

Mommy 89

Chapter 89

Julian's POV

Julian's knee hit the ground as he pulled the wraps around the Dark World entrances and forcefully closed them. The opening

sealed up as he finished his work here, but his last strength was gone.

Just like the previous full moon, the attacks came, but unlike then, there were fewer men to fend them off. With Marion confined

to his quarters with his wife, Julian had to rely on himself, Kenneth, and Isis. He thought he would die tonight; perhaps knowing

he had done what was right would be his consolation in all of this.

He coughed out blood and spat out the one still in his mouth. He bled from all over, and the strength he kept losing, he would

never get back. His strength gave up on him, and he fell to the ground, staring up at the moon in the sky, which was at its exit

now. Without the full moon, he wouldn't have any strength, and he would die here at the pathway of the Dark world.

Kenneth came over to him, placed his arms securely around his mid-section, and helped him up to his feet.

"Thank you, Ken." Julian mumbled, and that was the last thing he remembered before his senses faded.

"My king," he heard Marion's voice call to him, and his eyes snapped open to find himself in the meditation room, lying on the

floor.

He tried sitting up, but all he felt was pain in response.

He placed his head back down on the floor, unable to gather up the strength to sit.

"You shouldn't move." Marion said that and came over to him with a small wooden bowl in his hand.

Dozens of questions ran around in his mind, but he couldn't speak.

Marion came over to his head and supported him so he could lift his head and take a sip of the content in the bowl.

The last time he saw him was when he sent him to his quarters to remain there. Seeing Marion now told him he had left his

quarters, and that was against his orders. Why was he here? Was he about to kill him? Did he think his sentence was too harsh

and wait for the perfect moment to strike? Was that it?

These thoughts flew around him in his head, but there was no answer to them, nor did he open his mouth to take the contents of the wooden bowl in.

"You still believe I am here to hurt you." Marion spoke as if reading into his thoughts.

He wasn't wrong in his assumption. "I don't know what to believe. Why are you here?"

"Because contrary to what you want to think, I am here helping you."

"Where is Kenneth?" he asked, and his eyes darted around.

"I don't know; I haven't seen him."

That made no sense. "Then how did I get here?"

"I brought you here from the pathway, where Kenneth and Isis left you to die after you closed the entrance of the Dark world. If

you had stayed there after the full moon, you would have been stripped of all your werewolf abilities. Without the little strength

left in you, you would have died a few hours ago. The meditation room was the only place that I knew could sustain you until you

regained consciousness, and so I brought you here," Marion answered.

"Kenneth would not leave me there; he brought me here." He said this even though he had heard Marion tell him he had brought

him here. He knew who he saw.

"Kenneth wouldn't do that, and you are right, he wouldn't, but he is under the influence of the Dark world. He was exposed to

them in Bayland and hasn't been himself since. Whatever he does, he doesn't do it on his own. I spoke to Lily, Kenneth's mate,

and she said he had changed from the man he used to be. He has no will of his own anymore."

He stayed silent, thinking about everything Marion had just told him about Kenneth and Isis. He had been a fool in their hands;

he let down his guards with Isis because Kenneth told him she was trustworthy, having known him since they were children. He

had never had a reason to disbelieve Kenneth before, so he thought nothing of it. And even when what he needed to do became

difficult, he told himself it was for the good of the kingdom.

Fiona tried to tell him that, and he thought she was the one under the influence of the Dark world. He sent her away to protect

her when he should have kept her closer than he ever did. Fiona was right; Isis was the connection to the Dark world. She was

their agent.

His heart ached, and his anger grew, but his strength failed him.

He had sacrificed every ounce of strength left in him to pursue the wrong cause.

How stupid he had been.

"You need to take this if you want to heal faster and live." Marion said, bringing his mind out of his thoughts and into the present.

"You should have left me there to die." He said this and turned his face away, ignoring the pain that it had caused him.

"Why?" Marion asked, "Because you made a mistake like every one of us?"

He didn't just make a mistake, though; he made the biggest one; he played right into the hands of Doom and Mischief, masters

of the Dark world. He might have as well handed the werewolf world over to them.

"I didn't just make a mistake, Marion; I made the mistake. I deserve to die," he revealed bitterly.

"You do not need to beat yourself up. You played a game against the masters of the Dark world, the cleverest creatures ever

created. Doom is known as the firstborn in existence for this very reason. He supersedes us in wits, craft, and evil. Whatever evil

you think you are good at has its master."

"But you knew," Julian said in a small voice. "You saw through Kenneth."

"That is because I decided not to lie to myself, Julian. Someone once said the lies we are told stick because we've already lied to

ourselves. You told yourself everything you did was for the kingdom, your sons, and Fiona, and so even when it didn't make

sense, you carried on because you already believed. They didn't have to do it to you; you did it to yourself."

Marion was right in his assessment. He lied to himself when he thought Fiona couldn't handle the truth. He lied to himself when

he thought Fiona wasn't strong enough to protect herself and fight the evil and manipulations of the Dark world. The only one

who wasn't strong enough was him, and now he has lost everything.

"What will the people say when they find out I aided their destruction? They wouldn't want a king like me, and I can't blame

them."

"If you refuse to give up and instead rise to fight, they will say you were the Lycan king whose path wasn't defined by his

mistakes. Your sons, your mate, and your people depend on you to make things right, to bring back their luna, and to put a stop

to the plans of the Dark world. So, are you going to lie down and die, or are you going to rise and fight?"

Julian opened his mouth, and Marion poured the content into his mouth. It was bitter and sweet at the same time, and it burned

his throat, yet he had no choice but to drink it.

He still had a choice. He couldn't give up.

He had to heal, and with whatever strength he had left, he would fight.