

Mommy 114

Chapter 114

Telling the boys that Ophelia was gone to the life beyond and not with them anymore was difficult. They wanted to know why she

left, even though she had promised she wouldn't leave. Fiona told them she didn't leave for another community; rather, she was

killed by the bad man who attacked them two days ago.

June asked why she didn't bring her back, and she had to tell them that though she could heal, she couldn't raise the dead.

Ophelia wasn't dead when she came home, but she died while she was protecting her sons, but they didn't need to know that.

She told them instead that their nanny was in a better place and that they would get to see her one day.

Ophelia wasn't the only casualty of that day's attack; they also found the bodies of the three beta guards Julian had placed on

her. Uryi had killed them before going inside to attack Ophelia. Fiona would have sensed it and probably helped, but she had

given all her abilities except her healing to Julian and was still getting it back. There was little she could do.

They held rites of passage of the guards yesterday, and Julian was in attendance after placing Kenneth to watch over her and

the boys.

"Is that why we are wearing black?" Jashin asked.

"It is proper to wear black during the rite of passage." Julian answered while he finished knotting their ties.

He had taken over the responsibility of the house and also left the tower after his return from Pillot. They were his first priority.

"Is today the day we will go and see Ophelia?" Jashin asked, already excited.

He shook his head. "No, but today is the day we will say our farewells to her. We will still see her someday when we are really

old."

"Like a hundred years?"

He nodded. "Yes, maybe a hundred to two hundred years to come if we are lucky, but years to come if we are lucky, but we will

see her someday.”

They arrived at the passage at Langfield, where Ophelia was born, and to Fiona’s surprise, she saw so many in attendance.

Some of those present were the nine alphas whom Julian had returned to their former state of mind. They all stood around,

paying their last respects to Ophelia.

When they and the boys arrived, they received warm reverence from them, and they followed Julian’s lead to pay their last

respect to her.

After Julian spoke, it was Fiona’s turn. She didn’t want to speak; she didn’t think goodbye would be so soon, but these things had

to be said.

She moved to the spot where Ophelia’s body lay, and her eyes immediately blurred up. “You were the one thing that felt like a

mother and home to me. You never made me feel like an outsider, even though you could have.”

Her lips trembled, and her eyes grew glassy as she spoke. “When you found out I was pregnant, you treated me with much more

understanding and compassion than my parents did. Coming back into my life was a breath of fresh air, and, oh, how excited I

was to see you were alive. Even when you were about to die, your focus remained on June and Jashin. You wanted them safe

and protected.”

Tears rolled down her face, and she wiped them off. “Your loss comes harder to me than you will ever know. My sons will no

longer hear your old wives’ tales, and you won’t be here when they finally find their true mates. A part of me wishes you never

came back into my life, but I am glad for the times you spent with us and the memories we made. I will not forget you, Ophelia,

and I will make sure the boys know your name. Goodbye, for now, meet again.”,

until w

She returned to stand beside Julian, and he took her hand into his for a gentle squeeze.

Alpha Cooper came to meet them as they set out to leave, and the eight other subjected alphas stepped up towards him. "My

king and Luna, I would like to extend my condolences to you and your family in this hard time. I and the alphas behind me want

you to know we owe the both of you the return of our minds. You will never know the length of his hold on us or how much it ate

us up from the inside. The only thing that stayed on our minds was doing the bidding of the dark masters, and now we are freer

than ever, and we owe it to you. Whatever you will need in the coming war, we will be here to make it happen. We will remain

loyal to your commands, now and forever." He said, and they all bowed their heads to them in respect.

Following the burial, he also withdrew them from school and kept them home, where he would always have eyes on them.

The week that followed, they dedicated themselves to appointing new elders to the counsel of truth. It had been a month since

their gruesome deaths, and this was the time to do it.

Julian, as always, had to take the lead in this. He needed all the information he could

get to carry this out. The death of all the elders of the counsel of truth had never happened before. They had been among the

oldest in the werewolf world, and even when there was a loss, the elders knew how to replace their own.

Now that they were all gone, that responsibility fell on him.

Julian devoted himself to more reading, and Fiona helped out in the best way she could.

Working side by side with him kept her mind from wandering or thinking too much about what was ahead. Thinking about

anything would not save them from what was coming.

The report of the to-be elected elders came up to them, and they read through it. The Council of Truth came with a lot of

responsibilities. They had to be men of integrity and virtue, men who would uphold the truth above everything and everyone else,

including the Lycan king. Since they would also check and balance the Lycan king's doings and affairs, this needed to be so.

They had to be honest, strong-willed, and loving, and they had to be able to balance all these qualities. They also had to love

their Luna and children because how could they check and call to question the doings of the king if they couldn't check their

families? Last, they had to have had studies under the former elders and knowledge of the council of truth, how it operated, and

how the balance of power flowed.

Julian and Fiona dedicated their attention to finding them, and after a week of thorough research, they found the eight best

suited for this responsibility.

"What do you think of our selections?" Julian asked her, as if she wasn't involved in the decision-making. "Any last suggestions?"

Her attention moved from the mirror, where she stood staring at her dress, over to him. "I have none, do you?"

He looked conflicted, unsure, and every other synonym close to it. "I do; how do I trust that I have made the right decision?"

She walked over to him and placed her hands on his shoulders for reassurance. "We don't, but we know the men we have

chosen to wield this power, and we know their record and what their families report says about them. We can trust all that and

not ourselves." She answered.

"I love you. I don't know if I have told you that today, but I do." He rambled off. "Believe me."

She smiled and said, "I do. I love you too."