

Chapter 72

The Evening of Dexter's Trial

The beginning of the day and Dexter's trial...

I stood outside the door with Everest, Josh, Claire, Miranda, and Brent. We were chatting about the trial for Sarah. How it was weird to watch the silver overtake her body. The way that it seemed to burn her from the inside out. It was a sight that I did not enjoy watching. I leaned against Everest and his hand went instinctively to my belly, rubbing it softly. We were pregnant.

It brought me back to the moments leading up to finding out I was pregnant. He picked me up and twirled me around our bedroom this morning. How happy he was, how happy I was to be carrying the next leader for our Kingdom, to be carrying a product of our love for one another.

I couldn't wait to experience all of the good and bad of this pregnancy with him as our family grew much bigger, even if it was only by one. A Lycan pregnancy was different than a human who was carrying a child. Lycans were pregnant for maybe four months, half the time a human would give birth. Some Lycans delivered their babes as early as three months. We were stronger than humans, we could procreate faster too. I remember this one woman who gave birth twice in one year, the second being with twins. She had her hands full for sure. I could not even imagine having three babies under the age of one.

That made me wonder if I was going to have one or multiples. I smiled as my hand sat on top of Everest's hand, which was still rubbing my flat stomach. It wouldn't be flat in the next few months as it would be more full and plump looking with the love of my baby inside.

"Avalynn, are you?" Claire looked at me with a questionable look on her face.

"Am I?" I frowned at her.

Claire motioned to my stomach where mine and Everest's hands were resting. "Pregnant? Are you pregnant?"

"We are. We just found out this morning." I smiled happily at everyone standing there and looked down at our hands.

Congratulations were told throughout our group, which went along with hugs and handshakes. I answered all the questions about doctors' appointments to be made and how far along we thought we were. Little did we all know, this would be the happiest and brightest moment of our entire day and maybe weeks to come.

We looked up at the sound of creaking as the doors to where the trial was being held were opened up for us. We didn't really mind waiting outside as the staff finished setting everything up. We were early, after all. It gave us the time to chat. We walked into the room and the temperature matched the appearance, cold and harsh. The walls were concrete brick painted a white color. The room almost looked sterile. The table that was up higher and looking down at the rest of the room was long and stretched across the entire room. There were twelve chairs in total up there. Enough for our council members and enough for the Southern Territory council members to sit with us. The table was made up of rich, deep colored wood that had a beautiful glossy finish, with black steel legs, and a black steel panel going along the front of it. The paneling blocked any views from under the table from our people on the other side.

As we walked in, I noticed where they would have Dexter chained up. He was off to the right side of the room. It looked like a cage made with silver bars. Unless you were wearing a special glove to get in and out of the cage, the silver would surely burn you if you touched it. I walked over to look at the cage itself. It went floor to ceiling with big anchors to hold the chains in place. The silver bars also went around the circumference of the cell. It was honestly impressive and it should have been able to hold him back successfully.

We took our places and sat down. Everest was bouncing his right knee. I could feel his nervous energy rolling off of him and crashing into me like the waves crash onto the beach. I looked down at his knee and moved to sit my hand gently on his thigh. He settled down and his knee stopped bouncing. He looked over at me with a smile as if to say thank you. I nodded my head at him as my hand pat his leg lightly before staying in place. The doors opened up with loud clicking sounds as the council members began to walk in first. I glanced over to Brent and Miranda, who were watching the men and women arrive. They came up to center stage and took their seats in between Brent and Miranda and Everest and myself. We were sitting at opposite ends of the stretch of tables. Normally, we would be front and center, but considering both parties were involved some way or another, we could be swayed in our decision making, for or against.

The doors were opened once again after everyone was settled in. Members of both the Northern and Southern Territories filled up the room. People sat in their seats and stood along the wall. I looked out at the crowd, searching for anything that stood out. Slipping in and out of other peoples minds for any clues on anything that would or could be alarming. The whispers between everyone gave the room a high but nervous energy. Everyone wanted to see who this Lycan was that crossed every line and risked everything for nothing. Just to end up here, in front of everyone, to be sentenced to death.

You could hear the chains from a good distance away. Their clinking against one another and the scraping of the floor was something you could not have mistaken. You could smell his burning flesh from outside the room. Every eye in the room was watching the door he would enter within the next few minutes. Our hearing and sense of smell were superb.

The doors opened wide as the guards brought him into the room. They were practically dragging him into the room, the silver chains were weighing Dexter down. The guards, who wear special thick gloves and special clothes to help block the silver, protect their skin. Dexter's skin was covered in burn marks from where he wore the chains. The chains covered him and wrapped tightly around his body. He was mumbling his words and not making any sense at all. His eyes were bloodshot and he smelled foul.

They connected the chains to the anchors on the floor and ceiling. They tightened them to make him stand. It had enough slack and give so his body slouched. His head hung low as he continued to mumble his words. I felt like they meant something, but I couldn't decide what he was trying to say.

The council member stood up in front of everyone and began speaking of what today would consist of. I listened to him speaking about how we would be going over every event in detail. Basically reliving every detail from my kidnapping to the battle at the end. I took a deep breath as I felt Everest's hand slide into my own. He squeezed softly and I returned the light squeeze. Apparently, photos were taken in my absence of the destruction he left behind. I heard sniffing and looked down the line and noticed that Miranda had tears streaming down her cheeks. I knew that she blamed herself from the beginning. I, however, did not blame her at all. I saw that she had no choice in the matter and did what she needed to keep herself and Cassie alive.

The trial was long and had so much evidence against him and his wrong doings that I just wanted to stand up and scream "enough is enough," but I did not. I sat and listened and relived everything. Everything played back to my mind. The details were painful. I remember being scared, but never showing it. I remember faking being strong and just praying for help and assistance. I zoned out for a while, blocking out what he was saying. I just stared at the back of the room as a cold feeling crept across my skin.

A few hours into the trial... Fast forward...

I sat next to Everest as we listened to the evidence being told before us. Dexter was still acting weird and mumbling his words. I slipped into his mind as we sat there. I searched through his mind, which seemed to be in turmoil and complete chaos of thoughts being strung together. Nothing made sense. It seemed like his mind was hiding something, but what was he hiding? I generally never had this much trouble trying to gain access to anyone's mind. Why was his mind so difficult to read all of a sudden? I didn't have any trouble before today? What was he hiding? What was really going on? I shivered again. That was odd, I never shiver. I never get cold. Why was I cold? I looked down at my arm and saw thousands of bumps along my skin. This is odd.

Suddenly, an explosion happened against the wall to our left. Everest, who was sitting next to me on the left, quickly shielded me from the blast, protecting me from any debris. He pulled us down under the desk-like table that helped shield both of us. The wall crumbled and cracking was heard as the integrity of the structure was compromised.

"f*****g hell." I heard Everest curse under his breath as he was looking around. "This is not safe, Avalynn. We have to get out of here now. Something is happening. Where is Dexter?" He peered around the sides of the table to look around the room.

He didn't realize it but I heard him softly inhale. I could tell something was not only wrong but a complete disaster. That is when the sickest and most evil laughter sounded through the destruction. The laughter was not that of Dexter but of a big figure that was at the other end of the room. I moved to look out from around the table. I couldn't make anything out other than the outline, dust was all over the room. Suddenly, it was as if the figure disappeared. They were gone right before my eyes. One minute they were there, the next gone. Screaming soon filled the room. My ears ached from the sound of the explosion and I felt dizzy.

