

Mommy 54

Chapter 54

Fiona's POV

Fiona's eyes were fluttered in bed, and she didn't want to get up. It had been days of finding out the truth, and it didn't feel better.

She felt heavy with the truth, but she knew she had a lot to live for. Her sons were at the top of the list, but she still felt down. The

truth she met in Reign wasn't what she expected. The death of her parents was the last straw of the wrong this world had done

her. They didn't deserve what they got, not after being good people all

their lives

She didn't think they would be hunted for her disappearance, but thinking about it now, she should have. She kept away from

them in the hope they would be safe. How wrong she was

She knew they were in the life beyond and in the bosom of the moon goddess, and no place could be better than there, but she

felt cheated. Learning the Lycan king had given the order broke her heart. She didn't think he would be able to consent to such a

cruel act. He had told her he had done things he wasn't proud of in the past, but she did not think this was part of it

He didn't deny her accusation days after her return; he knew what she spoke about. He gave the orders—the ones Vivian

followed—and hurt her innocent parents.

Coming out with the truth she knew would land him in trouble, but she didn't care. She was done with hiding. It had done nothing

for her. If he hoped to execute her for her crimes, then he could go ahead, but she couldn't forgive him.

Her sons were surprised to see her new look even though they had seen her with her natural colour a few times in the last year,

and her eyes were also back to their original colour. June asked her if she would continue to look like this; she told him yes, and

he smiled and said, "Good."

She wanted to leave with her sons, but after everything, she doubted she would have that luxury anymore. The truth about them

was the only thing left.

A knock came to her door, and Bella stepped in before she could ask who it was. She slowly shut the door behind her and turned

to face her with eyes clouded with uncertainty.

“What is wrong?”

“The Lycan king is here to see you.” She answered.

Hearing he was here to see her came as a shock to her. She had thought he would just send Ken and a few of his men over to

drag her out by her hair and bring her to face judgement before him, so this was a little different from what she expected. It didn't

change anything, though; she didn't want to see him or even be in the same room with him.

“Tell him I do not want to see him.” She replied and turned to the other side.

Fiona thought the door would open to signal her departure, but it didn't. Bella didn't leave, and this made her turn back to look at

her.

The maid had a look of fear on her face. “I can't do that; he is the Lycan king.” She replied, and Fiona realised her error.

She might be angry with him for what he did, but he was still the Lycan king and, as such, deserved respect.

“Fine.” She said this and pulled herself up from the bed. She made her way into the living room, and there she found the Lycan

king. He was standing with his hands in his pocket, and that pose would have been intimidating if she wasn't already angry to

begin with. He also looked well and was very decent, and she was glad for him, but she, on the other hand, wasn't the best,

physically or emotionally.

“What do you want?” she demanded, folding her arms across her chest.

“I came here to talk to you.” He replied.

“Well, I do not want to talk to you.” She said stubbornly and tried walking away

from him:

He took hold of her hand that very second and stopped her steps. It surprised her how he was able to move so fast without her

noticing it. She didn't want to have his hands on her; she wanted to be so far from it.

"Let me go, let me go right now!" she yelled at him, struggling to set herself free, but she felt as if she were struggling with a brick

wall. Then she realised she was messing with the Lycan king. Her anger didn't make her an equal match for him.

"Let me go, damn it!" she snarled at him, her eyes glowing in a show of her anger.

"No, I will not let you go!" He snapped at her, tightening his grip around her. "Not until you stop fighting and start listening"

She stilled, knowing it was a lost battle to begin with, Just as he promised, he released her as soon as she stopped struggling.

He stepped back from her and she

took a step back as well, then she crossed her arms around her chest stubbornly.

Fiona Lawrence, you were the one who escaped from Ken," he began. I knew you the moment you called your name. I haven't

forgotten the runaway criminal from five years ago.

The last part of his words hit her harder than she wanted it to.

L'she began, but he glanced at her, and she forgot the words she wanted to say, being completely overwhelmed by his gaze.

"I am still speaking, Fiona: He frowned at her. "You ran away from Ken; why?"

It was probably her turn to speak because she didn't feel as tongue-tied as she did before. "Because I knew I would die if I

stayed, and I was right. I do not regret my decision.

His brow furrowed. "Ms. Jackson told me you worked with the rebels, and that was why you were on trial. You ran away to

escape the judgement and justice you deserve."

That witch! Fiona cursed under her breath. Of course, she had done more, even after what she did to her then. She wanted her

dead, and she wasn't going to stop. If framing her with the rebels would bring about her death, there was no reason not to do it.

“Vivian lied, she has always been so good at it, in case you haven’t noticed it yet.” She growled, angry at Vivian for her lies and

him for believing her. What happened to checking the facts and making sure it tallied?

“I am the biological daughter of Alpha Carl and Luna Bianca Jackson of Langfield. I was on trial because I was pregnant? She

was laying all the cards on the table, and there was no turning back. “I was disowned, rejected by my mate, and placed on trial

for playing the whore. That was my only offence, hence why I ran. It was to save my life and the lives of my sons. Your sons.”

She said the last part before she could stop herself.

His eyes narrowed at her at her words and what they meant: “What do you mean my sons?”

She pressed her lips together and remained silent, but that seemed to trigger him in the wrong way.

He stepped towards her. “What do you mean my sons?” He demanded, his tone grow rigid and cold.

Her eyes grew glassy, knowing that this might as well be her breaking point. She had to go back to the memory she had buried

away, the root of the even more cruel treatment she faced for five years. “You do not remember, and that is fine, but I remember

a few details of that night. I woke up in a strange bed with no knowledge of how I got there, but I was n*ked and wrapped in your

arms. You were also n*ked, and that only meant one thing. I ran away before you could wake up because I was ashamed and

wanted to put that event behind me, but I was wrong. I discovered a month later I was with your child, and that was how I ended

on trial.”

She had told him the truth, and she knew what it meant. Her sons would no longer be only hers, but theirs. She would no longer

decide about them on her own. It meant that she might return to the world of humans without them. They were her world, her

everything. Life without them was like death. She had sacrificed her chance of being with them for the truth, and she had to ask

herself if it was worth

He stayed silent while staring at her with eyes void of emotion, and that was the last thing she wanted from him. She wanted him

to speak, now more than ever.

Her heart clenched in her chest from pain, and a tear rolled down her face. "Say something."

He ran his hand through his hair, confusion and uncertainty showing in his eyes. "I need to see them."

She couldn't deny him his rights anymore. She nodded. "Okay."