

## Mommy daddy is the lycan king by Glory Tina Chapter 121

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Julian's POV

"So, you think the truth court is the best place to keep Luna Fiona in?" Marion asked as he fell in line with Julian, who exited the court building,

"It is the purest sanctuary in our world; there is no better place." He answered.

"I know that, but as much as it can keep the dark masters out, can it protect others from going in?" he asked.

Julian slowed his pace and turned to Marion with a raised brow. "What do you mean?"

"What is to stop those under the influence of Doom from going in and bringing her out?" he expanded on his question.

"We cannot go to such extremes; we have so much to worry about today. We need fortification; we need preparation and readiness. There are guards outside the court and within; those should be enough to keep her safe." He answered and began walking away.

He couldn't think about negativity. If he gave himself to such, then he would never face this coming war with all he had.

Kenneth hadn't reached out since he set out to track June and Jashin. The elders linked his blood to his sons and tell Kenneth where to go. There was still no news about their search so far. He held on to hope.

He looked forward to Kenneth's presence in this battle, but it seemed that wouldn't happen. If only Fiona wasn't so hell bent on throwing herself into this reckless mission, they would have been able to figure out a way together.

He needed her; he needed her wisdom more than ever, but she was not the most stable right now, and that left him alone to do this.

As long as she was safe and far from this, he had nothing to worry about. He would keep up this war, knowing Doom would never lay his hands on her.

"Show me to the garrison." He said this to Beta Isaac and Hanna as he arrived at the training ground.

Isaac nodded and led his way through the many men and women ready for the coming battle.

The numbers were impressive, but this wasn't what Julian needed. They didn't need numbers; they needed hearts more than anything. And that was why he was here. He

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didn't want to give Doom any loophole to go through this night, and to ensure that, he had to do this.

"Many of you already know what or who we are up against. This night, Doom will step foot in our world, and he wants one thing and one thing alone: Luna Fiona, the silver wolf. He needs her heart if he hopes to rule over the two worlds, humans and werewolves."

There was a mumble amongst those standing around, and Julian expected it. "The Luna queen is safe and kept in a place where Doom will not spot her, and so the battle will be between you and him. Our numbers are great, but we have all witnessed what power Doom wields and how he can manipulate. He is the master of evil, and so he knows how to wield evil to his advantage. That is why I want every one of you to look inward now. Is there pride, anger, jealousy, fear, or any emotion that isn't pure or goodness within you? If yes, then I will need you to step forward." He said.

There was silence and no movement for the first few moments that passed, and then, one after the other, they began to step out. This continued for over five minutes, so those left standing without any of these emotions were not even up to a hundred and fifty. A few alphas also stepped out after realising they fell short of the requirements. This realisation made Julian sceptical about the battle before them, but it was still better than walking into a battle with men that Doom would manipulate into carrying out his desires. The last thing they needed was to turn on each other during the battle.

"Thank you all for being honest about your feelings and stepping out. You might not believe it, but you are helping us greatly. You have my deepest gratitude." Julian commended.

"You will return home, and you will live simple and peaceful lives there. Your duties will be to protect your community and people. This is a command from your king."

They all bowed their heads in reverence as he finished speaking.

As they counted down the hours, Marion led the ones who had stepped out away from the Rayfield estate to find their way home.

The full moon was already up in the sky, almost reaching its apex at this point, and it

was the countdown until Doom's arrival.

Julian felt the surge of energy through his veins, and the full moon effect was already telling on him. Standing out on the field under the, full moon with the remaining hundred and forty-five with them, they prepared for what was coming.

"It is almost time, my king." Marion said, coming over to where Julian stood.

He nodded. "It is; fear wants to creep in, but I have to keep it out."

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"I may not get another chance to do this, so before this battle starts, I want you to know it has been an honour serving under your leadership as Lycan king." Marion said and bowed his head to him in respect.

Julian didn't think he deserved any respect after everything, after the many mistakes, but he didn't stop his friend. "It is an honour to have had you beside me, Marion Rivers." Julian's phone rang, and he pulled it out of his pocket. Looking at it, he saw the caller ID was Kenneth. "Any luck?" were the first words that came out of his mouth.

"No, my king, I did not find them at the location where the blood link pointed. Elena isn't here as well, and neither are Doom and Mischief or his minions. It's as empty as the Dark world itself." He answered, and Julian drew a shaky breath. "They were here, though; their scent is all over this station, so it's safe to say they are still alive."

Julian immediately felt a dark presence draw near, and he knew what it meant. "They are coming." He said.

"What do I do, my king?" Kenneth's voice came through the phone.

"Return home." He said that and ended the call.

"Ready yourselves! They are already coming." Julian sounded the alarm, and everyone on the field took a stand behind him.

Julian's attention shifted when he picked up the scent of Fiona. His head turned around in confusion, trying to trace the scent, and there he saw Fiona running over to them. He stepped away from those already awaiting the Dark Masters' arrival and towards Fiona, who ran towards him.

"Fiona, what are you doing?" He said, getting in her way.

"I am here to put an end to all of this. That's what I have wanted to do from the very beginning." She answered. "I alone can stop this, but you wouldn't let me."

"We still cannot find June and Jashin, and you shouldn't have left the court of truth. That's the only place you can truly be safe." He said, before asking, "How did you get out?"

Fiona opened her mouth to speak but didn't get to because darkness overshadowed every one of them on the field so that they could not see anything in the field for a mile away.

Arguing and disagreeing with each other was the last thing they needed. They needed to be together and of one mind now more than ever.

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Julian shifted, took hold of her hand, and, relying heavily on his sense of smell, led her over to where the rest of the people stood on the field.

"Do not panic, because this is what he wants. For us all to be afraid." Julian sounded the encouragement to those on the field.

Uncertainty reigned over him, as he had never faced an enemy this powerful before, yet he stood bravely.

"You give me too much credit than I deserve. Julian McQueen. Your fear has nothing to do with me. It is a mere response to the inevitable fate, which is my victory over the world of humans and werewolves." Doom's deep, authoritative voice came charging through the darkness, and immediately the darkness ceased.

Julian looked ahead and saw him standing there—a big red wolf with eyes as red as crimson and claws as long as knives. Doom was bigger, much bigger than Julian, and that sent a fearful chill through him. This was the first time he had felt it in a while.

Behind him were six other Lycans, including a grey Lycan. None of the six was as big as Doom was, but they all looked dangerous. They were also Lycans on Doom's side whom Julian recognise. These were the ones still under Doom's control and every one on Doom's side all had glowing eyes. Elena and Mischief were absent, and that meant they were with the boys.

"Dion?!" Fiona called out in a small voice from beside him.

"You know him?" Julian asked and turned to her in confusion.

"I met him in the world of the living," she answered.

"Dion is one name I go by along with a thousand others, Hun. It is nice to know you still

remember me.” He said, and a sly smile appeared on his face. “I will not want to waste any time here; we have come a long way, and I hate bloodshed as much as you do, so I will make this simple. Come with me, Fiona.” He said that and stretched his hand out to her.

Julian stepped before Fiona protectively. “You want her? You’ll have to go through me.” He growled.

Dion’s shoulder slumped in defeat. “I tried the easy way, but have it your way.” He turned his head to those he came with and said, “Bring her to me.”

At his command, the minions and others that came with him ran out at them.