

## Mommy 135

### Chapter 135

#### Julian's POV

"I came as fast as I could," Julian said, stepping into the delivery room to find Fiona in bed, covered in sweat and agony. Her

eyes had pain and fear written in them, even as she held onto a brave face.

He was three hours into an intense board meeting about security and advancement around the barrier between the werewolf

world and the human world. With the barrier down, Lycans would easily get into the human world with little or no stress.

This didn't affect the werewolf world because, though humans had advanced greatly in the last few centuries, the werewolf world

was still ahead in science and strength. Lycans were stronger, and many rogue ones would take advantage of that and go into

the human world to create a menace. The discussion aimed at strengthening the parameters at the borders and doubling the

guards. This would remain until a permanent solution came up.

He put it all on hold when Fiona called, and from her breathing and pacing heart, he could tell it was time. He rose to his feet, left

the meeting room, and never returned.

Fiona gave him her hand, and he quickly took it and placed a kiss on the back of it.

Julian had wanted to stay home, but she insisted it wasn't time and that he had a long day ahead. She was right; the meeting

was important, but it wasn't as important as the birth of his child. He shouldn't have taken her words as final; he should have

stayed despite her words.

He had missed out on the birth of Jashin and June, and he wanted to be a part of this one. After everything they had been

through, being present was the least he could do.

"It wasn't supposed to be today." She told him, reading his mind. "The calculation said two weeks more."

He reached out and stroked her face. "Don't worry about it, Fiona; I'm here now. You can do this."

His presence gave her much strength, and his reassurance further aided her.

"I'm going to need you to push," the physician attending to the birth instructed her. She nodded and did as she was told, and they

heard a crying baby's voice a few seconds

later.

"You did it." Julian smiled at her and kissed her lips. "You did it."

She smiled through her glassy eyes. Julian kept his eyes on her, commending her, stroking her face tenderly, and letting her

know how proud of her he was.

"Would you like to hold your daughter, my king?" The physician asked, stepping closer to them. His eyes departed from Fiona's

and moved to the woman holding onto the baby.

"Yes, please." He said and stretched his hand out to take the child.

His eyes blurred up at the sight of her; their baby girl looked just like Fiona, and it melted his heart.

Their family was now complete.

"Are you crying?" She asked in a weary tone.

"I can't help it; don't judge me. She's just so beautiful." He came to stay beside her so

she could have a look at her.

"She's just as beautiful as you," he said, and the baby's eyes flickered to reveal her mesmerising green eyes.

"She has your eyes." She pointed out, and, oh, his joy.

"She does," he agreed.

"What shall we call her?" She asked, and her gaze moved to his.

Fiona wanted to call her Lily after Kenneth, but then there were Dorothy and Ophelia, and these were wonderful women who had

contributed one thing or another to her life. She would feel guilty if she picked one over the other, and so she told him to do the

honour. She also made him promise he wouldn't disclose it to her until the baby was born, and he promised.

"Zeena," he said.

“The first Lycan queen?” She asked, already knowing the story about the brave queen who ruled the werewolf world over eight

hundred years ago.

“It’s a beautiful name.”

They returned home that evening, and June and Jashin were the most excited to see them. Their excitement turned into a

complete jubilee when they saw their baby sister.

“It’s a baby!” June told Jashin and hugged him tightly.

“Who will carry her first?” Julian asked. The baby was in his arms.

Jashin’s hand stretched forth, and June hesitated. Julian handed Zeena over to Jashin, and as he held her, June drew closer to

stare at her in awe.

“What’s her name?” Jashin asked.

“Zeena,” Julian answered.

“The warrior princess turned queen?” June asked, and he knew his history well.

Julian nodded.

“It’s a beautiful name.” Jashin said, adding, “Welcome to the family, Zeena. You have two brothers, and we live with you.”

Julian held Zeena in his arms, rocking her back and forth, and Fiona stood and watched. Watching his daughter slowly fall

asleep was an image that seemed all too perfect. He would cherish it for as long as he could.

“You should lay her in the crib and let her get used to it,” Fiona suggested.

He nodded and came to lay her in her crib, and he slowly rocked her until she fell asleep.

“She’s sleeping now.” He whispered before moving to her and leaning in for a soft kiss. “Thank you.”

“For what?” She asked as he pulled back from the kiss.

“For everything-being there that night, nine years ago, not getting rid of the baby after everything you faced just because you

were pregnant. For telling me the truth and for giving me the chance to be a father to my sons. For coming back with me to save

the werewolf world and giving up your powers so I could have mine. You have no clue how much you mean to me, my precious

Luna queen.”

“Julian, you’re going to make me cry.”

His hand tilted her chin, making her glance up at him. Her eyes were glassy, and she was barely holding  
his. The tears rolled

down her face, and he wiped them off.

“I love you so much, Fiona.”

“I love you, Julian, now and forever.”