

Mommy 38

Chapter 38

Fiona's POV

"Here is the chronicle of the plague outbreak and its progress so far" Jose said that and handed Fiona a big, hard-cover orange

book

She had requested the chronicle so she could have as much information about the plague as possible. She hoped to finish up

her assignment in the werewolf world soon, and she knew one way to make sure the plague wouldn't return was to get to the

very root of it. The chronicle would have records of the location of the first outbreak, the deadliest encounter, as well as the most

affected region in their world.

When she asked Jose if it was possible to get a hold of the chronicle this morning he told her it was in the uppermost part of the

settlement where records were kept for research purposes. He told her he would get it for her as soon as possible, and seeing it

here and now, she felt happy.

"Thank you. Jose: you're really a lifesaver. She beamed at him.

He smiled and nodded. "What do you hope to do with it?" He raised a brow as he took his seat on the other side of the healing

room.

"Well, I need all the information about the plague: like where it originated from. I think that region would be the most affected

among all, and I want to prove my suspicion. This way, I can get to the root of it." She told him.

He nodded. "Fair enough," he replied.

"Plus, knowing all this will help me finish up the work here and return to the human world where I belong." She added.

Jose became silent, and for a strange reason, she knew he wanted to speak "What!"

"This is where you belong; your kind are here in this world."

She smiled and understood where he was coming from, but they didn't hold the same sentiment for the werewolf world. If things

were different, maybe she would have reconsidered. Things were the same as always. Where the bad guy wins and the good

guy suffers. She realised that reality after seeing Vivian step out of the king's court and still didn't know what to make of it. It

wasn't worth it. She would never be safe here.

"I do not belong here, I never have, and I know I never will." She replied, and they said no other word before turning their focus to

their work.

After the fifth hour, Fiona took her long break, where she would get to move to the cafeteria, and there she placed an order for

bacon. She had begun craving that after her session with the Lycan king yesterday. Bacon was one of the meats served to her,

and the taste, smell, and tastiness stuck in her mind. She had made a request for it this morning, and the chef in the cafeteria

told her they would have it ready when she came. When she came in a few minutes ago, she didn't have to remind them; that

was what they brought. Honestly, the one she had at the Lycan King's court tasted better, but this wasn't so bad. and she would

make do with it.

She had her mouth stuffed with the last piece of bacon she picked from the plate when the cafeteria door opened, and the Lycan

king walked in dressed in a white long-sleeve shirt and black trousers.

She froze at the sight of him, and within seconds, his smell overcame her senses. She assumed she was hallucinating in the first

few seconds that went by, Slowly, she shook her head to regain her senses, but still before her stood the Lycan king, and he

didn't look like one who would leave any time soon.

He was here, and she had her mouth stuff with bacon. She probably looked like a clown, Embarrassment wasn't even compared

to what she felt in this moment. She silently prayed that the ground would open up and swallow her.

That didn't happen, though. She forces herself to chew the meat in her mouth and swallow it.

This was also his first time at the settlement, and this was how she presented herself to him. Shameful.

She also realised that in the last two minutes she had been lost in her thoughts; the Lycan king had been in the same cafeteria

with her, and she hadn't properly greeted and welcomed him. She had gawked at him like an idiot.

"Ms Lawson." He called and nodded his head. Her eyes raked over his neatly shaved face, and his hair was in a neat bun to

give him a formal look.

She rose to her feet, her eyes filled with panic. "My king" was all she could say.

"Can I sit?" he asked, and her eyes took notice of the seat very close to her.

Her stomach fluttered at his request, and she didn't know what to say in response. The Lycan king was here with her, asking if hePlease bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

could sit beside her.

Yes, it wasn't something that should have left her awestruck or confused; she had been to his medication room twice in the last

two weeks, and in those times, she had her hands all over him. However, those were private and in the comfort of his home, and

this was public and would draw attention. Not only was he at the settlement, he also wanted to sit beside her.

"So. may I!" he asked again, and this snapped her out of her thought.

She nodded, though she didn't think her response should even matter here since he built this settlement and hence owned

everything inside, the cafeteria included.

He was a gentleman, and that was the right way to behave.

He took the seat beside her, and she also sat, feeling more confused about what was happening.

"It's my break," she said. She wanted to point out that the reason she was here was because it was time for her break and not

because she was running away from work.

He nodded. "I know that; I was told. He replied.

She entwined her hand under the table to keep herself under control. "I wasn't expecting your visitation," she said.

“That’s okay; I didn’t announce my visitation to anyone. I just got ready and came over.” He answered.

“Oh,” she said, wandering into silence.

“Is there a reason you’re here?” She raised a brow.

“Do you not want me here?” His words were accusing, but his tone wasn’t

She shook her head, her heart picking up in its beat. The last person she wanted to be on their bad side was the Lycan king.

“No, that’s not what I meant. I figured you would have more important things to attend to at the estate.”

The more she opened her mouth to speak, the harder she made things.

He didn’t take offence at her word, and that came as a relief. “This is just as important, and I haven’t visited as often as I should

have, and that is on me.”

Fiona saw from the corner of her eyes the cook stealing glances at them, and this was the kind of attention she didn’t need.

Words will fly, and they will not be good words, for sure. She wanted to put an end to that as fast as she could.

She didn’t know if she was up for having him in the settlement. “Do you need me to call in the security so they can show you

around?” She was already up on her feet as the last words left her mouth. This was the best way to keep the distance between

them and show everyone there was nothing going on here.

He chuckled, and that took her by surprise. “I know the settlement like the back of my hand; I do not need security to find my

way. You can sit,” he insisted.

That plan just went out of the window.

She reluctantly sat

“I came to see you.” He said, his finger on the counter, drawing circles over and over again.

“I am glad to find you in such a high spirit after everything that happened yesterday.” He said, and his words took her back to the

event that took place at his castle.

“Oh,” was all she said once again.

“You were wrong when you said you were not a part of the pack or my estate and hence had no say in the things happening.

Your life is just as important as anyone else’s, Sky, and I did not appreciate the thought that you aren’t.”

He said, and his tone showed his displeasure with her words and use of words, Was that why he said nothing last night? Did she

offend him with her words? His words told her she did, even without intending it.

“I am sorry, my king”

“It’s fine.” He said, turning to glance at her, and their faces came so close that, for a moment, she forgot to breathe. “You’re one

of us now: never think otherwise.”