

## **Mommy 124**

### Chapter 124

#### Julian's POV

Julian's eyes opened in another realm. It was filled with utter darkness and void of life.

or sound. He looked around, trying to make out where he was, but the harder he tried, the darker this realm became. Only one

realm felt this way.

Hades.

He was dead.

This was the realm before life beyond. All the dead come here before their families conduct proper passage for them into the life

beyond. Without these rites in place, families and friends will wander in Hades for many years and never find their deserved

rest.

He remembered how he died and where. He died fighting on the field, defending Fiona.

Fiona.

He looked around and about in search of her. She was the last face he saw before his eyes closed in the world of the living.

He was trapped here, though, and couldn't move on. His body was probably still on the field, and it might remain there for a long

time.

Light shone as he thought about everything, and his hand came up to shield his face from the impact of it. The light soon

reduced, and his hand dropped slowly away from his face to see a figure standing clothed in white apparel with a gold crown on

her head. Her hands glittered just like the star dust, and her face was like a refined diamond.

She was the moon goddess.

This was how those who had been fortunate enough to see her described her.

She was the image of perfection and completeness. He would have been in awe at the sight of the moon goddess if he had

come here another way.

She stepped towards him, and he didn't step back; he didn't tremble; he didn't move. What was the worst that could happen? He

was already dead. Doom had already snatched his world from him.

"Why are you here?" he demanded.

"I am here for you."

"Don't you think it is a little too late for that?" he asked with a frown.

After he closed the Dark World entrance, he thought about how he had failed and how he had disappointed the goddess, but

after everything, he didn't care about what she thought of him.

Fiona was right. The moon goddess was responsible for all of this. The loss of everything he ever cared about, and then his life.

She had failed him; she had failed every one of them.

Her amber eyes grew weak, "I owe you an apology. For everything that has happened and for not doing anything, I am sorry"

He scoffed in disbelief and shook his head. "I am sorry, but sorry isn't enough. Your apology isn't enough, not after sitting in your

little palace called the life beyond and watching the world you created all fall into the hands of your firstborn. Sorry doesn't

change the fate we have suffered; return the ones we've lost. Sorry doesn't undo shit. So, with all due respect, goddess, keep

your sorry to yourself."

"You might not believe me, but everything-" she began, but he didn't let her finish.

"Do not dare tell me everything you created was for a purpose" Julian foamed in anger, and his hands balled into a tight fist.

"What purpose was your lover Doom for? To bring evil and darkness into the world! You know we all grew up thinking Doom was

this evil creature we were to avoid, but after everything I realised, you are the evil. You created him to be evil, to be darkness,

and to be the complete opposite of you. When he gave into his true nature and slaughtered your second-born, you sent him into

the dark dimensions instead of killing him. You then moved on and created other lives and live like this perfect being without

dealing with what you made. Now your children are paying for your mistake, and they are paying with their blood, their children's

blood, and their father's blood. Fiona was right. You are the monster; you are the real evil."

He finished speaking and drew a sharp breath.

The moon goddess stood quietly, watching him struggle to put his emotions back under control.

"You are right," she finally began to say. "This is all my fault. I created Doom because I did not want to be alone and because I

didn't want anyone else to be like me. I wanted him different because I believed that would bring much beauty to our union. I was

wrong, and creating him has been my biggest mistake in the last ten thousand years. After I began creating the second-born, I

neglected him and cast him aside. He grew jealous and slaughtered all the second born, after taking one of them to be his lover

just to spite me. I let my rage rule, and instead of being better, I chose the easy way out."

"I do not feel sorry for you." Julian said.

"I do not look for your sympathy." She replied, "I created Doom to be evil and then hated him when he became the very thing I

made him to be. I couldn't kill him; he was

and still is a part of me."

At her words, Julian's anger flared. "You came to tell me there is no way out of this for my world and the world of humans?"

"Yes," she answered. "Doom cannot be killed because trying to kill him would be trying to kill me, and that is absolutely

impossible."

Julian stayed silent, even though he was visibly enraged at her words.

"Doom doesn't want to rule the two worlds; like he did over three thousand years ago. He just wants to spite me. The heart of the

silver wolf is the closest he will ever get to how he felt when he was with me in the beginning. His hatred is born out of betrayal-

my betrayal. You cannot kill him, but you can, however, bring him back."

Her words didn't help him understand anything, and so he stayed quiet so she could clarify what she meant.

She opened her hand, and in it was a silver amulet that shone brightly.

“What is it?” he asked, despite knowing what it was.

“This is the amulet; it produces an aura of purity and goodness. I took it away from him after he and Mischief slaughtered my

children. With this in his possession, he will remember what he once felt when he was with me. He will know he is welcome back

home.” She stretched her hand to him so he could take it.

He didn’t take it. “I can’t do anything here. I am dead in case you haven’t figured that part out yet,” He told her.

“I will breathe life back into you and everyone who has lost their life on the field as well. It isn’t your time yet,

and I cannot welcome anyone of you home.” she said. “I can’t do this because I took an oath to never interfere in the affairs of

my children, and I am bound by it.”

Julian reached out and took the amulet from her hand, and he felt a surge of utmost goodness, which banished the anger and

resentment he had for the moon goddess.

“Doom already has his hands on Fiona, and by now it is already too late.” Julian spoke. Doom probably took Fiona after killing

him.

“It isn’t too late, because Doom has not laid his hand on the silver wolf’s heart yet. That will not be for long, and so you have to

hurry. Your time is limited, Lycan King. I already engraved the silver wolf’s location into your heart. You will know where you need

to go and how much you need. It is all on you now.” She said and vanished from before his eyes.

Julian’s lashes fluttered, and his gaze fixed on the bright morning clouds.

Marion came up to stand over him. “We have a lot to do, my king.” He said that and stretched his hand to Julian. He took it, and

Marion pulled him onto his feet.

Julian felt he held onto something, and glancing down, he saw the amulet in his hand.

They had another chance-another chance to end it all.