

Mommy 116

Chapter 116

With Alpha Lupe's deduction, Doom would certainly not need to go to the other communities in the werewolf world since there

was nothing he needed there. He needed Fiona, and she was in Rayfield, so this would be where he would bring the fight. Since

he would be coming here, Fiona knew this wasn't the safest spot to be for the boys. He might once again try to use them for

leverage. She needed to take them away to a place that would be safe. She discussed her plans with Julian, who nodded a go-

ahead and then asked who she would want to entrust the care of her sons to.

It took her a few days of thinking to come up with the answer, but she told him she wanted Elena in charge of them. She would

be the sole carer for the boys, but she would not be alone. Alpha Cooper's mate, Luna Katy, was also a strong ally, and Elena

would move over to the community and watch over the boys until the war was over, and if they lost the war, they would remain

there.

It wasn't easy thinking all these things through, but luckily for her, she had Julian. He never stopped being beside her and

reassuring her that all would be well.

They both kissed the boys and placed them in the car, reminding them how loved they both were. Then she waved at them as

they drove off with Drew.

This might be her last time seeing them and their last time seeing herself and their father, and she wanted it to be something

they would not forget.

Her eyes blurred up as the car drove away from her sight, but she felt Julian's arms around her for comfort. She needed this now

more than ever.

"They will be safe." Julian reassured her.

"But will we be safe?" She asked, glancing up at him.

This was the time he would tell her not to worry and to keep their heads up, but he couldn't speak; instead, he pulled her into his

arms, hugging her tightly.

"We have found our ways through a lot of things, and I am certain we will find our ways through this too." He assured her, even

though there was not much conviction in his tone.

She clung to his words and needed the boost of confidence they gave her.

She pulled away from him, and they made their way back to the house. "Teach me how to fight."

His brow narrowed at her. "You already know how to fight." He told her and this was true.

He had taught her how to fight over three years ago, so she needed to rephrase. "Teach me how to fight again. You taught me

how to fight with my abilities still in tact; now I can't defend myself without them. If I am going to be of any help to anyone in this

coming war, then I need to know how to fight without them. I need all the training and tools I can get, and who better to teach me

than the Lycan King himself?"

"Fiona."

"What? It's not like you have work or something."

He sighed deeply after much thought, "You are right; I am the Lycan king, and with the exchange of power, I am the most

dangerous person to train with."

She stepped towards him with a flirty look on her face. "You know it is really hot when you let me know your title." She said that

and pulled him closer with his shirt.

He laughed, "Fiona."

"I will heal."

His laughter died, "Fiona."

"Doom is the firstborn of all creations, and that means he will be much more stronger than you, and he is coming for me. I am not

asking you to train me, Julian; I am telling you.”

He sighed in deep frustration. “Are you sure you do not want to just run away from all this?”

“Where can we go that Doom won’t find us?” She asked, but his silence told her he too had no clue.

This left him with no excuse but to train her.

Fiona readied herself for her training. There was a training room in the mansion that could withstand all their slam and tossing

around. Julian was right; he was the Lycan king, and that made him dangerous, and that danger was what she needed. She

needed him to push her to the edge and help build her response and counterattacks.

She had gotten back around fifteen percent of the strength she exchanged with Julian. With the pace it moved, she wouldn’t get

it back before the year ended, and so she knew she was as good as dead in this coming war. Training herself was the only other

option she had aside from ending/her own life.

Julian would hate her in this life and even into the life beyond if she did that.

She finished and made her way into the training room, and on entering, she met Julian already there, waiting for her with his

back turned. He was serious about this, and that

was good. Yes, he had left the room before her, but he could have gone anywhere else. Maybe finally, he realised she needed

this.

He sensed her presence and immediately turned to her. “Before we begin, I would like to apologise. In the case that I hurt you at

any point in the match-”

She didn’t let him finish; she did him the favour: “It’s not because you want to, but because you have to. I know.”

She stepped into the ring where he stood waiting, and against him, she looked really small. His size had never scared her before

but, knowing he would use it against her without holding back, it did. She swallowed and asked herself if this was what she really

wanted. Of course, it wasn't. She trained with him three years ago, and even with her strength, she couldn't put a scratch on him

despite being tossed around and about. The only advantage she had now was her ability to heal fast, because Ona would not

lend her strength after what she did to her.

She knew his strength in the bedroom; he had shown it to her many times since she lost her abilities; this strength, however, she

had yet to witness.

"Ready?" he asked.

She wasn't, but he didn't have to know that. "I have no choice but to be." She said it with nervous laughter.

"Okay, then, come at me." He told her, and she did.

Maybe she shouldn't have told him to teach her, and yes, he warned her against what training with him meant, but she wanted to

challenge herself. All her attempts to swing at him were futile. He was faster, stronger, and had not just a block but a

counterattack. He withdrew his fist whenever he was about to hit her and saw she wasn't protected, and he showed a lot of

control. Yet she ached all over and felt her attempts were pathetic at best. It didn't make her feel better. Not in the slightest way.

"Here," Julian handed her a wet towel to wipe the dried blood stain on her head. He did that when he first threw a fist she

couldn't block, and since then he has started pulling back when she can't block him. He sat beside her in the ring. "I am sorry."

"Do not apologise for doing exactly what I asked you to do." She told him and wiped the towel against her head, "I shouldn't have

asked you to; it was a weak attempt, and I put

you

in a place that would leave you with guilt regardless."

"You were not weak. For someone with slightly more strength than humans, you hit hard." he commended.

She rolled her eyes, but that didn't stop him from speaking. She wanted to hear what he had to say.

"And you showed

persistence when you didn't even have the strength to lift

your hands. You kept standing until the end. I know what it feels like to be without any power. I faced Kenneth that way, and he

wiped the floor with me." He said that, and she couldn't help laughing. "I think I died at some point, and so believe me when I say

that you put up a brave fight until the end."

"I believe that you really mean every word you just said and not just saying it to make me feel happy and get into my pants later

on."

His mouth twitched to the side; he was probably stuck on the last part of her sentence. "I still want to get into your pants later on,

but I really mean what I said." She nodded,

"Fine, then, you can get some." His face lit up at her words, and he immediately kissed her lips.