

Mommy 63

Chapter 63

Fiona stopped by the temple, where she met a few people offering prayers to the moon goddess. She joined them and did

likewise. She prayed for patience and strength at this time, and she prayed for the Lycan king plague, which was something she

had never done. Her earnest desire was to heal him, but she was weak, so she prayed for strength.

She returned to the lycan king's estate and made her way to his room, already knowing where to go without needing directions.

She had left a few hours ago for the council of truth, and her mission there seemed unfulfilled.

She pushed aside Vivian's words, which ran around her head. There was no remorse in her for everything she had done, and if

she had a chance, she would do it again. Killing her would have ended everything, and she was right about that, but that would

make them the same. She wouldn't dirty her hands or conscience; she wasn't worth that. Vivian's day was coming, and with

every day, it drew closer.

"You came back. Julian said picking up on her scent.

"Your side is where I belong."

He smiled. "I like the sound of that," he told her, stretching his hand out to her.

She stepped towards the bed where he was and took it. "How do you feel?"

The maids had come in when she was about to step out earlier. He seemed to have gotten cleaned up. changed for the day, and

smelt neat.

"Better with you here. You left early."

She nodded. "I went to the Council of Truth to inquire about the sentencing proceedings. They won't carry on the sentence until

the Lycan king is back in court."

"I honestly didn't know that was the law. I must have fallen asleep or zoned out when that was being taught to me." He said that

and chuckled.

"Those are the rules.

He brought her hand closer to his lips and placed a kiss on the back of it. "You would have been able to affect that rule if you

were my Luna queen." He told her. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

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"It should wait," she said, pulling her hand away from his, knowing exactly what he was talking about. If he didn't like her

withdrawal, he said nothing about it. It has waited since the trial began, and here we are.

"Marking me in this state would show desperation, not sound decision-making or credibility. No one will look at me as the true

Luna queen; that is not what I want."

"What if you, being my Luna queen, is what I want?" He asked, "Look, you are already my Luna in proclamation; only in rites are

you not. We do not know how this will go or how long I have left, but I want you to be my Luna."

She didn't know what to say. She wanted to be his Luna queen, but she wanted to be Luna queen to a living Lycan king and not

a dying one. This was never part of her prayers. "I don't know anymore." "I do, let me be the one to make this decision." He said

that and pulled himself up to sit down.

He stretched his hand out to her, and she took it, and she felt a charge shoot through her, and at the same second, she felt a

warmth in her hand. She gasped and glanced up at Julian, knowing what it meant. Her healing powers were having an effect on

him without her thinking about it.

This meant she wouldn't be saying goodbye to him anytime soon. It meant they still had many more years of love, happiness,

and family.

His eyes held a level of shock as well, but he didn't let go. She didn't want to let go, either. She was healing him, and she would

do whatever it took to make it last. Her vision blurred, but she smiled.

I lasted for a few minutes before the warmth disappeared. Fiona lost the strength in her legs and would have dropped to her

knees if Julian hadn't caught her in time.

He laid her on the bed and came to stay beside her. Her eyes were barely open, and her b*dy trembled, she felt happiness and satisfaction from what had happened.

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He stroked her face, making her shiver in response to his touch. "What do you need me to do?" he asked, with eyes of concern.

She felt weak, but not hungry or thirsty, as she used to feel whenever she healed his plague. She had lost the use of her legs,

which meant she had taken on his weaknesses and only needed time to recover.

"Keep touching me like, umbled

to herself, and he must have heard because he started.

He nodded and kept stroking her face. "Sure, I will touch you like this, and I will also k*ss you like this." He leaned in and k*ssed

her l*ps slowly.

She moaned into the k*ss and wrapped her arms around him to deepen the k*ss after regaining strength. in them. She didn't

want to stop k*ssing him.

She didn't want this to end

She wanted the man she was with and wanted to be his completely.

Take me, Julian: mark me."

He stared into her eyes, wanting to know if she was certain of what she wanted. She wanted this.

He took their clothes off and returned to claim not just her b*dy but her mind and soul as his. She was responsive; she hadn't

been touched this way since the last time she was with him. How had she even survived those years without any form of

intimacy? She couldn't explain it.

She knew now that would change from this point; he would be here to take her and show her things about herself and her b*dy

she didn't know. Her legs soon picked up sensation as he ran his hands over them, moving them up so he could wrap them

around his waist.

He sank his length into her, and she buried her face in his chest to control her response and cries. It hurt, yet it felt so good

She clung to him, trusting that he would be gentle and loving to her b*dy, and he was. Every touch, every caress, and every

tender k*ss showed it. It yielded her b*dy to becoming one with him and lowered her defences

He kept his pace steady, driving deep into her and making her see stars with every thrust. She cried out, and her eyes glowed

yellow as he hit a spot buried in her. Upon discovering it, he drove in the same direction over and over again until she wept from

too much pleasure.

He picked up the pace, going at a gradual speed and then proceeding to a much faster one, which pushed her towards the edge

of release with each thrust.

"Mine!" he growled, and he captured her l*ps between his for a passionate k*ss.

She k*ssed back and clung to him, and as they pulled away, his eyes glowed red. He took her l*ps between his one more time,

and then he trailed k*sses down her chin and neck and then onto the point where her neck and shoulder met. His teeth grazed

over the spot, teasing and edging her.

She immediately knew what he wanted to do.

His fang grew, and they dug into her flesh the next second. She growled out in pain mixed with pleasure, and her eyes glowed

once more, but unlike the yellow they showed before, now they showed red.

He picked up the pace, driving deeper and deeper until he had his entire length buried in her warm tightness. Her legs curled

and her b*dy shuddered as her release built up and came surging forward like a strong tide.

One more thrust, and she hit her release, shuddering against him and reaping nothing but pleasure at its apex. He followed right

after, and he released inside her before coming to lie by her side.

“I love you.” He said this while struggling to catch his breath.

She knew that. “I love you too.”

Fiona was the first to wake up from her short slumber, and he turned to face the still-sleeping Julian and just watched him. What

happened between them wasn’t a dream; it was real, as real as the air in their lungs. He had taken her, not just as anyone, but

as the woman he loved. He had marked her as his mate and his equal.

He was the man of her dreams—a man of patience, integrity, and compassion. A man who, even in the face of death, sought her

best interest was the type of man she wanted her children to grow up to be.

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Knowing he wouldn’t be leaving them soon gladdened her heart.

“You are staring” Julian said, and his gaze fluttered to lock on hers.

“I can’t help it; you’re gorgeous both inside and out, she admitted with a wide smile.

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This made him smile, and he pulled her close so his b*dy pressed against hers. “Are you sure these compliments are meant for

me?” He leaned in and k*ssed her shoulders.

She nodded. “Yes, no one else comes close.”

He chuckled. “Now that’s an exaggeration. It is the aftereffect of a powerful love-making session with me.” He told her.

“I knew this before we made love, so it can’t be,” she pointed out. She didn’t want to undermine the power of the S** they had,

but this was different.

He k*ssed her neck and said, “Then I accept your compliment.”

“Good,” she said, and then sat up. “We should see Jashin and June before they go to sleep; it’s still early into the evening, and

we can spend an hour or two with them before they sleep. I couldn’t let them see you after we came in from the court.” She

turned to look at him.

He nodded and pulled himself up to sit as well. "You are right. Can you walk though?" he asked with a brow of concern raised.

Her cheeks warmed up. "Yeah, they are getting there."

not long after she healed him. However, he had key, Ould feel her legs; she had regained sensation in an uncomfortable position when he made

love to her earlier. She hadn't tested their strength since then. "But stay beside me in case they give up
1. me.

He smiled and nodded, "Sure."

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Julian firmly knocked on the door, then pushed it open and stepped in. The boys were watching cartoons. and it was their

favourite, Megamind. They took notice of their presence, and they ran up and towards them. Julian dropped to his knees and

took them into his arms.

"Daddy, you're alright!" Jashin said and buried his face in his father's shoulder, sounding relieved.

"Why did you think I wasn't?" he asked after they pulled away.

"June heard people talking outside; they said you were very sick," he revealed.

"I was sick, but I am fine now; your mom healed me," he told them, and their eyes travelled over to her.

"Mommy!" They came to

her, and though they hugged her, it wasn't with the same excitement they did for their father. She didn't complain; she was happy

that they were happy.

They stayed with the boys, and they watched their cartoon together until their sleep time..

"You are not leaving again, are you?" June asked Julian, who was in charge of putting him to sleep."

He shook his head. "I am never leaving, I promise you." June nodded, believing him, and Julian leaned in and placed a k*ss on

his forehead.