

Mommy 101

Chapter 101

Warning! Triggering chapter: violence.

Julian's POV

Julian didn't sleep. He stayed awake on the bed, thinking. He had prepared for a lot of things when he ventured into the world of

humans. Rejection, anger, resentment, and rebellion-he expected all these.

Fiona's pregnancy was something he didn't prepare for. He was once again about to be a father. Unlike the first time, he wanted

to be very present; he wanted to provide her with everything she needed. He would do a good job of being an exceptional father.

The news of her pregnancy was the silver lining in all of this. It was a second chance, and it gave him hope in everything else.

Nothing put him faster to sleep than hearing the steady heartbeat of Fiona. It was his muse, and though he had never focused on

another, he tried to listen to the baby's heartbeat even though he was far away. He heard it and fainted, but he heard it, and it

brought him satisfaction.

Tomorrow, they will return together to their world. He would fulfil the promise he made to June and Jashin to return with their

mother. He couldn't wait to see the look that would be on the boys' faces upon her return.

They'll be the most ecstatic when they find out they have a baby coming. They will get something he never had growing up,

siblings.

They would be the best big brothers. They were already protective of each other; how much more for a younger sister?

His ear stayed on the heartbeat, and he was about to go to sleep when he heard a crash, and he knew where that came from.

Fiona was under attack.

He ran up to his feet, alarmed, and his senses kicked in. He hurried out of his room, wanting to be there for Fiona now, when she

needed it most.

The thought barely left his mind when a hard punch collided with the side of his face, almost cracking his skull open. His vision

darkened, and he fell to the floor, lacking strength and life.

His vision cleared after a few seconds, and he saw Kenneth towering above him. He had a blank look on his face and stared at

him like he had never seen him before.

They were not of equal strength; Julian knew this. He would die if he were to stand and fight, but he had no other choice. If

Kenneth was here, it was for one reason.

To finish the job of killing him.

“Kenneth, listen to me; you do not have to do this. You do not want to serve the masters of the Dark world or become their

puppet. That is not who you were meant to be.” He spoke, but Kenneth reached out and pulled him up by his hair, gripping it so

tightly that he feared he would yank the hair out of its root.

Julian wrapped his hands around Kenneth’s, and with all his might, he pulled his finger out of his hair, losing so much hair in the

process. He was yet to recover from that loss when Kenneth slammed his fist into his stomach, taking him off his feet and back

to the floor.

He spat out blood, and every bone in his body ached and trembled at the assault.

“Kenneth, I know you are not in control of your mind right now, but you are my friend and second in command. You do not want

to do this.” Kenneth’s leg swung forward, and his boot collided with his jaw, and there was a crack.

Blood poured out of his mouth, and his hand ran up to cover his split lips. He swore a few teeth fell out. Kenneth followed up with

his attack and tore him through with his claws all over. He cried out in anguish and laid, groaning, on the floor, unable to move or

do anything else.

This was his end. He wouldn’t be able to keep to his words of protecting Fiona, his sons, and the werewolf world. He failed. It

hurt him, but he failed.

Kenneth got on top of him, and his hands wrapped around his neck. The next second, there was a snap before Julian blacked

out.

“When the strength of a Lycan king fails him, then he falls back on his authority. Everything in the werewolf world is subjected to

his voice. Even the trees and seas. As long as he can speak, it isn’t over.” Kol McQueen, Julian’s father, said to him: “Do you

understand this?”

He nodded. “Yes, dad.”

“You are the Lycan king; never forget what that means.”

Julian’s father’s words echoed in his ears, and his eyes fluttered open while he lay on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

He knew these words were true, but he always thought what his father spoke about was only applicable in times of battle when

there was no way out.

This was a battle with no way out, and his strength had failed him.

This was the only way left for him to live.

He coughed out blood, and Kenneth halted on his step, realising he hadn’t finished his job.

He walked back to where Julian lay, dropped to his knee beside him, and Kenneth’s fingers transformed into sharp claws.

Kenneth thrust his claws to dig into his chest and pull out his heart, but Julian’s hands shoved it off, and he threw Kenneth off on

top of himself.

With the last of his strength, Julian pulled himself onto Kenneth’s back. He manoeuvred and wrapped one arm around Kenneth’s

neck and the other around his head, keeping his grip as solid as he could despite his weakness.

Kenneth fought to get rid of him, but Julian’s grip and attack stayed strong. “I am your Lycan king; you answer to me. The only

wishes you are to carry out are mine, Kenneth Snowfall.” Julian growled out in pain and authority, and his eyes glowed, as red as

the crimson, even as his grip on Kenneth stayed tight around his neck.

He felt a raspy intake of air, and Kenneth dropped to one knee.

Julian, knowing the hold on Kenneth had been broken, released his grip on his neck and rolled onto the ground, groaning in pain

and aching all over.

Kenneth turned his face, and his eyes met Julian on the floor, and they grew remorseful. “My king.” He called and ran over to

him.

The door opened immediately, and not long after, Fiona stepped out and towards them. Their eyes moved to her, and she had a

lot of questions on her face as she stared at the chaos that took place around them.

“They sent him here to kill me,” Julian said, breaking the ice of silence.

“He doesn’t want to kill you anymore?” She asked, and her eyes held a lot of questions in them as she stared at them.

He smiled, and the muscles in his face ached. “He just called me his king, so I don’t think so.”

“What happened to you?” He asked because her face had no trace of hurt and her nightgown had a bloodstain. The realisation

that she was in trouble had sent him running off his bed earlier, but he looked untouched now.

“Isis is Vivian, and she came to kill me.” She replied.

“I hope you are okay.” He sat up immediately, on alarm, but he regretted his action as more blood gushed out from his side. His

lashes fluttered, and he groaned out in pain, lying back down.

Fiona hurried over to him and placed her hands on his body to ease the discomfort. “I am okay; she is dead now.”

He drew a breath of relief. “I’m glad you are safe. I don’t know what I would have done if something had happened to you.” He

mumbled.

“I am fine; you took much beating than I did.”

He glanced down at himself and then said, “It’s nothing.” He shrugged it off casually.

She rolled her eyes but smiled, which was a win for him. “Cute,” she said.

He felt shivers surge through him at her words, despite his horrible state. Seeing her smile and receiving a compliment made it

all worth it.

It took her thirty minutes to heal him of all the injuries Kenneth had inflicted on him, and Kenneth kept himself busy cleaning up

the blood stain he had left.

“You are all fixed now.” She said that and tried to pull her hand away, but he held onto it, wanting it to stay there for a while

longer. She stared up at him with a narrowed gaze, but she didn’t pull her hand away.

She had brought him comfort, and that awakened feelings of desire for her. He pulled closer to her to kiss her lips. He expected

her to pull back, but she didn’t, and slowly, he took her lips between his.