dexter. All of us were now anxious as we waited. His breathing evened out, but his eyes remained closed. He was perfectly still and almost looked like a statue. We watched as Brent slowly approached his brother.

He stood over him gazing down at him. “Brother?” He whispered to him.

We watched as several moments passed by without a sound coming from Dexter. When Brent turned to walk away, Dexter reached out and took hold of Brent’s ankle. His eyes were wide open as he gazed up at the tree tops above him.

“Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. I couldn’t. Oh my Goddess. No. No. I didn’t.” Dexter cried out in a scream, causing us to all jump.

He remembered. He remembered everything. Every death, every lie, everything that made him a traitor to not only his friends and people, but to his very own family. His head turned and he looked up at his brother, thankful that he had survived the attack he had orchestrated.

“I am sorry, brother.” Dexter said before he let him go and fell back out, passing out. We all looked at one another, unsure of what to do now. That is when Brent spoke up.

“Restrain him, gag him, bring him to the cells.” Brent told the warriors with a difficult expression on his face.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Miranda asked him.

“I am sure. I want to take all the necessary precautions, no matter what. We will have to take this day by day, it seems.” He wrapped his arm around Miranda, leaving.

I looked at Everest and he nodded his head and took my hand. We watched as the warriors carried Dexter's body behind Brent and Miranda and we followed behind them, walking in silence.