

Mommy daddy is the lycan king by Glory Tina Chapter 92

Chapter 92

“You are not here.” Cillian said, and Fiona turned to find his eyes and a few others in the room on her.

Her hand came up to rub at her forehead, and she couldn't even remember what they were talking about before she wandered away with her thought.

“You seem too tired to hear anything we are saying here.” He pointed out, and his eyes showed his concern. “Meeting dismissed,” he said to the others seated, and they rose to their feet and exited the room, leaving both of them alone.

Cillian rose from his seat and towards her, and she stared at him silently. “What is wrong?” he asked, but she gave no response to him. “I know I make up excuses enough for you, and it's always been for a good cause, but you have to tell me what is going on, so I do not feel as if this is a lost cause.”

She felt guilty; they had made no progress in the last two meetings because she had either zoned out of the meeting or forgotten her speech mid-sentence. Cillian had been an amazing boss and partner and covered up for her every time it happened, like now. There was so much progress to be made, and she wasn't helping.

She couldn't stay home because she feared Julian would return, and when she returned home, she stayed awake thinking about what to do or say the next time she ran into him. This gave her less sleep and helped her focus the next day. All this started after he came to her house, and she didn't know how to stop it.

“I am sorry.”

“You do not have to apologise, but you need to explain.” Cillian replied, and his hand came up to stroke her face tenderly. “Can you do that?”

She would try her best.

“I can't stop thinking about him,” she revealed in a small voice.

He pulled his hand away from her face, and she immediately felt cold. “I will assume that the ‘him’ is your husband.” He said this, and his eyes betrayed his attempt to stay calm and composed.

She nodded. “Yes, since he came back. I have been thinking about him, wanting to know what he wants, but I cannot figure it out. I know I wanted him at some point in the

last three months, but now I wish he didn't come back; I wish he had stayed away." She didn't tell Cillian everything that happened because he was not in the place to know, but she thought this was enough for him.

"You do not want to go back to him," he said, and their eyes locked.

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"Once I did, but not anymore: I do not want to," she replied. Not with the truth she now knows.

Cillian exhaled in relief. "Okay," he said, leaning in and kissing her forehead. "Have you tried speaking with the police about him?"

"Police?" she repeated, not knowing how they could help.

"You can tell them your husband scares you, and you fear for your life and safety and want them to protect you. It is a part of their job. I could call a few friends of mine and put them on your guard."

Cillian's innocence still warmed her heart. She needed to keep him this way.

"The police can't do much; he is just too powerful."

She would do a better job protecting herself than the police would. Their casualties would be great, and she didn't want their blood on her hands. "Thank you for your suggestion, but I will be fine, I promise."

"Alright, then, would you want to move in with me? I could protect you."

She didn't want to laugh because he was being serious, but it was funny. "I do not doubt that, but I can't."

"Why not?"

Because he couldn't protect her. And if she wanted to move in with him, she would do it because they had gotten to the place where they wanted to live together, not because she was afraid of her husband.

"You do not think I can take him on?"

He wouldn't like her answer, so she remained quiet.

"What?"

"My husband can get really beastly when he fights." That was the safest way to put it:

"Besides, I am just paranoid he hasn't shown his face since the wedding, so I doubt."

She rose from her seat and came to stand before him.

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She placed her arms around his neck, and his arms immediately wrapped around her waist.

“I will not worry you anymore, I promise.” She leaned in and kissed his lips.

Cillian suggested a few things to her that would help take her mind off Julian: one of them was taking up a yoga class, and another was running for at least twenty minutes

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every evening, two hours before bedtime.

She chose to run because she needed the exercise, especially in her condition. The first two days of doing it, she slept quickly, not having the strength to speak up and think.

This helped her stay productive the next day at work. She was grateful to Cillian for his amazing suggestion, and she didn't fail to tell him that.

She stepped out of her house in grey joggers and a black sport bra, and she had a sweater around her waist in case it became cold on her way back.

She plugged in her headset and took off with no hesitation. She didn't use her werewolf ability; instead, she relied only on her normal strength. This was what kept her worn out for the rest of the night.

After twenty minutes of running, she stopped to catch her breath and turned to the shop, making pap around the corner to place an order for corn pap. This was the sealing deal that would aid quick sleep. She wore her sweater as her body grew cold, and she approached the shop.

The human world had so many exceptional inventions, and she never even tried to find them when she lived here years ago,

She smiled at the kind mister at the front of the pot and handed him her cash. He took it and filled her cup with the thick corn pap, adding sugar and milk to taste. She thanked him and turned around, only to find Julian across the road from her.

Her heart skipped in her chest, and it took a moment for her to get back to normalcy.

She pulled the hood of her sweater on, pretending not to have seen him, as she walked on with the hope that he would go away. She noticed him following behind from over her shoulder, and she turned to walk through the alley that she had never gone through in the night. If this would make her lose him, then she would gladly take it. She just had to

get home and shut the door.

“Fiona, wait. Wait for me.” He called to her, but she did not slow down; instead, she hurried. Usually, she would take the pap on her way home, so she would just shower and get to bed on arrival, but she couldn’t do that, so she hurried away as fast as her legs

could take her.

She spotted four thugs standing around the corner, staring at her as she walked. They left their position and made their way into her path as she got closer, and she immediately wanted to turn around. Julian followed behind, and she didn’t want to go back towards him. She would keep moving, even if that meant going through them.

“Hello, little angel, what do you have for us?” one man with a hoarse voice said to her. “It’s corn pap.” Another said it with a small giggle.

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The third man reached out and took the cup from her hand and took a sip. Fiona wanted to reach out, but she kept herself calm. “It tastes so delicious.” He told the rest.

Fiona’s teeth gritted, and her anger showed in her eyes, but she wasn’t angry at them; she was angry at the man who made her take this path. “If you want more, he will give you more; he has a lot of money, and with it, you can get anything you want.” She told them, and the four men’s eyes moved from her and over to Julian, who was approaching her.

The men pulled out their knives, and she wished good luck to them, knowing it would be their funeral.

With their attention going towards him, she walked away, knowing that sleep would be the last thing she would see tonight. Perhaps she would give yoga a try from now on.

She walked on, but didn’t hear the scream of the men that went in to attack Julian, and that didn’t seem right.

Julian was the Lycan king, so of course he could take four human thugs on without breaking a sweat; hell, he could take on forty, and it wouldn’t mean anything to him.

Then why weren’t these men screaming and running away? Why did it feel like they had a chance against him?

She paused and turned around and found Julian had tackled the last onto the ground, and his hand was around the man's neck until he became as still as dead. He then rose to his feet.

She should not have worried about him; he was the Lycan king.

She didn't get to finish her thought process because Julian's legs gave up from under him, and he fell face-down onto the cold, hard ground.

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Minutes went by, and Julian stayed in the same state, face down on the cold, hard ground. Fiona didn't know what kept her standing there. She told herself over and over that he was the Lycan king and there was nothing these men could do to him that would hurt him, but she couldn't leave. Deep within her, she knew something was wrong, and she couldn't ignore it or ignore him.

Abandoning her anger for a moment, she ran over to him and lifted him into her hands. He was unconscious, and it left her confused and worried at the same time.

"Julian. Wake up. Wake up and quit playing now!" She called to him, but she could barely hear his heartbeat.

He wasn't playing. The men she had sent on him had hurt him badly. She felt a cold substance on his clothes, and she knew it was blood. His blood or theirs? She couldn't find the answer to that, so she searched with her hands.

They wandered on his chest, which had suffered a few cuts, and then down his rib side. Her breathing grew rigid; he had been stabbed multiple times.

She swallowed hard; he should be healing.

Why wasn't he healing? What was going on?

She needed to do something.

What could she do? She almost asked before realising she was a silver-furred wolf for a reason. She had healing abilities, and she could heal him. She placed her hand on his chest area and tried to focus while her heart beat away like a man on the run.

Nothing happened. She wasn't surprised. Her mind was a mess, and she could never heal anyone when she was like this.

Focus Fiona.

She took a deep breath and placed her hands on his chest. She felt his life force, and it had grown so thin that her heart broke in her chest. She tried to focus again, but so much had happened around her that she couldn't push it to the side.

"I'm sorry." She mumbled, still unable to hear him, and her eyes grew glassy.

She needed to get him out of here. Out of this environment to a calmer, quieter place. Somewhere, trouble wouldn't lurk when she wouldn't have to worry about enemies coming in and attacking them.

"Do not die on me, Julian; do you hear me? Do not die on me, or I will never forgive

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you." She rose to her feet.

She didn't want to rely on her Lycan abilities, but that was what she had to do. If she wanted to get Julian to her home, she would be able to help him.

She arrived home in under two minutes, and Julian was on her shoulder. She moved him over to the couch in the living room and laid him there. Then she pulled off his blood-soaked shirt and kept it on the side of the couch. He still bled from the stab wound, which was strange. Whatever was happening, she needed to make sure he was stable first before finding out.

She placed her hands on him once more, and unlike before, she felt a warmth in her hands as she placed them on him. Seconds later, his bleeding stopped, and his first wound healed up. And then the second, the third, and then the cut on his shoulder. She watched it all happen.

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Since coming to the world of the living, she hasn't used her abilities, and they have stayed dormant with her. Unlike the citadel, where casualties could happen on a daily basis due to their line of work and experiments carried out, the human world was not like that. The scientists she worked with at the Harmony Hospital were as cautious as ever and made sure to protect themselves against anything they were undertaking. They were humans, so they had a lot to worry about.

Since she had not used her strength, focus was harder to grasp today, and she was

grateful Julian stayed with her until she got to a better place.

After those healed, she didn't release her hand; she let it stay because she felt an injury underneath. It wasn't new, and so it wasn't inflicted by the thugs that attacked him. tonight. These seemed to have been here for at least a week. It didn't matter; she had to heal him, and she did.

She withdrew her hand from his chest and sat quietly. This was the man she wanted to forget. The man she had started running to keep out of her mind, and here she helping him stay alive.

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If they were keeping scores, he had saved her life many times in the past three years; she owed him this.

Her eyes caught the heart-shaped tattoo on the side of his rib. It wasn't her first time seeing the tattoo, but it was her first time seeing names in it.

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It had Fiona first, followed by June and Jashin side by side. There was a little space at the bottom, and she knew it was because they wanted another baby, and its would come there. That would make the heart complete. Her hand travelled down to her stomach and slowly rubbed it.

He had the tattoo of the heart when she was still with him, but it had no names in it

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then. He got the names in them after she left.

Perhaps he got it as a reminder of what he was fighting for. Or he got it after getting betrayed and wanted to use it to guilt-trip her into taking him back. She got up from beside him and made her way to the kitchen. Moving to the sink, she picked up a glass, filled it up with water, and took a sip.

Flashback...

"Was there a change made to the bedroom I didn't know about or something?" She asked as Julian shut the bedroom door after stepping in behind her.

He had dragged her away from her friends, Laura and Davis, who were visiting the mansion. He told them he wanted to borrow her for a few minutes, and they couldn't say no because he was the Lycan king. They let them leave, and Julian took them upstairs.

He caught up with her and kissed her neck seductively. "Tell me this isn't why you told

Davis and Laura you had something special to show me.” She demanded as she pulled back a little to look at him.

“I missed you; that was important.” He said it as if that were such a good reason.

“Julian! You are better than this.” She scolded him and tried wiggling away from his hold.

“Better than what? Wanting my mate? Desiring her more than anything else in the world?”

“Don’t do that,” she scowled at him.

“Do what?”

“Make me the bad guy.”

“You are the bad guy,” He stressed. “That is what makes this all the more interesting.”

He caught her bottom lip between his teeth and slowly nibbled on it. “I’ll be quick.”

She groaned, half frustrated, half turned on by him. Seduction was one of the abilities the moon goddess gave him. “You won’t be quick, and I will return to them smelling of you.” She whined, even though she was already rubbing herself against him.

He smiled and said, “You want this just as much as I do. You just don’t show it much.”

“Julian,” she started, but he placed a hand on her lips to silence her words.

“No talking. Take off your clothes.”

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She obeyed, took off all her clothes, and stood naked before him.

“Are you going to take off your clothes?” she asked with an arched brow when he wouldn’t stop looking at her.

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He grinned, “Sure.” He grabbed his t-shirt, pulled it off, and tossed it to the ground. Her eyes caught a tattoo on his rib side, and they narrowed because she hadn’t seen it before. It was a black heart.

“You inked yourself?” she said and stepped towards him.

He glanced down at his side. “Yeah, I always wanted to do it, and I found the chance to last night. I hope you don’t mind.”

She didn’t mind, because they had talked about it. She told him that as long as he was able to make the ink stick to his body, she had no problem with it. “This was what you

wanted me to see.”

He smirked cockily and took off his trousers. “Yes, and I also had this thought of pinning your back against the wall while fucking and making you scream. Then I’d take you to bed and finish the job there.”

As arousing as the image he just painted with his words was, she had a few questions. “What does it mean?” Her eyes lingered on his ribs, even though he stood naked before her.

“The black heart is basically me.” She scoffed because she thought there would be a poetic meaning behind it.

He continued as though he didn’t hear her. “This isn’t the end of the inking. This is just the first step.”

“What is the next step?”

He stepped towards her and said, “Filling it up with Fiona, June, and Jashin and the name of the child we are about to make.” He lifted her into his arms, and she her legs around him.

Flashback ends.

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Her phone rang, breaking her out of her memory lane, and stopped ringing. She pulled it out of her pocket and saw Cillian as the ID. He told her he would be travelling to the Netherlands to see his parents for the weekend and would be back on Monday. He had promised to call as soon as he got sorted out.

He picked up after the second ring, and his voice came through. “I wanted to call to hear your voice, then I realised our times were now a little mixed up and you were

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probably asleep. Did I wake you?”

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She shook her head, then figured he couldn’t see her. “No, I haven’t gone to bed yet.”

She replied.

Silence dwelt for a few seconds before he asked. “Why? Did you go for your run?”

She nodded, but he couldn't see her. "I just got in from running, and I came home with the one I was running from." She said the last part to herself. "I will be asleep in no time."

"So, I do not have to worry?"

"No, you do not have to worry, Cillian; I am fine. I miss you, though."

She didn't have to see him to know he was grinning from cheek to cheek. "I miss you too. I will call you in the morning; your time."

"I will look forward to it then."

The call ended, and Fiona drew a sharp breath and placed her head against the counter.

She returned to his side on the couch and sat there. She listened closely to his heartbeat, but it didn't sound as strong as it should be. It was fragile, and it reminded her of three years ago, when he still had the curse.

He told her Isis deceived him and left him for death, but he didn't tell her this. He didn't tell her he was just as vulnerable now as he was three years ago.

"What did you

do to yourself, Julian?" she asked in a small but terrified voice while staring at him.