

## Mommy 45

### Chapter 45

The next minute, the noises of the rebels filled the entire space outside the sanctuary. The rebels in their multitude circled around

them, looking like they were about to attack. Fiona's heart was hammering at a fast pace at this point.

She knew about the rebels, and she had heard stories about them from the Lycan king and a few others. They had gone around,

causing terror and infecting other communities with the plague. And no matter how hard the king worked to stop them, they

always found their way to return and terrorise the communities ever

more.

Fiona saw their numbers, and they were over forty. Those with the Lycan king were less than ten. It would not be a tough fight to

subdue the rebels, as they looked ready to make trouble. They had to find another way around this that would involve less

bloodshed and chaos. This community had been through enough already.

One of the rebels stepped forward, and he seemed to be their leader. "I heard that Julian McQueen, the Lycan king, had invaded

Grandfield." He said, taking another step forward. He didn't seem to share the same sentiment of respect that those around the

Lycan king held for him. He couldn't be blamed for it; those in Grandfield didn't consider Julian their king; he hadn't been a king

to them in years.

"And who did you hear that from?" Julian asked.

"Someone," he replied, not going into the details.

"That someone lied," he replied.

"And I am supposed to believe the words of the Lycan king who turns his back on his people and sits in his white castle?" he

demanded, his brow furrowed.

"You will speak to the king with respect, you worthless piece of trash!" Jace growled at the leader, already wanting to attack.

Julian placed his hand in front of Jace to stop him, and he shook his head in disapproval of his actions. "I do not care what you

think of me, and I cannot make up for what has been done in the past. What matters now is what we are doing here.

His brow rose. "And that is?" Please bookmark site [novelxo.org](http://novelxo.org) to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit [allnovelnext.com](http://allnovelnext.com) to read fastest content.

fusion to surprise as she came to stand beside the Lycan king and Fiona

Fiona recognised her. She was the woman she had healed earlier at the camp who asked about her parents.

"Chad!" She climbed down the stairs and over to him. "I thought it was the rebels, and we were scared inside until I heard your

voice. Since when do you speak that way?" She demanded in a reproving tone of voice

"I am sorry, mama" He said, before adding. "You no longer have the plague."

The older woman nodded with such a radiant smile on her face, staring up at her son. The wonderful young lady over there

beside the Lycan king healed me today." She said this and pointed to Fiona, who still stood beside the king. "I feel so good. I

haven't felt that in years. I wanted you to come home so I could show myself to you."

"That is wonderful news, mama." He said, and he looked so different from the man who had charged into the community earlier.

"It is She also healed so many others. Come and say hello." She took his hand and led him up the stairs towards where the king

and Fiona stood "Do not yell at anyone. Do you hear me?"

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He nodded. "Yes, mama." He answered in a small voice.

The two came to stand before them, and the older woman began to say, "My king, this is my son, Chad Chad, this is the Lycan

king and the healer, lady Sky."

Fiona wanted to tell her that she didn't have the title of lady, but Julian had already begun speaking, ending that train of thought.

"Hello, Chad. It's nice to meet you." He extended his hand to him for a shake.

Unlike earlier, there was no grudge in Chad, and he took Julian's hand into his for a firm shake. "It's so nice to meet you, my

king." Then he turned his attention to her and said, "Thank you for healing my mother."

Fiona shook her head, seeing it as nothing. "You are welcome; your mother is a wonderful woman. Please take care of her."

He nodded. "I will."

"Do not punish him for his outburst earlier; he is really a good boy. The older woman pleaded on his behalf.

Julian smiled, and this made Fiona realise he had a dimple that only appeared when he smiled deeply. "I understand, ma'am;

you have nothing to worry about. No harm will come to your son. You have my word."

She bowed her head. "Thank you, my king"

Julian advised that Chad lend a hand of help to Elder Rio and the rest, distributing the amenities brought in. Chad picked one of

his men to aid him as well. He then revealed that he and his men had gone out to look for food—the little they could find—but

returned when they heard news of his arrival. Julian then promised he would aid the community with whatever they needed until

they were back in their functioning state.

After all was said and done, Fiona returned to the villa to get ready. It was the third day of coming here, and they had succeeded

and completed their assignment. It had gone even better than she had imagined; she could only hope she could finish with the

rest of the assignment waiting for her at the settlement and deal with the king's curse. She knew she was reaching the

completion of her job here in this world, and she didn't feel the joy she hoped to feel. The joy she thought she would feel when

she first began this journey.

A small knock came to her door, and she made her way over and opened it. There stood Julian, and she drew a quick breath at

his sight

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“Can I come in?”

She nodded, although her mind screamed no. “Sure, come in,” she said, stepping out of the way. This was his first time coming

to her quarters since he had been here, and she wanted to know why.

“We are done with the distribution of the food and supplies. It will take them at least a week. The rain will soon be upon us, and

their grounds will be able to yield food supplies. Until then, we will keep them fed.”

“You are doing so much for them; I do not think they will ever forget you.”

“I am only following your lead. If you hadn’t made your point so loud and clear, I would never have seen the errors of my ways.

So, I owe you thanks as well.” He told

her.

“I guess you are welcome.” She said and turned away from him, trying to avoid locking eyes with him.

“When do we leave?”

He pressed his lips together and stuffed his hands into his pants. “The people of Grandfield are grateful for all our help. And they

insisted on throwing a feast of dance in our honour,” he answered, adding, “Elder Rio told me they had begun preparation

yesterday.”

“What did you say?” she asked.

He scratched his head. “I haven’t given my answer yet; I would like to know what you think about it