

# Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 10

## Chapter 10

Fiona snapped out of her raging thoughts to hear him still speaking. "Our mission is to meet with the famous healer and bring her to him."

Fiona kept her heart beat tamed because she knew if it skipped, they would hear and know she was afraid, further confirming their words.

This had nothing to do with the justice she had ran away from five years ago; this had everything to do with the truth of her being a healer.

How did they know she was the healer, though? She had done her best to keep her identity hidden for the last five years, only healing in disguise.

She made sure that was the only way she operated. How did they discover she was the healer? How did they find out where she worked?

Who was she kidding? The Lycan king had all the resources in place to find out anything he set his mind to whether in the werewolf world or in the human world. This makes her wonder what else they knew about her?

"Okay, I am a nurse. This is a hospital; there are many doctors here, and some people might also call them healers. They will be more than willing to come with you and help in whatever way they can. She, on the other hand, can do so much, being only a nurse who is still early into her practice." She tried to act clueless about what they were talking about.

Drew, the red-haired envoy standing behind Jace, took a step forward.

"This isn't the time to put up any game."

She turned to him. "This isn't a game; I do not know what you talk about,"

He surged towards her the same second. She flinched back and jumped into defence. Her ability, which in the last five years she had kept hidden in the human world, kicked to the surface. Her eyes flickered yellow before vanishing.

They had lured triggered into showing her ability, and she could no longer deny not knowing who the Lycan king was. She also couldn't deny being the healer.

anymore.

The cat was already out of the bag.

“Oh, you know what I talk about, healer?” The man growled at her. “The Lycan king gave explicit orders to bring you.”

“Did the Lycan king also instruct you to drag me if I refused to come with you?” She demanded, her eyes showing she didn’t welcome his authoritative tone one bit.

Jace placed his hand on Drew’s shoulder to silence him, and just like that, the rage on Drew’s face disappeared, and he turned away from her.

“The Lycan king insisted we reach a reasonable agreement with you. His instructions were clear, and it was to convince you to come; he never permitted the use of violence. There is a plague outbreak in the werewolf world, and it has gotten out of control in the last few years. The Lycan king has done his possible best to tame it, but it has only gotten worse. You are the famous healer. We need you to come heal the people.”

The Lycan king was giving her a choice, and he was going to respect her wish at the end of the day. However, she had left the werewolf world over five years ago and didn’t look forward to returning. No, not after what they did to her. They never loved or accepted her, not while she lived with her adopted parents and not when she lived with her actual parents, the alpha and Luna.

She owed them nothing. For all she knew, the Lycan king was just like the rest of them: heartless, and after only his own selfish gains..

All the while she had spoken with them, she had forgotten that the same Lycan king was the stranger she was in his bed five years ago. He was the father of her sons.

June and Jashin had asked about their father while she took them to school, and she didn’t know much about him. This could be an opportunity for her to learn about the father of her sons. But then she realised she had escaped the claws of justice and was probably still wanted in the werewolf world.

If she was found out, she could lose her life.

There was no telling if the Lycan king would care about her or her sons. He didn’t even recognise her five years ago. Going back was a risk she wasn’t willing to take.

She had to put herself and her sons first. They mattered more than anything, and if being selfish would keep them safe, then she was going to be as selfish as they came.

“Thank you for being civil in your affair, unlike your partner over there,” she said, and her eyes moved to Drew, who now stood in the corner of the waiting room. “I, however, cannot help you. I have dedicated myself to the world of humans and if I leave, they will have no one to do what I do.” She answered them.

For the rest of the day, she wondered if rejecting the Lycan king’s offer was the

right decision. Her sons deserved to know their father, and she promised that they would, just not now, not this way.

Not yet.

She closed from work and drove straight to the Prime Scholars School, which her sons attended. She was a few hours later, and she knew they would be in the waiting room as usual. Camila sometimes picked them up, but today she couldn’t because she had a project that demanded her presence at her company.

She had no problem with that; her friend had done more than enough for her at this point.

She hurried into the class to meet with the class teacher on duty in the waiting room. Mrs. Tatiana was seated at her desk and reading a book while the rest of the students played around.

Fiona looked around, but she didn’t see any trace of Jashin or June in the classroom.

She stepped towards the class teacher to speak, a confused smile on her face.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Tatiana.”

The grey haired looked up from the book in her hand and said, “Ms. Lawson!” Her face broke up in a cheerful smile. “What are you doing here?” she asked, her tone hinting confusion.

“I came to pick up my sons,” she told her.

The older woman’s brows narrowed. “Your sons never came in to the waiting room, Ms. Lawson.” She told her.

Fiona’s eyes widened, not hearing correctly. “What do you mean?”

“My sons are supposed to be in the waiting room because their aunt Camila and I knew we wouldn’t come early to pick them up.” She told Tatiana.

“Perhaps that might be true, but they never came into the waiting room.” Fiona dug her hand into her purse and pulled out her phone, dialling Camila’s number. She was the only one that had picked the boys up in the past and she wanted to know if that was the case today.

After the third ring, she picked up and said, “Hello, Sky, what’s up?”

“Did you pick Jashin and June from school?”

“No, I didn’t.” Camila’s response sent chills of fear through her, and she forgot to breathe the next minute that followed.

“Sky, are you there?” She heard Camila call after her consciousness returned.

She nodded, then realised her friend couldn’t see her. “Yes. The boys are not here, Camila; someone picked them up.” She said that and ended the call.

Her heart beat had picked up a fast pace and her hands trembled a little.

“Can I see the sign-out booklet, then?” she asked.

There has always been a sign-out booklet for every parent picking up their children after school, and this way she could see who had picked the boys up.

“Yes, sure.” Mrs. Tatiana rose from her seat and walked towards the sign-out booklet for grade one and handed it to her. She fl\*pped open the page, and the same second, her phone rang in her hand.”

Fiona stared at it, and it was an unknown number. Deciding against her better judgement, she answered the call and placed the phone to her ear.

“Hello.

“We have Jashin and June. Was the first thing that came through the other line, and her heart sank into her stomach. She knew that voice was Jace, the man she met in the waiting room of the hospital this morning.