

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 8

Chapter 8

After putting the boys to bed, Fiona headed out to the healing sanctuary, where she met up with those who had any form of infirmity or disease. She had her head wrapped up in a veil, and the only parts of her that showed were her eyes and her hands. It was the best way to keep her identity concealed.

She started coming here while in nursing school. After classes, she would always come here, except for days when she was too tired from classes. At first, only one or two people came because she always told them to tell those who really needed a healer. However, the number grew and they were over a dozen sick waiting on her every night.

She still recognised the work of the hospital and the role they played because she worked in one. However, this sanctuary was for those who couldn't afford the hospital bill or whose sickness the medication couldn't help.

Many didn't give money, but a few did. She wasn't looking for their money, but it helped her do a thing or two around the house and with her sons. Whenever they gave she appreciated.

She resumed her usual routine, and those who had been on the line waiting for her arrival moved towards the tent she stayed in coordinated manner. After healing the seventh person, a man approached her; he didn't look sick, and he kept his hand tucked in his jacket.”

“What is wrong with you?” She asked, staring at him because from head to toe he looked well.

“I want you to heal me.” He said and pulled his hand out of his jacket to reveal it had been bleeding.

How he hadn't passed out from loss of blood was a mystery.

Her eyes narrowed at him; he had a deep cut on his hands. “What happened to you?” she asked.

“That is none of your business; your job is to heal me as the healer.”

“If you will not answer my question, I will not heal you. The hospital is

available to attend to you always.” Her eyes moved from him over to the older woman standing behind him, and she beckoned to her.

The man stepped over to her in the form of a challenge: “You will heal me, or you will heal no one else,” He growled at her and grabbed her by her cloak.

came out later crying, incredibly sad, or angry. She did not want to experience any of these three emotions today, so she didn’t want to go there. But since she was summoned, she had to report. She rose from her desk before the counter and made her way into Doctor Yang’s office.

“Do you know why you are in my office?” Doctor Yang asked as soon as she sat.

“I would like to say I do, but truly, I don’t,” she answered.

“There are rumours going around that you had something to do with the miraculous healing of Mrs. Hanna.” He said that, rose from his seat, and made his way around the desk and towards her.

“Rumour?” she repeated, her brows furrowing. “Is there any proof of that?”

“There is a surveillance camera that showed you coming out of her ward just before your shift ended. It was also the last visit made to her ward. And I hear she requested to see you yesterday.”

A part of her knew this was going to be hard for her. But she didn’t have to accept any accusations; she did nothing wrong. “So, your claims are all based on hypotheses, Doctor.”

He smiled and rested against the desk, his b*dy almost touching hers. “I am not your enemy; I am just trying to help you.”

“Help me? Doctor, I did nothing. If you think I am lying about this, you can just ask Mrs. Hanna. She will tell you the truth.”

“Then what were you doing in her ward when it was not an emergency or your time to be with her?” He asked.

She opened her mouth to speak, but snapped it shut. She had to pick her response well, or she might just land in a bigger problem.

“Mrs Hanna told me about her granddaughter, and when I didn’t see her that day, I wanted to ask about her. When I got to her ward, she was already sleeping, and I left. If you check your surveillance camera, you will see I barely spent a minute with her, and that was because I left

after realising she was sleeping.”

“Fine, Ms. Lawson,” he answered. “You may leave, but just know the hospital will be keeping an eye on you.”

She rose from her chair and made her way out of the office, not looking back for once. She stepped out of the office and took a deep breath, and her eyes fluttered.

She yanked her cloak from his grip, causing it to tear a little, and angered by that, she delivered a hard punch to his stomach. He stumbled and fell backward. “Take yourself to the hospital, and if you sustained this cut from stealing or another illegal activity, then you have to face punishment. I will not let you rob those desperately in need of help because of your greed. This sanctuary is for those who need healing and can’t afford it, and that is what it will always be.”

The angry man rose to his feet, but he didn’t approach her again; instead, he walked away from the sanctuary.

The rest of the night went by quietly like the other night, and the sick and diseased left happy and thanking her.

The strange man in the sanctuary stayed on her mind all night, and she had never had a reason to fear, but now she did. He could return to do harm. Sure, she could defend herself, but many of the sick wouldn’t be able to do the same. Her only hope was for him to never return.

“Mommy!” Jashin called with an excited voice for the morning as he barged into her room.

She barely had enough sleep, but at his voice call, she had to pull herself up from bed. Behind him was June, quiet as always rubbing his eyes.

The day kicked off, and she moved them into the bathroom to bathe and get them ready for school.

“Listen, Camilla will not pick you up today, so you have to stay at the waiting until I return to pick you up, alright?”

They nodded. She moved to get their breakfast ready, and when they finished eating, she packed up their lunch box. He handed each of them one, and then they left the house, moving towards their car to settle in. She strapped them in and moved to the front seat to start the car.

“Mommy, do we have a daddy?” Jashin asked, taking her by surprise.

“What makes you ask that?” she asked immediately, then realised she had always taught them to never answer a question with another

question. "I mean, yes, everyone has a daddy and a mommy; that is how babies are made. Why did you ask?" She turned to look at him.

He shrugged. "I don't know. Everyone in our classes has fathers, but we don't. I just

wanted to know. I have never seen him before, and you don't talk about him."

She started the car and drove them off in silence.

June sat quietly, listening to Jashin's drilling, and didn't interrupt.

She didn't know what to say. He was right; she had never spoken about him before, and they hadn't seen him since birth either. She wanted to drive them off to school and not answer the question, but she knew they deserved to know about their father. They deserve to know the one responsible for bringing them into their world. "I don't speak about him because it is a long story, but know this: you have a father."

"Is he a bad man? Is that why you don't talk about him or want us to meet him?" June finally brought himself into the conversation, and she knew these questions had also stayed on his mind.

Her eyes widened, and she shook her head. "No, your father isn't a bad man; far from it."

She stopped speaking; if she were honest with herself, she would say she didn't know if the Lycan king whom she had slept with. The act was against her better judgement, and if she could go back, she would have done things differently. Yes, she would still want to have her boys because they were the best things that happened to her. But she would also want to know their father, the first man she ever slept with.

"Then does that mean we will get to see him someday?" Jashin asked with his wide and filled with expectation.

eyes

How could she answer such a question? She couldn't. Instead, she said.

"We are here! Get going now and don't be late." She saw the excitement in Jashin's face fade away, and she blamed herself for it.

She couldn't tell her child the truth, and in response, she hurt him.

Neither of the boys moved out of the car, and this was their way of telling her she had offended them.

She turned to them with eyes filled with apology. "I will tell you all you need to know about your father; I promise you, Jashin," she said and turned to June. "I promise you, okay?"

The boys reluctantly nodded, and they stepped out of the car.

love you, my noble warriors,” she said.

“I love you, mommy.” Jashin, who had already gotten over his sadness, yelled and waved at her.

“I love you, mommy.” June said quietly.

She couldn’t answer Jashin’s question; it was not as simple as he would think it would be. The kids had questions that would be difficult for even an adult to answer. They looked forward to the day their father would visit, and she didn’t know if that would ever happen.

She, however, promised that she would answer the question, and she didn’t want to lie to them. The boys deserved to know the truth about their father, but she didn’t know where or how she would begin. They were the result of a mistake she made, but they were far from mistakes. She didn’t want them to have the notion that they were a mistake. She had to take her time and explain who their father was to them. She had to come up with the proper explanation in which they would have an open mind towards the possibility of their father doing anything.

She hadn’t had a reason to feel shame in the last five years, not even when she was nine months pregnant and going to nursing classes with her huge bump. She didn’t feel any shame then, even though she should have, but here now, she did.

Could she give her sons the answer she knew they wanted to hear?