

Mommy 48

Chapter 48

Fiona feared for the worst.

How was he here?

How was he in her room when he didn't even follow her to Grandfield? She wondered to herself, but had no answer to the

questions.

She tried to run off the bed, but he was on top of her in a second, pushing her harder into the bed and pinning her hand above

her head, while the other hand covered her mouth.

"You will die before you get that sword out of your mouth." He told her with certainty and pulled his hand from her mouth.

Her heart raced in her chest. There were eight men that came to Grandfield, and he wasn't one of them. Perhaps he came with

the relief team. That was the only explanation that made sense.

He also planned out the perfect time to attack. Her escorts were at the feast and wouldn't even know about what was happening

to her. Julian had also gone, as she had told him to leave before entering the room. It was dark, and the feast going outside

would rob everyone's senses; they wouldn't even hear her cry for help.

Slowly, Fiona's lower body felt numb from the weight on top of her, and her struggles decreased

Her eyes blurred up. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," he replied, but she knew better.

"Vivian put you up to this, didn't she? She didn't want to dirty her hands, so she sent you to do her work. She has always wanted

me dead. Do not deny it." Vivian had always wanted the worst for her. She was a threat to getting the one thing she desired.

Julian, the Lycan king.

"Stop talking" He snarled at her.

"Why? Because I speak the truth."

He smacked her in the face, and she saw black for a moment. "Shut up! And that bitch does not tell me what to do!" He tightened

his grip on her hands.

Then why do you hate me? Why are you here hurting me when I have never done anything to hurt you?"

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He growled at her, "Because you have angered someone, and they are not happy with you. I am here to carry out their wishes

and kill you. Do not struggle, and it will be quick" He told her.

Perhaps this was how she would die. Far from help, far from her boys and the Lycan king. She sobbed. She didn't deserve this

kind of death. She deserved better.

"Stop crying, you are making things harder than they need to be," He hissed out in frustration, and his hand came up to touch her

face.

She threw her face to the side, and tears ran down onto her pillow. Her lashes fluttered, and she saw the rod on the nightstand

beside her bed. "I know you do not want to kill me. Let me go, and I will leave this evening. I will go away, and I will never come

back

"What happens when the truth about you being alive comes out?" he demanded with his brow raised.

"It will not; I will stay gone forever

He paused, as if to think about it, before speaking. "That sounds like a deal; what do I get in return if I let you go?" he asked, and

he adjusted himself on top of her so that she could feel his crotch pressed against hers, which caused him to release her right

hand.

Her skin crawled at the contact, but she found her voice to ask. "What do you want?"

A smirk appeared on his face. "You"

She wrapped her hand around the rod and smashed it against his head, and he fell off her. She took advantage of the chance

she saw and ran for the door.

Ted recovered faster than she expected, and being faster, he raced to her and slammed his fist into her head from the back. She

fell, and a painful cry left her mouth as she came crashing onto the cold floor. She felt wetness, and she knew he had cracked

her skull open with his fist.

He turned her around on the floor, so she was now looking up at him and got on top of her. "I was going to let you go easy, and

you did that?" He slapped her face repeatedly until she felt numb. "You whore! I know you love to whore yourself out." He said

that and pushed her dress up. His hand ran over her legs, up her thigh, and then pulled at her pants.

She wanted to fight him back with all she had, but she had no strength in her she

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couldn't even lift her hand up. She was barely keeping her eyes open with how heavy they felt; all she could do was pray for

rescue, or at least death.

"I bet this is what you hope to offer to the Lycan king." He growled, and his hands invaded her most intimate parts.

His hands pushed her legs further apart so he could settle between them and undid his zip.

Tears ran down the door, and her vision blurred. She bit down on her lower lip to keep the sob concealed. She could feel life

slipping through her fingertips, and she wanted death to come even faster.

She heard the door fly open, and the next second, someone stormed towards them, his footsteps heavy on the ground, and

hauled Ted off her immediately. She wanted to see what was happening, but alas, she couldn't. Her senses were finally shut

down, and she couldn't stop it. She heard a loud slam, and soon after, her lashes shut.

Her lashes fluttered a little, and she found herself in Julian's arms, and he seemed to be taking her somewhere she didn't know.

He looked terrified, as if about to lose something very important, but she wouldn't think of what it was before her lashes shut

again.

"There, there, my child," she said, hearing the voice she knew so well. Dorothy.

“Mom?”

“My child, my beautiful, perfect little baby”

“Mom!”

“Take my hand, child; do it quick. Dorothy said, and the next second, Fiona saw a hand reaching out to her. She took hold of it,

and she was quickly pulled out of the place she was in

Her eyes fluttered, and she found herself in a room alone. She hadn’t been here before, and staring at her surroundings, it was

white. She couldn’t have died and gone on to the life beyond, could she? The question stayed in her mind.

She couldn’t be in the life beyond. What she learned as a child about life beyond showed it was a place of beauty, and the first

face all those arriving would see was the face of the moon goddess. She hadn’t seen that, and so she knew this wasn’t it.

She had no memory of how she got here, and the harder she tried to remember,

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the farther away it drifted.

She tried to pull herself up, but she couldn’t do that. She felt stuck and weak, even to her bones, and she knew whatever had

happened must have been severe.

The door cracked open, and Bella walked into the room. She recognised her immediately and once again tried to pull herself up,

but failed miserably. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

“Ma’am, you’re awake. She said, and she looked much relieved. She didn’t approach her; instead, she stepped out of the room.

Probably to inform others she was already awake.

The door opened again, and this time, the Lycan king stepped into the room. At his sight, she remembered the last thing she did

with him—k*ssing him

She grew hot at the recall of that memory, and she dropped her gaze from him. but not before seeing the relief look on his face.

“Sky, he called, and stepped towards her. “Bella told me you’re awake.”

“Yes, I cannot remember how I got here.” She said she was staring at everything her eyes could find as she turned her head.

“Oh,” he muttered and took a step forward, and he must have heard her heart pick up at a faster pace because he paused and

didn’t come any further.

“What happened?” she asked, and she summoned enough courage to look up at him.

“Ted attacked you in your quarters at Grandfield’s villa.” He said that, and at the mention of Ted’s name, the memories ran back

into her head.

She remembered seeing him in her room and then fighting to set herself free, only to fail. She remembered being forcefully hit in

the head, falling to the floor, and having him climb on top of her while she prayed for death. This was all she could remember.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and they ran down before she could help it. Her stomach curled in a painful way, thinking of what

Ted had done to her. She remembered thinking about how she didn’t deserve what he was doing before everything faded.

“How did I get here, then she asked, sniffing and blinking back the rest of the

Tears!

“I felt you were in danger and came to help. But I wasn’t fast enough because he

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had already done enough damage to you.” he said, and his voice took on a tone of regret. “I am sorry.”

Her lips trembled at his words, and her hand wrapped around herself underneath the sheets. She felt horrible, being reminded of

what happened. She hated how weak she felt—that she couldn’t even help herself. It made her angry at the same

time.

“Why are you apologizing?” She frowned at him. “You were not the one who tried to rape me, not the one who sent him; that was

Ted and Vivian. She is the only one who has wanted to hurt me since I can remember.” She didn’t mean just three weeks ago.

Vivian had always wanted to harm her, and that would never change.

Yes. Ted never told her Vivian sent him, but she knew better. Only that witch was capable of such a cruel act.

“What happens to Ted now?” she asked.

“He’s on trial, awaiting his sentencing” He replied.

She couldn’t trust their trial. She remembered the last one Ted was on: he had walked away along with his comrade as if they

had done nothing. This would just be like that time. There is no real justice in this world. Not for the likes of her.

Pain ate her up once again. She wasn’t safe here: she would never be safe. “The council will do the right thing, but Vivan didn’t

send Ted to attack you.” He said, and she couldn’t believe he had taken her side on this.

The evidence was clear. Ted was Vivian’s puppet, and he would do anything she told him to do.

Should she be surprised that he was taking the witch’s side? She was a master manipulator, and she could have told him a lie

that was so true that he believed it.

“And you believe her.”

He nodded, and she threw her face to the side, unable to stand looking at him. How could he be so gullible?

“Yes, because it wasn’t Vivian who gave Ted the order to kill you, it was Nina.”