

Mommy 129

Chapter 129

“Your heart needs a few more-minutes to complete its healing; once that’s over, my master will proceed with his rites of power.”

Zac told Fiona as he pulled his hand away from her chest.

“You have only one master; his name is Julian McQueen, and he is your king. You have gone against him because you’re under

the control of Doom, but the Lycan king is your

true master.”

“If the Lycan king was my true master, I would have known.” He said after a brief pause, “He’s not my master or king.

“Zac, you know the truth. Search for yourself.”

“I will stay here until you heal, and once your heart is fixed, I will inform my master.”

Just then, they heard a loud kick at the door, and it opened to reveal Alpha Cruz. Seeing him put her in a confused state. She

saw him fall and die on the battlefield yesterday, so there was no way he could be here now. She couldn’t be hallucinating,

though, because even Zac looked startled by the intrusion.

Alpha Cruz was alive. If he was alive, that meant the ones she thought she had lost might also be alive, Julian included. Her

heart swelled in her chest as hope built itself within.

Alpha Cruz felt different. Something about the aura around him now reminded her of Julian. That couldn’t be possible, could it?

These questions stayed rent-free in her mind.

Alpha Cruz ran through the door, into the room, and didn’t stop until he arrived at another door. This was locked, but he picked

up heartbeats and voices from inside.

He pulled back, and with force, he kicked at the door, and it opened. Inside, he saw Fiona in the left corner of the room, with

silver chains around her wrist and ankle, restrained in bed. A puppet stayed beside her; he seemed to be checking up on her and

speaking to her. As soon as the door opened, the puppet stood upright and turned to him.

"You shouldn't be here." He said, "My masters said no intrusion." He ran to attack him.

Cruz caught him by the shoulder and almost broke his neck when Fiona raised the alarm.

"He's just a puppet under Doom's control!" So instead of breaking his neck, Cruz slammed his fist into Zac's face.

Zac's body dropped to the floor, and Cruz hurried over to Fiona. He broke off the silver chains they had placed on her, ignoring

them even though they burnt his hands in the process.

"Be careful." Fiona said to him as he broke the other chains off her hand.

Fiona's hands became free, and Cruz moved to her legs when Mischief stepped into the room. Fiona's heart skipped in her

chest, knowing what could happen. Mischief would have killed her if Doom hadn't stepped in earlier.

"Who do we have here?" Mischief asked, with a smirk appearing on her lips.

Cruz turned around, his gaze locked on hers, and he froze.

"Alpha Cruz!" Fiona called to him, but he didn't hear her. He was already under the seductress's control; his mind and body were

now hers to control.

"Come to me," Mischief called to him, and her eyes glowed green.

He walked towards her, and without thinking about it, he stepped over Zac's unconscious body, lying in his path.

He came over to Mischief, and he paused when he got over to her. "What is name?"

"Cruz," he replied.

your

"Alpha Cruz!" Fiona screamed at him, wanting to influence the initiation in the best way possible, but it seemed all hope was lost.

She struggled with the chains around her legs to take them off and make a run for them.

"Cruz, you will be mine now. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes, master." He replied.

She stretched her hand to him so he could kiss the back of it. He took it, and as his lips came on the back of it, his hand changed

into fur, and his claw grew. He thrust it

through her chest and ripped out her heart. She gasped in surprise and then glanced up at him with eyes of shock.

“We knew who we were up against.” He answered and stepped away from her and back to Fiona.

Fiona had a lot of questions in her head, but she couldn’t ask or even dwell on them.

He broke the silver chains off her legs and helped her to her feet. With the chains off, a little of her strength returned.

“Is Julian with you?” She asked him.

He nodded and replied, “He’s coming for you, too.”

This made her heart swell with hope, but it didn’t last because, as they turned around to leave, the body of Mischief, which was

on the floor seconds ago, had disappeared. The heart he had tossed onto the floor was now a red apple.

Fiona turned to him, and he looked equally shocked and alert.

“You believed it was that easy to kill me?” Mischief’s voice echoed in the room, and it was so different from the one she came

into the room with. “I am the second-born of all creation. I am Mischief,” she said, and she stepped out to reveal a completely

different body.

This was her true form because the old folklore depicted her this way. Long silver hair, flawless fair skin, red full lips, and glowing

blue eyes. Mischief stood before them, and she looked pissed.

In a flash, she ripped out Alpha Cruz’s heart, giving him no time to recover. Fiona’s eyes widened in panic, and she screamed

and covered her mouth as Cruz’s body dropped to the floor.

Mischief brought his heart, now in her hand, to her mouth and took a bite of it. Her tongue licked at her lips. “Not the sweetest,

but it’s got a taste to it.” She said, then tossed it onto the floor.

“You were going somewhere?” She asked, turning her attention to her. She stumbled back and shook her head.

Fiona immediately thrust her claw into her chest, and it came over to her own heart. “Stand back!” Mischief ordered, and she

obeyed.

She heard footsteps run in, and she saw Julian.

With the slight move of focus, Mischief capitalised on it and dragged her hand out of her chest, hitting her on both shoulders so

she no longer felt strength in both hands.

“Fiona!” Julian called out to her in a loud voice.

Mischief threw another fist, and it was aimed at her stomach. Fiona knew what the impact of a hit to her stomach would mean, so

she dropped to her knee, and Mischief’s fist collided with her forehead, cracking it open.

She fell backward, and her body hit the ground. She felt blood trickle down her face before everything faded. Even the sound of

voices.