

## **Mommy 106**

Chapter 106

Fiona's PÓV

Five days later

27%-

They were currently in Rockville, the community to the south where the now-late Alpha Zion ruled. This was the ninth community

they visited today and their last to visit. They had begun their visitation five days ago, and as the days went by, it became harder.

Harder because these communities were devastated by the sudden loss of their alphas.

Perhaps the weight rested on her more because she knew she was very much involved and responsible for this, even without

knowing how. She would have been able to heal them if they had been afflicted or hurt, but they were dead, and she couldn't

bring back the dead.

Seeing the pain of the people in the communities and the sorrow on the faces of their mates and children did not make things

better.

The entire community was in mourning, and the only thing they could bring were words of comfort. Fiona wished they could do

more, but the enemy they faced now was worse than any they had ever faced. The words of assurance that the loss would never

be forgotten were all they had to offer.

They couldn't tell the families or communities of the dead the reason behind these unfortunate circumstances. They only said it

was an attack, and they would bring those who perpetuated it to justice.

Julian said it was best to not spook those under the control of the Dark world. This would give them leverage, which they would

use to their advantage. So until then, they would keep the truth away from them. Staring at them and not being able to tell them

why wasn't fair. It ate her up every day.

Two days ago, Alpha Lupe brought back the findings he had gathered so far. He told them that Doom needed a pure heart in

order to rule the entire world. He had lost the aura of purity that gave him control over what the goddess made after he killed all

the second born. Choosing Mischief and doing such great evil made the goddess take back what she gave him; without it, he

would never rule. The masters of the Dark world do not have pure hearts, so they need someone who does.

When Fiona asked what that had to do with her, he told her being the silver wolf meant she had a pure heart, and the enemy

knew it, too. They needed her heart and wanted her to give it to them. This was why they wanted her at all costs. Her heart

would serve as the aura of purity.

"I see you are tired."

"I am." There was no reason to deny it; he saw through her most of the time. "But this has to be done."

The pain she saw all around her got to her, and it wasn't easy. Julian had suggested she stay back, but she needed to be here;

it was part of her responsibility. Luna or not, this was her world; they were her people, and that would never change.

"Of all the times to be pregnant." She sighed.

"This is the perfect time." Julian completed, and she stared up at him and saw he was being serious.

A brow of interest arched. "You do not think this puts us at a disadvantage?"

"This is a war against the masters of the dark world; pregnant or not, we would have been at a disadvantage." He answered.

"Smooth talker." She mumbled under her breath and turned to look outside the window.

His hand rubbed over her stomach for a while, and then he took her hand into his and brought it up to place a kiss on the back. "I'll

rub your feet when we get home."

She smiled a little, and that was something to look forward to. His foot rubs were magical and helped her relax. "That will be a

very nice treat, thank you"

"We are here." Jace announced as they arrived at the alpha's court, where they received words that the luna and elders of the

community would be.

Drew got down and opened the door for her. She thanked him and stepped down, moving to Julian, who was waiting for her, and

making their way towards the alpha's court.

The court had the elders, families, and friends as expected, and they all sat around to console the Luna for the loss of her mate.

She wore a black dress and a black veil over her face to signify her widowhood.

Doom and Mischief had robbed so many families of their joy and left so many fatherless and widowed. And this is only the

beginning.

Those in the court rose to their feet in respect to their presence, and those who couldn't rise bowed their heads.

"Accept our condolences, Luna Dalia." Julian said as they stepped towards the late alpha's grieving mate to meet, surrounded by

distant families and friends.

"Keep your condolences to yourself!" The bitter and angry woman snarled at him in a painful voice. "You brought this evil upon

us, and now, because of you, we are all going to die." The eyes of everyone seated in the court turned to them, and it

immediately told them they were unwelcome.

Fiona's heart tightened, and her panic showed on her face.

"Do not give into your grief, Dalia. We need to unite in this moment and seek a way forward." Julian spoke in a calm and

controlled tone of voice. Since their intentions for coming were for peace and to console the families, there was no need for

fighting or force.

"We do not need a way forward! Leave our community; you have brought a curse upon our land once again. Four years ago, I

lost my son to the plague, and now I have lost my mate and husband. A king is supposed to protect us, and you have failed to

protect us, which means you are not our king." She said that and charged at him and the people behind her.

Everything happened so fast, and Fiona didn't prepare for this much outrage. Anger was a part of pain and grieving, but they

didn't experience any of this in the forty-eight communities they visited in the last four days. They didn't take protection because

an attack from the family grieving was the last thing they expected.

Jace moved to shield Julian from Dalia's attack, and the others in the house also rallied behind her.

"It is best we leave." Drew alerted them and pulled them out of the house.

"What the hell was that?" Fiona asked with her heart skipping in her chest as they came outside, which was so much safer than

the inside.

"That was an angry and grieving woman looking for who to blame for her loss and, with her, the people." Julian answered.

"We need to leave, my king." Drew announced to them.

"What about Jace?" she asked. "We need to get him out of there." She said, but Julian placed his hand on hers.

"Jace knew the price." He told her, and she shook her head.

"No. We are not losing anyone else." She struggled with him, and her eyes grew glassy.

He held her close to his body, and she sobbed into his shirt. "Fiona, there is nothing you can do here. Going back there will bring

more death, and we can't afford that. I am sorry. We need to leave."

She pulled away from him, and his hand came to rub off the tear stains on her face. He looked just as miserable. Lacking the will

to keep up the fight, she gave him her hand, and he led her away.

She had no strength left to fight him; she was already losing, and the war was yet to begin. How were they to face this enemy?

How could they win?