

## **Mommy 95**

### Chapter 95

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 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.

Tuje

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.

was,

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.

me

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

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."

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.

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 f

ucking 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.

wrapped

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

probably asleep. Did I wake you?”

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.