

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 14

Chapter 14

As soon as she was dressed, someone was sent by the Lycan king to help her start in the community. He seemed more reasonable than all the ones she had dealt with so far. He stood at not less than 5 feet 11 inches, and unlike the rest of the men she had seen, he had casual wear. Except for the lab coat he had on his hands.

“My name is Marion Rivers; I will be the supervisor on the mission. I am a medical physician, and I specialise in herbs and their healing effects on our king. My job is to make sure you are comfortable and provided with all that you need. I will bring information from the Lycan king over to you, and I will bring your urgent messages over to him. I learned your name is Sky Lawson,” he asked.

She nodded, and he smiled. “Good. I hope I am not coming off as scary to you, Ms. Lawson. I have been under a lot of pressure lately. With you here now, I hope I can lessen that load.”

Contrary to his beliefs, he was the least scary person she had met since coming here, and it helped her relax a little. If everyone she will be around with in the next

this, then staying here will not be as miserable as she initially few days is like feared.

She nodded. “I hope so too, Mr. Rivers.”

“Call me, Marion, please.” He said as he led the way out, and she followed behind.

“Okay Marion.”

They entered his car, and he drove them out of the Lycan King’s estate, where she had come earlier, and she knew they were heading to the site where the plagued werewolves were kept. After thirty minutes of driving, they arrived at an erected structure off the road, with no other building close to it and a massive silver fence. Marion turned off the car and got down. S

got down as well, with so many questions in her head.

“What is this?”

“This is the settlement. It’s the shelter erected by the Lycan king six months ago; it was to be a sanctuary for those who dealt with the plague. Here, I and my

comrades attended to as many as we could before we lost the fight to the plague, and it was shut down three weeks ago.” He told her.

“And your comrades?” She asked, staring up at him.

He shook his head. “Many didn’t make it.” He told her.

Her eyes dropped. “I am sorry.”

He shook his head; he seemed to have found peace with their passing, and that was a good thing. “The plague has wrecked so many things in our world in the last five years, and those who have survived or never had it do not know how lucky they are. I still don’t know how I and the others survived.”

“Maybe you survived because the moon goddess isn’t done with you yet.”

He scoffed. “I no longer believe she’s out there, and if she is out there, what is she doing?”

There was a time in her life that she thought like he did; she didn’t understand what the moon goddess was doing or why things were so horrible with her. It was not until she had her twins that she realised the goddess’s way was far from their understanding, yet good. She was their mother, after all.

She stayed silent and followed behind Marion as he led her to the inside of the settlement. It had many rooms, some larger than the others.

He led her to another room, and though not the biggest, it was executive. It looked like an office, except it wasn’t one. “This is your healing room. The news of your arrival came late, and so we couldn’t inform those with the plagues to come. However, we have a few already here and waiting in line.” He told her.

“The envoys brought me here because I am a healer.” She began, “But I only attend to humans and their infirmities. I haven’t dealt with the plague before, so I might not be as the news has made me out to be.”

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She hadn’t had enough time to gather up the information about what she was up against. Her mind has been divided between her children, wondering if they were safe and how long it would take for her to see

them..

“Do not be concerned,” he said warmly. I have also made this known to the Lycan king, and he is well aware it’s just a trial.”

He knew this and still kidnapped her sons! She thought to herself angrily. He gave orders to them to bring her; the way they chose to go about it had nothing to do with him. The small voice in her head told her.

It still didn’t make it right.

She dragged a deep breath. “Fine, then, let’s get to it.”.

She spent the first hour inspecting the plagues and their manifestation on the skins.

of the werewolves that had them. Each was different, and they also had deadly states and stages. She had to know to what extent she would have to take the healing. She got down to business the next few hours that passed, healing those that came to her.

Marion was in the same room with her all through, watching closely and asking if she needed one thing or another, and whatever she needed, he brought it over to her.

The numbers of those coming in increased by the hour, and it seemed that those healed returned home and told the others. Since the plague was one that wouldn’t return after it was healed, they had nothing to fear while they returned home to their families to show them what had happened to them because of the healer.

On the first day, instead of the fifty she had thought, she ended up healing a hundred plagued werewolves..

“No more,” she said as the last one she just healed walked out of the healing room. “I can heal no more.”

With every plague she healed, her hunger grew, and that was the only thing she noticed, so with every five she healed, she had to feed herself before returning. With the humans, their infirmities had little effect on her whenever she healed them.

The highest it had made her was a little thirsty, and that was after healing a girl of stage 4 cancer. Today she learned that though she could heal the plague, it was so much different from what she dealt with in the world of humans. No human will last a week under this plague, and the werewolves that had survived so far did because they had supernatural

abilities despite how weak they were.

Marion left the room to give instructions to the two guards, who were positioned outside. They carried out the instruction, informing the ones in charge of the plagued werewolves to send no more in.

Marion walked towards her after coming into the healing room. “Can you stand?” he asked, sounding worried for her, and she smiled, surprised that he cared about her.

“Don’t worry. I looked at the plague; it’s not what can kill me.” She assured him, and there was relief on his face.

“I need food.” She said this, rising to her feet, and her stomach rumbled. They ran out of food the last hour, and the last seven she healed on an empty

stomach. She knew if she went on to heal another, she would be taken out of here unconscious. That wouldn’t be wise on her part, and so she had to apply wisdom to her dealings.

“You will get whatever you need. You are saving the entire werewolf world from this curse, and the Lycan king will be in your debt.” He assured her, his grey eyes filled with certainty.

She didn’t want anything from the Lycan king; she only wanted her sons returned to her once this was over.