

## Mommy 58

### Chapter 58

th her knowledge of medicine, she would be useful to the other physicians.

She meant every word she said, and she hoped he did as well.

He did not hesitate before giving her the go-ahead she wanted, but he asked one. thing in return. Tomorrow was the full moon,

and he wanted her to shift with him. and go beside him while he led the pack.

His request took her by surprise; he wanted her to stay beside him while he led the pack. Anyone who stayed beside the Lycan

king while he led the pack wasn't just a nob\*dy; they were someone special to him. This meant one thing. He wanted to show her

as his partner to the rest of the pack. The news will fly, and in no time they will know she's his partner and prospective mate.

Was she ready for this change, though? She needed to think, and so she told him she would give him an answer tomorrow.

The next morning, she returned to her usual routine. She got up to prepare for the day. She wore a simple grey dress that

complimented her looks. The last time she was at the settlement, she was Sky Lawson, and now she was Fiona Lawrence. She

contemplated her decision to stay or leave last night. Her home was here now, and with Julian, it would only get better.

She also missed the human world and sometimes wondered how their day was and if all was alright with them. She missed

them, and though the chances of her return had grown slimmer, she would visit someday in the future.

She stepped out of the car and approached the settlement. Everything still went on as it used to when she was here. Yes, the

physicians couldn't cure the plague, but they could slow its effect on the host and, doing so, extend their lives. This was the -

same-method the Lycan king used with his plague, and they had developed a sort

of meditation room in the settlement to take care of all that. There were a few hundred with the plague left here, and knowing she

wouldn't be able to heal them stung a little, but there was nothing she could do about it. She took satisfaction in knowing there

would be no outbreak of it in the future.

She stepped into the healers' room, and there she found Marion and a few of the

BOA

physicians who worked at the settlement, carrying on their duties. She stayed silent in the room, staring at them in silence and

saying nothing until they took notice of her presence.

"Sky!" Marion called and stepped towards her. His eyes flickered a little. "I learned that your name isn't Sky, but Fiona."

She shook her head. "Yeah, but it's fine if you call me Sky; I have used it for over five years now, so it sticks." She chuckled.

"You also told him the truth," he said, and his voice dropped towards the end to tell her which 'truth' he spoke of.

"Yes, it was only a matter of time, and thank you for trusting me enough to keep it to yourself until I came around to revealing it."

He shook his head and said, "It wasn't my truth to reveal."

Her eyes took notice of a strange face, which she had never seen in the healing room when she was here weeks ago. Her

attention lingered, and Marion must have noticed because he spoke.

"That is Jolene, my mate and wife. She comes to the settlement and assists in the best way she can most days now."

She turned to him. "She is really pretty." She said, and that was the truth because the brunette lady on the other side of the room

looked breath-taking.

He grinned and nodded in agreement. "She really is. The moon goddess must have thought highly of me because I don't

deserve her."

Her heart warmed up upon hearing his declaration.

Jolene must have overheard their conversation because she drew near to them with a smile on her face, which displayed her

perfect sets of teeth. "You must be Fiona, the healer. I am Jolene Rivers," she said, stretching her hand out for a formal shake.

Fiona took her hand in hers but said, "I am no longer a healer."

She rolled her adorable brown eyes. "The many you have healed, including our daughter, would disagree with you." She told her.

This lady was just as sweet and kind as her husband. "Well, thank you, I am here conversing with your husband, and he had no

idea why he got so lucky with you." Fiona revealed, and Jolene turned to glance up at Marion, who had gone silent.

"Marion always sells himself short, but he is amazing."

Jolene didn't have to tell her; she had witnessed how amazing he was.

Marion ran his hand over his face, trying to rid his face of the smile on it. "Thank you, Fiona." He said, his smile lingering.

"You are welcome; now please put me to work."

The next few hours flew by faster than she expected. These last few days, she watched the time pass slowly, but here now, the

time has moved faster. Maybe because now she had a purpose and wasn't just shut up in the house.

"This should sustain you for the next week." She told the woman who had just stepped out of the meditation room that she

looked much better than when she went in there.

"Thank you." She told her and walked away, and Fiona moved to the next on the line to see her in the healing room.

"This would be the last we will attend to today. Inform the rest, please." Marion told her before leading the plagued man into the

meditation room.

She came outside the healing room to the camps at the settlement to relay the information she just received to them. Their eyes

had so much hope of being attended to, knowing they wouldn't make her heart clench. Still, she had to do as she was told.

"The physicians will carry out your healing tomorrow."

“But we have waited all day.” She heard from the back, and the people gathered around agreed with whoever just spoke.

“The physicians are out of strength; if they break down, they will not be able to help you the way they should.”

“You are the healer. Why don’t you heal us?” Another spoke from the back, and they all agreed.

“Because I lost my healing abilities after getting attacked by Ted and left at the point of death,” she told them, struggling to stop

her voice from cracking. “I survived, but I lost my healing abilities, so as much as I want to, I cannot heal anyone.”

They didn’t say anything anymore, and she turned to leave when she felt someone grab her hand.

Startled, she turned to see a

young boy with the plague, looking to

be around eight years old, holding onto her hand. He took her hand and placed it on his head, with his eyes closed.

“I am sorry. I cannot heal you.” She told him, but he didn’t listen to her. He held onto her hand and kept it there.

Her eyes welled up, and the people gathered around her stared at her. She wished. she could help him. Her tears fell, and she

felt warmth go through her hand. It was not as prominent as before, but it was there, and she felt it.

When her eyes fluttered back up, the paleness in his skin had reduced drastically, much to her surprise and the surprise of those

with the plague. The boy, being healed, stepped away from her, happily knowing what had been done within him.

The next moment, they all surged towards her to take her down. She knew she had to get away, but she lacked the strength she

needed to move. They would drain her of the little strength she had left and might kill her.

She felt a hand pull her back, and immediately someone stepped before her. “Stand down!” Julian roared at them, and they all

slowed down and backed away from them.

He turned to her, and he looked concerned as he stared at her. “Are you okay?” he asked, his eyes already inspecting her.

She nodded and said, “I am.” all that had happened to her still surprised her. She knew what would have happened to her had he

not come to her aid.

“You are sure,” he said, reaching out to stroke her face, not minding that they were not in a private place but rather before not

less than a hundred people. He was showing affection regardless. She didn’t complain, either

She nodded. “I am. What are you doing here?” She asked with a raised brow.

“I wanted to see you.” He said it with a little smile. “I am sorry it came as a surprise.”

She shook her head, not angered by his presence; if anything, she felt happy. “I don’t mind.” She wrapped her hands around him

and placed her head on his chest before saying, “I will shift with you tonight.”

This was the answer to the question he had asked last night.