

## **Mommy 131**

### Chapter 131

Fiona's heart tightened in her chest at a fast pace as she watched what had just taken place before her eyes.

Doom just killed Mischief.

They had been lovers for over three thousand years, and he just killed her like she was nothing.

Doom turned his concentration towards her, and his flickering silver eyes had no emotion in them.

Yes, he saved her from Mischief, but that didn't mean she was safe. His end game had always been her heart, and he would

want to get that more than anything else.

He stepped towards her, and she crawled back onto the floor, shaking her head. He took another step, covering the space she

had created between them. She tried running back, but her back came into contact with the wall.

Her heart dropped in horror at what was to come, and her eyes blurred.

"Please, no," she pleaded, but he took another step and stretched his hand towards her.

She shook her head, trembling all over. "No, please, Cillian." She knew using the name would make no difference, but she had

no choice.

She didn't know a thing about Doom, but she knew Cillian; she had known him for months and knew he wouldn't hurt her. She

might be wrong in her assumption, but she wanted to believe it more than anything.

He grabbed her by the shoulder, forcing her onto her feet. Tears streamed down her face, and her lips trembled helplessly.

Her body ached all over, and her bones were barely holding themselves together at this point. This made her wonder if death

wouldn't have been the better option.

"You will come with me now." He said and took hold of her hand, and they turned around to leave.

Jules stood in their way. He had pulled his worn and battered self onto his feet somehow, and this was a protest to Doom, who

wanted to take her away. Jules wasn't in the best shape or strength.

His body bore wounds and suffered affliction at the hands of Mischief. He had a cut on the left side of his face that went from his

temple down to his jawline. Holding himself up was a sign of bravery, but he had promised her he wouldn't stop fighting until

there

was no breath in his lungs, and he kept to his words.

His hands balled into a tight fist even as his legs trembled to hold him up. "If you want to take her, you have to go through me."

Tears streamed down her face, seeing him fight for her with all he had. Her hands ran up to cover her mouth. This was her fate,

but he didn't have to die again for her. She would lose her life today, but he didn't have to lose his. Their sons deserved one

parent, at least.

"Jules, no."

"Listen to your Luna and step out of the way, Jules," Doom advised, not looking the least threatened by Julian.

Jules' teeth clenched, and he stormed towards Doom with his last strength.

Fiona couldn't stand and watch him kill himself, so she positioned herself before Doom. This way, Jules had to go through her.

Julian slowed down, realising what she had just done, and he stared at her with the utmost confusion and a look of betrayal.

"What are you doing?"

"You are not dying today. Julian McQueen, listen to me. This is the end of your fight. Do not fight this; do not fight for me. This is

for the best." She spoke to Julian, the king, and Jules, the Lycan.

"Best for who?"

"For me." She said to herself, and he heard her. "I cannot let you do this. Go home; you shouldn't have come. Go home."

At her words, Jules lost the strength left in him to fight. He pressed his lips together to tame the sorrow in his eyes, then stepped

back.

Doom tightened his grip on her wrist, pulling her along with him.

Jules' gaze lingered on her until she left the room.

Doom stopped walking when they stepped out of the warehouse. "Why did you stop him?" he asked.

"Because I do not want him to die at your hands again. He is no match for you. None of us are. It is a lost battle, and accepting it

is the only way to forge on. He doesn't have to die because of me; he has a lot to live for. He might not see it now, but he will. It

was a lost battle from the beginning."

He stared at her as if to see if she had told the truth. It was the truth, and she had

nothing to hide. She was happy with every decision and would die with contentment.

Doom pulled her to himself so their bodies pressed together, and he lifted her from the ground with ease, going higher above the

warehouse and the terminal pole. They entered the clouds, the height she had never reached on her own, and Doom moved

them through them.

She feared looking down or asking her where they were going. She was not in the right place to ask these questions. She stayed

silent, enjoying the little life she had while it lasted.

He descended after a long while of just travelling through the clouds, and soon she felt earth underneath her feet, but it wasn't

the ground.

They were both standing on top of Mount Eve, the highest mountain in their world, in Forthrich, the North East community.

Fiona had heard tales of Eve, but she had never been here and never thought she would, Mount Eve had its head so far up in

the cloud that even the Lycan with the best sight couldn't see the top of it.

She stared around and found on the flat surface to the left a ritual arrangement. White silk sheets spread out on an altar-like

platform with scented candles around it. This was where he planned to take her heart. He had everything in place for the harvest.

He was absent when the rescue operation started because he was here.

Her eyes still stayed on the altar when he spoke. "This is the highest point in this world, the point where life meets the realm

eternal. This is where you die."

“This is why you were not in the warehouse when Julian came for me.”

“Yes, I only came down when I heard your voice,” He answered honestly. “I knew you were in danger, and I had to save you. The

only one that gets to kill you is me.”

This didn’t make her feel better.

Her heart was now whole. She felt it, and mischief wouldn’t let her afflict herself earlier, so nothing would delay this ritual.

She drew a sharp breath but remained quiet.

“This is where you die.” He said it casually. “This is where I take your heart and ascend to become like the moon goddess.”

The moon goddess-it was always about her, of course. It was all part of his scheme to get back at her. They were just collateral

damages.

“Is that what you want? To be just like the moon goddess? To spit in her face forever, neglecting you and creating other children?”

“Yes, I want to be like her, but this is not about her or what she has done; this is about me,” he denied.

“How is it not about her? You want to become just like HER; you want to rule over HER creation to spite HER. Your existence

has been about HER, and even now, it still is. You can deny it if that helps you cope better, but this is true, and you can’t change

it.”

“She cast me aside to create life; that’s the truth! She created me for the sole purpose

of

being her better half, but she wasn’t mine. I wanted to mean more; I wanted to be more than just the evil that could only find

goodness in and from her. She created her secondborns so they would not need or depend on her, as she did with me. They had

no clue how lucky they were.” His eyes flickered with emotions for the first time since stepping into their world, and he turned

away from her.

“You took Mischief so the goddess would notice you and show you the affection you needed, the one she once showed you.”

He pressed his lips together and nodded. “I never loved her, but she was what I needed. I took her to be mine, but the goddess

didn’t notice; she didn’t care, which only got me furious. She didn’t care about me; she only cared about her children, and they

were the ones I needed to go for. I killed them, all seven thousand two hundred and sixty-nine of them.” He said that, and there

was no triumph in his voice as he spoke.

“This brought her attention back to me, her cast-aside lover,” he laughed bitterly. “She couldn’t believe what I had done with

Mischief’s help. Angered, she took her amulet of purity and goodness from me and exiled me into the Dark Dimension, where I

remained until seven hundred years ago. You already know the story.”

“She never acknowledged that her neglect drove you to do the things you did. You wouldn’t have taken Mischief or killed the

secondborn if she only spared a little time for you.”

He glanced at her, and a look of surprise showed in his eyes. Perhaps he didn’t think she would see things from his point of view.

His teeth clenched, and he remained silent.

“That’s why you want my heart. Using the power that comes with it, you can do the one thing you’ve always wanted: tell her she

betrayed you first.”

“She should have killed the evil she created and put it out of its misery, but she kept it alive, far away from her. Exiled for

thousands of years without goodness and referred to as evil by the children she later created. That was a harsher sentence than

death,”

“I am sorry for what you went through, but you are not an absolute evil.”

“I am.”

“Cillian’s father wouldn’t be alive if you were absolute evil. There is goodness in you despite everything, and there is love

because you still love the moon goddess despite everything. And you love me.”