

## Mommy 79

### Chapter 79

Everything about the engagement party was perfect from top to bottom. Though it was a moderate gathering of a few friends and

families, the entire preparation was done with perfection.

Fiona didn't expect anything less from Peter. He wanted to show her off to the world, but since Camila loved a quiet event, he

promised to go with her flow.

Their parents seemed to go so well with each other, and the mothers seem to have bonded over a few fashion world gossips.

Their fathers had a little wall between them when the party started, but having taken a few glasses of wine, they had become

chat-pals. The to-be-wed couple stood at the corner of the hall in a tight embrace, and each held a glass of wine in their hands.

They sway to the slow jazz being played by the musical band they invited.

It was the kind of feeling that would take her down memory lane, even though she didn't want to go back there.

"Where are you taking me to?" Fiona asked as Julian dragged her along with him through the narrow pathway that led them

away from the reception hall.

He stopped walking and looked behind them, then back at her. "Somewhere a little. private where I can do this." He said that and

k\*ssed her lips tenderly.

She smiled but k\*ssed him back, and for a moment their tongues fought for dominance, but his won, and he deepened the k\*ss.

"You brought me here just to k\*ss me?" she asked as he pulled away, and she found his eyes glowing with desire.

"Yes, and I wanted to do this." He said, dropped to his feet, and slowly lifted up her high-slid golden dress. He buried his face

between her legs, mumbling, "Your smell has been killing me all night."

She immediately looked around to make sure no one was coming to where they were because she was worried about his act.

Her b\*dy wanted this, but her senses feared they

would be found.

“Julian, I would suggest we wait until the night is over so we do not do anything that will draw attention.” Yes, they had been

together a few times, and he had always been bold about what he wanted, but it had never been this way or in public.

He pulled back and looked up at her with mischievous eyes. “Terrified that you might like it?”

Partly.

But that was not the point.

“Julian!”

Her breath cut into her throat when his mouth met her softness, and her legs trembled from weakness. Her eyes fluttered, and

she pressed her head against the wall.

He moved her leg up and placed it on his shoulder to give him further access to her while he concentrated on what was before

him. Tongue and lips moved into actions, eating, sucking, and licking her most intimate parts. She fought to receive this

pleasure-filled attention while keeping her leg from giving up.

She threw caution to the wind and moaned in response to the pleasure she was receiving from him when he slipped a finger into

her. Her hips bucked up, and as if expecting that response from her, his tongue flattened against her. She grabbed a fist full of

his hair and ground her hips against his face, taking matters into her own hands.

Her b\*dy trembled, and with every second that passed, her moans grew louder. She thrust her hips into his face and hands

faster, needing the release she knew only he would give her. He wanted everything she had to give, and she wanted to give it all

to him. The time, the place, and the man all aided her release and made it an explosive one.

Julian didn't get up quickly; he stayed on his knees with his face buried between her legs as if that was where he belonged.

He rose to his feet, and he k\*ssed her lips deeply. She k\*ssed back, despite shivering and fighting to take as much air into her

lungs as she could.

“Did you enjoy it?” he asked as he pulled away to look at her. She tried to look away from him, but his hand seized her chin and

made her look up at him. “You don’t have to say it was if it wasn’t.”

Her cheeks heated up, and she couldn’t break her gaze from his. “I enjoyed it, Julian. Very much more than I would love to

admit.”

He smiled, kissed her forehead, and pulled her against himself for a tight hug. “That’s good. That’s all I needed to hear.”

“What about you?” she asked, her curiosity getting the best of her.

“You do not have to worry about me. Seeing you weep from so much pleasure is the reward I need for now.”

Her hands tightened around him, wanting them to stay this way for a little while longer. Maybe even forever.

“Oh, wow, this is the most awkward encounter I have ever had in my life. Not only will she not answer me, she won’t even

acknowledge my presence with a reaction.” Fiona heard a deep voice say from behind her, and something sparked inside her.

She turned around to find a man standing there and staring at her.

She spent the first few seconds gazing at him without uttering a word, struck beyond belief at how good-looking he was.

“Great, she has zoned out on me once again, What is it exactly about me that makes women do this?” He said it again, and she

snapped out of her state and shook her head.

“You are back.” He said with a tone not so delighted since she had ignored him. “That is good, I will carry on now.”

“I am sorry.” She said and broke her attention from his face, which she knew she would be awestruck by if she kept looking at it.

“Oh, you have nothing to be sorry about outside the fact that you first ignored me as if I didn’t exist and zoned out once again

after seeing, my face. Such a boost of confidence it is.”

“The first wasn’t intentional, and the second was due to a lack of preparedness.”

“Lack of what?” he asked with an arched brow while adjusting his glasses.

“You are good-looking, and I didn’t expect that.” She blurted it out before she could stop herself.

He stared at her like she had just committed the worst offence with her words. “That is clearly a joke, right?”

Why would he think being called good-looking would be a joke? He must have looked in the mirror at some point and discovered

that he looked better than the average man.

He was a tall man with medium-length curly hair and a decent stubble on his face. He also had a defined jawline and a pair of

sea-blue eyes that could drown anyone. Thought he had a pair of glasses on, it didn’t take away the beauty of his eyes. His

sense of fashion wasn’t the worst, but it wasn’t the best. Still, he was better-looking than average.

She shook her head. “I am not joking.” She wished she could explain what happened to her, but she couldn’t. He had struck her

in a weird way; it was warm and nice, and he was good-looking. “But I also didn’t mean to offend or add to any insecurity you

already had about yourself.”

He did not look completely convinced. “You really mean what you just said, right? It’s not the hot lady telling the guy what she

thinks he wants to hear, right?”

Her stomach fluttered at his compliment about being hot. What was happening to her around this weird, good-looking guy?

“It’s not.”

“Because if it is, I can handle it.”

“It isn’t; now shut up about it.”

“Okay.” He said, and they both became silent, and while she kept her gaze on the still- swaying couple, she felt his gaze on her.

“S hit, I am sorry; I just realised I haven’t officially introduced myself.”

She chuckled and said, “It’s fine.”

“I am Cillian Omale, a friend of Peter.”

“I am Fiona Lawrence. I am the friend of Camila.”

“It’s so nice to meet you.” He stretched his hand towards her for a shake.

She took his hand into hers, and she felt warmth therein, and something about it told her she could trust him. "We will see." She

replied before pulling her hand away from

his.