

# Mated To The Lycan King Chapter 117

The air was thick with hate, anger, and mildly suffocating. I sat next to Everest as we listened to the council members argue with one another. Some wanted to hear him out, especially when they found that his story was not only unique but true. Some of the members thought that maybe the magic was still lingering, and the story was untrue. I could see their side, but I would be able to detect the truth, regardless of any lingering magic.

“I don’t care what his damn story is. He needs to be charged to the fullest extent of our laws!” Yelled council member Jeffery as he slammed his fist down on the marble table.

“You should care about the truth. The truth, regardless of what has happened, is the only thing that truly matters.” Council member Carrigan spoke in a more calm and even tone.

Jeffery turned to face Carrigan, his eyes glowing with anger, his Lycan threatening to show himself at any moment as his words, lathered in hatred, spewed from his mouth, “You would think, out of everyone here, that you, Carrigan, would be the most affected by the situation.”

“Easy there Jeffery,” Carrigan said with a hint of danger in his voice.

“Or did you forget that your mate and son were both murdered by this monster? He, you know, took great...” Jeffery was cut off by Carrigan shifting, lunging across the table, and choking him out.

Everest shifted and let out a deadly growl that caused all the chaos in the room to stop. It was completely silent, no one dared to even breathe. Carrigan shifted back into his human form and bowed his head to Everest.

“Sorry, my King,” he whispered

“I do not blame you. I know that is a fresh wound for you. It will take a while to heal.” Everest placed a hand upon Carrigan’s shoulder and looked around the room at all the council members. They sat there in

shame, especially Jeffery, who was staring down at the floor, afraid to even look up at the gaze that Everest was giving him.

Everest cleared his throat before speaking, “Just so everyone is aware, the story that Dexter has provided us is one hundred percent the truth. There are absolutely zero traces of magic lingering in him or in his story. Avalynn would be able to detect if there was anything suspicious.

We are going to bring Dexter in, he is going to tell you all his story. Do not interrupt him.” Everest warned the group.

“Can we ask him questions?” One of the men asked.

“Of course, but I would prefer that all questions, like in any of our briefings, are held until the end,” Everest answered him.

“You may bring him in.” I motioned to one of the guards.

Dexter walked in, his head hanging low. I could feel the shame rolling off of him. I looked up at Everest, who was still standing, watching the men around the room. “Sit, please.” Everest motioned for anyone still standing to sit, including Dexter.

I stood then, “Dexter, if you will, please inform the others of your entire story. What you have been through from the very beginning up until the very end. Leave no detail untouched.” I sat back down as he nodded his head and cleared his throat.

Dexter told the same story as he had told us previously. watched the expressions of everyone’s faces, one by one. I watched the anger slip from their faces and creep back up once they realized the twins had manipulated everything, even down to some of his memories. When they realized that he had no control over his mind or body, they frowned.

Almost as if they couldn’t believe it.

Dexter had tears spilling down his cheeks as he spoke of when his own hands took the life of his family. Everyone could feel his sadness and the hate he held for himself, but no one dared to interrupt him speaking.

When he finished telling his entire story, the room was silent. I knew that they wanted to ask questions, but they didn't know if they should. I could see the conflict even in Jeffery's eyes. He didn't know what to make of everything he had just heard. It was a lot to take into consideration.

"Well, does anyone have any questions?" Everest asked the group. When no one said anything, Everest motioned for the guards. \*Please take him into the next room while we deliberate his sentencing."

We all watched in silence as they led Dexter out into the adjoining room. When the door shut, we all sat in silence for a few long moments. The only thing that could be heard in those moments were the people shifting in their seats uncomfortably.

stood up and looked out at the men in front of me.

"Gentlemen, I believe that it is time that we come to a sentencing for Dexter."

Everest stood next to me, one of his hands resting on the small of my back cleared his throat before he spoke. "Yes, it is time. All in favor of the death sentence?"

I looked across the room and not one hand was raised.

They knew, just as we did, that he had no control. It was difficult, yes. As much as we all wanted him gone completely, we knew that the witches had complete control.

"All in favor of removing a body part?" Everest asked them all.

I was never a fan of the whole eye for and eye punishment.

I felt my stomach turn at the thought of removing their hands and feet because of their crimes. I looked around the room and no one moved or agreed to that motion.

Everest continued, "All in agreement with a forty-five-year banishment?" Hands rose around the room slowly, one by one would win.

one. Everest nodded after he counted the hands. Majority

“Forty years?” Someone commented. “That is nothing in our world.” That is like a six-month sentence in the human world. I believe it should be longer.” I looked and saw that it was Marcus speaking.

“Why?” Jeffery asked.

“Because, well, the wound of our losses will still be fresh, you know that,” Marcus said.

“Maybe so, but it is highly unlikely that he will show his face any time after that,” Everest told the group.

“Okay, okay.” Marcus nodded his head.

“Then it is settled, please bring Dexter back in.” Everest motioned the guards once again. We watched as Dexter entered the room, walking to the center and standing.

I scanned the room, my eyes jumping from face to face before finally landing upon Dexter’s face. He looked like he hadn’t eaten, over tired, and just plain stressed. I am sure that his memories were keeping him up at night.

Everest began to hand out his judgment, “Dexter, you have been brought here to be served a sentence for your crimes.

Now, while we all understand that you had zero control over your functions, that still doesn’t mean that you are free from punishment. We have all agreed that you will be banished for forty-fiver years. During these next forty-five years you may not step foot in the Northern and Southern territories. You may not make any contact with the territories of any kind through phone calls, mail, e mail, or texting. The only time that this contact clause may be broken is to warn the territories of any dangers that may be threatening the lives of those living under my protection. If you step foot into my territory you will be brought to the dungeons, stripped of your Lycan, and forced to clean the castle until your very last dying breath.”

“Understood, thank you. Thank you to everyone for showing me this kindness even when I know I do not deserve it.” Dexter spoke to the council members.

“Guards, see him to the border. Thank you everyone, you are dismissed.” Everest concluded the meeting. We both watched as the room cleared of everyone. I let out a small sigh of relief. It was over. Officially, it was over.

“Want to go back to the bedroom? I can offer you a small massage. I am sure that you and the baby both need to relax.” Everest smiled at me as he rested his hand on my growing tummy.

“That would be wonderful.” The corners of my lips turned up into a smile.