

Mommy, Daddy Is The Lycan King by Glory Tina Chapter 9

Chapter 9

“Earth to Sky,” Peter Yates, a resident doctor and somehow the kindest so far, said, snapping his finger in front of her, and she jerked back to reality.

“You are not here. I hope all is well with you, Ms. Lawson.” His curious blue eyes. danced all over her.

She smiled and shrugged it off. “It’s really nothing. I will be fine.”

“Good then, but if you ever need someone to talk to, you know I am here.” He didn’t need to tell her; she knew it.

Of all the residents at Harmony Hospital, Peter was the nicest of them, and he wasn’t being nice because he looked forward to something in return; that was his nature. She rarely had that in the last five years, and it was nice to know there were still people like that. She had hoped that he would move on to become a successful doctor much later in life.

“By the way, how are the boys?” He asked, his tone genuinely concerned. She smiled. “They are fine, growing with every day that passes.”

He chuckled. “I grew up in a family of two boys, and my mother always told us she preferred if we were girls.”

Fiona frowned. “I haven’t told them that,” because she loved them the way they were.

“And I pray you don’t. It is not something to be told to a child.”

She gave him a sympathetic look. He had told her during lunch once how his mother had walked out on his father, leaving him to raise him and his brother all alone. It was tough knowing his mother never wanted him.

She wanted her boys, though, and that will never change.

“I hope you get to move someday. You deserve better than you got.” She knew what it meant to deserve better; she lived it for five years at the hands of the people of Langfield.

“Thank you, Sky.” He said, “And before I forget, Doctor Yang wants you in his office,” he told her before walking away.

This made Fiona wonder why she was being summoned into the chief doctor's office. The office was the last place she wanted to be. Those who went in either

"Ms. Lawson," she heard her name, and her eyes snapped open to find Bridget, a nursing student, doing her clinical at the hospital. The younger nurse had a somewhat worried look on her face even as she approached her.

She pulled her legs towards her and asked in a curious tone of voice. "Is something wrong?"

She shook her head, but the look on her face said something was. "Some people are in the waiting room, and they ask to see you." She said that, and Fiona didn't understand how that was enough to make her so worried.

"Okay, then I will go see them then."

She tried to move, but Bridget took hold of her hand as if trying to stop her, and this made Fiona even more worried. Is there more to those in the waiting room. that she wasn't telling her? She wondered to herself. "I was helping bring in a patient who was involved in an accident when they came in. I'm worried."

Fiona's brows furrowed at her last words. "Why?" she echoed, confused. Bridget shrugged. "Nothing, just a hunch; they came in a black heavily tainted Jeep, one I have only seen in movies." She revealed it to her.

Fiona's heart tightened a little in panic, but she did her best to not let the panic show on her face as she stood with Bridget. "Oh." She muttered silently.

"Be careful, okay?"

Fiona nodded and departed, heading for the waiting room. From Bridget's explanation, a part of her knew those waiting for her in the waiting room. It seemed the same people that came over five years ago to take her from her adopted parents-the very ones that wanted her dead-were back for her.

The chances of them knowing who she was now were really slim. She had made a lot of changes to herself in her looks, behaviour, and even smell. She changed. basically everything, which would make anyone who knew her in the past have a hard time recognising her now.

To be sure, she had hidden her identity; she had taken a few pictures before she began the journey to change, wearing a long brunette wig to

mimic the hair she cut off. After three months, she compared the two, and she was so much different in the end.

She also did an experiment six months later. She asked over a hundred random people at the university where she went if the girl in the picture looked anything like her. Everyone told her they didn't. Some even said they would accept the probability of them being sisters, but not of them being the same person.

If more than a hundred people couldn't see the similarities between her old self and the new, she knew no one in her past would. This reassured her to carry on with her life.

Even now, she knew no one could recognise her, but her fear lingered. What if they did? What if that was why they had come now? To carry out the justice she ran away from five years ago.

Fear was a menace because it crept into her heart and didn't leave, and now she wanted to run away. Perhaps flight would be the safest choice for her, but then again, she knew there was so much she had and couldn't just run away. She would have to consider her life, her and her sons' lives, and her work. Where would she start from, and what probability was there to show they wouldn't still come after her? She had to calm herself and figure out what they wanted first, and then she would plan her next step. That was the sanest thing to do.

All these thoughts raced around in her head as she made her way over to the waiting room, and getting there, she met two men in black suits, just like Bridget had told her, and they were seated waiting for her. They did not look sick, and she knew they came for other reasons.

They saw her step into the waiting room, and they rose to their feet immediately. They were both not less than 6 feet, 3 inches tall, and they had the build and capacity to inflict pain if they so wished. She swallowed, and keeping herself from trembling became an almost impossible task.

"Hello, good day to you. I was told you wanted to see me." She found her voice to speak.

The man with blond hair and blue eyes nodded and took a step forward. His entire demeanour and essence were intimidating, and she almost took a step back.

"Yes, what you heard is correct." The man said, and his voice came out so fearful and intimidating. "I am Jace Cruise, and this is my partner, Drew Osho. We are the Lycan king's personal envoy, sent here for you."

This was it, she thought as soon as she heard those words. This was the end.

This was the hint she wanted-she needed to run away.