

Mommy 56

Chapter 56

Fiona's POV

Julian's request that day showed Fiona he wanted to be a good parent to the boys, but from what she had witnessed so far, she

knew he had it covered. It felt like magic watching him, but he was better than what she expected, and the boys looked happier

with him—perhaps even more than they ever were with her.

She still wanted to be there for her sons, but they bonded so well with their father, it could be because they were boys. She knew

she lost them the day she revealed the truth to Julian, but it was the right thing to do. It wasn't what she wanted, but there was

no changing it.

It was jealousy: she knew how it worked. She had never had to compete with anyone for her sons' affection, but now that their

father was in the picture, she felt she had to. She had never been the best at competition, and this one was one she would never

win. Julian was the Lycan king, and so he could easily provide the boys with whatever they needed. She couldn't compete with

that; it would only leave her exhausted and bitter in the end.

A part of her wanted to return to the human world, but that decision was beyond her control. She doubted he would give her the

boys to return with, and she didn't want to leave them here.

He took a step three days ago to bring them to live with him in his mansion, and the boys were excited.

Fiona didn't want to accept that; taking them to his castle would make it harder to visit. She wanted to visit without worrying

about seeing him, but there was no such

option.

They deserved this happiness, and she was happy for them as well.

Julian had taken her boys to live with him since then, and she hadn't gone to see them. She knew there was no excuse, but she

had fear and doubt every time she thought about going to them and ended up staying back.

She summoned enough courage and got dressed to visit the Lycan king's castle and see her sons. She had stayed away for

long enough, and she needed to see

them now.

She arrived at the castle, and she was allowed into the house. She didn't know her way because the few times she had been

here, someone was her guide, but here on her own, she didn't know where to go.

She decided to make use of her senses to listen for the voices of the boys, but that was interrupted when she found Julian

standing above the stairs, staring down at

her.

Her heart skipped at his sight, and she paused her l*ps to stay in control. He descended and made his way towards her in

silence.

This was what she wanted to avoid. She didn't want to have to see him whenever she came to visit her sons.

"Fiona," he called, and his eyes danced all over her. His eyes made her feel uncomfortable and insecure. He was the Lycan king,

and she was Fiona, no longer a healer and barely a mother.

"I came to see my sons." She informed him in a small voice.

"Our sons," he corrected, but his eyes lingered on her l*ps.

She didn't want to correct her word. They were her sons; there was no need to use 'our. They were his just as much as they

were hers, but his eyes on her l*ps were working on her, tricking her into submission.

"June and Jashin." She rephrased but didn't give him the satisfaction of surrender.

He smirked, and his eyes came up to lock on hers. "Bad girl." he purred. "You love being disobedient and not doing as you are

told." He was scolding her, and somehow his words had an effect on her in a S**ual way. Or was that what he expected?

"I want to see them."

“You haven’t visited them since they came to stay with me. That was 3 days ago,” he pointed out, and his voice had let go of the

smoothness it had earlier. He had gone back to Julian, the Lycan king, no longer Julian, the flirt. “Why?”

They were at his castle, and she wanted to avoid him as much as she could. “You.”

His eyes fightened at her words before they furrowed. “Me.”

“You brought them here to live with you. First your envoys took them from the world of the living without my permission, and then

you took them out of their mansion without my permission.”

“I told you I wanted them to live with me.” He reminded her with a frown.

“You told me, just like you would to a subordinate, not a mother and equal parent.

You needed my permission.”

His frown lingered. “I am their father, am I not?”

She opened her mouth to speak but snapped it shut when she realised the words she wanted to say were ortes that she would

regret much later. “Does that stop you from asking for my permission!”

He didn’t seem to grasp that concept because the frown on his face remained; she didn’t expect him to understand.

“You do not want to see me.”

And perhaps he did understand.

“I want to see my sons without having the thought of also seeing you at the back of my mind.”

“Our sons.

She wanted to cuss at him, but she pressed her l*ps together and nodded. She couldn’t let him tease her into losing control; he

would win that way: “Yes, I came

to see them.”

“The maid will show you to their room.” He replied and walked away from her.

The sight of him infuriated her, but she couldn’t help watching him go. Even his departure carried grace, and there was no way of

competing with that. A much younger girl, whom she assumed was the maid, walked towards her not long after and took her to

where the twins were.

The boys were just as happy to see her, and they told her how everything had been. with them and their new home since moving

in. She saw the happiness and excitement in their eyes as they spoke, and she always wanted it to remain.

“Will we still go back?” June asked, staring at her with curious eyes.

In the past, she would have answered the question in a heartbeat and told him they would. Now, however, she knew she would

have to first have a discussion with their father, and she knew Julian would rather die than let them go back.

He planned on keeping them here—every one of them, including herself. There was no negotiation.

“I don’t know,” she replied truthfully. “Do you want to leave?”

feeling she had denied for the last few weeks rushed to the surface.

That is what you want, isn’t it? To fuck me,” he growled, and his breath fanned over her face, making her toe curl. “You want that

so bad, don’t you?”

“Let me go, let me go, you asshole,” she struggled with him, but he didn’t let go. She wanted to fight against his words and

against the truth.

She wanted him. Yes, she was afraid of losing her sons, but more than that, she was afraid of losing herself to him. She couldn’t

even tell how she felt at this point; a part of her wanted to stay this way.

She glanced up, and her gaze locked in his. She regretted her action as she found his eyes brewing with much desire for her,

which made them flare red. He wanted

her, too.

His head dropped, and it came so close to her that she could already feel the softness on her l*ps.

He came no closer, and instead he muttered, “Come out with me tonight.”

She swallowed and said, “Okay,” before she could even think of what he just said.

He smiled in satisfaction. “Your response gladdens me, Fiona,” he said, and he stepped away from her.

Her heart was racing, and she realised what she had agreed to. She had agreed to come out with him tonight on a formal date.

He must have seen the look on her face because he added. "There is no going back," before walking away.