

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 6

Chapter 6

She couldn't forget the smell-the smell of the stranger-the Lycan king. It was rich and intoxicating. It had snuck into her mind ever since that day and remain there.

What were the odds that the stranger she had shared a bed with a month ago was the Lycan king? The strongest being known to all Lycans ever? "My king," the council head, name Brawn, bowed in respect. "We didn't expect your arrival to be so soon."

The Lycan king stared at him with a look of displeasure on his face. "I didn't think I needed your approval to visit." He spoke, his tone filled with confidence and command.

"I beg for pardon,
my king. Brawn bowed his head.

He was the head council and was respected by literally everyone and regarded as their highest authority when it came to government around the community, yet the Lycan king spoke to him like a servant. It only confirmed that the Lycan king wielded powers far greater than even the head councils.

"To what do we owe your presence today, my king?" The woman spoke up, rising, to her feet.

"There is a rebellion report, and an uprising plague and I came to see it myself, and so far, what I have met from this community has been challenges and senseless questions." He answered, not very happy as he spoke. "What is going on here?"

"This woman is on trial for lying, manipulation, and being unfaithful to her mate." The council member on the left, having long grey hair, said, rising to his feet.

The Lycan king turned and glanced at her, but his gaze didn't stay on her for long because it returned to the council man speaking. He didn't recognise her; he couldn't. He had imprinted himself into her mind so that she wouldn't forget him so quickly, and she failed to do the same.

Then again, he was the Lycan king, and she was just a fling, one of the many girls he has had in bed. Besides, she was covered in blood and dirt. She would not recognise herself in the mirror after what she had been through if she were to stand before it.

Yet her heart pricked a little that he didn't recognise her.

"She is not a part of the rebellion that brought me here, and so I don't understand why that can't wait."

"Oh, it can wait, my king," Brawn answered and signalled to Guy, who stood far back to take Fiona away from the court.

Guy came towards her and took her hand, leading her out of the court. She turned to have one more look at the Lycan king, the man who had dominated her dreams. and claimed her as his so many times.

Guy shut the bars after shoving her into the dungeon cell. He tried to leave, but she called him.

"Can I have a little water, please?"

Guy was a guard just like Spencer, trained to not care about the lives of prisoners, but Guy still had a heart and had shown it a few times. She prayed that his heart would speak to him to have mercy on her.

He glanced at her and left without saying a word. He returned with a bottle of water not long after and tossed it to the ground before her. She quickly reached for it, opened it, and drank it greedily. She finished the water in a few seconds and handed the bottle to the guy, mumbling, "Thank you," to him.

He said nothing and left.

She stayed on the ground, thinking about the event that had happened earlier. The Lycan king was indeed here; the last person she expected the stranger to be was the Lycan king, and how crazy had fate play its card? It didn't matter; just like everyone in this community, he would judge and hate her. She didn't want that; she had been wounded and hurt enough.

Her eyes felt weak, and she laid her head against the wall, and sleep came despite her heavy heart

She didn't know how long she slept, but her eyes snapped open when she heard small talks from outside the cell. One voice sounded like Spencer, and the other was a familiar feminine voice.

Vivian.

Fiona adjusted herself on the floor, wondering what her evil sister was doing here and why she was talking to the dungeon guard.

“Did you check on her?”

“Yes, she’s sleeping.” Spencer answered.

“You should have killed her as we planned before.” She reprimanded him, her tone displaying her displeasure.

“I told you already; I don’t know how she survived the impact of the baton. I felt her skull crack and saw her bleeding out, and with the giga around her neck, I was certain she would die. I don’t know how she’s still alive after losing so much blood.”

“I told you before that she’s a cockroach; she’s hard to kill, and that’s why you have to make sure she dies in your hands before you leave this time.” Vivian instructed.

Fiona gasped and covered her mouth, shocked at what she had just heard. Not only was Vivian responsible for her attack earlier, she wanted to kill her again.

“Yes, Miss Jackson.”

“You are only getting paid once the job is completed.”

Fiona heard footsteps approaching her cell, and she pulled away into the shadows. Yes, she wanted to die, but she didn’t want to die like this, not when she knew Vivian was after her.

“She’s awake,” Spencer said as he came to the cell and found her pulling away. Vivian drew closer to watch her.

“Why are you doing this to me? What did I ever do to you?” she demanded, her voice getting choked towards the end and tears rolling down her face.

“Don’t you still get it? There can only be one, Miss Jackson, and it’s not going to be you.” Vivian said, folding her arms across her chest. “Take this as a favour from me to you. At least this death will be less shameful as compared to what the council already has planned.”

Spencer grabbed her by the leg and dragged her on the floor towards him. He got on top of her and tightened his hands around her neck, choking the air out of her.

She struggled to breathe but failed miserably, and she had no strength to fight him off, not after everything.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her lungs began to collapse. Death was so close now, and she felt it.

“What’s going on here?” A voice demanded from behind Vivian, and startled, Spencer released his grip on her neck and rose to his feet.

Fiona dragged a long and loud breath the same second and began to cough.

Spencer stepped towards the dungeon exit. “Who are you, and what are you doing here?” he demanded, his voice taking on a commanding tone.

“I am Beta Kenneth Snowfall, the Lycan’s commanding officer and most trusted adviser. I am here carrying out the orders of the Lycan king.”

At Kenneth’s introduction of himself, Spencer shook in his stand, becoming filled with fear. “I am sorry, sir.” He bowed his head.

“I asked a question,” Kenneth said, his tone becoming terrifying. “What is happening here?”

“She-she-the prisoner was choking, and I needed to resuscitate her.” He stuttered through his lies, but it wasn’t convincing enough; yet Ken said nothing. “What are the orders of the Lycan king?”

“He would like to see the prisoner.” He replied.

“Why?” Vivian asked, confusion laced in her voice.

Kenneth finally acknowledged her. “I do not think what the Lycan king decides to do is any of your business.” Then to Spencer, he said. “Get the prisoner up and hand her to me.”

“Yes sir,” Spencer nodded and stepped towards Fiona, pulling her weak b*dy up from the ground.

“Take off the giga.” He instructed.

Spencer’s eyes widened at his command. “But, sir, she’s a prisoner who has committed an offence. The council gave strict instructions to always have it around her neck until the trial ends.”

“I am overriding that decision now, with the authority of the Lycan king. A giga was created to suppress the powers of werewolves who are deemed threats and dangers to society. I highly doubt this young woman can attack me, let alone the Lycan King. Take it off now.”

Without another word, Spencer dug his hand into his pocket, pulled out the key to the giga, and unlocked it from around Fiona neck. She felt a little restoration of her power, and unlike a minute ago, she’s now able to stand on her own.

Spencer handed her over to Kenneth, who led her away from the dungeon immediately. As he took her with him, she wondered what lay ahead. Did the

Lycan king suddenly recognise her? Or was this going to be another phase of the unending g circle of abuse? The latter seemed to be the case. The one thing she wanted now was an escape.

They stepped out, and Fiona realised it was evening already. She didn't realise it while in the dungeon.

The town's bell went off as they stepped down the last stair of the council court and into the street. Immediately, they saw people-not less than a hundred- running towards them.

"Stay beside me." Kenneth instructed, and he stood before her even as the racing. mob approached.

"Run!" one man yelled, "the rebellion group is coming! They have the plague!" He brushed past Kenneth and continued running.

The people tugged towards them and pushed her onto the floor, making her almost black out. When her vision cleared, she glanced up and didn't see Kenneth close by. Where did he go? Did he leave her? If the rebellion group was indeed coming, staying on the ground would do her no good. This was probably her chance to get away, and she had to take advantage of it.

She rose to her feet and took to her heels immediately, running to wherever safety was.