

# Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 17

## Chapter 17

They arrived at the settlement, and for a few seconds, Fiona didn't believe this was the same place they came in yesterday; there was so much difference.

not very

The settlement was crawling with Lycans of different ranks. She knew they weren't the ones with the plague, as those with it had a confinement located at the back,

far from the healing room. These were the security measures the Lycan king had put in place, which took effect this morning. They all looked terrifying, and she had doubts she would have the freedom she felt last night. This might end up affecting her concentration level, and she didn't want that.

"You don't have to be worried; everyone here knows their responsibility, and no one will cross yours," Marion told her, probably seeing the look on her face as she stared around, taking note of everything put in place. She turned to him and found him giving her an encouraging eye..

Fiona carried on with the day, but taking hints from last night, Marion gave instructions to have food brought in after asking what she wanted to have. They had been able to cure a hundred yesterday, and if doubling that number was possible, they would try it.

The Lycan king also assigned a few betas to keep the settlement in order. They introduced themselves to her and told her they were available if she needed anything. The few medical colleagues of Marion also joined in to lessen his work and keep an eye on her. Their work was to examine the plagues and get those with critical conditions immediate attention among those who were at the settlement. When that was done, they would place the others on some of the healing herbs Marion had been working on in the last few months. It didn't cure their plague, but it kept it at bay and stopped it from spreading.

In the fifth hour of the day, Fiona needed a break.

Yes, she had one after every five plagues she cured, but she needed a longer one. and also to stretch her legs. She had never done anything that kept her in the same spot for more than two hours before. While she worked at the hospital, she always moved around from the counter to the patients ward and the doctor's office. Staying in one position without moving wouldn't go well.

She told Marion she needed a little rest, as she had attended to more than half of what she did yesterday seated. She told him about the need to stretch her leg, and he granted it to her.

She was walking through the hallway of the settlement when she caught sight of

Vivian and her minions approaching. She was the last person she looked forward to seeing here, and at the sight of her, her stomach curled in a bad way.

She turned away, but she didn't do it quick enough because Vivian caught her sight and stormed towards her. Now she had to stand here and welcome the snake in white heels and a blue dress.

Vivian had a condescending look as she approached her. "I thought you had responsibility here in the settlement, so why are you here walking around. aimlessly? The Lycan king didn't bring you and your sons into his estate, so you can be useless all day long," she snarled at her.

Firstly, she wasn't brought here; she came after her sons were taken away; there was no joy in that.

Secondly. "If there is anyone worthless, here it is you." These were the words she wanted to say, but she bit down on her l\*p and stayed silent because no answer was a good enough response for a snake like her.

"So, you're deaf?" Vivian stepped dangerously close to her. "You do not fool me with that silly act; a few people saw you yesterday, and they said you spoke."

"Oh, I do; I just don't want to speak to you."

Her teeth gritted, and rage consumed the old snake. She raised her hand to strike her face, but Marion stepped in and caught hold of her hand.

"You little witch!" she growled at her.

"Let me go this second!" She raised her voice at him, and he did as she commanded.

“I will not have you speak to me in that manner or tone!” She growled at her, “What is she doing outside?” She turned her attention to Marion, and from the look on his face, it showed he would deal with anything but her right now.

“She needed to breathe.” Marion answered.

“The Lycan king didn’t bring her here so she would breathe; he brought her here to cure the plague. That is what she should be doing morning, afternoon, and night if she hopes to take her worthless little boys out of here alive.”

Fiona’s teeth gritted, and she almost reached for her hair for calling her sons worthless, but she had to restrain herself and stay under control. She was as vile as a snake, and the trick was to not give her the reaction she desperately needed.

“Yes, I get that, and amongst the two of us, she has cured over two hundred Lycans of plague since her arrival at the Pack Estate.” He said, stepping in to defend her. This was something Fiona hadn’t experienced because she had always had to fight her own battles. So, this now feels like a dream.

“Also, do not speak evil of children; only monsters do that. Perhaps someday, when you have children of your own, you will understand.”

If Marion knew a little of what Fiona knew about Vivian, he would know she was the ideal definition of a monster. She had tried to kill her in the dungeon five years ago, despite knowing she was pregnant. That’s what monsters do.

Vivian nodded, and her eyes became dramatically remorseful. “I am sorry; I just cannot stand the thought of our people dying while she does nothing about it,” she said, taking a step back from them. “It’s just so hard to imagine.

“She isn’t doing nothing, and yelling isn’t doing something, Ms. Jackson.” He said, his tone still not light with her, “As the supervisor of the settlement, I will tell you that you are welcome to stay as long as you promise not to make a scene.” He said, and with that, he led Fiona out of the hall.