

Mommy 76

Chapter 76

"I will not ask for your execution because you are the mother of my children, but I do not want you around me or my sons."

"Please don't do this, Julian," She sobbed and tried to reach for his hand, but he drew it back.

"You are dangerous and rebellious, and I will not let you stay and cause harm to this world. You have today to gather everything

that belongs to you and leave. If you are seen anywhere in the werewolf world after today, I will have the grounds to haunt you

down and kill you."

The memory of how her entire existence came to an end played over and over in her head for the next few days that passed.

She kept going back to it. She went back there to see if there was something she could have done differently to make Julian see

the truth.

There was no showing the truth to someone who was willfully blind.

Isis said it best: she was crazy, rebellious, and a mistake for a mate; this was what he believed.

She had believed Julian wasn't himself to keep herself from accepting the truth.

He didn't feel the darkness she felt around Isis because he didn't try to know who she really was. She had made excuses by

saying Isis did something to him, but in reality, there was no truth to that. The dark world might have done something, but they

wouldn't have been able to affect him this much if he didn't let them.

She saw how he looked at Isis; she saw how he stared at her like she couldn't harm a fly. He was her knight and shining armor,

ready to save and defend her. Then he stared at her like he was seeing monster in the flesh.

It hurt so much, and she couldn't find the words to explain.

Everything she did, she did for him, to keep them safe from evil. Because she loved him.

Now she had lost not only her mate but her sons and the place she once called home.

Exile was too cruel a sentence for what she did. She knew the law and she knew for exile to happen one had to stand trial before

the council and be found guilty on all counts. Julian didn't only rewrite the laws, he also executed it so he wouldn't answer to

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Why he'd go that far made no sense and the only thing that did was that he hated her.

He no longer wanted her and he knew to bring his new lover into his bed, he would have to get rid of her.

That's what he did.

It had been two weeks since she left the werewolf world for the human world, and she hadn't been able to pick herself up yet.

Starting over felt like death.

She didn't even know if that was possible.

A small knock came at her door. It opened almost immediately, and Camila stepped inside.

This was the only place she could think of after she left for the human world. This was her haven, and Camila welcomed her in

without questions.

The first three days that went by, she spent crying her heart out, and though she didn't cry anymore, she was still mourning her

loss. She was also yet to leave her room.

The full moon came and went, and though Ona wanted to come out, she was too broken to let her.

"I know that you are a wolf and don't need as much care as we do, but please come and let's have breakfast. It's been two

weeks already, and you haven't taken a step out of this room."

Camila checked up on her every day, even without saying anything other than calling to her to have food with her. Her friend also

announced whenever she was leaving for work and whenever she came back home. She did this every time, even though she

received no response from her.

Last week, Peter came over, and she told her, and though Camila told her, she didn't go down the stairs to see him. Coming

downstairs would mean she was ready to tell them what happened, but she wasn't ready to.

Camila didn't ask for details, even though she knew something had happened. Being a good friend, she wanted her to come out

in her own time, and she appreciated her patience.

Fiona sighed and turned away from her, still curled in a ball and wrapped in sheets. "Please go away."

"I want to, but I can't. You are my friend; you have been a good one in the last eight years. I cannot watch you give up on

yourself like this. This can't be the end."

Her eyes moved to Camila, and they settled on hers. "But it is the end. It is the end for me. I lost everything, Camila. I lost Julian,

I lost my place amongst my people, and I lost my sons. There is nothing left for me; I lost, and I would rather be dead."

"You do not mean that." Camila said and stepped over to the bed to sit down on it. "Yes, you might have lost many things, but

you are still here, and I am still here, so giving up isn't an option. I do not want to believe you will give up on your children after

coming so far."

Tears streamed down her face, and her heart bled as her mind went down memory lane. The anger and disdain Julian had on

his face wrecked her and caused an ache in her already shattered heart.

"He sent me away. Julian, the man to whom my soul belonged, rejected me and exiled me from the werewolf world when all I did

was try to protect us. He took away my son, and he told me I'd die if I came back, and he meant it."

Camila stayed speechless, and she stared at her with pity. Fiona turned away from her, not wanting to see the look on her face.

"I am sorry."

She shook her head and wiped the rest of her tears off her face. "It is not your fault, but even if I tried to live, I couldn't. Being

rejected by one's true mate is the worst fate a Lycan can ever face. It is cruel, and soul-crushing. It's a fate worse than death."

“That cannot be true, Fiona,” she said, and a loud scoff followed right after. “I know little about the Lycan world except the fact

that they have so many handsome hunks over there, but your life cannot become meaningless just because you were rejected

by another.”

Fiona wanted to tell her that humans and Lycans were far apart but she allowed her to carry on.

“You have to live, if not for anything, then for your sons. Those warriors look up to you, and you have never abandoned them

before, and you wouldn’t do it now. Life is so much more than you.” Camila took her chilly hand into hers for a tight squeeze.

“Remember when we met? You were fleeing death and harboring the pain of your first mate’s rejection, and I was barely living.

See how far we have come. Do not give up on them or me. You might have lost Julian, and yes, it is painful, but you have to live

as long as you can. Your sons will someday come looking for you, and you have to live for that moment.”