

Mommy 46

Chapter 46

The people's offer was too good for Fiona to turn down. Julian had told her to corner her against a wall. He was the king, and his

words were final. Yet he wanted her to be the one to decide.

"Why does it have to be up to me?" She asked with a raised brow

He took a step towards her, and like always, her heart skipped a beat. He reached his hand out, and her breath cut halfway

through her throat. She blinked rapidly, not knowing what he wanted to do. He didn't stop until his hand came on her hair and he

drew out something before pulling away. He showed it to her, and it was white wool, and she exhaled upon seeing it, laughing a

little.

"Well, it was your idea we came here in the first place, and I couldn't give an answer unless I knew you were okay with it as well."

His reasoning made sense and showed that he was being considerate.

"I don't know," she mumbled to herself, and turned away from him. She said so, not because she didn't want to be here, but

because she wanted to return and see: her sons. According to her calculations, her stay here would have taken three days to

one week, and this was her third day here. She could spare the rest of the day and celebrate with the people.

"if you still want to head back today, we can do that."

She shook her head. "I would want to stay and celebrate with the good people of Grandfield," she answered.

He exhaled in relief. "Oh, good, because I already told them yes." He blurted out.

Her eyes widened at his words. How dare he tell her it was up to her when he had already made the decision? Her lips

scrunched up.

She folded her arms over her chest. "It was never my decision, was it?"

He pressed his lips together and said, "It is a feast of dance; I haven't had that in many years, and I couldn't turn it down. It is still

your decision because if you had said no, I would have ordered Jace and Drew to take you home." He told her, and a part of her

believed him.

She had never been a part of a dance feast before, and it was something she wanted to experience.

"Fine then: I want to be a

part of the celebration

"Good, girl," he purred, and shivers went through her at his compliment. Something about being called his good girl made her

happy, and she knew she wanted to be his good girl.

"The venue is a few blocks from the villa, and the time is seven when the moon is out." He winked at her and took his leave,

leaving her alone with millions of butterflies fluttering around in her stomach.

She was dressed and ready at six fifty p.m... and Jace was at her door to pick her up, She wore a simple red, asymmetrical

dress that stopped above her knees and felt right for the night. She had on a pair of sl*ip-on, and she had no time for makeup or

extra care for her hair. The night was chilly, so she picked up a black jacket from the ones she came with and threw it over her

shoulders.

They made their way from her quarter at the villa over to the third street, where the feast was taking place. The first person to

catch her attention was Julian McQueen. He was in a grey long sleeve and black trouser, which was a casual selection, yet it

was enough to mess with her head. He turned around almost immediately, as if reading her mind, and his face broke into a wide

smile. It was a genuine smile because it affected his eyes and showed his dimples. Everything around her paused for a moment

as he gave her his attention. His eyes strayed from her face down to the clothes she had on, and there was no disappointment in

them as they came back up.

She burely did a thing, and he looked impressed regardless.

“You came,” he said, breaking the silence.

“I gave my word that I would.”

“I’m glad you came.” He took her hand and led her further to where they would stand and see everything clearly. His grip felt firm on

hers. It wasn’t soft or hard, it was perfect, just as she had always remembered it to be. It would be so right on other parts of her

body.

Shit

When the Lycan king called it a dance feast, she thought it was a feast with dance as a bonus. It was after arriving and seeing

the setting of the open space that she realised that wasn’t it

A feast of dance was a feast with only dance. At this feast, nothing other than dancing is done. There are music and musical

instruments to aid the dance, and whatever choice you make, the hand will play it for you so you can dance. As many gathered

here would take their turns in a dance, it would keep going in circles until

1132 Mar Jan

midnight.

An hour passed by, and the feast was at its apex at this point, with dance and cheers and so much fun.

It was all a fun and happy feeling until she realised the circle was coming towards them, which meant she would also have to

dance. She didn’t know how to dance, though.

“I don’t know how to dance.” She whisper-yelled to Julian, whom she stood beside.

He glanced at her, and his eyes warmed adorably. “I will show you.”

She almost busted out laughing, then realised he wasn’t joking. She almost face-palmed herself when she realised all the

dances had happened in pairs. Even Jace and Drew had danced earlier as a pair, and that meant she wouldn’t go out alone.

How did she watch the dance for so long and didn’t know this?

“Are you okay with that?” He raised his brow, waiting for her answer.

She nodded, knowing her voice would fail her if she decided to speak. How bad could it get

"It's our turn." He whispered into her ears, and shivers ran down her spine. He didn't let her recover from that because he

wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her forward. How her legs followed was still a miracle.

The claps and cheers were all she could hear as she stepped into the centre, and the eyes of everyone rested on her.

"What song would you like to dance to?"

"I don't dance," she whispered to him because she thought she had already told him that. She had danced around in the past,

but it was always in the comfort of her home, not to the amusement of others. She would be a disaster and probably get a shoe

in the face

"I know, you told me, but what song do you like?"

She didn't have any to go with; she did, but she couldn't think it up now, nor while everyone waited for her. "You choose; I will

pick the next one" She told him.

He picked a pop song, and no, she couldn't dance, but he could. His moves complemented the places she lacked, and that was

a lot of places.

She was more distracted by his hands on her back and waist, and sometimes her

1138 Men H

face. It was hot and intense, and it took her breath away every time he drew her against his b*dy. Their time ended, and the

people gathered around to cheer and clap as they returned to their stand. His hand stayed on her waist the entire time, and she

glanced up at him to meet his gaze. Her throat ran dry, and she couldn't say a thing, so she just stared at him. Lost in the world

of his gaze, her heart was racing faster, and perhaps he could hear it despite the music and people cheering around. It beat that

way because of him. There was no way to tame it. Not one she knew of

She broke the gaze to think about their next song because, in the next hour or so, they would be back on the stage to dance.

“It’s Lovely by Billie Eilish,” she said, and he must have heard because he asked.

“Uhi

She glanced up at him, and once again, she got lost in the strength of his gaze, but she forced herself to speak. “Lovely by Billie

Eilish. That’s my favourite song, but it is not danceable.” She told him. The song got her through hard times in the past and had a

place in her heart.

A smile came to his face. And oh, how much he reminded her of June and Jashin right now. “There is a dance for every song.”

He answered, and there was something in his voice because she found herself believing him.

An hour passed, and it became their turn once again. Julian took hold of her hand and pulled her towards the centre while

everyone watched.

“Lovely by Billie Eilish,” he told the band, and they took the cue.

“Have you heard it before?” she asked, after remembering how certain he was that it was danceable:

He smiled but didn’t answer the question before the band began to play.

The song played, and Julian placed his hand on her waist expertly and took a ballet stand. She didn’t need to be told twice to

know he had this dance under his control

She knew a little ballet. Her parents had put her in the class when she was seven. She got bullied out of it eventually, but that

was after one month of training. She would like to think she still has a few of those moves within her.

He spun her around, and she twirled around and around before he caught her by the hand and pulled her back to himself. There

was a gasp from the crowd

watching, and they swooned and made small noises.

They danced around, and she had to admit she had never felt this alive in a very long time. The most joy she had felt had been

around her sons. But here now, in the arms of Julian, the Lycan King, dancing and wishing it all away, she felt happiness and

excitement as well.

Isn’t it lovely, all alone?

Heart made of glass, my mind of stone

Tear me to pieces, skin to bone

Hello, welcome home.

He pulled her to himself once more, and the song came to an end. The crowd busted out in cheers and claps, but Fiona

couldn't even focus on any of that. Her face was incredibly close to Julian, and his laboured breath fanned over her face, making

her toe curls. She wanted to give in to her carnal desire and k*ss his l*ps: they were full and so red, and she knew they would

taste so good.

She fought against the thought as her heartbeat became unsteady and her b*dy lost all the little strength she had. Sweat broke

over her face, and she couldn't understand what was happening or why the closeness to him was triggering her this way.

She buried her face in his chest, basking in his rich, alluring scent.

MATE

It clicked within her, and she knew what that word meant. It couldn't be. He was her second chance mate, and it confirmed

everything that she had felt, leading to this very moment.

Oh no.

She pulled away before she could take a turn that she wouldn't be able to escape

from

"I should go home." She muttered loud enough for him to hear. She wouldn't be able to stop herself if she were to dance again

with him.

She might end up doing something she regrets.

He nodded and released her from his hold. "Alright, I will walk you home."