

Mommy 130

Chapter 130

Trigger warning! Triggering Chapter: Violence

Julian and Isaac raced through the hallway. They had been swamped by puppets earlier, and Cooper chose to stay back and

fight, helping them escape. It was a sacrifice he was willing to make for their cause, and Julian looked forward to seeing him

again.

Standing before the exit of the hallway, Julian saw a minion, the youngest he had seen, with black hair and the most innocent,

glowing hazel eyes. He would have called him a puppet if he hadn't picked up his scent yesterday on the battlefield. He was the

dark master's minion, and that made him dangerous..

"I'll handle this, my king." Beta Isaac spoke up and stepped forward. "Saving the queen is most important right now, and that is

what you need to go and do."

"Be careful, and do not underestimate him."

The smallest of the minions could be the most dangerous.

"I won't," Isaac vowed.

With Isaac facing Jasper, Julian had no man with him. He stepped through the door and took to his heels, running as fast as his

legs could to where he had picked up Fiona's scent. He had come this way to rescue her, and he couldn't fail now.

"I know you are in a hurry, but I cannot let you through. I am sorry." Julian heard, and seconds later, a minion in a grey shirt

stepped out of the shadows; his eyes glowed. purple. "I must stop you because that is what my master wants."

Julian paused. "What is your name? If you don't mind me asking."

"Sante," he replied.

"Is that what you want, Sante? To stop me?" Julian asked with a furrowed brow.

"What I want is to make my master happy, always." He replied, telling Julian there was no way

around this. He had to take him on if he hoped to get to Fiona.

He stepped forward and said, "Do not worry; this will not be long."

Julian wasn't counting on it.

The two fell into a fatal brawl, fists colliding and punches flying. Neither of the two shifted into their wolf form, but their fight was

nonetheless intense. Julian overpowered

Sante quicker than he expected, and he shoved him into the wall.

Sante laughed and coughed out blood. "You win, kill me, and let's get it over with."

Julian wanted to kill him here and now; he came from the dark world and shouldn't be allowed to live, but there was a difference in Sante that made him reconsider.

The minions of the Dark world were once like them: Lycans, werewolves, and witches. Their desire for more power made them

seek out the Dark dimensions and make deals with Doom and Mischief.

A few could uphold their deals with the dark side and regain their souls. Many others couldn't keep to their deals, and they lost

their souls, forever becoming the minions of the dark masters. According to what Julian knew, the minions lost their desire after

becoming trapped in the Dark world. While some who sought more power carried out orders from a place of greed, others did it

from a place of helplessness.

Julian remembered tales of Prince Edward Ainsworth, who made a deal with the dark dimension many centuries ago. He did it

because the Wahala kingdom was on the verge of losing to the enemy. Siding with the enemy was wrong, but he did it with the

purest motives. It meant not everyone who made the deal with the Dark dimensions was evil.

Staring down at Sante's eyes, Julian knew he wasn't evil; Sante did what he did because he had no other choice.

Julian pulled his hand away, stepped back, and walked away.

"Where are you going?"

"Away," he answered, still not looking back.

"You haven't killed me yet."

"You haven't given me a reason to kill you yet," He replied.

He didn't expect an attack from Sante, and he didn't get it.

He ran through the hallway and increased his speed when he heard Fiona's voice.

"Stand back!"

He hurried over to the door and pushed it open. He stepped in just in time to see Fiona with her own hand thrust into her chest.

She wanted to kill herself, and in the room with her was Mischief.

At his arrival, Fiona's eyes travelled over to him, and Mischief capitalised on that moment of deviation and delivered a numbing

attack on both of her shoulders. She then threw a punch aimed at her stomach. Fiona dropped to her knee, and her fist collided

with her skull and cracked it open.

"Fiona!" He ran towards her and saw the lifeless body of Alpha Cruz on the floor beside Mischief.

Mischief stepped in front of him when he got close to Fiona. He took another step forward, and her hand shut out, slamming

against his chest, and that sent him flying off and crashing into the wall.

"You are not taking her away. Do you not get that?"

Jules rose to his feet, filled with anger and menace directed at Mischief, but she took advantage of his rage and gave him a beating that left him almost dead.

Her strength was ten times that of the minions that had confronted them. She was faster, stronger, and a menace, and she

enjoyed every pain she inflicted on him.

Despite all this, Mischief was not a match for Doom in strength, brutality, or speed; he was the firstborn. There was no way to win

except for some miracle.

Neth and Lukas ran into the room and tried to come into his defence, but Mischief attacked them head-on, giving none of them

the time to recover.

She grabbed Neth by the hair and pulled him up to look at her. "You know, I had high hopes for you," she said, kicking him in the

face. Neth dropped to the floor,

unconscious.

“The thing about you all is your inability to see when you have lost the battle.” She snarled at them with a loud, annoying voice.

Jules tried getting up, but Mischief slammed her leg against his chest and kept him pinned to the ground.

He groaned out in pain and spat out blood. She got on top of him. “You should have known this was a lost battle from the

beginning.”

Mischief dug her claws into Jules’ chest to yank out his heart when Fiona wrapped silver chains around her neck and pulled her

off him.

Despite the assault she took at the hands of Mischief, she had gotten herself up after healing a little.

“Rip out her heart!” She yelled to Jules, and he scrambled to his feet, ignoring all his aching bones.

He ran over to do as he was told, failing to calculate his moves. Mischief grabbed him by the neck and smashed her head

against him, and a crack came into his. She did it again, and the crack deepened, and blood gushed out. She then tossed him

off onto the ground.

Fiona’s strength did not match Mischief because she pried her hands off the chains. She broke every last one of her fingers, and

Fiona cried out in pain.

Done with that, she yanked the silver chain from her and threw it away before turning around and grabbing her by the neck.

Fiona struggled with her, trying to pry her hand away from her neck even as he choked the air out of her lungs.

“Pathetic, how did you ever get your claws into Doom?” She snarled at her and threw her off. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

Fiona’s body slammed against the wall, and the sharp iron in the wall impaled her. There, she hung with blood dripping down her

mouth.

Fiona's eyes caught sight of Neth incapacitated on the ground and then over to Cruz's lifeless body, not far away from Jules. She

didn't know those outside, but she knew others came and gave their lives, trying to save hers.

The second rescue attempt was all in vain.

It would have been better if they hadn't come.

Her eyes blurred at the thought of it ending, but knowing this was the end brought her peace. The hope of seeing them again in

the life beyond gave her comfort amid this chaos.

Her mind grew heavy and foggy, and she thought she had hallucinated things when the door opened and Doom stepped into the

room.

Doom, not Cillian.

Doom in his actual body.

His skin had a natural glow, and it was anyone had seen before. He had the perfect jawline and nose and long, golden hair that

fell over his shoulders. He had a pair of glowing silver eyes, and they flickered every time he blinked, and it was hypnotising.

Everything was quiet, as it should be. Mischief alone had caused all the chaos and defeat of the extraction force.

Doom glanced around, taking note of everything and everyone now on the floor. "What happened?" was all he asked, and he did

so in a calm tone.

"They attacked me." Mischief answered.

"Even her?" he asked, pointing to Fiona.

Mischief nodded. "Yes, she wanted to strangle me with the silver chains." She answered.

Doom became silent. He went to where Fiona hung on the wall and unhung her.

"You do not believe me, do you?" She asked before scoffing. "Of course, you would not believe your innocent little silver wolf

would try to hurt your lover."

"You had your hands around her throat while she was in chains earlier, and I told you not to touch her again." He said calmly

while stroking Fiona's head.

Fiona's lashes fluttered, and he smiled a little at her and then helped her sit down. "are awake; that is a good thing; for a

moment, you gave me a scare there."

Mischief fumed, angered at the sight of him showing affection to the bruised and battered Fiona. "Since when do you care about

these bloody creatures?"

You

Doom didn't answer; instead, he rose to his feet and turned to her. "Since when do you get to question me?" he demanded, his

voice still low and unshaken.

Her eyes flared angrily, "I am Mischief, your lover; we have been partners for thousands of years!"

"And?" he demanded, taking a step forward. "Does ten thousand years with you change you from being the second born of

creation and me from the first?"

Mischief remained silent. "Speak, Mischief, while you still can."

"It doesn't," she replied, and there was a trace of weakness in her voice.

"Then why did you question me?" Doom asked and bent to pick up the silver chains tossed on the floor.

Mischief, seeing the opportunity, ran towards Fiona, hoping to snuff the little life she had

away

before Doom would step in and stop her. Weak and battered, Fiona could not move and instead sat and watched her.

Open

Doom swung

the chains around and threw them as her hands almost touched Fiona. The chains wrapped around Mischief's neck and held her

in place.

He pulled, and it yanked Mischief far away from Fiona and over to stand before him in

a second.

Mischief gasped.

“Your rebellion sometimes is the most arousing thing in all creation.” He said that and kissed her lips. She kissed him back and

wrapped her arms around him as the kiss deepened. Doom pulled away, and a smile came onto his face as he added, “And

sometimes it is the most infuriating.”

He ripped the chains still around Mischief’s neck apart, and they decapitated her head off her shoulders immediately, and her

body dropped to the floor, lifeless.