

Mommy 113

Chapter 113

“You have to protect them,” Ophelia said.

“I am sorry,” Fiona began, but Ophelia cut her short.

“Forget about me. You have to protect them.”

Fiona let her go, rose to her feet, and raced to her son’s room without even thinking about it. She needed to protect them from

the dangers in the house. She had to protect them, even with her life.

She hurried to her son’s room, and on opening it, she found them on the floor with their homework. They were still in the same

position she had left them. That told her alpha Uryi had not gotten here yet.

The boys turned and looked at her.

“June, lock the door and do not open until I say so.” She told June who was the closest to the door. The boy ran up to his feet

and over to shut and lock the door from inside without asking questions.

Fiona then dug her hand into her pocket and pulled her phone out. She dialed Julian’s number, and he didn’t pick up at the first

ring, so she tried again. This time, he picked up the call.

“Fiona.” His voice came through immediately. “I am on my way home now, my love; Uryi was nowhere to be found in Pilot, and

so I’m coming home.”

“He’s here.” She whispered to him, hoping that he would hear her.

He became silent, and she knew he heard and understood what she had told him.

She blinked and saw Uryi stand at the end of the hallway, and she gasped in fear of the unknown.

“Uryi!” she took to her heels, running to the other side of the hallway where her sons’ room was.

Alpha Lupe had told her Doom needed her heart, and everything that had happened so far showed that was the truth. Doom

needed her alive if he hoped to rule this world someday. He needed her alive until he could get her heart. He wouldn’t kill her and

lose his only chance in the next hundred years. This told her Uryi wasn't here for her, at least not to hurt her; he was here for her

sons. If Uryi were here for them, she had to protect them the best way she could until Julian arrived.

She reached the door and took a stand, using herself as a wedge against it. Uryi came to

stand before her, large and tall, almost like Julian, and he towered over her, making her shiver on the inside with unexplainable

fear.

Facing these alphas, who were under Doom's control outside, didn't scare her as much as facing them now. It was because he

was here to hurt her and her sons.

He stared at her with cold eyes and uttered just one word: "Move."

His word confirmed what she had sensed earlier: he was here for her sons. Perhaps seeing Julian hunt them down in full

strength had told them something had happened.

The exchange of power took almost all the strength she had. With her strength gone, she was as vulnerable as ever and

wouldn't put up much fight against him.

She shook her head and said, "No, I am not letting you go in there; I will not let you hurt my sons. You will have to go through

me." He told her.

After the death scare they experienced at the hands of Vivian three years ago, she vowed to protect them from anyone who

would want to harm them.

Uryi grabbed her by the hair and threw her onto the floor. She landed hard and cracked her elbow.

He tried to open the door using the knob, and he realised the door was locked from inside. He tried to push at the door, but it

didn't open for him. He tried again, but it wouldn't open.

She chuckled on the floor where she lay in pain, and this brought Uryi's attention to her. "The door is made of oak wood and the

bars are silver; there is no way you are getting inside, you ashole." She spat at him.

He didn't attempt to keep kicking the door; he wasn't stupid, and so he stepped towards her.

She pulled back on the floor, and the pain she felt wasn't close to the terror that ate her up from within. She shouldn't have

spoken. Her back hit the wall behind her, and she inwardly cursed.

He got to her, and his hand reached out and grabbed her by the hair. She groaned in pain as he grabbed her by the hair. She groaned in

pain as he lifted her up, and she struggled to set herself free from his hold, to no avail.

"Let go of me! I am your Luna. Let go!" She commanded, but he didn't let her go, as she said.

"Call your sons," he said instead.

"You can't kill me; your master needs me alive when he gets here."

His head tilted, and he glanced at her chest area, where her heart was. "He needs your heart, Luna. I can break every part of

your body, and as long as it stays intact, my master wouldn't mind."

"Fuck you!" She spat into his face and slammed her head against his. She felt a crack, and the next second, her eyes blurred

up even as blood ran down her face.

Her body landed on the floor, and she lay there, unable to move, and she could do nothing but pray for her sons.

"Mommy," she heard Jashin's worried voice from inside the room.

"Your mommy is badly hurt, and she needs your help." He told her sons.

"What is wrong with mommy?" Jashin asked, already sounding worried about her.

"I don't know; she took a terrible fall, and she is bleeding; it would be best to come outside and see her."

"Is that why you have been pushing at the door?" Jashin asked.

"Yes, she is hurt, and she needs your help." He answered.

"Mommy said not to open the door, no matter what. So, unless she tells us to, we cannot come out. Call Ophelia; she will give

you everything you need." June's still calm voice said.

Ophelia, Fiona thought, even as the heaviness dawned on her mind. She was probably dead now.

She tried to stay alert to everything happening while Uryi slammed against the door, attempting to kick it down, but she couldn't.

"Fiona!" she heard the voice of Julian call.

The next second, she felt a pair of hands take hold of her face. "Fiona! Fiona!" he shook her, and her lashes slowly fluttered, only

to find Julian staring down at her with a look of

worry.

"Fiona, I am sorry I wasn't here on time."

She looked around, and she was no longer on the floor in the hallway; rather, she was on the bed in their room.

She sat up abruptly; "The boys," was the first word she could utter. They were the only thing on her mind before her senses

faded away.

She regretted the sudden action because the pain shut through her. When Julian helped her lie back down, she didn't complain.

"They are here." He told her, and that brought so much comfort to her bones. "They are still with us."

"And my baby?" she asked with weary eyes. She knew the trauma she had just went through and wanted reassurance that she

didn't lose her pregnancy.

"I can still hear two heartbeats." He reassured her, and she exhaled in relief.

"Ophelia." She trailed off, and Julian's eyes dropped remorsefully.

"We lost her. I am so sorry, my love." He broke the news to her.

Her eyes blurred, and pain and grief engulfed her once again. She would have saved her if she had more time, but Ophelia

wanted her to protect her sons. Tears rolled down the sides of her face.

Ophelia didn't care about her own life, only that of her sons. Memories they had made together over the years flashed through

her mind. She had hoped Ophelia would grow up with the boys and perhaps get to see them mated and counsel them on how to

be a proper man.

Ophelia was the closest thing she had to a mother, and June and Jashin had a grandmother.

The boys will miss her. She would miss her greatly.

“And Alpha Uryi?” she asked, staring up at him. He was still trying to get into the boys’ room before she went unconscious.

“He escaped, but I promise you will not stop searching until he is found and subjected.” Julian said and brought her hand up to

place a kiss on it.

Uryi wasn’t the enemy, and as much as possible, she wouldn’t want any harm coming to him. He had no control over his mind,

just like Kenneth, for a long time. Doom wanted division; he wanted them all to see each other as enemies. That way, they

wouldn’t have enough time to fight him. They were all victims of Doom’s evil scheme and needed to know their true enemy.

“He wanted the boys because Doom wanted them.” She began, “Why would he want my babies?”

“Leverage,” he answered before adding, “something to break your spirit with. That will not happen; we will not let him, and I am

not leaving anywhere without you again.” He reached out and stroked her head.

“We have to be there for Ophelia’s rites of passage to the life beyond. She deserves that, at the very least.”

“Yes, and she will get the funeral of a hero,” he assured her.

She tried to give him a smile, but her aching head didn’t give her much choice. “I am glad you are still here with me, Fiona. I

don’t know what I would do if I lost you.”

Her hand lifted, and she stroked his face. “I am not going anywhere. I promised.”

He believed her words.