

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 110: The king's decision

Nathaniel

"The time has come, my love..." I say to Penelope as I wake her up in the middle of the night.

I didn't have to tell her exactly what was going to happen, she got up immediately and we both got dressed and walked out of the pack house, watching the rest of the pack walk out as well.

I was aware of how others looked at her, many bowing their heads and showing respect, while others looked at her with surprise. Rumors had spread about all that had happened.

I hoped the doubts about whether she was my Luna would be cleared up at our ceremony in a few days. Moonstone had to move on and grow up, leave all their prejudices and all this madness behind.

And tonight would be the beginning.

Some were walking with torches, some warriors were shirtless, others were already in their wolf form. I heard howls and noises coming from the forest, nature knew something was about to happen.

We all stopped when we reached the circle formed by the rogues. They bowed as the king's retinue announced that he was approaching.

The wild wolves were at the edge of the forest, the humans illuminated by the lights of their cars. They had left their weapons behind, but had come to see what was going on. They were more than welcome, they always would be.

Maximus approached among his warriors, dressed all in black, which contrasted with his green eyes and dark hair. No longer wearing his warrior's armor, he appeared to be just another man, with a powerful aura that warned that he was not to be messed with.

Penelope held my hand nervously, and when we reached the circle and saw our friends nearby, she seemed to calm down.

"Do we really have to watch this?" she whispered shyly to me.

"Sorry, baby... the Alpha and Luna need to be here to support the King's decision," I told her, and she nodded.

"Moonstone Pack...by now many of you know what has happened in the last few days and all the events that have brought us here. Marco of Crimson Fangs has lost his title, his warriors, his evil ambitions, and tonight he will lose his life," the king says, pointing to Marco, who is still shaking in the center of the circle.

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"You have suffered at his hands, as have other species. In so many centuries of life, I have never witnessed such disturbing actions. The pack must look after itself, and when a member strays from the path and harms others... he must be eliminated," he says.

Jeremiah had told me that the king was a man of few words and seldom intervened, as we had witnessed. But now he was making an important speech, and I believed that this was a way to alleviate his shortcomings, his little presence and his little help.

He had literally come to the end when I already had Marco in my grip. Almost too late.

"You have seen him here, you have witnessed the treatment he has received in the last few days. They had the opportunity to beat him, scream at him and take revenge. And it's all well deserved because of him... our species fell out, we are fewer wolves now. And I know that his death and his suffering will not bring back your loved ones, nor will it bring back the days lost, nor will it ease the pain that, so many, have suffered. But I can offer you justice, that the guilty will pay, and that this man will suffer even more. And that this will never happen again," the king said.

I suddenly saw Erica being held by Jeremiah as she looked at her brother in despair. And I knew that this was all a threat: Anyone who thought of doing this again, to go against the king... would suffer these consequences.

I had heard of justice among the wolves, but I had never seen this display and ceremony. Maximus wanted to show his power and what would happen if anyone stood up to him.

Suddenly, he seemed like a king to me, someone who made promises and kept them, someone to trust.

"My reign has been characterized by taking justice on my hands, but today... I will let you take it," he says, raising his hand, and little by little, rogues and werewolves come closer, transform, approach Marco.

I guess he already knew what was going to happen, but still the survival instinct persisted, and in his last moment he sobs and begs for clemency.

"Please, mercy... I'm an Alpha, a werewolf like all of you..." he said.

I wanted to get close and be the first or the last to attack him, to took his beating heart, rip it from his chest. But my place was here with my mate, who clung to my arm and needed me.

I promised her that she would go first and not leave her again. And from now on, I would keep my promises.

"Please...just let me see Eileen...just...one more time..." he says, but there is no more consideration, the king had made his decision and ruling. There was no going back. Maximus face was an expressionless mask.

"Finish him..." he mutters.

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"Please...please!" Marco cried, and the pack began to bite him.

"There is no mercy for those who harm their own people," the king said, and his words made my skin crawl.

"Others will come... other wolves will rise... this is not the end!" Marco shouted in desperation, his howls lost as more rogues and other wolves joined.

I didn't like those words at all. Suddenly I wanted to let him live and torture him even more, these days had been terrible for him... but it seemed that it was not enough to kill a man with so much evil.

Rogues and wolves need to express their pain, and as they tear him apart, Erica cries and Penelope leans against me and sighs.

I had been in many battles and confrontations, but what I saw now was savage and brutal. The wolves were almost fighting to get a piece of him, to bite or scratch him, to take revenge and make him suffer.

And little by little their screams and gasps died away. Penelope couldn't stop crying, and I held her close. I motioned for Jeremiah to take care of the rest himself.

"Marco of Crimson Fangs is dead. The future of his pack will soon be decided, his allies will be considered traitors. And his name will never be remembered or spoken again," my friend said.

He looked at the scattered remains, what little was left of the man who had torn us apart bit by bit. Then he took a torch and burned what was left.

Alpha Karl was dead, and now only Erica was left of their family. What little we had heard of current events in Crimson Fangs was that a group of rogues had taken advantage of the lack of warriors in the pack and attacked. Wolves, humans and prisoners had been freed.

The wild wolves went back to the forest, the humans took their cars and went home. Belle Spring still had a lot of work to do, and Jeremiah was giving them support.

"It's all over, my mate. That man will never bother us again," I said to her and hugged her as we too, went home.

Knowing that we had left this painful past behind and that the future would be ours. And most of all, knowing about my love's pregnancy and the meeting with the king tomorrow.

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"Well, our pregnant Luna is in perfect condition and everything is going very well. She is a strong woman, and I am sure she will give us a wonderful heir," the doctor said happily in the morning.

I had already asked him to check on her practically every day, even though Penelope had protested every moment. However, the doctor had said it was better to be vigilant, as it was a different pregnancy than that of a she-wolf.

"A baby, our baby..." I say happily.

"Doctor, is there any way to know if the baby will be human or wolf?" she asked nervously.

I knew this was a big concern for her, even though I had insisted dozens of times that it wasn't important. I just want to have her, grow our family, live happily and make the pack grow.

"So far we don't know Luna, usually we will have to wait until the baby is born. So sorry...we'll have to wait a while," the doctor says, and I quickly add.

"What matter the most is that our baby is healthy, that you are feeling okay, and that we all loving our son or daughter very much, before even know him or her" I say and she smiles.

When we leave the clinic, we visited the humans that are treated after the battle, and she talks with several friends and neighbors.

We also stop by Eileen's room, the girl is still mourning Marco's death. He was an awful mate, but a mate is a mate.

"The doctor have faith that she will get over it soon," I tell Penelope.

We were past the worst of it, but we still had challenges, and the most important one was talking to the king.

"Everything will be fine. We didn't do anything wrong. He will only ask us a few questions and we will be free to go on with our lives" I say as I take her hand.

I guess no one would want to be in this situation. The king was terrifying and most of all... unpredictable.

But nothing could have prepared us for what he had to say.