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### Chapter 52

#### Vivian's POV

Vivian knew it was only a matter of time before the seed she had sown in Nina took effect. It was barely a week after her talk with

the Lycan king's lady that she came back to her.

"I will do it" Nina told her immediately she came to where she stood.

I have no clue what you mean by that." Vivian said, keeping her focus on the students playing in the field. This was her new post

as punishment from the Lycan king for the event that took place at the full moon. He kept her in charge of supervising the

nursery section in the orphanage school at the estate. Vivian hated it, yet she had to carry on with her responsibility.

"I will do whatever you suggest about Sky: I am about to lose Julian to her. I can't have that: I would rather die." She said in

desperation.

Vivian smirked inwardly, knowing her plans were pushing through. "I do not want to be a part of this. I am sorry, but I have had

the chance to reconsider, and what I wanted to do was wrong and out of spite, but I no longer resent the healer." She lied and

turned from Nina

"I came to your aid when you needed it. You owe me; I need your help now." She spoke, her tone filled with command. "I might

be in a rocky state with Julian now. but a word from me can still make or break you," she threatened.

"I can't help you, Nina, even if I wanted to." She turned to her, "However, you can speak to Ted, I heard he's good at doing such

things." She suggested, hating the sight of the little children running around.

She didn't lie, but she couldn't help Nina. She was still under scrutiny from the Lyeon king since what happened at the full moon.

Her goal would end if she was caught in another compromising state.

Her suggestion had worked because Nina left and didn't come back to her. However, things didn't go as they planned because

Ted and Nina ended up on trial. Ted's chances of survival were slim, and Vivian knew he would not survive this

time.

She quickly put in an excuse to visit home and took her leave. The Lycan king's estate was too hot for her, so she knew she

needed some distance from it, at least in the meantime. Every attempt to hurt the healer has been rendered void, and it

seems she has become harder to kill than even a cockroach. She reminded her very much of Fiona Jackson, whom she had

gone the extra mile to put an end to years ago, disappeared five years ago.

All her plans and strategies have backfired on her. She needed the space to regroup and think up her next move, and the estate

wouldn't do that for her.

She returned to Langfield—what was left of it. She hadn't been back in over four years, and she didn't miss it. This community

would have held her back, so she had to choose. They were disposable and couldn't stand before her dreams—her dream of

forever with the Lycan king. She had always wanted to be a Luna and a ruler of many, but what was being a Luna of Langfield

compared to being the Luna of the Lycan king?

Many judged and even hated her, but it didn't change her end goal; she deserved a better life, and she deserved more than her

parents gave her. She deserved even more. It seemed as if she had lost everything, but she knew she would get it back. The

healer's presence had ruined a lot of things for her and scattered a lot of her plans, but it didn't matter. As long as she lived,

there was still hope.

"Why are you here, Vivian, daughter of Alpha Carl Jackson and betrayer of the people of Langfield?" Gai, the shaman and seer,

asked as soon as she stepped through the doors.

The shaman was a very old woman who had lost most of her hair and teeth; she was also without legs but somehow found her

way around her dirty and unkempt tent when people came visiting. She was said to be able to predict the future and even

change it. Vivian never believed any of it, but now she wanted to hear her out. She was desperate.

“I came to seek for your sight.” She replied.

The older woman laughed out loud in disbelief. “And why do you think I am going to help you with anything after what you have

done to your people?” she

demanded.

“Because if you are a true shaman, then you will not turn anyone away despite what they have done, as long as they have what

you want: gold.” Vivian dipped her hand into the back pocket of her jean trousers, pulled out a few pieces of gold, and tossed

them to the ground, not so far away from Gai.

The shaman crawled over to the gold so fast that it startled Vivian, and she hurried back, Gai picked up the pieces and held

them up to have a proper peek at them. using the sun shining in as an aid.

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“They are real gold.”

“Everything about you is fake, and you want me to believe this won’t be as well?” She said it with an evil cackle.

Vivian glared at her but kept quiet, letting her do whatever she wanted.

After a moment of examining the gold with her, she turned to her and asked, “What do you want?”

I want you to look into my future and tell me what you see.”

“That’s an easy thing, all I see is darkness” She replied and sl\*pped the gold into her rag attire.

Vivian’s eyes widened. “I meant with the Lycan king, do you see me with him? I knew he was my mate when I first laid eyes on

him five years ago

The older woman laughed hysterically. “You sacrificed your people in the hope of being with a man that will never be yours

unless you turn yourself into complete darkness. What a waste!”

Vivian didn’t believe her, and she groaned inwardly. She thought the old woman would have a better insight into things, but she

was just as clueless as the rest.

Her gold couldn’t go to waste. “And Sky, what about her? What is the truth about her? What is in her future?”

“Siky?” Gai asked, looking confused.

“Yes, Sky, the healer.” Vivian barked at her

“I cannot tell you what her future holds; it is for me to reveal it to her alone, but the truth of the healer is in Reign.” She replied

and turned her back to Vivian, walking into the inner part of her room.

“What do you mean by that?” she asked, but the old woman gave no response to her.

Her hands balled into a fist. She was just as worthless as everyone she had been around all her life.

She had no clue where she would start. Reign was a community smaller than Langfield, but it was still so big that she wouldn’t

be able to cover it on her own. She had to, though, if she needed to find out the truth.

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The last time she came to Reign was to execute the parents of the criminal called Fiona Jackson. The event made her realise

how much she needed power—how much she needed to wield power that was beyond this world. The kind that would make

people tremble in their seats. She made the people fear her, and she wanted to relieve the moment once again.

She arrived after a few hours of journeying, and she lodged at the hotel on the outskirts of town. It was still a wonder how the

plague had affected many

communities, including the ones around Reign, yet not a single case of the plague had been here since it began.

A few days went by, and she was yet to find out what the shaman in Langfield had told her. The truth about Sky, the healer,

seemed to be hidden under a rock; that was the only explanation that made sense.

She made it past the temple of rites in the community where the matrimonial rites took place, and she remembered the last time

she stood here. She had the lives of the parents of Fiona in her grasp, and she did them justice.

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She paused when she saw a black Prado jeep drive past her, and she knew it belonged to the envoys of the Lycan king. She

stood confused, wondering what they were doing far out in Reign

She followed behind, doing well to keep herself hidden from their sight. The car came to a stop not so far away from the doorstep

of Otis and Dorothy Lawrence, Fiona's parents. Drew opened the door, and out came Sky, the healer. She stood looking around

the house for a while before proceeding into the house.

She paused, wondering what she would be doing here, and why she was going into the house. Then she remembered the words

of the shaman: "The truth of the healer is in Reign." She would also learn this truth if she stayed close. She knew that.

After a while, Sky came out of the house with a confused look on her face and approached the next house close to the

Lawrences and knocked on it. A younger man stepped out, and Sky introduced herself and asked about Lawrence.

It didn't make sense to Vivian why Sky was asking about the Lawrences when she didn't know them. What exactly was she

missing? What was it?

The neighbours explained the death of the couple to her and told her that Vivian had carried out the execution following the

orders of the Lycan king.

Sky turned away from the younger man, and Vivian saw that her eyes were filled with painful tears. She looked heartbroken and

grieved by the news of their

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deaths, as if Otis and Dorothy were her very parents.

Vivian's heart dropped into her stomach as it finally hit her. It had been before her all along, and she didn't see it. Now she saw it,

and she couldn't unsee it or go back to the time when she had no knowledge.

Sky, the healer, was Fiona Lawrence.