

Mommy 20

Chapter 20

Fiona hadn't seen him since her arrival at the estate, and this was her first time seeing him in over five years. Her heart skipped

a beat at the sight, and she wondered what it meant. Did he discover something about them? There was no way to ascertain that

he had done anything in such a manner, and she didn't want to worry. She couldn't help worrying; the Lycan king was with her

sons-playing with them and having fun-that spelt worry to her.

There was no such thing; he wouldn't know. Staring at him now, she realised the boys didn't look like him, and everyone who had

seen the boys since they were able to walk told her they looked so much like her. She had held on to that saying since then, and

even now, staring at the Lycan king and them, they looked nothing like him except for their thick black hair, and that was a relief

for her.

Perhaps this was a scheme; he would warm his way into her sons' hearts while making her work herself into an early grave. Or

make her sons love this place so much that they will rebel when it is time to leave.

Was that his plan? If it was, then it wasn't cool.

Jashin's cackling pulled her out of her panicking mind and into the present. Her sons were having fun, and this is the happiest

she has seen in a long while.

They were playing warriors, and both Jashin and June were dressed in grey uniforms and red cloaks. The Lycan king, who was

likely playing the role of a civilian, wore his casual clothing. The boys fought each other with their plastic knives and then

together attacked the Lycan king. The real villain remained unclear to her.

She had so many images of the Lycan king and what he should be like and how he should act; this, however, wasn't one of

them.

This left her confused about how to go about who he was.

"Mommy" June called, and her eyes moved to find him staring at her.

He tossed the plastic knife in his hand to the ground and ran towards her. She dropped to getting in the ground with her arms stretched out to him, and he wasted no time getting into it and making it his home. Jashin ran towards her seconds later, and the force of the hug took her off her balance, and she collapsed on the ground. She didn't have enough strength to begin with, so she couldn't sustain herself.

"I'm sorry, mom," Jashin said, rising from on top of her. June did the same.

She shook her head as she pulled herself up. "It's fine; do not be sorry. I lost balance because I lacked strength to hold onto

you," she told him, and he stared at her with worried eyes.

"Are you okay, mommy?" he asked.

She nodded. "I will be fine"

said.

promise. I see you two are having so much fun!" she

"Yeah, we are; Julian lets us come out to play every two days." Jashin said.

She didn't know that. She also didn't know they also took his name.

"Oh, that is so nice of him. Did you tell him thank you, though?" she asked, staring at her sons.

They nodded.

"Did you tell him thank you today?"

They shook their heads and turned to the Lycan king, who had become silent since she brought herself into the backyard.

"Thank you." They said it in unison.

The Lycan king shook his head and stepped towards them with his hands stuffed into his pocket. "It's fine." He said, and a smile

came to his face, and for a few seconds, she saw the much resemblance he shared with her sons.

stopped breathing. He was such a

His eyes then moved over to her, and she saw a line, and a beard that

beautiful man, with piercing green eyes, a defined

gave

him a dreamy look. His long hair was in a neat bun, and though its wildness felt tamed, a hint of it lingered. He didn't look as

intimidating as she thought he would be, perhaps because she saw him here and not in his court.

Just then, she realised she hadn't even given a formal greeting to the Lycan king since stepping into the backyard. He might

have been playing with her sons like a commoner, but he was still the king and deserved to be treated as such.

She rose to her feet immediately, and she almost blacked out from how light her head felt. "Good evening, my king."

"Good evening, Ms. Lawson; the twins have told me so much about you." He said it, his voice as calm as the night wind.

What did they tell him about her, and how would she be able to know it? She barely had time with her sons anymore, so she

could not ask them.

It would even be correct to say they spent more time with him than they do with her now.

It also seemed that Vivian hadn't gotten the news of her rebellion at the settlement over to him because he seemed in good

spirits. If he had gotten the news, he would have been furious.

Or not. It was a probability, and she wanted to think of the worst outcome.

She held onto a small smile and said, "I hope those were good things."

This made him smile as well, and he nodded. "Yes, they were." He assured her, and she nodded a little relieved. "They are good

boys and very decent. They remind me of my younger self, but I was in no way that smart. You are doing such an amazing job

with them, Ms Lawson."

She took the compliment with joy in her heart. The Lycan king reminded her of Marion, and she felt the same calmness with him

as she did with the physician.

"Thank you." She bowed her head only to have it pound harder in her skull, and her hands ran up to rub against it.

She needed food, sleep, and rest, but she couldn't say that here.

Her eyes fluttered for a second and only came back open when June began to speak.

“Mommy, why didn’t you come and visit us after the last time? It’s been many days, and you never came back? And why do you

look so skinny? Have you not had any food since then too?” June demanded, and she knew how straight-forward her son

was.

That would be the fault of the man you’re playing warriors with, she thought to herself.

She tried to smile at him, but his eyes were dead serious for a five-year-old. “Work hasn’t been easy these past few days.” Was

all she could say in return. It was the truth, and though the Lycan king was here, it didn’t change it.

They deserved to know why she hadn’t had time for them. It was all beyond her control. If she could, she would have come to

visit them every day, but she couldn’t. The tight schedule they had placed on her since Marion’s departure didn’t even give her

room to breathe.

June’s heads swirled to face the Lycan king, who was yet to take his leave. “You told

us she worked for you and does it from morning till dawn; why are you starving her? She’s so skinny now.” Accusations were

present in his voice, and his eyes didn’t make it easier either.

She swallowed, nervous a little. “June, do not speak to Mr. Julian that way.”

“It’s true, mom,” Jashin joined in. “You look so skinny; you look starved of food. Do they not feed you anymore? We get fed every

day; maybe come to our place before going to work and have food.”

She couldn’t believe the signs of starvation showed on her that much, but if her sons could notice it, then it meant it was so

obvious. Was that what Ona wanted to show her when she stood before the mirror?

Perhaps it was.

She pressed her lips together and bowed her head.

“I am sorry; I have indeed worked your mother beyond her limit.” The Lycan king spoke up, taking the blame.

It wasn't his fault though; she knew this because when Marion supervised the settlement, he made sure there was enough food

for her. It all stopped four days ago after Vivian took over supervision. She had cut down on her breaks and food, calling her a

glutton even though she knew the food was how she survived. Fiona was willing to bet a hand that the Lycan king had given

Vivian a full supply of food. She would even say he doubled the food supply after realising the number of plagues being cured

doubled, and the witch withheld it for her own selfish gains.

"No one deserves to be treated that way, and that is why I will give tomorrow to her for her break. I know this wouldn't make up

for the mistake made, but it's a start. She will stay home with you boys."

June and Jashin looked excited for the news, and she was too.

If there was no work for her tomorrow, that meant she would be able to rest and sleep for as long as she wanted. She would eat

a decent meal and not have it snatched away by the plague.

The people needed a healer, though. Taking tomorrow off would be a selfish decision, and her heart pricked her for it.

"The plague, my king," she began, but he shook his head.

"The healer needs her day of rest. The plague will end on another day. Tomorrow

is for you and your sons; it is the least I can do." He told her.

She smiled at him, "Thank you, my king." She said happily.

"You're welcome, Ms. Lawson."

From the corner of her eyes, she could have sworn she saw Vivian, but when she turned in that direction, she saw no one there.