

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Her eyes fluttered open, and she was already in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Her head slightly ached, and she groaned and rubbed against it. “Oh, child, you are awake?” Ophelia’s voice echoed in the room, and she quickly made her way over to her. “I was about to call your parents in to take you to the physician.”

Despite the ache and sudden weakness, Fiona forced herself to sit down and ask, “What happened?”

“You fainted in the bathroom, and I had to bring you in here,” Ophelia said, and coming to her, she touched her forehead, and she was slightly burning up. “Have you felt this way since you have been here?” she asked.

“I have never fainted before.” Fiona told her. “I have felt nauseated a few times in the last few days; I assured myself it was my b*dy reacting to being with Vivian in the same room.”

Ophelia chuckled and shook her head. “No, my child, as much as that might seem like a genuine reason, I fear it isn’t.”

“Then I am sick?” She asked, “Do you know what it is?”

A look of fear crossed over her face, and that made her heart double in its beat. “Then what is it?”

“I do not want to scare you, my child, but I served as a midwife to a few mothers before retiring ten years ago. The symptoms you show are not those of any sickness; they are early signs of pregnancy.”

Fiona’s face grew pale after the older woman said those words to her, and all she could say in response was, “No!”

“I cannot be pregnant.” She started but stopped, remembering the night she had spent in the stranger’s bed more than a month ago. Her heart sank into her stomach, and her world immediately crashed before her eyes.

It happened only once, but she knew it took one time to get pregnant. Her life was on the brink of ruin because she made a mistake. This was not fair.

She had not found a good footing here at the estate since her arrival, and this would ruin everything.

would

“Positive.” Fiona was trembling while holding the pregnancy test kit. She seemed to have lost all her strength and collapsed on the ground.

How could this happen?

Her heart sank into her stomach, and her world immediately crashed before her eyes.

Fiona sat on the floor and cried her eyes out for hours, and she knew she had to come out to her parents as soon as she could. She couldn't imagine the look that would be on their faces; they would be so disappointed in her, they would all judge her, and who knew how bad it would be?

The brightness tore through the window over her face, and she slowly opened her eyes to see the dawning of the new day. The breakdown came faster these days, and though it was a few minutes to six a.m., it was already bright outside. She pulled herself up to sit down, and she saw she had slept on the bare floor last night, passing out after many hours of sobbing. Her head throbbed now, and her eyes stung and were heavy.

A knock came to her door, and though a mess, she pulled herself up from the floor, moved over to the door, and opened it. There stood before her, Marcia and Yates, the Alpha's personal guards.

“The alpha asked us to bring you.”

She panicked and shook her head. She couldn't go; her father would find her a mess and want to know what happened, and she would be forced to speak before she was ready to.

It was also too early for a summons, unless he knew. She shook the thought away. There was no way for him to, and she knew Ophelia would never do that to her.

She knew saying no to them would mean asking for problems for herself, so she nodded slowly and followed behind them.

Her eyes looked somewhat swollen, and she wiped the lingering tears that fell away and blinked the rest back. It was a few hours into the night, and the time was a few minutes after the hour of nine, and this was the latest. She had been summoned to see her father. Whatever the reason, it had to be important.

They arrived at the living area, and there stood the Alpha and the Luna, already waiting for her. Vivian stood behind them with the usual devilish look on her face that made Fiona's blood boil.

Fiona wondered what evil Vivian had framed her with, but she kept quiet.

"Father, I was told you wanted to see me." She asked, her voice as low as possible, and her head remained bowed because she had been crying the last hour and didn't want the Alpha to see her eyes and ask questions.

"I did," he answered, his tone not the nicest. "Is there something you would want to tell us?"

She kept her head bowed and shook her head. It wasn't the right time to reveal this truth; she needed time. If she had found favour with her parents since her arrival, revealing this truth to them would have been easy, but so far, she hadn't. The truth would only destroy everything.

"No, father, there is nothing."

"If that is true, is there a rumour going around the pack estate since yesterday that you are pregnant?" Carl demanded with an even more angry voice.

Fiona's heart skipped at his words, and her head lifted to find the Alpha murderously glaring at her. How did he know? Just then, from the corner of her eyes, she saw Vivian smirking in triumph.

Her eyes grew glassy, and her whole body trembled before them.

"Father—"

"Do you deny it, then? Do you deny that you are pregnant with a bastard?"

She couldn't say anything; she had nothing to say. She had nothing to say to defend herself but to cry out her eyes before them while they angrily spoke to her.

"We should have never gone back to bring you back. We were better off in the life of wretchedness with your wretched parents, who didn't raise you well. You have brought nothing but shame to the names of the Jacksons, and you did this to bring us to shame. The House of Jackson has borne a clean record for many generations. Until now. By doing this, you declare yourself unfit for the name Jackson and, therefore, strip it off you. You are disowned, never to return to this family."

She shook her head and dropped to her knees immediately, tears streaming down her face. "Father, do not do this to me. I am sorry I

didn't let you know; I only found out yesterday."

"Silence! For all we know, this is a part of your lie. That is all you do—lie and cause trouble." Bianca snapped, and her tone was as rigid as that of her husband.

She had never seen them this angry, and knowing it was directed at her made her

heart ache. "No, mother, that is not true."

"We tried to be good parents to you, and this is how you repay us?"

"Mother, no."

"The news of your disgusting act has gone far and wide all over the pack estate, and it has also gotten to the council of the moon. They are already here to take you away. You will stand trial for your abominable act and will be judged. Whatever punishment fits your shameful act, you will get. Pray that the moon goddess pardons you."

As he finished speaking, the door opened, and three men in white robes walked into the house and approached her. She wanted to run up and away, but she couldn't bring herself to move. She had no strength left. The men walked over to her and took her by the shoulder, pulling her to her feet roughly. Bianca was smaller than the men; she couldn't fight them, and they could carry her with much ease.

"Father, please." She cried out, wanting them to intervene and do something, but they didn't budge.

She sobbed all the way as the men dragged her away from the pack estate over the court of the council of the moon. The pack members all came out to watch her—humiliation be looked at with disdain, disgust, and hatred.

She couldn't stand the

look on their faces, and after seeing the first few dozens of people give her that look, she lowered her gaze to the ground.

After over an hour of leaving the pack estate, they arrived at the council's court. It was a big white building with two pillars on both sides of the entrance. From where she stood with the men, she saw people going in and coming out and some others being carried out in chains and to the back. They had one thing in common: they looked broken. She didn't know such a place existed until now, and she knew she didn't want to go in.

What she wanted didn't matter, and the men dragged her up the stairs.

"Fiona!" she heard the voice of the last person she wanted to find today called, and she halted. Henry.

Unlike before, the men holding onto her didn't pull her along. They waited for him, and in less than thirty seconds, Henry was standing before her.

"What treacherous act did I hear you commit?" He demanded, his grip around her face tightening. She tried to pry it off, but couldn't, "They told me you were a whore, one that had no loyalty and was only out to ruin me." He took her by the face and made her look at him.

She couldn't believe his audacity in accusing her and calling her names when he wasn't any better. He had cheated on her and broken his vows to her.

"What? It was you who cheated on me with..." A slap with enough force made Fiona instantly spun around and fell to the ground.

"Enough. You have known the truth for long enough, but you were hoping to trap me in a union and pin the pregnancy on me. Was that not what you wanted to do?"

Her eyes widened, surprised that he thought so low of her, but she didn't speak; there was nothing to say when he had already decided on what to believe. Her anger clouded her pain and she saw him for who he was, an hypocrite. He was no different from Vivian her evil sister. She was stupid to think he was any different from her.

"You have played the whore and made me out as the fool for being your mate. You have made a mockery of me, my family, and everything I stand for. For your despicable act, I, Henry Lockwood, reject you, Fiona Jackson, as my mate!"

She knew what this meant; she knew the weight his words held for a rejected mate was one without purpose or direction. A broken mate lived their lives in pain and shame, never to raise their head or experience the joy only a mate brought. The pain was too much; but she also felt angry angry that he never really considered her his mate. Knowing he always preferred Vivian all along.

He stepped away from her and continued speaking. "I reject you today before the moon goddess and the light, and in the ears of all that care to hear. I reject our union and every agreement that we have had before. With that said, he walked away from her.