

Mommy 64

Chapter 64

They stepped out of the boys' room feeling fulfilled to have done what they did, and they returned to the bed. Julian suggested

showing together, and she agreed, and they stripped n*ked and stepped into the bathroom together.

They stayed silent for a while, both having the hot water descend on their skin. Julian offered to wash Fiona, and she allowed

him. His hands were perfect on her, and they gave her the relief she needed, and she did the same for him.

They returned to the bedroom and got ready for bed. They tucked into bed, and she snuggled closer to him, placing her head on

his chest and hearing his steady heartbeat. She realised she loved this; it was simple yet meant so much more.

They stayed that way for a while before Fiona spoke, taking her mind back to seeing Vivian this morning. "I went to see Vivian

this morning when I visited the court,"

His gaze moved to her, and they were narrowed. "Why did you do that?"

She turned to look at him, and their gazes locked. "I wanted to know why she hated me so much."

"And did you?"

She turned away from him to the ceiling before speaking. "Well, she said it was because I was a threat that needed to be

eliminated. She still believes she should have taken me out when she had the chance."

"She is never going to harm you again. Tomorrow we will return to the council court and hear her sentencing." He said it with

assurance and k*ssed her forehead.

"She asked me to kill her," Fiona said in a small tone. "She told me I had an advantage since she was in the dungeon and had

the giga around her neck, and she told me it would be my last chance to do it. She said you were weak and would die, and I

needed to eliminate all the threats in my way, starting with her." "She said all that?" Julian asked, a little surprised.

Fiona nodded. "She did; I guess she was trying to help me."

“No, she wasn’t trying to help you; remember what you told me before? People like Vivian never think about helping anyone but

themselves, so this offer was a trap. Perhaps she knew there was no escaping this and wanted to go by your hands. You are a

pure soul, and taking justice into your hands will taint your conscience and eventually turn you into someone like her.”

“I couldn’t do it; I didn’t want to.”

“And you made the right decision.” He said.

As planned the previous night, Fiona and Julian got ready for the sentencing of Vivian for her crime. Unlike the last time, Julian

will have enough strength to give the verdict.

Fiona had offered to heal a portion of his plague in the morning after they woke, but he refused. He told her if she took his

plague, the weakness would be upon her, and he wanted her beside him in court just like the last time. It was a reasonable

suggestion, so she didn’t push it.

The elders were already seated before their arrival, having already received information about the Lycan king’s presence in the

court today.

The elders all rose to their feet at the sight of them, and Julian told them to sit while he also took his seat, with Fiona beside him.

“It is a delight to have you here in our midst today, my king.” The chief elder bowed his head.

am glad to be here, but I have to admit that I would not have been able to if Fiona Lawrence, bealer, hadn’t intervened. The

moon goddess took pity on me and granted her the powers to heal a portion of my illness. She is who you should thank.” He said

that, redirecting their attention to her my king and healer Flora: we count it a blessing from the moon goddess ho bowed his head

humbly,

would want anyone to do for me, so you

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thank-you to him.

The court's door was pushed open, and unlike the three people who should have stepped into the court, only one did.

Killian, the guard sent to bring Vivian, had a look of fear and horror in his eyes as he came to stand in the midst of the court.

Fiona's heart tightened, already fearing for the worse, She could already feel it, and so could Julian, because his grip on her

hand had tightened.

"Why do you look that way, and why are you alone? Where is the prisoner? Answer this minute!" Elder Madi asked, rising to his

feet to speak to the guard, who still had a horror-filled look on his face.

"The prisoner has escaped, and the guards placed around her dungeon are dead. All five of them." He answered, and the entire

court erupted in mummings.

Fiona's mind travelled to Vivian and the discussion they had yesterday. She had told her it would be her last chance to kill her

yesterday. She knew she was going to escape, and she didn't put it together. It made her heart ache, fearing the worst yet to

happen. She should have taken the chance when she had it. "What false news is that? Fidler Kane, the chief elder, demanded,

rising to his feet. "You are saying the prisoner killed the guards from inside the cell?"

Killian shook his head. "No, my lord, but someone had aided in doing this," he replied.

While he still spoke, the door opened, and another guard stepped in. His face showed he had bad news as well, and all eyes

turned to him.

"My king and lords," he bowed his head before rising and speaking. "My fellow guards who were positioned in the prisoner Nina's

dungeon last night are dead. I came to resume my morning duties, and I found them all dead—all four of them—and the prisoner,

Nina, gone.

Julian rose to his feet, releasing Fiona's hand, and it immediately became cold. "What is this? Some plan to make me out as a

fool?" he demanded.

He barely got those words out when the door opened, and two others who came in to the court looked as shaken as the first two

guards bearing bad news.

"My king and lords," they bowed their heads.

"The prisoners, Caroline, Dean, and Rufus, have escaped from their cells, and they killed the guard on watch before they left."

The guard on the left told them.

The court session ended in chaos and with unanswered questions.

Julian and Fiona returned to the estate, but not before he set his guards off after the runaway prisoners. The examination of the

bodies of the prisoners in the dungeons showed that they had escaped at dawn. With the best men to hunt on their trail, they

wouldn't get far. Julian was certain of that.

"Do not worry, we will find them." He assured her as they stepped into the house.

Fiona nodded, putting faith in his words to her. "Yeah."

Bella stepped towards them with a slightly confused look on her face. "My king, my lady." She greeted and bowed her heads.

"Bella," Fiona smiled at her. "What is wrong?"

"Where are the boys, my lady?" she asked, and that took Fiona by surprise.

Her eyes narrowed at her. "What do you mean 'where are the boys? Are they not in their room?'"

"No, shortly after leaving for the council court, you sent words to bring them. Beta Brock came, bearing the message, and I didn't

want to object to his instructions." The young maid spoke, and her confusion still lingered in her eyes.

Fiona's heart clenched in her chest, and she said no more words before dashing to the boys' room. Just like Bella had told her,

they were not in the room. Their scent lingered around, but it also bore witness that they had been taken.

Julian was behind her, and she turned to him with her eyes becoming glassy. He looked just as torn as she was, and he pulled

her to himself to console her, but she didn't want to be consoled.

shoved him off her and shook her head while her entire body trembled. "No! Where are my sons!" she demanded, followed by a loud and painful cry. "Where are my sons? No!" She trembled uncontrollably

"Fiona—"

"No, no, no! Jashint June!" She cried in a loud voice that made the entire house shake, and her eyes glowed red while more

tears poured

Vivian had done this; she knew in her gut that this was all part of her plan. It was one thing to hate and want to harm her, but her

sons had nothing to do with any of this. Killing them would be nothing but cruelty.

She should have killed the snake when she had the option; she should have abandoned all morality and done what needed to be

done.

Vivian wanted to hit her where it hurt, and she just delivered a death-causing blow because, without her sons, she was as good

as dead.