

## Mommy 132

### Chapter 132

Fiona would have brushed it off if she had thought of it yesterday, but now that she saw it, she knew. He loved her, and that was

why, despite what he wanted to do to her, he wouldn't let Mischief harm her. This was why Mischief hated her and wanted her

dead.

She witnessed the truth: he loved her, an emotion he didn't have with Mischief.

She told herself that he killed Mischief for his own gain, but there was no gain in it; he killed Mischief because he loved her.

"I don't love you." He denied the truth in his eyes.

A small smile crossed her face. "You do not have to deny it; I die here, remember? I know it wasn't a part of your plan when all

this started, but you can accept the truth about yourself and who you love." She told him.

"Fiona-"

"I will give you my heart, but I want you to swear you will not harm Julian or my sons. Swear you will not deal cruelly with my world. We are just casualties, fighting to survive in this, too."

"I swear." He answered, and he meant it.

"Thank you," she said, nodding and walking towards the altar.

She came there and helped herself onto it. She laid on her back, and her eyes fluttered as she awaited him to do what he had

brought her here to do.

He stepped over to her and moved to work, and he drew over her exposed skin with a cold and sticky substance. She didn't

open her eyes to see him do what he did; she knew if she did, she would no longer be brave.

Her mind wandered to Julian. He would probably never know why she went with Doom; he would never know she did it for him

and everything she loved. She thought about June and Jashin, her little warriors. She won't see them become good men and

find suitable mates. Her mind wandered to Camila and Peter, remembering her promise to be there for their future children. Last,

she thought about her world and everyone she had gotten to know and met. Marion, Kenneth, Alpha Lupe, Beta Hanna, Beta

Isaac, and Alpha Lukas, to name a few.

She would remain brave. So that when Julian comes to meet her in the life beyond many, many decades from now, she will

speak of today. She would tell him how she did not fear death while she stared him in the face. She would tell him this while

welcoming him. They will be together and never be

apart.

Doom drew his hand away from her, and she felt a cold grip on her skin. Ease came to all her aching bones, and with this ease

came the strength she hadn't felt in a while. Perhaps this was a part of the ritual of harvest.

"You are right," he began, and going against her better judgment, her lashes fluttered to see him seated beside her on the altar.

"Right, about what?"

"I love you." He answered, then added, "And I never wanted any of this. Telling myself I did

gave me purpose and the will to continue. I love her despite everything, and all this is to get her attention. The lack of it has been

the worst punishment she could have given."

He turned to her, "I needed your heart; I needed it because it's the only way I can exist without longing for what I once had with

her, but I don't want it anymore."

Fiona's heart swelled at the last line; it felt almost like a dream. He didn't want to kill her; he changed his mind.

"I came into the world of the living with one goal: to get the heart of the silver wolf and subdue the two worlds with Mischief by my

side. Then I met you, and a lot of things changed. I love you, and I do not want to harm you."

"Then what did you do to me?" She asked, because his hands were all over her body. And the white ink was still on her.

"I healed you

and restored your abilities," he replied without hesitation. "You now have the power you gave up for your mate."

She pulled herself to sit down instantly, as confusion held her tightly. "Why?"

He glanced at her and smiled. He smiled though and that was the second most perfect sight, first being Julian.

He looked away. "Because I want to believe that I am not completely evil."

She exhaled in relief, but she still couldn't believe it.

"What are you going to do now, then?" She asked.

"I do not want to return to the dark world, and even if I want to, I can't. The gates are forever closed, and no one can go in or out.

Closing its gates was a part of my plan, but now I don't know where I belong." he chuckled adding, "Cillian is just like me, trapped

in the warehouse, wondering where he is. Perhaps we were never meant to fit in."

"I don't believe that." She rejected his last words.

He glanced at her with glowing eyes, but said nothing.

"What will you do from here on?" she asked after a moment of silence went by.

"I haven't thought that far yet."

"Whatever you plan, I will support you." She said that and placed her hand on his.

He glanced up at her, and their gazes locked. They both remained silent, and though she wanted to speak, she couldn't. With no

words uttered, he leaned in and slowly took her lips between his for a tender kiss.

He pulled back seconds later, and she was yet to recover from the shock of being kissed by Doom, the master of the Dark world.

"We should return." He said and rose to his feet.

She rose along and took his hand when he stretched it to her. He held her tightly, and they descended.

Doom released his grip around her waist as their feet touched the ground, and Fiona took to her heels, racing into the

warehouse. She ran into the room where she had left everything. There she found Julian and the rest of his men still alive-

Kenneth, Marion, and Elena; Hanna; and Cooper and Cruz in their human form. Most sat with their heads bowed, while others

still lay on the floor, minding their afflictions. Julian was in the left corner of the room, leaning against the wall with both hands. He had a defeated pose, and it stung her heart

a little.

He turned around swiftly seconds later, picking up her scent, and his eyes landed on hers.

“Fiona.”

“Julian.”

He swallowed shakily and asked, “How?”

Y

She didn’t let him finish before running to him and wrapping her arms and legs around him. Confusion still had him, but his arms

wrapped around her, and he leaned in and kissed her temple.

“You’re here.” He inhaled. “You are here.”

“I am here.” She said, and he held her tighter,

Staying this

way

with their hearts and minds synchronised, her healing aura charged through her, and she felt warmth all over her body pressed

against him.

“I thought I lost you for good. I thought I’d never see you again. I was so afraid,” he confessed, and his eyes stung with tears.

Her hands stayed around him while she kissed his neck. “I’m never leaving again.”