

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Julian McQueen POV

“How did the first day go?” Julian McQueen, the Lycan king, asked. Marion stood before him to feed him information about the healer’s activity on her first day.

The guards brought him into the meditation room to meet with the Lycan king, which was where he always spent his evening, covered in incense, herbs and heat. Every day he would shift into his Lycan form and remain that way to retain his strength before shifting back to human. The incense, herbs and heat worked as restoration for his lost strength.

In this room, he also could have a private discussion with anyone, certain that no one would listen in on them. The room, just like a few others, was fortified with magic to keep words in and whatever he said or did remained in the confines of the room.

“It went well. She is nothing like I have ever seen before. The healers that we have had before her and the ones I’ve read about in books in the past either used herbs. or had some sort of ritual performed before commencing their healing, but she did no such thing. She only examined the plagues for the first hour and then carried on with healing them into the last hour.” He replied.

“And how many was she able to get done today?”

“About a hundred, my king.”

“I am so happy to hear that, but why a hundred?”

“We had to stop because we ran out of food.” Marion replied.

His brow narrowed, seeing no correlation between healing and food.

Marion had to continue speaking after seeing the Lycan King’s confusion.

“She had to eat with every five plagues she cured. There wasn’t enough food left with the last ten, and she could only heal seven.” He told him.

“So she eats more as she heals?” his brow raised.

Marion shook his head. “She doesn’t eat more, but she explained as we drove home that she gets hungry with every plague she heals. So the most she could do before passing out will be seven.” Marion answered.

He had wanted to see the famous healer immediately after she arrived at

the Pack estate. He had picked up her different scent, and it resonated within him, but he had other matters to attend to, such as security.

When Jace and Drew came back to the estate yesterday without the healer but instead with her sons, he was confused. They told him she had declined his offer to come and heal his people; hence, they took her sons. He was outraged at her audacity, yet he couldn't take it out on the children; they were innocent and had nothing to do with their mother's rebellion. When he heard about her arrival today, he wanted to visit her and assure her that her children were safe. What had happened was out of desperation. Being Lycans didn't make them monsters as much as they were made to be.

When Marion took her to the settlement, he had stepped out to see the children brought in by his envoy for the first time since their arrival. And oh, how much the boys reminded him of his younger self! They told him their names were June and Jashin and asked where their mother was. He told them she had gone to work, and they asked why she didn't come in to see them before leaving for work like she normally did. He couldn't lie, and so he told them it was because he wouldn't let her.

The twins didn't look happy to hear that, and Jashin asked if he was a bad man. No one had asked him that before. No one had dared to ask him that for as long as he could remember. Yet this boy did. He then told him he wasn't a bad guy, but he had done bad things. Jashin told him that he was like their mother; she wasn't a bad person, but she had told them she had done bad things.

He knew there and then that he wanted to meet the healer who had birthed such smart and amazing children. Before he left, they asked him if their mother would come to see them soon, and he nodded and told them she would come to see them tomorrow morning. He meant to keep his words to themselves.

The more he thought about the boys, the more he thought about their mother. Who was she, and why did she decline his offer to come and help the werewolf world? He had learned that she was one of them, and so he didn't understand why she had given a cold shoulder to his request and had to be dragged here.

He knew he would have to meet her soon, but every fibre of his being wanted it to be quick.

“From my observation, it seems that she bears the infirmities on herself, and that is why she gets hungry, I will keep observing and asking all the necessary questions.”

“She is a gift to us in these trying times.”

Marion agreed, “She really is.” He bowed his head to take his leave when he spoke.

“Do you think there is a possibility where she can help me?” he asked.

Marion stayed silent. He didn't rush to speak and give off false information, and that was why, amongst the many consultants Julian had, he trusted him the most. When the plague overran the settlement three months ago and they lost many, his heart stayed with Marion, hoping that he would survive, and when he did, he kept him by his side, never to let him go again. He only released him because he needed to be around the healer and give him information about her.

“I cannot ascertain, but if she looks at where the problem comes from, perhaps she can find a solution to it.” He answered.

“Thank you, Marion; you may go.”

Marion bowed his head and took his leave, shutting the door behind him. Left alone, he placed his head against the chair, and his lashes fluttered for a bit, trying to calm his ever-skipping heart.

“Stressful day, I gather.” He heard the voice of the only one capable of making him smile amidst this chaos..

“Nina.” His eyes fluttered, and he reached out his hand to her.

She took his hand, and he pulled her to himself. “Every day is a stressful day, darling.” He told her.

“It shouldn't be though,” she said, a small pout coming to display on her face. She leaned in and *kssed his hair, and his eyes fluttered weakly.* “*I know.*” “*You will be fine; now that the healer is here, she can work her magic.*” She assured him. He chuckled at her words, remembering how Marion had told him the healer had to eat for every five plagues she cured. She would have to eat a mountain of food before she would be able to lift one cent of his burden. Nina's brow rose. “What is so funny, Julian?” Nina wouldn't understand, even if she told him what made him laugh. He shook his head. “You're just so beautiful, darling.” He changed the subject and caught her bottom lips between his for a soft kss. She kssed back and

moaned into the k*ss as his hand began to wander on her skin. Her perfect skin.

“Tell me about your day, darling, in the bedroom.” He got to his feet and swept her into his arms, taking her away to the bedroom.