

Mommy 122

Chapter 122

Fiona's POV

Warning! Triggering Chapter: Brutal Violence.

Seeing Dion on the field sent Fiona's mind into a spiral.

He was Doom?

She always believed Doom would carry a certain dark aura that would give him off if he were to come around her. How naïve she

had been with such thoughts. She had seen him, hunted with him, and even spoken to him without knowing it. He was indeed a

master of deception.

When she first saw him in the world of the human, she had questions about how he was so big, and terrifying and strong, yet no

one in the werewolf world knew him. She had asked him who he was the night of the full moon when they first met, but he never

answered before leaving that morning.

She had wondered why he was bigger than Julian, who happened to be the Lycan king of the werewolf world, and now she

understood why.

Dion was Doom, the first-born of all creatures. Behind him were his minions, whom she had seen months ago in the world of the

living. Dexter, Sante, Zayn, Colton, Billy, and Jasper. Alpha Uryi also stood behind them and a few others who were now under

Doom's control. Their eyes also glowed despite being different colours which felt strange and terrifying at the same time.

"Come with me, Fiona." Dion said that and stretched his hand out to her.

Julian stepped before her protectively, so this way, she could no longer see Dion. "You want her? You'll have to go through me."

He growled.

Dion's shoulder slumped in defeat. "I tried the easy way, but have it your way." He turned his head to those he came with and

said, "Bring her to me."

At his command, the minions and others that came with him ran out at them.

The Lycans standing beside Julian shifted, and many others came to stand as a shield before her as protection. As the dark

minions ran to attack, the Lycans ran to her defence, protecting her with all they had. She was the only one left in her human

form, as she couldn't reach out to Ona. That left her the weakest and most vulnerable.

Julian was right; she shouldn't have left the truth court. It was the safest place, and Doom would never have gotten to her there.

She thought she could somehow save everyone, but now she would watch them all lay their lives down to protect her from

Doom.

They would sacrifice themselves to fight a lost battle. The dark minions were swift and brutal, cutting down and through everyone

on their way. There was no recovery for them; they had no chance.

Alpha Uryi attacked Lupe, but Marion joined forces with Lupe, and they subdued Uryi so that he could no longer move.

Dexter launched at Marion and ripped him open, and while Alpha Lupe tried coming to his rescue, Zayn struck Lupe in the face

and yanked out his heart. Both men fell to the ground, dead in a second.

It happened so fast that she didn't get the time to recover from it all. She gasped, watching it all take place without being able to

do anything to stop or prevent it.

Her lips quivered in pain and anguish as she saw the bodies of their men drop on the field one after the other. It felt so easy for

the minions to wreak such havoc.

They would not stop; they would kill everyone just to get to her.

Colton, the Lycan on Doom's side with long iron-like claws, attacked Julian, but Julian subdued him and ripped out his heart after

breaking his jaw. Sante, seeing what just happened, also ran in to attack Julian, who subdued him and broke a few of his bones.

Billy and a few Lycans who were puppets of Doom launched at Julian, and Fiona ran in to protect Julian and fend him off. Billy

struck her in the face, and she fell to the ground.

+5

Alpha Rory, the alpha of Springfield, ran to help her up, but Billy attacked in full force, maiming him on the floor. Billy walked over

to her and grabbed her by the shoulder to take her along with him, but Julian shoved him away from her. He had also subdued

the Lycans that came against him.

“Are

you okay?” he asked, looking at her face.

He had a cut on his face, and it still bled. There were also a few injuries sustained to his chest, neck, and shoulders. She should

be the one asking if he was okay after that.

She shook her head and asked, “Are you okay?”

“As long as you are here, I am fine.” He answered, and a smile almost crossed his face when sharp claws thrust into his back

and came out in the front.

She screamed out in horror and disbelief. Blood gushed out of Julian’s mouth the very second. The hand pulled back

immediately, and there was now a hole in the chest where his heart once stayed.

Julian dropped to his knees right before her, and his body hit hard on the ground. She dropped to her knees in front of him as

well, her hands trembling as she placed them on him. She wanted to bring him back. She needed to heal him and bring him

back. Life faded from his eyes despite her attempt, and she cried out in anguish at the reality before her. She couldn’t heal him;

she couldn’t save him.

“Julian! No!” she screamed at the top of her lungs as he died in her hand.

“I am sorry I had to do that, but I came for you, and I am not leaving without you.” Dion said, and Fiona looked up at him and saw

his hand still stained with Julian’s blood.

Her teeth clenched in hatred, frustration, and anger. “I am going nowhere with you,” she replied, reaching for her side

immediately, drawing out the silver dagger, and thrusting it into her chest. She felt the tip of it pierce her throbbing heart in her

chest a bit before it was pulled out.

Pain took over her, not at the impact but at the loss. She wasn't as fast as she wanted to be or as fast as she needed to be.

Death had also been taken from her.

The thought barely left her mind when she felt an acute pain shoot through her chest, and she drew a sharp breath. Her back hit

the ground, and cold gripped her body.

Maybe she was fast; maybe she accomplished her goal of ending her life, and she would be reunited with Julian in the life

beyond, as it should be.

That

gave her peace and a sense of accomplishment. A smile came onto her face before everything faded into blackness.

Fiona's lashes fluttered as she found herself in an empty room. This looked nothing like the life beyond. She thought.

Her head ached.

She tried moving around, but she felt restraint in her hands and legs. She looked down, and she saw her hands and her legs in

silver chains. Her eyes cut the sight of her clothes. They were the same ones she had worn on the battlefield. She was not dead;

she had survived somehow and was probably kept as the prisoner of Doom.

The last sentence caused her sorrow.

Her mind went back to Julian on the field. He had died in her hands, and her could not save him. There was nothing worse than

that. They never stood a chance, not

powers

against Doom or his minions.

The door opened, and in came Zac. He saw her awake, and a smile came onto his face. "My queen." He called and hurried over

to her.

“Zac, where am I?” she asked, but he didn’t answer; instead, he came to look at her face and then her chest area, where her

heart was. “Get me out of these chains.”

He pulled back and shook his head. “I can’t do that; my master wouldn’t like that.”

“Your master? I am your queen,” she snapped at him.

He placed his hand against her chest. “You are my queen, true, but my master will get furious if I follow your orders instead of

his.” He answered, withdrew his hand, and stepped back. “Your heart is healing; that is good. It should be back to normal in no

time.”

She should have known Zac worked for the dark masters. He had gone against the instructions of his Lycan king to keep her in

the truth court and attacked the guards placed on standby. She had gone with him because she believed him when he said she

was the only one who could win this war. Who he took orders from never crossed her mind because she wanted to escape. She

was so naïve. Now she had played right into the hands of Doom. He had killed everyone she ever cared about and will kill her

too.

Her eyes blurred up, grieving the loss of Julian and Marion, Lupe and Rory, and the many others who gave their lives to protect

her.

Their death was for nothing.

Tears of pain and regret ran down her face, and she sobbed her heart out. She didn’t know how long she stayed that way, but

she soon heard a rather familiar voice speak from not so far away.

“I am sorry for your pain, and believe me when I say I wish there was another way.”

Her crying ceased, and slowly, her blurry eyes cleared up. She saw Cillian standing in the same room, staring down at her.