

Mommy 34

Chapter 34

“Do not worry; the physicians at the settlement will take charge until you return tomorrow,” he assured her. He took hold of his

black singlet and yanked it over his head, leaving him n*ked from the waist up.

She silently stared at him with eyes filled with intent. His shoulder was broad and defined, with muscles she had only seen in

movies in the past. This was her weakness, and it will be hell keeping a focused mind through all this.

“This is the most n*ked I will be with you.” He said, breaking her out of her thought.

As if it made things any better.

She was in hell, and the sweat tickling down her face told her she was. How was she going to bear being close to that literal.

hotness without losing control and doing more with her hands than she should?

What was wrong with her, and why was she acting like a horny teenager?

“Alright then, let me take a look,” she said, and she stepped towards him, shoving all the dirty and profane thoughts away from

her mind.

She came to stand before him and then examined the skin of his upper b*dy. From afar and without concentration, everything

looked fine, but the closer she got and the more intent she looked, the clearer the changes in his b*dy became.

It took over an hour of careful examination, and she learned a few things.

What he had wasn't a plague; from what she had studied and learned so far, the life span of a plague was three years, and that

was in rare cases; most didn't make it past their first year. Yes, he was the Lycan king: he could indeed subdue it, but there was

more to it.”

“I think this is more than just a plague, she told him, taking a step back for the first time in over an hour of close-up examination.

“It has a few similarities with the plague of the other Lycans, but this is so different from what they had. Yours moves differently

from theirs and also feels differently. She had touched him and compared the extent.

She stared at him after he became silent and didn't respond to her observation. Is there something more I need to know?"

She saw a flicker in his eyes, but before she could discern it, it disappeared. "You're right, this is more than a plague; it is at

curse," he answered.

Once again, he had succeeded in leaving her in a state of confusion.

"You said it was a plague?" She reminded him of the words he had used to describe his ailment yesterday.

She didn't appreciate his lack of forwardness with her, and it was making it very hard to trust the words he was saying now.

"Yes, it is a plague, but it sprouted as a result of a curse. Most plagues in the world's history are the result of a curse."

"What sort of curse is that, then?" she asked.

"A curse cannot be placed on the Lycan king by any other living being, and so the scholar deduced it was placed by the moon

goddess herself."

It turned out that the more he answered her questions, the more confused she became, and that wasn't good.

"You were cursed by the moon goddess?" she exclaimed, and her eyes were wide with disbelief.

She didn't think such was even possible to begin with. The goddess loves her children, and the last thing she would do is allow

any to suffer, so why did she do this?

He pressed his lips together and nodded.

"What did you do?"

She didn't want to sound judgmental, but the goddess ways were always pure, and she wouldn't place a curse on her child if he

didn't do anything to deserve it. She was the perfect representation of justice and fairness.

"I made a mistake. I was young. I was foolish, and I made a terrible decision that brought about the deaths of over three hundred

lives, and as payment, the goddess placed this curse on me,"

Fiona crossed her arms over her chest. "You are going to have to do more than this summary you have given me," she told him.

Yes, she was asking for much here, but she deserved to know. If she was going to try and find a way out of his curse, then the

least she needed was the entire truth that led to this point.

He sighed and nodded. Fine, then you should sit because it is a long story"

She obliged and took her seat on the mahogany bench in the room, which was far from him, yet she could hear him.

"I lost my parents fifteen years ago, and I was barely fifteen. They lost their lives fighting the plague and the rebels, and after

getting the plague, they didn't return home and instead continued fighting the plague till their last breath. While they were battling

the plague, my father gave instructions for fortifications around each pack estate-a way to keep the rebels out and also to keep

the pack members in. At his death. I became the Lycan king, the youngest to ever be, and the responsibility passed to me. I had

to make sound decisions about the plague and the rebels, and for the first five years of ruling, we did our best to tame and

control the plague and the rebels as well. They moved from towns and communities to another, wreaking havoc and infecting as

many as they could. It had been five years of battling the rebels, and I kept losing men and people while trying to save each

community they attacked. With every loss, it took a while to recover, and I didn't know what to do. So, ten years ago. I made a

plan: the next community they attacked would be their last."

"How did you do that, then? Fiona asked, knowing that was not something that could be done without endangering a lot of

innocent people.

"We had gotten information about where they would attack next, and I instructed the king's force to stand down, and when they

entered Freefield, a southern community, the king's force would lock the community down. Then they would set the entire

community on fire."

Fiona gasped and covered her mouth, knowing what that meant. His decision to tame the rebels and the plague had led him to

condemn the innocent along with the guilty

“We had victory over the rebels for a while, but at the cost of over three hundred lives in the Freefield community, which had

nothing to do with it. He explained, and his tone held a level of guilt and remorse that made her heart go out to him.

“The king’s force returned and told me how it all went; many were traumatised by the experience. They told me they heard. the

cries of children and babies within the communities, and they couldn’t do anything about it. Many of the king force killed

themselves just to stop the nightmare and the evil they had done. I grieved and mourned my wrong. If I had taken another route

and sought better counsel, then perhaps there could have been another way that would have saved the lives of the innocent. I

was desperate, and in my desperation, I ended an entire community. He paused and pressed his lips together.

“It was my pain, my wrong, and I knew it. These marks appeared on my body shortly after. I believed it was the tears of the moon

goddess. Of course, that wasn’t the end of the rebels, though. We enjoyed peace and thought we had put an end to them, but

we didn’t They were only kept at bay, recovering from their loss and taking their time. They attacked again five years ago. First,

they attacked the Langheld community and then carried on from there. They have since been rampaging and causing chaos in

the community. Out of the one hundred and fifty communities in the werewolf world, they have afflicted over one hundred and

twenty. It was a lost battle, and we needed help, so we came to you.”

what to

“I do not know what to say. She told him, and he didn’t look as though he blamed her.

“A part of me wanted to protect this truth and keep it hidden, but I can’t. You need to know what you are dealing with. He

confessed, “There is a way out of my plague, and only the healer with the silver fur can help me,”

He was right; this truly was a lot of truth revealed, and many would have kept it hidden in order to protect their image before

others. He had chosen truth over it all, and though the act he had committed in the past was horrible, he was a much different

man from who he was then. From everything he had told her, she knew he still carried the guilt of his actions from ten years ago.

He was not a perfect man, just one with many scars that have become a part of him. He was like everyone of

them, with pain, guilt, and shortcomings.

"I do not know if I can do anything, but I will do whatever I can," she assured him with a nod of her head.

"Thank you. That is all I need," he told her, and he put all his clothes back on.

"What are you doing?" she asked, surprised that he was wearing his clothes instead of starting her healing.

"You need me half-n*ked to heal me?" he asked, a brow on his nose.

She pressed her lips together and remained silent, realising he was right. He didn't have to be half-n*ked for her to heal him.

She didn't mind if he was, though.

"No, you do not have to be n*ked; I can do what I need to do as long as I hold your hand." She replied.

"That's good to hear, then." He smiled at her.

His plague was nothing like what she had dealt with in the settlement. Yes, she discovered she could heal him after close

examination, but the cost of it was great. He was right when he said she wouldn't have the strength to do anything else.

Healing the plague of the other Lycans at the settlement made her hungry and a little weak. Healing his left her in a state of

hunger, hallucination, and extreme exhaustion, and she wasn't even taking away the entirety of his plague. She had to heal him

at a slow pace, or she would die if she attempted to take it all upon herself.

In total, she had spent three hours with him. One hour for his examination, and the two hours that followed to heal a portion of

his curse. In those two hours, she took breaks every five minutes just to eat and regain her lost strength. It was necessary, and

he understood. Hallucination was the last thing she expected, as she had never had that side effect before, but it came with it.

After the session ended, she asked him if he felt any change, and he told her he did. He told her a part of him he thought had

died had come back to life.

“You do not have to bring me out, my king; you can easily tell one of your servants to do this while you stay in,” she told him.

Yes, she was healing him and breaking his curse, but that didn’t make her more than she already was. She was a healer, and he

was the Lycan king

This is the least I can do for what you are doing for me. He told her casually.

They stepped out together and approached Jace, who stood beside her car. Her escort immediately stepped forward, took holdPlease bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

of her hand, and helped her into the car.

“Take her home and help her into the house; she is really exhausted. He told Jace, though his gaze remained on her in the

CAT.

“I will,” Jace answered before entering the car.

After they arrived home, Jace helped her get into the mansion and then into her room.

She told him she could help herself from then on, and he understood and turned to leave when Fiona called to him.

Jace.” He hatred and turned to her.

“I forgive you for what you did,” she told him, and she saw the look of relief wash over his face. “We do not make the best

decisions when we are desperate, and I understand why you did what you did. You are not a horrible person. I see that now!

He bowed his head, grateful for her words. “Thank you, Ms. Lawson:

She smiled and said, “You’re welcome, Mr. Cruise!