

## **Mommy 107**

### Chapter 107

#### Julian's POV

This was breaking her. It didn't take much to see the effect of it all. It was all over her. Julian wished there was something he

could do to take her out of this. He wished he could assure her that it would all be fine, but there was no telling if it would be fine.

What was coming was worse than anything they had faced so far, and they were weaker than ever.

Fiona stayed silent all the while Drew drove them home, and there was a lot of thought raging through her head. He knew

because he had the same.

They arrived back home, and Fiona helped herself down, not waiting for the door to be open for her. She also headed inside, not

waiting for him.

He didn't stop her or call after her; this wasn't the time. They needed to be in the comfort of their homes and perhaps talk. If she

didn't want to talk, then he would wait until she wanted to.

He delivered duties and tasks to the guards on standby around the mansion. He finished and followed her into the bedroom, and

he rounded her, pacing around uncontrollably.

He stood and watched for a while before taking a step towards her.

"Don't come any closer, please." She said. She already knew what he was about to do.

He halted his movement and nodded.

She paced around, mumbling things he couldn't understand at first, but then he did. "Eight purest and forty-nine strong."

This was the pattern by which Doom slaughtered the men he needed to break the barrier. These men died, and they weighed on

Fiona's heart.

She ran her hand through her hair and tugged at it. "Eight purest, forty-nine strong, Lily and Jace."

"Eight purest, forty-nine strong, Lily and Jace." She repeated on and on.

She was breaking down, and it was painful to watch her go through it alone. He knew what she said, but he couldn't stand back

and watch this. If she lost it, that would break him too, and he would never recover.

"Fiona."

"Give me a moment; I am almost done!" She yelled at him.

He couldn't give her a moment, so he stepped towards her and placed his hands on her shoulder, stopping her in her tracks.

She leaned in and took his lips between hers for a soft kiss. It was unexpected, but it affected him, making him long for

more.

He pulled away and shook his head. "No, this isn't what you want now, Fiona."

She kissed him again, ignoring his protest. She took his hands and placed them on her waist. "I want this," she answered. "I want

you." She said that and kissed his lips again. "I want you to make me forget it all."

Fiona."

"No, this is what I want. I promise you that this is what I want. Do not deny me," she pleaded, kissing his lips again while her

hands roamed over his body to cup him through his trousers.

He sighed and returned her kiss, taking a hold of her face and deepening the kiss, his tongue invading and intruding on every

part of her mouth.

She moaned and began undoing his trousers with shaky hands. Take them off. Take them off, Julian."

She groaned in frustration

when she failed to unhook his trousers.

He took hold of her hands to calm her down, and he unbutton his trousers just like she wanted. He pulled down the zips and

shoved them down his legs. Fiona grabbed her pants and pulled them off at the same moment.

He kissed her again, and this time it was filled with lust. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his body. His

cock throbbed against her, revealing his desire for her.

“Take me to bed; take me there.” She said and stepped back towards the bed, pulling him along with her.

He followed obediently behind her. She got onto the bed, and he got on top of her. He spread her legs apart to accommodate

him, and he kissed her lips.

He wanted her to feel desired, and loved. Everything that had happened so far was overwhelming, but he wanted her to know he

was here and never leaving. He pushed in with ease, and she moaned, turning her head so her face was pressed against his

hand close to her head.

He wanted to make love to her, but she had other plans. She flipped them around and got on top of him, taking matters into her

own hands and riding him instead.

Her hands claimed his body, and her nails dug into his skin. Usually he’d be all for her aggression and wildness, but something

about this felt different. There was no intimacy, just hunger and the desire to be in control.

He had never felt pain when they were together, but now that was all he felt. She didn’t stop-not until she hit her release.

He couldn’t look at her.

She pulled away from on top of him and laid by his side. They stayed silent, and he didn’t know what to say, but he wanted to

say so much.

He forced himself to say the words, fighting to keep his voice calm. “Are you satisfied now?”

She glanced at him while taking in sharp breaths, but said nothing.

He continued. “I’m glad you are, because what just happened was not normal.”

“The sex?”

“If you will call that sex, then yeah. It felt like you needed me to get your release, and that was the only thing you cared about.”

“Julian.”

He pulled himself up onto his elbow, finally looking at her. “We were supposed to talk, not have sex.”

“I told you I didn’t want to talk.”

"I couldn't stand by and watch you crash without doing anything. I am here for you, to share the burden with you. And I would

have preferred talking over what we just had. I am sorry for all this, Fiona. Truly am, and I wish there was something I could

have done to make things different. There isn't, and I have to live with that truth."

A tear slipped down her face, and she quickly wiped it off. "I am sorry I took advantage of you like I did. It's overwhelming to think

about everything that has happened, much less talk about it." She revealed.

"I just want you to be fine; that's all I want"

"I know, and I'll be fine," she assured him before adding. "Cuddle me."

He pulled closer to her.

They stayed this way, silent in each other's arms, and the only sound being made was their still-raging heartbeat. Fiona was the

first to fall asleep, and he followed soon after.

When Julian woke up, Fiona was no longer in bed, and unlike other times in the past, she wasn't in the room. It was a rainy

night, and the clapping of thunder didn't make things any better. These kinds of nights he wanted to keep her in his arms the

most, but she was gone.

He walked out of the bathroom, and she wasn't in here either. He checked in the boys' room, but she wasn't there. He made his

way outside the balcony, and there he saw her, sitting on the ground under the rain. She had her arms wrapped around her legs

and her head resting on her knees.

His heart tightened in his chest at the sight of her. He stepped down from the balcony and into the rain as he hurried towards her.

"Fiona," he called, but the loud rain deafened the sound he made. "Fiona, you should come in," he said when he came closer to

her.

She didn't answer him. He stood to her level, and there he heard her mumbling words. He didn't understand at first, but later

figured it was the communities Doom had attacked. "Rayland, Fellfield, and Strongville. Rocky, Reign, Yale, and Scafield.

Mountain rich, Plaudis, Crane Valley, and Octave."

"Fiona," he called, placing his hand on her shoulder, and she snapped out of her thought and turned to see him.

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A weary look appeared on her face as she stared up at him, even as the rain poured harder on them.

"We couldn't save them;

it made sense because we were so far away from them when it happened," she told him and rose to her feet. "But we couldn't

save Jace too, and we were right there."

He rose to his feet as well and said, "Fiona."

"It will be worse." She said, cutting him off, "What Doom wants to do will be worse than this. And he is going to use my to get it

done."

heart

She reached out and took his hands. "We have a chance to be one step ahead of him," she told him, and he paid attention.

"What is it?"

"We stop the heart before he can get to it."

He drew his hands away from her hold and took a step back. "You are not dying, Fiona." He turned away from her.

She stepped towards him, and lightning flashed behind her. "It is the only way to beat Doom and Mischief at their game. We

cannot take them on; that would be a lost battle. They will kill us while we are breathing, and it will be so easy for them.

from They killed all the second born of the moon goddess; what do you think they will do to us? We take the chance away them;

we take the heart away from them and ensure they never get it."

Her argument was thoroughly thought through, but he couldn't give in to it. There was no 'we' in this. Perhaps he was being

selfish; this could be the only way out for them in all of this, but he couldn't take it. He didn't want to take it. He will not lose her

again; he couldn't.

"I am not sacrificing you to win."

"Then Doom will, and we will lose everything. Our world, our children, and then our lives."

He ran a shaky hand through his hair and turned to her. "We will figure out another way, Fiona. We will figure out another way out

that doesn't involve you dying. Do you hear me?"

Her lips trembled. "There is no way out."

"Then we will create another, goddamn it!" he snapped. "We have from now till the next full moon to figure a way out, and we

have always found a way out." He wanted her to trust him now more than ever: "I know Doom seems to have the upper hand,

but we will not allow him to win." He took hold of her face and made her look at him. "We will fight with everything we have. That

is how we will win."

She nodded, exhaling in relief. "We will win

"Yes, but you have to do one thing" He said, and her eyes narrowed a little.

"What do I need to do?"

"Let me take you back as my Luna." He answered. He needed to be one with her now more than ever.

"Let me share in your pain

and in your grief. Let me share in your weaknesses and strengths as a mate would. You do not have to carry it alone