

# Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 5

## Chapter 5

“Honourable council, she had hoped to pin the pregnancy, which she knew about before coming into the pack, on me. She never disclosed to me that she had been with another man. In fact, she insisted she was a virgin when she was a wh ore,” Henry accused.

“That is not true!”

“Silence!” the head council, the grey-headed man with cold eyes, snapped at her. “You are in no place to speak!”

Fiona’s eyes snapped open, and she quickly pulled herself to sit down. Yesterday’s trial had become her nightmare. She expected it to be. Henry, who was once her mate, came to testify against her. It was the height of heartbreak; it felt as if she had lived her worst nightmare and that nightmare had followed her.

Her head pounded against her skull as she adjusted herself on the floor, resting her back against the cell. It could be from lack of sleep, or that she cried herself to sleep, or enough water, or maybe food. In the last five days of being here, they have denied her basic rights such as sleep, food, and even water. She begged for everything and had to grovel to the delight of the guards before they would consider her request. Yesterday, she had no strength to do that, so they gave her neither food nor water. The giga around her neck took all her powers, and she was just human at this point. With the torture she had faced so far, she knew death was around the corner.

Death didn’t sound so bad; she had hoped that the dehydration or hunger would kill her yesterday.

They will decide her verdict today, and she wasn’t ready for it. She knew what her fate was already. She would be given the worst punishment. A child out of wedlock was the greatest act of rebellion in the Langfield community, and if the accused character could not redeem her, she would spend the rest of her life in the dungeon, and her child would be given to the orphanage. She had been mentally unstable since being here, as every day brought its own calamity.

She remembered how Otis; her adopted father, always told her to never throw in the towel; however, now, her towel has been snatched..

She was still deep in thought when she heard, "I see you're up and vibrant today." Spencer said this from outside the cell behind her. "Go away, Spencer." Fiona scowled at the guard that had made her grovel for water the past few days.

"Are you sure about that?" he smirked. "You don't have to grovel; just show me a little of those ties."

She huffed in disgust; he was really as annoying as they came. "Please go away now."

He scoffed, "Do not act like a saint, okay? We all know why you're here. You played a whore and got caught. You're also expecting a bastard whore baby, am I wrong?" He mocked her with his laughter.

She didn't want to reply at first, but hearing him call her baby a bastard and a whore baby triggered something in her, and she cursed. "Bastard" under her breath.

Her curse word must have gotten to Spencer because, while she wasn't looking, he slammed the iron baton he held on her head. The impact of it cracked her skull open, and blood shot out of the crack and poured over her face.

With the giga around her neck, her healing ability was of no effect, which meant her wound would not heal but would kill her. She couldn't take off the giga as it was designed with powers far above her own.

Blood gushed out all over her face and body, onto her clothes, and she grew weak. Her eyes grew weak, and she felt her life slowly creep away. She knew there and then that she was about to die. Spencer saw what he had done already and backed away from the cell, leaving Fiona all alone. She sat there on the dungeon floor, and her eyes slowly shut. This was it; this was the escape she had prayed for, for herself and her child. The moon goddess heard her prayers. Now facing death, she felt happy for the few wonderful memories she had made, even as she recalled them. She blinked as a happy tear ran down her face, her eyes glowed silver, and she felt warmth leave her body. The same second, blood flow stopped, and she felt the crack on her head heal up..

Shocked to find herself alive, she couldn't move for the first minute. Then she drew a deep breath, and her eyes fluttered, filled with life. She glanced at her clothes, filled with blood, and then back at her hands. She knew she should be dead, but she's alive.

She couldn't explain what happened, but she remembered feeling warmth in her b\*dy and then her wound healing right after her eyes glowed silver.

Werewolf eyes never glow silver, and it made her question her sanity about what she thought happened.

"It's time! The council said to bring you!" Guy, the other guard in charge of the dungeon, spoke, making his presence outside the cell known and slamming his baton on the cell bar. Fiona just snapped out of her thoughts.

Without another word uttered, Fiona followed Guy, and he led her to the utter court, where the council of eight always sat to hear her case. She was a mess, and her clothes were not only dirty now; they were covered with her blood, but she could do nothing about it.

The head of the council stood up, holding a plate and having her sentence in his hands: "We, the council, have listened to the testimonies and have weighed you. and we have found you guilty." At his word, a tear rolled down her face. If virtue was such an important thing, why did her parents not turn Vivian in since she had been sleeping with Henry? Was it any different from what she had done? Yet they protected her and made sure to keep her deed a secret, but for hers. They took action and threw her under the bus, treating her as if she had committed a grievous sin. It made no sense.

All these thoughts ran through her head, but she remained silent.

"You are guilty of breaking your oath as a mate and playing the whore, and you are guilty of the acts of deceit and fraud. There for this council sentence you to be barely had the words out of his mouth when the council bell went off. The entire council became disoriented the next second.

Fear and agitation registered in their eyes for the next second, and a murmur broke out in their midst.

The councilman on the left whispered into the ears of the woman beside him. "Are we to receive the Lycan king today?"

"No, we are not. Not according to the calendar."

“Then what do you think he wants?”

“I am just as clueless as you are, Kal!” she whispered back to him. They forgot about Fiona’s presence, and everyone worried about themselves. Fiona’s sense of smell, despite the exhaustion, picked up a scent that had registered in her mind these past few weeks. This scent had awakened so many memories along with it. She wondered if her mind was creating an escape for her like it always had when she was much younger. She was at the end of her road and would gladly escape this reality, even though it was on her mind.

The next second, the door opened, and in came escorts of fine, tall men, all looking intimidating, and behind them the Lycan king.

They escorted them forward, and the Lycan king behind them stepped towards the council of eight.

Fiona glimpsed the Lycan king despite the many escorts, and her heart stopped beating.

This was him.

This was the stranger.

This was the stranger whose bed she was in over a month ago.