

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 11

Chapter 11

She had thought they had accepted her rejection of the alpha's instructions. How stupid had she been to not know they were going to carry out their king's order, either the easy way or the hard way?

"Do not bother making a scene. The human world has no authority over the affairs of werewolves. I think you already know this, don't you?"

Fiona walked away from the waiting room, not answering when Mrs Tatiana called after her. She knew not where she got the strength from as the news of her sons being taken had taken all the strength she had within her. She had to move to a place where she would be alone, though speaking to her son's captor in the presence of Mrs Tatiana would only stir up suspicion within the teacher. She would want to get involved, but this wasn't her fight. It was best this way.

Jace was deemed the reasonable one amongst the two she saw earlier, but she was now finding out he wasn't as reasonable as he seemed. He was just as manipulating and unreasonable.

How could they take her sons away from her?

"What do you want?" she finally asked after getting to a place private enough to speak.

"We already told you what we wanted, and that hasn't changed yet."

"How do I know you are really there with my sons?"

"Jashin, say hello to your mother," Jace said.

She heard a little, roughly, on the other end, and Jashin's voice came through immediately after. "Hello, mommy, when are you coming to get us?" he asked.

Fiona's hand covered her mouth, and her eyes grew glassy upon hearing her son's confused voice.

Jace spoke through the phone the next second: "I gather June doesn't speak much, so I am not giving him the phone."

He didn't have to prove anything. She knew he had her sons. "Where are you and what are you going to do to them?" she asked, her voice barely holding up its firmness

"We are just entering into the Lycan king's estate. And as for what we

plan to do, the answer is nothing, as long as their mother plays her part and does as she is told.” Jace answered. “I will text you what to do, and you better do it this time with no attitude.”

He ended the call, and she carried herself to the car and cried her eyes out there. Her heart broke. She had begun healing out of the goodness of her heart, but learning that her sons were now in danger and in the enemy’s territory because of it made her regret it. She wished she had never helped anyone. That was selfish, but she didn’t care. If she had been selfish, she would still have her sons with her now and keep herself as far away from the werewolf world as possible.

A call came into her phone while she still mourned her loss and regretted every decision she had made until now. Her head lifted from the steering wheel, where it had been for over half an hour. She dug her hand into her purse and pulled her phone out to see Camila’s name on the caller ID.

She wiped her face and sniffed back the remaining tears before picking up the call.

“Camila,” she called, her voice worn and low.

“I already left work; I’m coming home, Sky. Have you found them?” she asked.

She shook her head, then realised her friend couldn’t see her, “No,” “Where are you?”

“I’m still at the school parking lot.

Immediately she heard the car tyres screeching on the road, and she knew Camila had taken a U-turn. “I’m coming.”

She didn’t move from her position. She couldn’t even if she wanted to. Her sons. were not only the source of her joy in the last five years; they had been the source of her strength and fulfilment. Without them in her life, it all felt empty and meaningless.

She didn’t think she would ever feel this way again. She had gone through so much in five years, and after her escape, she never thought there would be another reason she would feel this lost, not knowing what to do. Here she was, feeling worse than she had in all those times.

She didn’t wish this much pain on even her worst enemy.

A few concerned parents had come close to the car in the last hour she

had been here. They had asked if she was okay, and she had to nod her head as an answer to

their question. If she had raised her head, that answer would have been a lie, though.

“Sky!” she heard Camila’s voice call from not so far away, and she turned to find her hurrying towards her car. Camila’s face broke on seeing her face. “Oh, Sky, I am sorry. Let’s get you home.” Camila opened the door and wiped the little tear stains still on her face.

Camila helped Fiona out of her car and into hers. She drove them home in silence. Fiona was grateful her friend didn’t engage her in any little talks. She knew she had to tell her friend the truth. She deserved to know the truth, especially after everything they had been through together. In the car, she thought about how to go about telling her the truth. It had been over five years, and it might create tension between them, but this had to be done.

They arrived home, and they moved into the house together. She knew Camila had a lot of questions on her mind, but those were not the only ones she was about to answer.

“Have you called the authority to inform them?” Camila, who didn’t understand what was happening, asked.

She shook her head, and her eyes fluttered weakly.

Camila frowned. “Why not?”

Because she couldn’t involve the police in a matter she knew they couldn’t fix.

“My name isn’t Sky.” She told her.

Camila’s eyes narrowed at her. “I don’t understand. What do you mean by that?”

“My name is Fiona, but I changed my name to Sky because, while I escaped from death, the sky served as assurance that it would be alright.” Camila didn’t interrupt her, perhaps already figuring out that there was more to reveal. “I know you know I am not human. You knew it when you found me five years ago and took care of me. Perhaps you believed I would come out with the truth in my time, and I’m sorry it took so long to reveal it. What you might not know is that I am a healer, and I’ve been the famous healer of East Street.”

“The one healing humans with various illnesses?”

Fiona nodded. "Yes."

Camila's eyes narrowed. "Then you were the one who healed me of the lung

failure after I quit smoking."

Fiona nodded. "Yes, I did." Then she proceeded to tell her about the events that made them cross paths and how she discovered her healing abilities. Her friend listened quietly.

"That is what I did because, just like you, there were people who either couldn't afford medication or had reached the point where science couldn't help them out. It was a gift from the moon goddess, and so I didn't hold back on giving it freely."

"Does your healing powers have anything to do with Lukas and Jashin's disappearance?" Camila asked, connecting all the dots herself.

A tear rolled down Fiona's face, and she bit her bottom lip. "Yes," she nodded. "They were taken because I wouldn't go to the werewolf world and heal their plague. My boys have been taken to the werewolf world, and to get them back, I have to do what I am told for as long as possible." She cried bitterly.

Camila's face dropped, and she pulled closer to where Fiona sat, placing her hand on her shoulders. "I'm sorry."

Fiona shook her head and threw her hands around Camila for a comforting hug.

"I am sorry." Camila kept repeating until she stopped sobbing.

"What are you going to do?" her friend asked with curious voice.

"I have no choice; I have to do as I am told. I have to do whatever it takes to get my sons back." She answered.