

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Fiona's eyes fluttered to find the stranger before her, whose name, his beauty and manliness made her forget to ask. This god of a man was smiling down at her, and his eyes showed his desire for her, his dire need. He ran his hand over her *bdy*, *making goosebumps scatter all over her bdy* in response. She moaned in response to the skilled hands doing their work on her, and her legs grew weaker.

Her eyes snapped open, and she found herself wet in bed and aching with unfulfilled desires.

His tender but passionate touch felt like even she knew, because she remembered. how she felt in his arms. Kisses followed *kisses, caresses after caresses. Her bdy*. yearned for more and arched into the touch to get more and more, clinging to him like her very life depended on it.

"You smell so good, sweetheart." His deep, hoarse voice echoed in her head, and he pressed himself against her, telling her just how much he wanted her..

She wanted him too; her *bdy still did*. "*Come for me,*" he commanded, and her *bdy* followed suit, doing as it was told.

-*"No!"* she shook her head, and her eyes snapped open. She sat up in bed, gasping and feeling guilty.

She couldn't remember what had led her into the bed of the stranger, but little details of the night she spent with him scattered all over her head. They seemed to have become her haven in the land of dreams, as they returned almost every night. But it was wrong. She had a mate, a fiancé, Henry, whom she would marry in the coming month and live happily with. He loved her, and she loved him, too.

The stranger was a man she knew she shouldn't have been with.

He was the past, Henry was the present, and Henry was the future, and that felt so much better. How could she pull herself out of this nightmare with the stranger and stop her *b*dy* from yearning for him?

Henry was one of the few good things that had happened to her since her return, and she wanted nothing more than to be the mate he deserved.

Since her return, he has been preoccupied with the arrangements for the wedding, and unlike the people, he is true to his affections.

Since Fiona's arrival three weeks ago, she has learned a few things.

Vivian Jackson was Fiona's parents' daughter. They adopted after losing their baby girl after birth

and trying to find her for a few months without luck. So the story goes.

The Jacksons had raised Vivian like their own, and she grew up seeing them as her parents, loving and cherishing them. They also loved her, and they were not the only ones who did; the entire pack loved and cherished Vivian as well.

Ophelia, a grey-haired woman not younger than fifty years old, was assigned to her after her arrival at the pack estate as her maid. She told Fiona that Vivian had always been next in the line of succession until her arrival, and so there would be bad blood.

The pack members did not like her either, not as much as they did Vivian. They loved Vivian and saw her as perfect. The perfect daughter, friend, and leader Fiona couldn't blame them; she just came into their lives, and it would take a few years to have a place in their hearts. But it only got harder as the day passed.

Fiona knew that the only way to get right in the eyes of the pack members was to be on the same foot as Vivian. And that's why she accepted the invite from Vivian for a casual outing. Perhaps if they saw them together as friends or even sisters, their view of her would change. She made her way through the large hall over to Vivian's door. She knocked on the door, but no response came; instead, she heard small noises coming from inside.

Her first instinct was to leave, but she couldn't. She paused and listened to the noises coming from inside, and they were those of gasps and groaning.

A familiar scent hit her, Henry was here.

Her heart raced with alarm, and she opened the door immediately to find Vivian in bed with no clothing. She wasn't hurt; she was in the heat of S** and making noises that signalled her pleasure.

Fiona's heart, however, stopped beating as she saw that the man in bed with her was none other than her mate and fiancé, Henry.

“Ohhhh Henry, I love it when you do that.” Vivian moans breathily while rocking her hips slowly.

“My baby...” Henry bit down on her, his movements growing even more powerful than before. He took her *lips between his*. *Fiona’s eyes widened, and her hands ran up to cover her mouth, shocked beyond measure at the words, she was hearing. Her heart shattered into a million pieces. “Tell me I’m the only one that can make you feel this way.” Vivian moaned out, her hands tightening around his neck after breaking the kss.*

“Tell me I am the only one for you.”

“You’re the only one for me,” Henry moaned, overcome with his lust for her.

“Not even Fiona your mate,’ she edged him with the words she wanted to hear.

“Not even Fiona can make me feel this way and she never will. I’ve always been yours and I’ll always be yours.”

Vivian didn’t believe him because she pouted, “And yet you’re with her.”

“Don’t be like that, she’s just my mate. That’s why I am with her there’s nothing more, to it, baby.” He caught her bottom *lip between his for a passionate kss*. He lifted her leg and wrapped it around his waist.

The pain felt like a knife being plunged into heart causing her stomachs back, falling to her knees, feeling completely hollow.

This couldn’t be real; it had to be a dream, or her mind was playing crazy games on her.

Just then, Vivian’s eyes opened, and as they landed on her, a devilish smirk appeared on her face..

Fiona couldn’t bear it anymore, ran back to the bathroom and collapsed on the floor. Her vision was blurred from the tears falling down her cheeks.

How could he have S** with Vivian after proposing to her? A mate wouldn’t do that. If he wanted S**, should he not have discussed it with her instead of running into Vivian’s evil arms?

It made no sense.

How was she supposed to let it go? Was she supposed to move on and pretend she didn’t see what she saw and move on with the wedding?

It made h

insides twist and churn with anger and pain.

Suddenly, a nausea interrupted her thoughts.

She picked up her bar soap only to get nauseated by the smell, and she threw up

immediately into the washbasin before her.

“Are you okay, child?” Ophelia asked, coming over to her.

“Yeah,” she spat into the basin and turned on the water. “It’s strange; it never happened before, but the soap triggered something that made me throw up...” She nodded and turned to the bathtub, only for her head to feel light and her legs to wobble. Her vision blurred up first before they finally shut, and her hearing followed right after.