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Chapter 42

ght about them.”

She kept silent, as she didn't know how to respond to his words.

“You are right, my father did the bare minimum. He betrayed this community. and I followed in his footsteps.” He didn't seem

proud of that decision.

“Is that why you came with me?”

“I couldn't stay back anymore; they were my responsibility as their king, and I have played the blaming game for too long. You

were right; they turned to rebellion as their last resort, and they only did so because we turned our backs on them when they

needed us the most. How can I call myself the Lycan king? How can I call myself the ruler, knowing what I know?”

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He was breaking down right in front of her, and she didn't know what to do to help him. She placed her hand on his, which was

on the balcony's railing, and she felt a spark within her. He stayed still, and he must not have felt the spark, so she kept her hand

there. “You are still the Lycan king: your errors and past shortcomings don't change who you are. What matters is that you want

to be better for the sake of everyone you rule over. You came with us because you are better than your father and your past

mistakes. That is the king this world needs.

He turned to stare at her with eyes she couldn't read, and she hoped she hadn't said something out of context

He smiled and nodded, believing her words. “Thank you for everything, Sky.” He said, his eyes filled with adoration

In this moment, she wanted to tell him her name was Fiona and not Sky. She wanted him to know the real her, but she couldn't

do that. There was so much, and it was more than her desire for him.

She broke out of her thoughts when he wrapped his hand around hers, which was first on his, and gave it a firm squeeze. Then

he silently returned his gaze to the sky, and she followed him.

“I will not be able to deal with your plague this week, my king,” she informed him.

He nodded. “I understand, and I accept that on one condition.”

“What condition?”

“That you no longer call me by my title but by my name. My name is Julian McQueen and I’ll want you to call me that.”

There was no alternative for her. She would not balance doing her work here and also healing him of his plague, and that meant

she would have to give in to his demands. She had to call him by his name.

The numbers of those with the plague in the camp on the outskirts had doubled greatly, which took Fiona by surprise. She knew

they couldn’t overcome her since she had five men with her.

She spotted the Lycan king on the other side of the camp, approaching where she sat, attending to those outside the camp.

Seeing him startled her because this camp was so different from the settlement. It was filthy and not well organised as compared

to the settlement. It took a lot of effort for her to get used to it, and she

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didn’t even expect him to come close.

She rose from her seat and approached him, hoping to stop him halfway. His scent engulfed her, and it made her tremble from

where she was, but she had to go closer and speak to him.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

He had taken notice of her as she drew closer to him, and his gaze didn’t waver as he watched her draw near. “Visiting the camp

on the outskirts of the community where those with the plagues are?”

That was not the question she asked. “You do not have to be here. It is nothing like the settlement or what you’re used to

He smiled and, in his eyes, stayed confusion. “I want to be here; besides, you’re here?”

“It’s different; you’re the Lycan king, and I am a healer. This is my job, not yours.”

He placed his hands on her shoulders, and her legs almost gave up on her at the touch. Goosebumps scattered all over her skin,

and her nipples hardened underneath her bra.

His smile turned into a sly smirk. “You are really cute when you get protective, Sky, but I want to be here. Yes, I am the king, but

that is even more reason why I should be here

She couldn’t argue anymore, and she returned to focus on her duties—the few that were left before the day would end.

Julian wanted to restore the broken relationship. Many of them hated the Lycan king because they thought he had abandoned

them. He didn’t want that anymore and wanted to be a true ruler for his people.

He also instructed the movers to return to the pack estate and carry words to Beta Kenneth, who was ruler in his absence. They

were to bring food and amenities through the portal to the communities; they were to have not less than fifty men on this task.

Grandfield had around three hundred living souls in it, and this food and amenities would aid them until they could function on

their own. The movers bowed their heads and departed.

“We have over one hundred and twenty people here today, which is four times the number it was yesterday.” Jose said, returning

to them after going to count the number of plagued Lycans present on the outskirts.

The number was a surprise, but it wasn’t more than she could handle. She had done three times that number in a day in the

past. She was also grateful that people were coming out to be healed. It would make her work here very easy. At the eighth hour,

she was done healing the last plague.

She returned to the sanctuary to speak with the elder. She needed to find the fountain of death, which was said to be the root of

the plague in the werewolf world. Being an elder and older, he would have knowledge of it

Elder Rio knew about the place and was more than happy to help. But he insisted it was best to visit the spot during the day, and

so they retired to the villa to prepare for their third day.