

## **Mommy 83**

### Chapter 83

#### Julian's POV

"Mommy knew how to knot a perfect tie!" Jashin whined as Julian tried to knot his tie for school. "I don't like this."

"Well. Mommy isn't here, Jashin, and I have to do it, or would you rather Ophelia come to help?" he asked.

Jashin calmed himself, and Julian put the tie around his neck. Ophelia was a disciplinarian and has always enforced the rule

since Fiona's departure. She didn't have to say things twice to get their attention. It came to her as a gift. He had to repeat

himself over and over, and the boys always threw tantrums when they didn't get their way, which was almost always the case.

He could enforce authority, but he didn't want them pulling away from him. Fiona wasn't here to keep the balance, and so he

couldn't lose his cool.

Every day, before coming into their room, he would take a deep breath and ask himself what Fiona would do. That gave him a

little courage.

Julian knotted the tie the best way he could and moved to do the same for June, who had become quieter since Fiona left. He

still displayed rebellion and attitude, but he only said a few words. He didn't know how to reach him, but he wanted to.

"My friends in class said their parents said you sent Mommy away. Is that true?" June asked, staring him straight in the face.

He opened his mouth to speak, but no word came out; he couldn't lie or tell the truth. His back was against the wall, and he

wished it was so easy.

"It is complicated, June, believe me."

"Math is complicated; this is just a question. A yes and a no question." June insisted, and this was the most he had spoken in

one day since Fiona left.

“Did you send Mommy away?” Jashin asked, surprised by the question itself, and that told him no one had said such to Jashin in

his class yet.

“There is a lot that you do not understand now, but when you grow older, you will understand. We have to make hard decisions

to protect the ones we love. Sometimes that hard decision involves hurting the ones we care about.” He explained as he finished

knotting June’s tie.

“So, you sent mommy away.” June said, putting together everything he just said and coming up with his own conclusion.

“Yes, I sent your mommy away, but I did it to protect her.” Julian said, but they stopped listening the moment he told them he had

sent their mother away.

“Bring her back, daddy; you need to bring her back.” June said and stepped away from him.

He needed a little more time. He would fix everything, but he needed a little more time to do it...

The door to the study opened, and Kenneth stepped in and walked towards the desk where he sat.

“How is she?” he asked, going straight to the point.

He had instructed Ken to keep an eye on Fiona because, although she was away, he wanted nothing happening to her. It was

his duty to keep her safe, despite everything.

He could have easily asked Iris to show him Fiona, but then he would have to k\*ss the back of her hand, and he didn’t want to

bring himself to doing that again.

Yes, Ken had better things to do in the werewolf world, especially at the Watchtower, but he was one of the few men he trusted

to have his back, and that made him the right person for the job.

“She is fine,” Kenneth replied. “She barely goes out or tries to make friends, but she is okay; once in a while she does, and that

is good.”

It hurt his heart to know Fiona was going through pain-pain caused by him. But like he told the boys this morning, sometimes to

protect someone, you have to hurt them. Once the dark world entrance was completely sealed, he would bring Fiona back, and

they would carry on with their lives. That was the plan, and it was still the plan.

“There is someone around her now.” Kenneth added. “She seems to be happy whenever she is with him.”

Julian had never considered himself jealous, but learning that someone else was Fiona’s source of happiness didn’t sit well with

him, and his senses surged in alertness.

Iris had assured him that they would reunite after all this was over, and he also saw it as confirmation. He just had to concentrate

and do what needed to be done, and in the end, it would all be worth it. So, there was no need to fret or give himself too much

thought.

“Is he one of us?” He asked.

Kenneth shook his head. “From my observations, I do not think so. He looks like them- humans, fragile, and he smiles a lot.” He

explained, “But he took the luna out a week ago

and visited her yesterday.”

“Keep an eye on him. I want to know everything there is to know about him.”

“Yes, my king.” He bowed his head and took his leave.

It was the full moon, and Julian had to place his focus on growing his strength. Sealing the entrance of the dark world needed

more strength than he currently possessed, and he needed to harness as much as he could. He did so on the last full moon, and

Iris speculated that three trials were all he needed to seal the entrance.

This was for Fiona; this was for the woman that he loved. Everything he had done and was still doing was for her. For them, their

children, and the werewolf world. To keep them safe and away from the clutches of the masters of the dark world, Doom and

Mischief.

+5

He missed her; to say he didn't miss her would make him a liar. Every fibre of his being longed for her-  
longed for just a little

touch, a little attention.

Iris told him he had to starve himself of her so the dark world wouldn't find a weakness, and even before  
he sent her away, he

began starving himself.

Flashback...

"What are you thinking about?" Fiona's voice came up from behind as she wrapped her arms around  
him while he stood under

the cold shower in the bathroom.

Her lips pressed against his back, and he sighed in relief at the comfort her presence had just brought  
him.

"Just thinking." He began and turned around to see her.

"About what?" Her curious amber eyes stayed on his even as the shower water descended on both of  
them.

"The settlement. With the plague gone, there is no longer a use for it, and so I do not know what way to  
go about it."

"Just because the plague is over doesn't mean the settlement is now useless." She said, and her hands  
rubbed over his b\*dy

from his shoulder down to his waist.

"I know," he answered, and a moan escaped his mouth as she wrapped her hand around his growing co  
ck. "I just need to think

of what would be beneficial to the people."

"There are other ways to put the settlement to good use," she revealed as she cupped his balls.

He growled and pressed his head against the wall, trying his best to keep his mind

focused on what she was saying more than what she was doing.

"You have physicians all over our world making the settlement their meeting place. Humans call theirs  
the headquarters." She

revealed. "There are many physicians in Rayfield, and many of them are dedicated to their field; let  
them continue their work.

Yes, the plague is over; there are other sicknesses and diseases killing our kind. The wandering sickness  
is one of them."

“So, what do you suggest?” He asked with a desire-filled voice. She was rubbing him so well and pulling him into the world of

bliss while giving him a way out. This was the best hand job he had ever gotten.

“Place Marion in charge; he is more than capable; discuss your plans with him.”

“Our plans.” He corrected.

+5

She glanced up at him and smiled. “Discuss our plans with him and hear his take on it.”

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around so that her back was now pressed against the wall.

“You are a genius. Did I

ever tell you that?” He said and lifted her up to wrap her legs around him.

She shook her head and giggled. “You haven’t, but you can start saying it from now on.”

He pushed the head of his cock into her, and they both moaned, “I am never making another decision on my own again; you will

always be with me to add your thoughts and directions.” He vowed and took her lips between his for a deep k\*ss.

He had never made a decision without involving her since then; not until he went to Bayland. Every decision he made after his

return was without her, and though he had a justifiable reason, he could only pray he wouldn’t regret it.