

Mommy 112

Chapter 112

A lot of things happened differently at the citadel without Marion's supervision. Fiona had to take on full responsibility for both his

role and hers. There was no one better than him at the job, though, and so she didn't seek to replace him in his absence.

It wasn't even an option.

She did what she could, following Julian's advice, and left the rest for the next day. She also worked closely with Hanna, and the

beta proved to be much more helpful than she expected at the beginning. It was the right call to bring her onto the team.

Today, like a few other days in the past, she found herself thinking about the human world.

Camila and Peter were back from their honeymoon, according to her calculations. They were now back to their jobs and daily

lives. Before leaving, she left Camila a message, telling her friend why she had to leave. Camila didn't know about Julian's

return, so she had to explain why she needed to leave the best way she could.

She promised to keep in touch, but she had not kept true to those words. She couldn't. The werewolf world suffered a massive

loss on her return, and it has not gotten any better since then. It might never get better, and she had to accept that fate while

hoping for the best.

She picked up her phone, dialled Camila's number, and waited for a few seconds to hear it ring. She had hope that it would ring

into voicemail and she would have reasons to end the call, but her friend picked.

"Fiona." She called.

"Camila." She answered.

"How are you?"

She didn't know how she was doing, but Camila couldn't know that. She would never stop worrying if she found out.

"I'm fine. Thank you."

"And June and Jashin, how are they?"

"They are alright; they asked about you too. I told them you got married. How is Peter?"

"He is fine. Back to work, saving lives."

Fiona's eyes fluttered. "I miss you."

"I miss you too," her response came almost immediately. "You didn't have to leave, not after everything he put you through."

"I had to, and it wasn't about Julian; it was and still is the only way to protect everything. I care about in the human world."

"I hope you are right."

She was, and when the time came, Camila would know too. "Has Peter said anything to you about Cillian?" she asked, and her

tone held curiosity in them.

"The last time he spoke about him, he said he hadn't come to work. He said the board said something about him returning to the

Netherlands." She answered. "You should call him when you can."

"I will." She answered, and that was a lie. Her guilt and shame wouldn't let her call him, not after what she did to him. "Do take

care of yourself, okay? And send my regards to Peter."

"I will; please take care of yourself and send my regards to the boys."

The call ended, and Fiona thought to Cillian. She wondered what he could be doing now. Hopefully, he will be moving on at this

point. Someday she would meet him, and he would be a much better man.

The day ended, and she drove over to pick up June and Jashin from their school and take them home. Just like always, they

were excited to see her, and she was excited to

see them too.

"Mommy, we learned about the full moon!" Jashin said, and they got into the car.

"Really? Well, what else did you

learn?"

"When we turn eighteen during the full moon, we will find our mates." Jashin looked so

ecstatic.

Sometimes that wouldn't happen; she didn't find her mate, and even the mate she got wasn't her true mate. Everyone's fate

differed from the rest, but the exception wasn't always the rule.

"I will be mated to Blake." Jashin continued.

"Blake." She repeated, and he nodded.

"Yes. We are meant to be, and that is why, when I turn eighteen during the full moon, I will take Blake as my mate." He said it

with assurance.

Fiona wanted to tell him that was not how mating worked, but she didn't want to kill his

hopes and dreams. A boy could only dream so much.

Eighteen years was ten years to come, and they had a lot of time to learn who Blake was because this was her first time hearing

the name.

She turned her attention to June, who had remained silent through all this discussion. "What did you learn in class today?"

"The chronicles of kings." June replied, adding. "We learned about the full moon yesterday."

"So have you found someone you want to make your mate?" she asked.

"I don't want a mate." He said it flatly.

Fiona's eyes narrowed in concern. "Why not? Everyone deserves a mate."

"Yes, but Jashin already wants Blake, and I don't want another."

"You want Blake as your mate as well?"

June nodded. "But Jashin wants her, and I will not stop her from going to her true mate."

She had never thought her sons were crazy before, but here they were, making lifelong decisions when they were barely eight-

year-olds.

"The moon goddess will give both of you the mate you deserve," she assured both of them. Julian was still a man she never

thought she could or should have, but here they were planned out by fate.

"But I already picked Blake," Jashin started off.

"I know, but her plans are best, so trust her."

She thought about her own words. Julian had spoken about the moon goddess plan, and here she was talking about it, despite

her growing doubt. She had to hold on to this belief that the moon goddess had a plan for all of this.

They arrived home, and she took them into their rooms, but Ophelia didn't come out to welcome them. Usually, that was her

move. As soon as the door opened, she would come carry the boys into their room so Fiona could freshen up, but not getting

that today felt strange.

She didn't let that change anything, and she led the boys up to their room.

"Any home work?" Fiona asked, closing the door behind them.

"I have two," June replied.

Jashin opened his bag and searched through it before saying, "I have three."

"Okay. Get to work, then. I'll be right back." She said that, stepped out of the room, and made her way through the hallway.

Her mind wandered to where Ophelia might be; she didn't go home to visit her family because she didn't take such permission,

so it meant she was around here somewhere.

"Ophelia?" she called out to her as she made her way down the stairs into the living room. Once again, she met silence from the

older woman.

She sighed, getting a little frustrated. She also couldn't see the guards Julian had placed as protection around the house in their

station earlier. It seemed they too had gone somewhere she didn't know.

Fiona stepped into the kitchen, and there she found Ophelia on the floor, covered in her own blood, choking and close to death.

Her neck, face, and ribs were slashed open, and she wasn't healing; she was dying.

"Ophelia!" She cried in alarm and ran to her, getting on the floor and taking her into her arms. She had the older woman's blood

all over her hands, but she didn't care.

"H.....e is.... sti-ll her..here." She said with glassy eyes, but Fiona couldn't understand

what she said.

“Do not speak. Okay, do not speak. I will heal you. I will heal you.” She said even though she trembled all over and could not

bring herself to focus.

Ophelia’s hand took hold of hers in a tight grip, and this made her look back up at the older woman. “He is still here.” She said,

and this time, Fiona heard what she said

clearly.

Her heart skipped in her chest, and she immediately looked around the kitchen but found no one there. Then she turned to

Ophelia. “Who is still here?” she asked.

Ophelia’s eyes remained on hers, glassy and apologetic. “Alpha Uryi of the Pillot community.”

This was one of the alphas Julian was on the way to subject, and he was here. If he’s here, she knows what he came for.