

## **Mommy 118**

### Chapter 118

Making love could not be any better. Julian made love to her like they only had today, like they were running out of time and this

was their only way to make it up.

That was right; they were running out of time. Today might as well be their last day on earth. Their last moments together.

Julian entwined their fingers as he thrust into her one last time before they both collapsed from the heights of ecstasy.

They stayed snuggled up on each other, not saying anything but instead listening to each other's soft heartbeat.

This moment was wholesome and unique in its own sense. It gave her hope that no matter what happened, they would have this

hope of a better tomorrow. This was the first time since this whole chaos started that she had felt this way, and she clung to this

new-found hope.

Whether in this life or in the life beyond, they will have each other.

She loved Julian, and if this was the end of the road, she was glad she spent it with him.

Fiona didn't want to get up from the bed as dawn came; she lay still beside Julian, unwilling to move or do anything. She counted

down the hours before the full moon, and it was fourteen hours before its peak.

She felt a pair of soft lips on her shoulders, and she knew Julian had woken morning, my love." His h a se, morning voice

vibrated against her shoulders and made

up. "Good

her shiver and turn to him.

"Good morning, gorgeous." She smiled.

"Gorgeous, huh?" he said, and his green eyes flickered adorably.

"You are still gorgeous to me." She answered with a smile that turned into a beam. "You don't like being called gorgeous, I can

tell." She poked his cheek with her finger.

His mouth twitched to the side as if thinking about her words: "As long as you are the only one calling me that, I love it."

"Good, then you will be my gorgeous mate until the end." She told him.

He kissed her lips deeply, and smiling, she kissed back. His hand came to rub at her protruded stomach, sliding his fingers over

and around it and causing tingles within

her.

"And you will be my beautiful mate."

His hand gently wrapped around her neck and up into her hair in a tender caress. Her head fell back, and a moan escaped her

mouth before he kissed her deeply.

A knock came to the door. It was loud and unexpected, and they both pulled away from the kiss, and their attention turned to the

door.

"Who is there?" Julian asked.

"It's Marion, my king." He answered, and his tone was filled with worry.

Julian rose from the bed and walked towards the side of the door wearing nothing but his boxer briefs. It was out of shape

because he was already turned on before the knock came, and it would take a longer time to make it go away. He got there and

slowly opened it, but he didn't widen the door.

"What is wrong? Why are you here this early?"

Fiona sat up and reached for Julian's shirt on the floor. Putting it on, she made her way towards the door as well.

"I have terrible news," he answered, and the anguish in his voice remained.

"What is it?" he asked, growing impatient.

"Luna Katy is dead, Elena is gone, and so are June and Jashin." He answered, looking equally miserable.

Fiona's heart sank at his words, and she immediately lost the strength in her legs. She leaned her weight against the wall for fear

that she would fall otherwise.

Julian noticed the condition she just got tossed into and turned to Marion, "I will be right down." He said and shut the door.

He turned his weary eyes to Fiona, whose vision was already blurry and unable to say anything.

"My sons are gone, she cried bitterly, and tears streamed down her face and her lips trembled. "I sent them away from here,

thinking I was keeping them safe. How foolish was I? Doom has my sons," she said with a deep conviction.

"We don't know that," he tried to say, but she cut him off.

"Luna Katy is dead and Elena is gone; it only means one thing: Doom has my sons; he has had Elena under his control for so

long and we didn't even know it." She sobbed bitterly. "I handed my sons to him. I gave him what he wanted without a fight."

Julian pulled her into his hold to tightly hug her, but she didn't want to be calm; she didn't want the comfort he would provide.

She pulled away from him and took a step back. "I don't want to be consoled; I do not want to be told it will be okay!" She

screamed at him, and her head hurt. "I want my sons back; I want them back from Doom; that is what I want; that is the only

thing I

want!"

+5

Julian sighed in frustration, and it showed on his face, but she didn't care; at this point, she didn't care about anything. Not for

her life, not for her safety. She wanted only her sons to be brought back to her. There was no way of winning this war without her

sons, and without them, she already lost.

She couldn't imagine what they were going through. She had promised to protect them and make sure what they went through

with Vivian never repeated itself. How naïve she was. She had played right into Doom's hand.

They arrived downstairs, where Marion and Alpha Cooper, the late Luna Katy's mate and husband, stood waiting for them. "I am

sorry to have delivered the bad news the way I did." Marion began to speak immediately after he spotted them.

“Do not be sorry; June and Jashin are our sons. We deserved to know everything about them, and you did the right thing.” Julian

then turned his attention to Alpha Cooper, who looked almost miserable but held onto a brave face.

“And the body of Luna

Katy?”

“We found her last night swept on the shores of Jupita,” he answered.

“I am deeply sorry for your loss, Alpha Cooper.”

Sorrow arrested his eyes, and he bit down on his lower lip. “Thank you, my king.”

Julian’s attention moved to Marion. “Where was Elena last seen?”

“Heading south of the border, which leads to the human world after killing Luna Katy and the driver. She abandoned the car, and

we speculate she could have gone to meet with Doom and Mischief with the twins.”

Fiona’s lips trembled, and her eyes welled up.

“We need to get them back.” Julian said. “What are our chances?”

“If the masters of the dark world aided their disappearance like we believe he did, there is no getting your sons back, my king. I

am sorry.” He answered.

Tears streamed down Fiona’s face, and she turned away from them, unable to take the pain anymore. It was unbearable.

“I feel this is also on me, because I should have known she was different if I paid close attention, but I haven’t. I have been too

invested in everything else, but my mate. My failure was not seeing it right in my face. I was sleeping with the enemy, and now I

have lost her, and you have lost your sons and Alpha Cooper, his Luna. For that, I am sorry, my king and Luna queen.”

He bowed his head to them, while Julian followed Marion outside and Fiona stayed inside. She thought of a way out.

It was half an hour later when Julian returned to the room, and Fiona was already bathed, dressed in her black jeans and red

vest. She picked up her face cap and put it on

as well.

“What is going on?” Julian asked, pausing his steps upon seeing her.

She brushed past him and made her way outside. “I’m leaving.”

“Leaving? Where are you going?” He asked, following her and looking utterly confused.

“To the world of humans, I am going to bring back my sons,” she answered, still walking away.

“We do not know where they are, and this would just be a suicide mission.”

She paused and turned to him. “You are just saying this to make me stay. But guess what? My sons are gone, and I’d rather be

dead than without them.”

“They are my sons too, Fiona, and you are my mate. I do not want to sacrifice one for another, not now when we are in this

position.”

“That is the difference between me and you, then, I will sacrifice anything to get my sons back.”

sacrifice anything to get my

She turned and walked away, descending the stairs, and he followed behind her. He probably thought she was being reckless,

but this wasn’t her first time losing her sons; it wasn’t her second or third. She couldn’t be reckless. She had to find them.

“You find them with Doom, and then what? You are going to fight him? With what strength? You already know we do not stand a

chance against him if we are not united.”

He said, but she didn’t stop or look back at him; she didn’t want him to convince her.

She came down the stairs and moved to open the door that led out of the living room, but Julian took hold of her wrist. “Let me

go; let me go now!” she struggled with him.

“No, not until you listen to me.” He told her, but she didn’t stop struggling, and he didn’t let her go.

Fed up,

she glared at him but stopped struggling with him.

“I know you want to get June and Jashin back; believe me, I want that more than anything. You have to believe me that I am

doing all I can to find our sons. I will go out there and find them, but we are good as dead, and all this if Doom lays his hands on

you. We cannot let him win; we cannot let him have you and gain dominion over the two worlds.

Her teeth clenched as she stared up at him. "And I don't care."

He exhaled in regret. "Then I am sorry."

Those were the last words she heard before blacking out.