

The Edge of Reason | chapter 30 by Michelle Torlot

Epilogue

EMBER

THREE MONTHS LATER

The council has convened in a large meeting room. Damon sits at the head of the table, and I'm at his left, his hand clasped around mine.

I don't know any of the other men in here. They are much older than any werewolves I have ever seen before. The elder werewolf council.

It's rare for a female wolf to be included in a meeting like this, yet here I am. Damon insisted I be here.

He hasn't told them who, or rather, what I am, other than his mate. Which means that when Damon finally becomes king, I will be his queen.

The elder council only reluctantly accepts me here in my capacity as Damon's queen. I know that Damon wanted me to be a queen in my own right, but that can't happen.

The council doesn't even know what I did to Damon's brother, the former king. If they did, I would probably be down in the dungeon, chained in silver like Marcus is. At least for now.

The council is well aware that Marcus killed his father, but they didn't take any action against him back then. He was the next in line, and it's not unusual for a son to challenge his father—certainly not where alphas are concerned.

Mostly, though, it doesn't happen. The older alpha will step down and hand the title to his son.

Usually the title will go to the oldest. Sometimes, though, the reigning alpha will choose a different successor.

The same is true of the Alpha King. But not just anyone can challenge to be the next royal alpha.

The council overlooked Marcus killing his father. If they had known exactly how he had killed him, though, perhaps they wouldn't have been so ready to crown him as the next king.

There are only a few ways to kill a werewolf. A decisive killing blow or a dose of silver or wolfsbane. Silver and wolfsbane will both stop a werewolf from healing and potentially lead to their death from even a lighter injury.

A bolt of lightning will do the trick too, as I proved with Conrad Stone. But then, that would kill any living thing, human or werewolf.

But back to the silver and wolfsbane. It's written in law that if a werewolf uses silver or wolfsbane on another werewolf during a challenge or a fight, the sentence is death.

The council knows now that Marcus killed his father that way and then tried to kill Damon. They also know he had a legion of archers armed with silver and wolfsbane arrows at his command.

More evidence came to light while Marcus was in our dungeon. A whole armory at the royal palace was found to be stocked with silver weapons.

Even as king, the council has no choice but to sentence Marcus to death. That's why I didn't kill him. It's why I didn't want Damon to kill him.

Regicide carries a death sentence. I doubt that the council really would have sentenced Damon to death if he'd gone through with it. After all, Marcus had no heirs. Me, on the other hand, they would have had no hesitation.

Now that the truth is out, though, we just wait for the council to make its judgment.

The leader of the elders bows. First to Damon, then to me. "We have discussed this matter at length, Alpha Scopus. It pains me to do this, but the council is in agreement. We must sentence your brother to death."

He hesitates. "You agree to take on the mantle of king?"

Damon looks at him. "I do, and my mate will be queen," he states.

There is no room for argument, and it doesn't look like the elder is about to disagree. He nods. "Very well. We will carry out the sentence at noon,

followed by the official ceremony to crown you as king”—he glances at me—
“and queen.”

The rest of the council members rise from their seats and bow to us before leaving the room.

Once they are gone, I turn to look at Damon. “You did it,” I beam. “It should have been you all along.”

Damon might have been the younger brother, but it was always the old king’s wish for Damon to succeed him. Marcus knew that, and the only way he could take the throne was by killing his father.

Damon’s hand caresses my cheek. “We did it,” he corrects. “I couldn’t have done this without you.”

I can’t help but smile. Because the truth is, we couldn’t have done this without each other. Damon saved my life, and I saved his.

We’ve both had our trials to face before we found each other. But from this moment forward, any challenges we need to face, we will face together.

The End