

The Alpha King And His Second Chance

Chapter 71

Sierra

I paced the outside of the courthouse, my nerves on edge. Edward had been inside there for a while. Jackson said they would ask him a bunch of questions, but goddess, it was at least two hours since he went back inside.

“What’s taking so long!” I huffed.

“If he is still there, it means he has made it so far,” Jackson said. He was leisurely sprawled out on one of the marble steps leading to the courthouse with his arm over his eyes.

“I just don’t like this. Something feels off,” I said.

“I’m sure Arthur will try to pull something,” Jackson sighed. “Edward just needs to keep his guard up.”

We sat outside in silence for a while. Jackson eventually fell asleep on the steps while I was lost in thought. I called Ella a few times to make sure no one was trying to take our pups or burn down the palace, and she reassured me that everything was fine. She also said the only issue was that my pups wanted to be with me. Stella had a laundry list of things she wanted to do with me and Levi and Xander were begging me to teach them how to use their powers more. Hunter was walking now and loved following me around, while Abby just wanted to snuggle. I couldn’t wait to get back to them, to get back to normal again.

I didn’t know how we would manage two kingdoms until Levi and Xander were of age to take over. I don’t imagine my father and Slyvia wanting to run the eastern kingdom that long. Maybe we could change the minimum age for our pups to be able to take over the throne sooner. It really was more of a suggestion anyway, a good suggestion, but I had a feeling our pups would be ready sooner than 30 years old. They loved to learn and compete and better themselves. Levi was more responsible, but Xander wasn’t afraid to try new things.

“Queen Sierra?” A voice asked from behind me, taking me by surprise. I was so lost in thought I didn’t even hear him approaching.

“Can I help you?” I asked defensively.

“Its her. Move in.” He said, touching his hand to his earpiece.

“Jackson, wake up!” I snapped, backing up towards him and kicking him a little.

We were quickly being surrounded by many large-looking men, and more and more kept appearing. I noticed the Purebred’s signature tattoo on one of them. I knew this was Arthurs doing, his last shot to take us down. He must have known he wouldn’t stand a chance against Edward in battle, but being so devoted to his cause, he sent in the last stragglers of his army to try to take us out. Good. I can finish them off myself. I wasn’t going to leave a single one left standing.

“Or breathing for that matter,” Sienna growled.

“Huh? What?” Jackson said, a bit dazed, having just woken up.

“Get up!” I hissed.

“Oh shit!” He said, scrambling to his feet.

We were definitely out numbered, there were at least thirty men with more just getting out of their vehicles, but that didn’t bother me much. I have leveled buildings before and cheated death. I can handle a group of angry men. They started tossing around what looked like cattle prods, each Purebred getting one and turning it on.

“Sierra, all grown up are we?” Brandon said, leading the way. I almost didn’t recognize him. He got bigger and more toned with time, and had a beard and a few new tattoos on his arm. His one and only arm.

“Brandon, I was wondering what happened to you all these years.” I said, unafraid. “What happened to your arm?” I asked sweetly, already having an inkling.

“Someone dropped a building on me. I’m here to return the favor.” He sneered.

“Is this everyone? Is this all you have left?” I taunted him.

“Its more than enough to take you down!” He yelled, turning on his cattle-prod-looking mechanism.

“A new toy I see.”

“Yes, courtesy of Dr. Hemsworth, I do believe you two met once. Hybrid or not, the shock this baby gives off will send you to your maker.”

“I hope you said a prayer then.” I deadpanned.

“Get them!”

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Edward

“Under section five of the book of governing laws, which is the only instance where a Beta may overrule an alpha order?” Councilman Howard asked.

“When it puts the Luna in danger,” I answered.

I took a few gulps of water, my voice getting tired from answering what felt like an endless number of questions. The council, at least, had six people to switch on and off with the questions. Councilman Arthur was allowed to watch, but because he was the one being challenged, he wasn't permitted to take part in the questions. Probably why I'm still here. I wouldn't doubt he would have tried to interfere otherwise.

Questions kept flying my way, a few needed to be checked, but most were basic questions needing basic answers. I was actually surprised that the questions weren't more difficult. Maybe because I grew up under a father who pushed it so hard, or maybe because I was expected to learn most of it before I became king. Either way, I was getting through them better than I expected.

“What is the process that the council must follow to change a law?”

“They need to review the proposal, making sure no other laws are broken, and that it won't have any negative repercussions, or rather it won't have more repercussions than the previous law that was in place. Then review it with the governing kings and take a majority rule.”

Goddess, I had to be close to being done. I looked at the clock on the back wall. Three hours had passed. I began to wonder why they didn't just give me a packet to submit. They seemed annoyed, not at first, but after the first hour I started to notice a few exaggerated sighs and even a yawn or two. If I could have killed Arthur without taking his title, I would have gladly done it. I didn't really want to be part of the council, I had enough shit on my plate. But I didn't want to put my family or myself in a position where the council had us in their crosshair and I would do anything to see this man die.

“Congratulations King Edward, you have passed the first part of the challenge.” Councilman Howard said, taking me by surprise.

“Thank you.” I nodded.

“We will head to the arena now,” Councilman Frederick said.

They didn't waste any time getting Arthur and I prepared for battle. They had us in separate rooms to get ready. I was told we were given the same exact armor and we were allowed to choose a weapon of our choice. I stared at the wall in front of me, carefully looking over each weapon that was offered to me. I personally didn't enjoy using man-

made weapons, I was a weapon. Even so, I did finally pick out a sword, figuring it was better to have one than not to have one.

“Are you ready, King Edward?” Councilwoman Leslie asked.

“Yes.” I nodded.

“Right this way.” She said, leading me into the center of the arena.

“Gentlemen. You should already know the rules, but allow me to review them before we begin. This is a fight to the death. You were allowed one weapon from our gallery and have been provided with standard armor. No outside weapons may be used or the challenge is forfeited. The battle does not stop until one of you is killed by the other. You may use any means within those parameters to win the match. Any questions?” Councilman George said.

“No.” I said. Councilman Arthur simply shook his head no.

“When the bell rings, you may begin.” Councilman George said, evacuating the dirt arena that was still within the marble building. He went up to the viewing gallery, which was closed in with glass. Arthur and I retreated to our respective sides of the circular arena, waiting for the bell to sound.

DING

“You couldn’t just leave it alone, could you?” Arthur hissed as he began circling the perimeter of the room, keeping parallel with me.

“You want to kill my mate and pups, you killed my father, my sister, my first mate! Of course I couldn’t just leave it alone!”

“Huh, I didn’t see your mate in the gallery, hope nothing happened to her...” He said cryptically.

I took a quick glance to see Sierra and Jackson were both absent. I can’t leave the battle now, I will end up forfeiting it. I need to end this. I was confident Sierra could handle herself. I just needed to focus and end him.

“Enough talk, fight me!” I growled and shifted, letting Edmund take out a lifetime of anger out on the one man responsible.

Arthur came at me with all his might, swinging his choice of weapon, the morning star, on his way. He hit hard, I’ll give him credit, but I blocked him with my sword, deflecting him to the side. He stumbled a bit, as expected, but recovered quickly and came at me again, this time aiming for my legs. I jumped over it, swinging my sword on the way, slicing him

across the cheek on the way. Arthur felt his face and saw the blood on his hand, a growl escaping him.

“You ignorant pup!” He spat on the ground.

He bit down on something in his mouth and a few seconds later, he shifted into the largest wolf I have ever seen. He was definitely bigger than me, and that was saying something. I threw my sword down and shifted, immediately barreling into Arthur’s wolf, taking him by surprise. He fell to the ground but didn’t stay there long, his wolf jumping up and shaking it off. I can’t imagine he spends hours every week training and going over battle strategies. That would be my upper hand. He might have me on strength and speed from whatever he just ingested to make himself buff as all hell, but I was confident I could outsmart him. It was my only option now.

Our wolves circled each other, sizing each other up. Arthur’s made the first move, swiping at Edmund. Edmund narrowly missed his claws but was able to turn himself around fast enough to bite his hind leg. Arthur kicked Edmund off of him, returning the favor with a bite to the side. Edmund flipped several times, taking Arthur with him. Edmund went for his neck, but from the position we were now in Arthur was able to easily bite down on our neck just the same. I had only a moment to react before things got ugly. I could see my sword next to us on the ground. This was my chance.

“Edmund, shift!” I ordered my wolf.

We shifted in an instant. Arthur’s Wolf looked confused. I tucked and rolled, grabbing my sword and turning in the nick of time, my sword sliding into Arthur’s Wolf’s neck, ending his life. He fell to the ground, his massive body making a loud thud noise upon impact with the floor, followed by my heavy breathing and an otherwise eerie silence.

“Congratulations King Edward. And welcome to the council,” Councilman Howard said.

He and the rest of the council joined me in the arena, offering their support and congratulations. They looked almost relieved that Arthur was gone. Leslie brought me a clean robe to wear to cover myself with until I could get cleaned off and dressed and the wound in my side tended to.

“While you were in battle, we discussed your future in the event that you won. We know your plate is overflowing, so we have a proposition to give to you,” Councilman Frederick said while I dressed.

“Alright.” I nodded for them to continue.

“We propose that your involvement with the council is limited until your pups are old enough to take over as Kings of the eastern and northern kingdoms. During that time, we will allow you to take part in as few or as many decisions as we need to make and one of us will cover the southern kingdom’s affairs in your absence. We have also agreed to

allow your pups to take over the throne at an earlier age, on the condition that they are both vetted by the council for approval first. You may not have any involvement in that decision though,” Councilman Josiah proposed.

“Deal!” I sighed, overjoyed at their understanding. A few of the members gave a small laugh while others just gave a knowing smile.

“We will speak soon.” Councilwoman Leslie said.

“Thanks for getting rid of that old fart.” Councilman George added, patting me on the back.

“My pleasure.” I laughed.

I went and showered, getting the dirt, spit, and blood off of me. Councilwoman Leslie gave me some supplies to bandage up my wound until I could get some stitches at the hospital. The council took care of Arthur’s body and we all started walking out together. They gave me several books to read up on and informed me of when their next meeting was, though it was up to me if I wanted to go or not. I guess the council wasn’t so bad after all. We were right at the front door when I remembered that Sierra wasn’t there to watch the battle. I ran ahead of everyone, stunned by the sight before my eyes. Sierra and Jackson were covered in blood from head to toe, dragging dead body parts off the steps leading up to the courthouse and into a pile at the roadside.

“Goddess!” Leslie said. The rest of the council looked just as shocked.

“Edward!” Sierra turned when she heard Leslie’s voice, her eyes locking with mine instantly, booking it up the stairs to me. She jumped into my arms and gave me a heated kiss. “You won?!” She asked to confirm.

“I won baby...and it looks like you did too.” I laughed, setting her down.

“Hey Councilman Edward, do you mind lending a hand?” Jackson said while dragging a leg down the steps.

“What happened here?” Councilman Howard asked.

“The last remnants of the Purebred Guardians were just defeated. And I’m beat. I haven’t used my magic like that in months!” Sierra laughed, rubbing her neck shyly.

I knew the council wasn’t a huge fan of me having a hybrid mate. I’m sure Arthur had some influence on their opinions but I knew they were still unsure of her. I don’t know what they could say or do about it now though. She just helped save tons of werewolves from experimentation, not to mention, I also ran two of the four kingdoms. Sierra’s half brother was in the third, I was now a member of the council, and if nothing else Sierra

died and came back to life. If they had any negative feelings about her, they were keeping it to themselves for their own self-preservation.

“Good work.” Councilman Chester said, continuing down the steps. The rest of the council followed his lead, dodging severed body parts on the way.

“I’m really proud of you, Edward,” Sierra said softly.

“Not as much as I am of you.”

“Yes, everyone is proud of everyone. Can we go now?” Jackson huffed. “I haven’t felt this disgusting since Ben projectile vomited all over me. You could have warned me that you planned on turning the Purebreds into ceviche!”

Sierra and I broke out into a fit of laughter. I looked around and most of the mess was cleaned up. I would send someone to clean the rest later.

“Ready to go home love?” I asked, pulling Sierra in for another kiss. “I think we are overdue for our happily ever after.”

She smiled and looked up at me, her blue eyes capturing my heart. “So ready.”

...The End