

Mommy 40

Chapter 40

“You have nothing to fear; no harm will come to you, not as long as you’re here under my protection.”

The Lycan king’s words resonated in her head as she carried on with the rest of her assignment at the settlement for the day. He

stayed longer than she expected him to, and though she didn’t like the attention his presence brought her way, she didn’t

want him to leave.

It was strange how she felt around him. Safe and at peace. She had only felt it around another person all her life, and that was

Henry. After his rejection, she never felt it with another. It didn’t surprise her.

Lycans like herself got only one chance at getting their true mates, and after Henry’s rejection, the fate of finding another was

sealed. She had lived in contentment with having her sons, knowing well she would never get to experience true love and

affection. It didn’t matter to her; she had the love of her sons.

However, whenever she was with the Lycan king, she felt the part of her that had been dead for so long coming to life. No, it

wasn’t just about desire. Yes, he was a god amongst the likes of them and gorgeous beyond words, but what she felt exceeded

mere attraction. She felt it deep in her bones, deep within her very soul.

It couldn’t be real. He already had a partner, and she would never be the woman who stabbed another in the back. No matter

how much her soul longed to be around the Lycan’s king, she would not do it.

She heard a gasp go through those outside the healing room, and she wondered what could have been happening. The thought

didn’t leave her head when the door opened, and in walked Marion, the physician who had left over two weeks ago, to the north.

A gasp of excitement went around in the room, and a few of the physicians around made their way over to him.

Fiona sat in her seat, staring at him with eyes filled with joy and surprise at his arrival. Her hand was now covering her face. She

expected his return, but as the days went by, her expectation slowly withered and soon died.

Marion finished with those he was with and then stepped towards her seat. She rose to her feet immediately, her surprise still

lingering.

“Welcome back, Marion,” she said, her smile lingering.

“Oh, thank you, Ms. Lawson.” He replied. “I know I have missed a lot, but I have felt the impact of the work you do all the way in

the north. Our world gets another chance, and it is all because of you.” He told her.

She bowed her head humbly. It was nice to have him back and hear all these wonderful words

The door opened from behind, and another person stepped in.

Kenneth Snowfall.

Fiona knew that face well; she couldn't forget it. He was the one who delivered her from Vivian's hands of death over five years

ago. She had looked forward to meeting him when she arrived and heard of him. He wouldn't know her because a lot had

changed, but she wanted to say thank you. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

He was only following the king's orders, and if the king hadn't sent him, he would have been there. True, but if he had arrived a

minute later than he should have, she would have died at Spencer's hands.

Kenneth looked around, and his eyes soon came to rest on her.

“She must be the one right, Marion.” He said this, stepping towards her with a warm look on his face,

Marion nodded in agreement. “She's the one.”

“She's indeed pretty” He said that, and his brown eyes danced over her in fascination.

She didn't know what to say in response to two men revealing that they had been talking about her all the while they were away.

“Do not worry; it was a harmless conversation between men. I already have a mate, and so does he.

Most healers aren't the

best-looking people the moon goddess makes. I mean, look at Marion here” He said it with a chuckle and placed his hand on

Marion's shoulder. Marion slapped his hand off and Kenneth just laughed.

Fiona couldn't help laughing along. "Thank you, beta Kenneth.

"Call me, Ken," he insisted. "I would like to say thank you for the work you are doing here. Sky, you have no clue how much of a saviour you are to us."

The Lycan king has never failed to tell her how much of a saviour she was and how much they appreciated her presener here in

their world. The only one who had downplayed her work here was Vivian

"You are welcome. I would also like to thank you, Ken. She said this, and this made the taller man's bro's narrowe

"Whatever do you want to thank me for?"

"You saved my life once. Many years ago. When I was much younger.

He thought for a while. "You sure that was me?" he asked, then added. "Because I cannot remember saving you

He wouldn't be able to recognise her, not this way, but she knew him; she remembered his face, and that was what was

important. She didn't want his kindness to go unappreciated. I remember you, and I want to say thank you."

He smiled and nodded. "Then you're welcome"

While Ken left the settlement to report his arrival to the Lycan king, Marion stayed behind to see what he could do to help

everyone around him. Though they told him to leave, he insisted.

"would like to go to Grandfield," she began as she came over to Marion's desk.

Marion paused what he was doing and turned to stare at her with panic-filled eyes. He rose to his feet. "Why would you want

go there! It's a graveyard," he demanded with a voice filled with worry

She had buried herself in deep reading of the chronicles and learning about everything she could. With her knowledge, she knew

there was only one way out of this. She had to get back to the very beginning.

"Because that is where the plague started twenty-five years ago." She explained. If she hoped to end this plague, she had to

eet to the rout of it.

He looked worried, and a little terrified for her. "That is the rebels' community. Sky; going there is like throwing yourself into the

den of lions”

Although now isolated, Grandfield used to be the epitome of beauty in this world. It was known for its prosperous land,

hospitable people, and never-ending feast. That changed after the plague hit. They were disconnected from the rest of the world

and left to fend for themselves, and that brought about the rebellion.

In her book, every part of this world was a lion’s den, some just more dangerous than others. “They are parts of this world, and

until we treat them and offer a hand of help, there is no guarantee that we will ever get rid of this plague. From my calculations, it

shouldn’t take longer than a week” She answered.

“What if the rebel see you and decide to attack: What then? We lose the healer and the battle against them.”

*I believe the reason they became rebel in the host place was lack of the abandonment and segregation they faced when

the affliction came. I read the chronicles of the werewolf world and it had always treated people who were different. unjustly she

defended her cause

Marion wanted to speak, but paused and pressed his lips together. She hoped he did that because he saw the sense in what

she was telling him.

“We are not free until every last one of us is free” She told him.

“Have you spoken to the king about it?” He raised a brow at her.

She shook her head. She figured if she could convince one person to see sense in her plan, then she would take it up with the

Lycan king. Now that Marion did, she knew that the Lycan king would as well

The king didn’t accept the proposal at first. He didn’t understand why anyone would walk into enemy territory, and so it made

little sense to him. He considered Grandfield enemy territory, and he had pronounced harsh judgement. She wasn’t willing to

leave his court without being heard, though.

“They have been our enemies for decades. There is no way they would not attack you,” he said in a dismissive tone.

“I have gathered information about the plague and my stay here so far.” She told him. “Since my arrival, those with the plague

from all one hundred and forty-nine communities have found their way here, all except the Grandfield.” She told him. “They need

a healer just as much as everyone else, but for some reason, they cannot come. They will not come, not as long as they are

seen as terrorists and evil and shut off from the rest of the world.”

Marion, who had followed her to help intercede, couldn’t even say a word at this point. The king and the healer were in a heated

argument, but she was more passionate about defending her case.

“Because they are, they steal, kill, and terrorise the neighbouring communities and wreak havoc wherever their feet touch.”

“It was not always so, my king. She argued. “The Grandfield was one of the most welcoming and loving communities in our world

once, many years ago. They loved, they learned, and they appreciated the little things, and then the plague struck. Those who

had means of escape ran away from the community, as did those who were supposed to lead. The Lycan king. your father, could

have stepped in to do something about it, but instead he shut them up when he received words of how deadly the community’s

plague was.”

“Do not speak about my father like you know, the sacrifice he made for our world, He risked his very life,” he said, his tone

becoming defensive.

“Yes, but that was at the very end. In the beginning, it wasn’t. Crandheld only turned to rebellion as a last resort. That was ten

years after the plague outbreak, and watching their loved ones die in the most heartbreaking way. Their alpha and many of their

elders abandoned them, and even the Lycan king turned his back on them. They rebelled because they had nothing to lose. It is

all in the chronicles of the plague, my king and it is not a lie. Being abandoned in times of trouble can bring the worst to people.

You brought me so I could heal your world; that is what I am trying to do.

He pressed his lips together and rose to his feet “I cannot guarantee protection where you are going.”

She nodded. “I know that: I just need your permission.”

A look of defeat crossed over his face, and she felt happy that she had succeeded in convincing the Lycan king to do what was

best.

“How long will it take?”

“From what I gather, there are less than two hundred people in the community, and about the same amount as the plague. That

would take 3 days to one week, and that is because I would like to go to the very root and know as much as I can before finding

a cure.”

His eyes travelled over Marion, who was still yet to speak after the first few words he uttered when they stepped into the

king’s court

“She discussed all this with you, and you saw sense in it?” he asked.

Marion hesitated. “She is very good at tabling her case, my king.” He answered, “If she only heals the plague and doesn’t get to

the root of it, there is certainty that there might be another outbreak in the near future. This way, getting to the root, our world will

never have anything to fear again.”

He stayed silent, thinking about everything. “If that is the case, then I will also come with.” He said, and he didn’t sound like he

left room for debate.