

Mommy 77

Chapter 77

The door opened, and Marion stepped into the Lycan king's office with a stack of files in his hand.

He bowed his head as he greeted him, stepped forward, and dropped the files on his desk. With no other word uttered, he turned

to take his leave when Julian spoke. "Is this how it is going to be? Greet and nothing else."

He turned around to stare at Julian, who was seated across from him, finally beholding him for the first time in two weeks. "I do

not understand."

"You did this the last time you came; you brought the report over in the same manner. You greeted me, placed the documents

down, and then took your leave." He pointed it

out.

"I do not know what else you want me to say." Marion stated flatly.

Julian signed and adjusted in his seat. "You are my friend, or at least you used to be. You could ask me how I'm doing. I know

you've heard the news about Luna Fiona."

"Okay, how are you doing?" he asked, forcing an interested look onto his face.

Julian groaned, frustrated. "This feels forced; forget it."

"What exactly do you want, my king?"

"I want my friend, and I haven't had him since Fiona left."

"Whose fault is that?" Julian opened his mouth to speak, but snapped it shut and exhaled. "You may leave, Marion." He said

instead and pulled the files Marion submitted closer to have a look at them.

Marion didn't leave like he told him to; he stayed and spoke. "You have done highly questionable things in the past, but none of

them made me look at your character with disdain, because I knew that deep down there was goodness in you. But what you did

to the Luna shouldn't even be done to one's enemy. She was your mate and also our Luna. She saved your life and that of the

werewolf world all on her own. Even when it was to her detriment, she did what was necessary. She was the backbone of the

settlement and later the citadel, and this is how you repay her?"

"You will thread carefully, Marion; I am still your Lycan king." He told him through gritted teeth, slamming the files shut.

Marion glared at him. "Or what? You will exile me and take away my position like did to her? Go on then; if that is what your new

mistress wants, then do it."

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Julian's hand balled into a tight fist on the desk. "You should leave, Marion. I will not repeat myself."

"I hope you have a good reason for everything you have done to our Luna and this world, my king." He said, bowed his head,

and took his leave.

Julian had watched as Fiona took her leave with the movers who took her out of the werewolf world two weeks ago.

He couldn't forget the look on her face when he rejected her and exiled her. It haunted him every day.

It wasn't what he wanted, but it was necessary for the survival of his world, which was his only way of protecting her. He was the

Lycan king, and it was his job to save his people through every means necessary.

She had become a target, and she needed to leave. He knew it since the first day he saw the vision in Bayland; Isis had shown it

to him. She told him to send her away for her protection, but he didn't believe the dark world could get to her. That wasn't even

an option for him.

Just like Isis showed him, Fiona had taken herself to Bayland without his permission and returned with her report filled with

errors. She accused him of things he knew nothing about.

Isis told him that by disobeying him, Fiona had exposed herself to Doom, the master of the dark world, who had his claws sunk

deep in the community, hoping to create havoc. The pathway of the dark world had expanded, and with it came all the evil

desires and cruel intent that plagued the communities closest to it, poisoning those that lived there. This brought a surge in

rebellion, which Julian had to deal with.

Again, Isis told him the best way to protect her from Doom was to send her to the werewolf world, where no one would reach her.

He had gotten angry at Isis and told

away from

her never to suggest that to him ever again.

Sending her away from the bedroom was already hard enough on him. Pretending that she wasn't in the same room with her

killed him, and not being able to come out with the truth to her, drowned him with every passing day. Yet, he knew what he saw.

The complete and utter annihilation of the entire werewolf world by the Dark World, aided by Fiona.

If the dark world got to her, then he had failed.

Fiona's attack on Isis told him she was now under the influence of Doom, and she wouldn't be safe anywhere in their world. He

could not keep her because the longer he

did, the more Doom would gain control of her mind and use it to his will.

Fiona wasn't a violent person, and she had never had the cause to attack without a justifiable cause, yet she attacked Isis and

would have killed her had he not stepped in.-

He could have told her the truth, but he knew she would not believe, and even if she did, she would argue they could find

another way to avert it. There was no other way. This was the only way.

His decision was rash, but it was necessary. He saw the way his pack members stared at him this past full moon in the absence

of their Luna. Many of them had questions in their eyes when he introduced Isis to them as a member of his team. They wanted

to know what was happening, but he couldn't fully explain it to them yet.

Fiona might also hate him, but everything he had done so far, he had done for her and no one else. To save her and everything

else he loved, he had to hurt her.

He couldn't even tell June and Jashin what he had done to their mother. They would never look at him the same way again.

Since her departure, they have asked him when she would return more than a hundred times, and every time, he couldn't

answer.

Until they could ascertain and put a stop to Doom and his manipulation of the Dark World territory, Fiona was better away from

here.

Isis placed her hand on his shoulder, and he snapped out of his thoughts and turned to her from the window where he stood.

"I did not hear you come in," he said, his senses calming when he realised who it was, but his eyes lingered on her hand with a

lot of questions in them.

She withdrew her hand and raised them up in surrender. "I came to check up on you, my king; I hear you barely step out of this

office whenever you come to work. You come, and you stay in until the end of the day. You have also cancelled all the

appointments and moved the meetings ahead."

His brow furrowed. "So, you are watching me now?"

"I am not watching you, my king." She said, and stepping back, she bowed her head to him, "I was just worried about the leader

of our world."

"I am fine; you can go," he said dismissively.

"I know this isn't easy for you, but this is what is necessary," she told him.

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"And I have done what is necessary. I have chosen you, your visions, and prophecies over my mate. I have exiled her from the

werewolf world, just like you asked. Now it is time for you to do your part and make sure everything goes according

to plan." He ordered her.

She nodded her head. "Yes, my king." She bowed her head and walked over to the door before pausing and turning to him. "Do

you want to see her?" He frowned. "What do you mean?" he asked, and his brow furrowed.

“I meant if you want to see Luna Fiona.” She told him. “I know this is very hard for you, and I know it is for her too, but it might

bring you comfort to see how she is doing in the human world.”

He wanted to see Fiona, but he also knew what he would have to do if he wanted to see her. His lips were meant for one

woman’s b*dy, but this was the only way he would get to see the one he loved. He wanted to see her; he had longed for it for so

long.

Without uttering a word, he stretched his hand to her, and she gave him hers. He took a deep breath and placed his lips on the

back of her hand, and he was immediately moved into a trance.

There he saw her, Fiona, lying in bed. She looked pale, weak, and down, and her countenance didn’t hold any positivity in it. He

had done that to her, and the guilt ate him up.

He withdrew his lips from the back of Isis’s hand, and he snapped back to reality. “You may leave, and I do not want to see you

until the next full moon.”

Isis bowed her head, and without uttering a word, she left his office, leaving him alone with his guilt, pain, and questions.