

Mommy 125

Chapter 125

Fiona's POV

"I thought you wouldn't come back." Fiona said as the door opened and Doom stepped in. "I guess you cannot keep away."

The door shut behind him. "I am sorry for earlier." He said in a small voice.

His apology was the last thing she expected. Apologising wasn't in his nature, at least not the one she read about in the

Chronicles of Creation. Also, he did not hit her, so there was nothing to apologise for. Yet, here he was.

"I shouldn't have had my hands on you, and I know you probably think the worst of me, but this is for the best."

"You need my heart to heal. Once it heals, you will rip it out and feast on it to gain control of the two worlds and rule. Tell me how

that's for the best?"

"I told you; you didn't give me any choice." He answered, leaning his weight against the door.

"Where are my sons?" she demanded.

"They are safe."

"Why should I believe you?"

"Because I have you here with me," he simply answered. "This has everything to do with you and nothing to do with anyone else.

If you had fallen in love with me and given me your heart of your own free will, all this would not have been necessary."

She scoffed in disbelief. "It is my fault for not falling in love with you?"

"I never said it was, but things would have happened differently that way. A lot of things would have been avoided."

"Do you want to know how to avoid this madness? Abandon this evil quest of proving yourself to the moon goddess."

"This isn't a quest to prove myself to the moon goddess."

She gave him a 'really,' look. "Anyone with two brain cells knows this is a quest to prove yourself to the moon goddess. Besides,

that is basic psychology. You are like the child who chooses rebellion just to spite their parents. In this case, the moon goddess is

your

mother and lover. So, this is a lover's quarrel and mommy issues that have built up over the last three thousand years. You know

the moon goddess will never give you the attention you desire; the last three thousand years have told you that. She had moved

on to create more life and beautiful creations, perfect or imperfect, but beautiful regardless. All these she did while you were

locked away in the dark dimensions. You slaughtered her second-born because she had starved you of the attention you wanted

and gave it to them. Even now, you know the only way to get her attention would be to touch what she cares about the most.

This fight has nothing to do with us and everything to do with wanting attention from your lover."

"You talk a lot." He pointed it out and moved closer to her on the bed. He lifted the clothes covering her chest area to have a

glance at the wound.

"I tell a lot of truth, and even you cannot deny it." She replied, "You do not have to do this. I know the sole purpose for which you

were created was to bring evil to the world, but doesn't it get exhausting after three thousand years?"

He smirked and pulled his hand away from her. "It is the one thing I have wanted in three thousand years, so no, it isn't

exhausting. You are right; all this is to spite her, and I cannot wait to see her face when I wipe out more than half of her children

in a day. That joy will make up for thousands of years in exile."

She stayed silent; there was nothing to say to change his mind; she should, at this point, just give it up.

"How did you know that

my heart was what you needed to gain have and dominance over the two worlds?" He stayed silent, unwilling to answer.

"I am already going to die; the least you can do is tell me the truth, Cillian."

"Vivian," came his response. "I always kne,

the key to dominance was the heart of one close to that of the moon goddess, but I never thought that existed until two years

ago when she came into the dark world. Usually they die on arrival, but Vivian had something important to trade. She traded

information for her life, and I listened. The rest is history because here we are.”

Vivian, the snake, and Fiona hissed under her breath, and her teeth clenched angrily. If she could, she would kill her over and

over again.

“I would like to believe that it doesn’t bother you to commit all manner of evil, but that wouldn’t be true. You chose to inhabit

Cillian because his story looked so much like yours. He was created without his consent and then hated for who he was, which

he had no control over. You saw yourself in him, and that was why you wanted to kill his father, but you made Cillian a promise

not to touch a hair on his father’s head. You might be a walking evil, but you have a hint of goodness in you, and that is all you

need. I know you wouldn’t want to kill Cillian after everything he has been through and all the wrong

he has endured. There are more than a million Cillians in the human and werewolf worlds. You might believe you are fighting for

your justice, but you are taking away theirs,”

His eyes flickered with emotion, and he turned away from her,

She had gotten to him. It wasn’t something to rejoice over because anything could still happen, but it was nice to know there was

a part of him that could be reached,

He straightened and walked out of the room, leaving her alone.

When the door opened, Fiona’s head turned over to see who it was. No one stepped in the first seconds that went by, and she

wondered if it had opened of its own accord, She heard clicks on the floor, and it told her who was coming,

Mischief.

Confirming her words, the red-haired beauty stepped inside the room, and the door shut behind her. Her grey eyes moved over

to Fiona, and she stared at her with slight resentment and menace,

She was in a body, just like Doom. Fiona knew this because the Chronicles of Creation described Mischief as having long, silver

hair, flawless fair skin, red full lips, and glowing blue eyes,

She had heard tales about Mischief from others in the past. Old folklore painted her as the seductress. It was also believed she

had charmed Doom into many of their decisions he made and the rebellious path he chose. There was no proof of that, but it

was enough to be weary of her presence.

"I hear you have been a handful." She said after a while of silence went by.

"It depends on what your definition of a handful is." Fiona answered and turned her face away from the sinful seductress.

She stepped closer to her bed. "That witty, smart tone might work with Doom, but it certainly won't work with me."

"So you are immune?"

"Because I am Mischief and the cleverest being in existence." She answered. "I've been in existence for thousands of years, and

I can see the cheap tricks; I know it all."

Fiona laughed aloud. "I am sorry; I do not mean to laugh, but you said the cleverest being in existence, which just can't be true. If

you were as clever as you make yourself

out to be, you would have known this is a loss battle; you would have known you would lose."

"And who will bring about this victory? Your mate is dead; your sons will soon follow, and you are here. You cannot even save

yourself, so how are you going to bring about this loss, silver wolf?" She asked with a raised brow.

Fiona shook her head. "It must really be exhausting to have lived for the last three thousand years, knowing the reason you were

chosen was to spite the moon goddess. You were the perfect addition to Doom's rebellion, and it wasn't because he loved you,

but because he could use you. You know what I say is true; you see the way he looks at me; if he could have me, he would. It

makes you wonder what you get from all of this."

She must have struck a nerve because Mischief's hand shot out and grabbed her by the throat, choking the air out of her lungs.

With her hands tied and legs restrained, Fiona had no means of defending herself.

She choked, unable to breathe, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head. Darkness almost took hold of her when the grip

loosened from her neck, and she inhaled deeply.

“What is wrong with you?” Doom roared at Mischief, taking hold of her shoulders. “You could have killed her. You could have

killed the only thing I have.”

Mischief glared up at Doom and shoved his hand away from her. Without speaking, she stormed out of the room, slamming the

door shut on her exit.

Silence reigned for a few minutes, and Fiona struggled to steady her breathing.

“Why did you stop her?” she demanded, still panting. “You shouldn’t have stopped her.”

“You need to stop talking.” Doom said before stepping out of the room.