

# Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 2

## Chapter 2

Fiona still looked lost with the truth revealed to her.

“But I am an orphan, mom.” She didn’t want to believe it. “You two have been my parents; where have they been all this while?”

“They were looking for you, my darling. The alpha told us yesterday that they have been searching for you for nineteen years. Someone evil had switched you up after birth, and they only learned that truth after leaving the hospital, and they have been looking for you since then. They finally found you, and they have sent their convoy to bring you home.”

As she finished speaking, they heard a honk of a car, making them pause and turn to the door, even though whoever was coming wouldn’t enter unless they told him

to.

“They are here, honey.” Dorothy said, and though her pain lingered in her eyes, she smiled.

“Mom!” Fiona called, and more tears streamed down her face. “I do not want to go.”

“Do not say that and do not cry; this is a good thing.” Dorothy encouraged her.

How was it a good thing? She was about to be ripped away from the only family she knew—the only ones who loved her unconditionally. She didn’t want to give that up.

“It is not good, mom; how can you say that? I already have a mom and dad, and that’s you two.”

Dorothy turned to Otis as if silently telling him something.

Otis then spoke, “Know that you will always be our baby girl, but you are the alpha’s daughter and should be with them. Do not worry; your life is about to get even better than we prayed for.” He wiped at Fiona’s tears once again.

She didn’t want a better life; she wanted the life she had here with them. A life filled with their love. She didn’t believe that she would find such a thing again, even with her real parents.

A firm knock came to the door, and Otis went over to open it. Before the door stood a man not less than six feet two and a massive, intimidating upper b\*dy.

“My name is Phil, and I am here to take the Alpha’s daughter, Fiona, home.” He

said it firmly with a husky voice.

Otis turned to her, and she almost started crying again, shaking her head. She grabbed Dorothy’s hand and said, “I do not want to go with him, mom.”

Dorothy’s eyes widen in panic; this was a level of fear she had never seen her mother display before. She was afraid her refusal would bring them trouble.

Tears ran down Dorothy’s face. “Fiona, child, do not make this more difficult for us all.” She said, and her frustration and pain showed, “If I were to go back, I would not change a thing; I could not have asked for a better daughter. Just know this isn’t goodbye, okay?”

She nodded; she understood the words her mother could not say. If the alpha were to learn of her refusal to come home, he would be angry with them. She didn’t want that for them. They had protected her all her life; it was her turn to return the favour.

She came to Otis, and her father pulled her into a tight hug that told her she would always be welcomed to their house and would also always be a part of them. He pulled away, and she walked to Phil, the man waiting to take her home. He said nothing and just led her to the black Jeep, waiting. Behind it were at least six other black-coloured Jeeps waiting just for her. He got to the door and opened the door to let her in.

She paused, and her breath grew shaky. “I did not take any of my things.” She informed him in a panic.

“Where you’re going has everything you will ever need.” He assured her.

Those were the last words they spoke to each other. After she got into the car, he closed it and got in as well, and the rest of the journey was done in silence. They drove away from her little town and to a completely different community many hours away. Though the journey was the longest she had had in a long time she bore it.

She pounded about everything that had brought her to this point. Raised as an omega for as long as she could remember, her b\*dy still bore the marks of the tortures. She had always thought her saviour would be her mate, who would take her out of the hell of a life she lived. It turned out that the duty of rescuing her wasn't for her mate but for her biological father.

As much as she hated her life as an omega, she loved her parents, Otis and Dorothy; they were the best things that she could have asked for. If she had the choice again, she would want them in her life to guide and lead her with their love and attention. She never felt like an outsider with them, and she could only hope that would be the case with her actual family.

They arrived at the pack estate, where she assumed her father, the alpha, was. Phil came over to the door and opened it to her, and she climbed down and shut the door.

Fear gripped her heart. Wondering what the people here would think of her, she glanced down at herself. She was still in her clothes from yesterday; she hadn't bathed or even brushed her teeth. She was filthy when compared to everything in the environment she just came into. In silence, he led her towards the massive penthouse with her right hand. She held her breath, and every step she took triggered her agitation. This will be where she lives with her family?

It seemed so much like a dream, one she wanted to wake up from. They came to the door of the massive white penthouse with its alluring structure.

Phil knocked on the door and waited. Not long after, the massive door opened to them, and Phil stepped in and thanked the young lady, who seemed to be a maid. She also thanked her before focusing on the journey ahead. It wasn't a long journey because, as she glanced up, she found a middle-aged man standing in white long sleeves and black trousers. For a reason, she felt as if she had found him before, but realised it was because they shared a resemblance.

He had black hair just like her, but he had a few traces of grey in it. He also had the same amber eyes she did, and the shape of his nose reminded her of hers. He had to be her father. She didn't believe it then, but now she does. Beside him stood a fair woman, just a little younger than him. She had brown hair and blue eyes, and her smile reminded her

of hers.

“You must be Fiona?” The man spoke, snapping her from her deep analysis: “I am Carl Jackson, and this is Bianca Jackson, my wife. We are the Alpha and Luna of the Justice Pack, and we are your parents.”

“My parents told me,” Fiona answered with her head dropped. Somehow, she felt she was unworthy of being in their presence. They were almost royalty, and she was their child.

The woman smiled warmly at her, and it eased her panicking mind. “I know this is hard to take in at once, but we will be here to guide you. You will never feel alone again; we are here to protect you. You have our word.”

She nodded, not knowing what else to say.

The door opened immediately, and her heartbeat became unsteady, and her *body lost all the little strength she had. Sweat broke over her face, and she couldn't understand what was happening or what could have triggered her this way. “Is she here?” she heard an unfamiliar voice ask, but unlike the other voices she had heard today, this voice caused soothing for her and pacified her. It felt as if this voice had always been her muse. She turned around and found the most beautiful man she had ever seen approaching her, and she forgot how to breathe that very second. A scent she had never smelled before filled her nose, “MATE.” She blinked rapidly, and her legs were so close to giving up on her at this point. What was happening to her? She wondered, but she had no answer. She had never felt this way before, not around anyone. “Yes, she is here.” Carl answered, and she must have pointed to her because the handsome man turned his face to see her. “You're Fiona Jackson; I am Henry Lockwood. I have searched for you all over and received prophecies and visions concerning you. You are my true mate. I do not waste anymore time.” He said that and dropped on one knee. Her heartbeat was almost jumping out of her mouth at everything that was happening. First, she woke up in the arms of a stranger only to come home to be told her actual parents came for her. Now this It had to be a dream, but she didn't want it to be a dream. She wanted it to be real. She wanted to live in this reality. She pinched herself, and the handsome fellow saw it, and he smiled, dimming his adorable brown eyes as they stared at her. “You're not dreaming. This is as real as it's going to get, my darling.” He told her. It was real, and now she understood why she felt the way he felt when he came into the room; she*

*was in the presence of her mates, and it was her wolf's way of telling her she had found her mate. He was her mate. A smile appeared on her face and didn't leave, but her eyes also grew glassy. "Yes, Henry, I will marry you." He smiled and slipped the ring onto her finger. She helped him onto his feet, and he closed the space between them with a sweet k\*ss that left her breathless.*

SEND GIFT

They pulled away from the loving embrace. Just then, her eyes caught a young woman from the corner of the room with blonde hair and blue eyes. She had her arms crossed over her chest, staring at her with eyes filled with hatred and resentment.