

Mommy 123

Chapter 123

Cillian stood in a black long sleeve tucked into his white trousers. His blonde hair appeared to be a little longer than the last time

she saw him, and his eyes were as bright and piercing as ever. He didn't look bad; in fact, he looked so much better than she

expected, which was a good thing. For a moment, she thought she was hallucinating, but after a while, she realised she wasn't.

He was the last person she expected to find here, in this evil, horrible place. Yet, here he was.

"Cillian." She called, confusion clouding her senses. "What is this? What is happening? What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

Did Doom get to him too? She wondered.

She couldn't get up, but she wanted to run to him-and tell him to get as far away from here as possible.

"Cillian." He repeated before adding, "That is another name I go by."

His response took her back to the field. When she called him Dion, he said he went by many other names. Doom, Cillian, Dion, master of the dark world.

"You are Doom." It wasn't a question; it was a statement, the fact of it. The man before her was the very evil they had prepared to

face and failed. Her heart slowed in its beat, and the hair on her skin stood alert, fearing the worst.

A smile crossed his face. "I always knew you were the smart one."

She stayed silent, thinking about everything she just realised. Doom had taken over Cillian's body and, with it, his mind and soul.

Was there ever a Cillian?

"What did you do to Cillian, then?" She asked, "Did you kill him and take over his body, or was Cillian one of your many personas?"

He took a step forward. "Cillian is real; everything about Cillian exists; you just never met him. Every time you saw Cillian, you

saw me; every time you spoke with Cillian, you spoke with me. Every touch, every kiss, and every laugh. That was me.”

She took a deep breath. All those times she was with him, she was with Doom. The times she kissed him, she let him hold her

and wanted to have sex with him. She did all that with Doom. She thought she escaped Julian and found someone who

understood her-someone better. It was Doom all along, and she blindly played his game.

If Julian hadn’t returned when he did, she would have given herself to him. She would have given her heart to him because she

felt complete with him. He did all the right

things, and she almost fell in love with him. Julian came for her just in time.

“You took over Cillian’s body a year ago.” She was putting two and two together.

She remembered him telling her he had moved over a year ago to manage the hospital. He spoke about forcing the board to

make him the CEO. Back then, the story was unbelievable, but now she knew it was the truth. He escaped the Dark world longer

than they thought he did, and he planned everything out. It was perfectly thought through. He knew where she would go once

Julian sent her away and made everything else fall into line.

“You wanted my heart.” She said finally. “You would have taken it that way if Julian hadn’t returned.”

“And there would have been no need for this much bloodshed.” He replied, taking another step towards her.

Her heart skipped at his nearness, and she didn’t want him close. “Where did you keep Cillian, then? While you ride around

wearing his body and using his memory, voice, and life as a cover, where did you keep him?”

“He is in here with me, untouched and unharmed, like I promised him.”

She scoffed at his attempt to play it as though he were the good guy. “You want me to believe he knew who you were and

accepted to let you in?”

He stayed quiet, and that told her he took over Cillian’s body by force. If Cillian was everything Doom made him out to be before

her, then the man had a good heart and would never let this much evil in.

"You lied to him, just like you lie to everyone you influence." She laughed and shook her head. "You are evil, a monster, and the

greatest mistake in all of creation. That is who you are, and there is no changing it."

He watched her for a few seconds while silence roamed. "You do not believe that; you got to know me, and a part of you knows

you are wrong."

She glared at him and shouted, "I knew a lie. I knew Cillian, and he never existed. You are the master of evil and manipulation,

and you manipulated me with your kindness and good words, but there is no good in you. You killed Julian! You took my sons

and who knows what you have done with them!"

"If things had gone the way I first planned out, I would have avoided all of this," he said, walking to her and stooping when he

came close.

Her heart skipped a beat at his nearness. He heard it but said nothing about it. His hand moved to touch the skin of her chest

where she had driven the dagger through, and he

slowly caressed it. Goosebumps scattered all over her body in response to his touch, but she threw her eyes away.

He didn't withdraw his hand and instead slowly moved it to her neck and up to caress the side of her face. His breathing

changed. He desired her, and it showed.

Her skin crawled at the very thought of being touched and desired by him. "Take your hand off me, Cillian." She said it through

gritted teeth.

He pulled his hand away, obeying her words. He grabbed her by the face instead, forcing her to look at him. "You want me. I see

it all over your face. You might call me evil, a monster, and all the other names in your little box of conscience, but I know one

thing: you want me."

She spat on his face, and his hand ran up to strike her across the face, and her heart raced in fear. He withdrew his hand,

dropped it by his side, and rose to his feet. He dug his hand into the pocket of his trousers and pulled out his handkerchief to

wipe her spit off his face.

Her heart still raced in her chest, and she wondered why he did not hit her. Why did he stop? He couldn't have stopped because

he didn't want to hurt her; she didn't want to accept that as his reason.

He turned to leave, but she spoke. "What are you waiting for? Kill me already; isn't that why you have me in chains? So that I

won't fight you when you rip out my heart?"

"Killing you now would be such a waste of time and everything else. Your damaged heart needs to heal before I can use it. You

will be here until then. But do not worry; your death is inevitable. And it won't take too long." He said and walked away from the

room, slamming the door behind him.