

Mommy 80

Chapter 80

The preparation for the wedding began immediately after the success of the engagement. The wedding was two months away,

and though it looked far away, it wasn't. It had been two weeks since the preparation began, and that left them with six weeks

more.

Being the maid of honour, Fiona retired to bed most days exhausted, and the only thing on her mind was sleep. She also woke

up knowing there was a lot before her, so there was no time to wander around with her thoughts.

"I have a favour to ask you." Camila said this over the phone as Fiona stepped back into the apartment and shut the door.

"What is it?" she asked, and when Camila hesitated, she grew curious. "Spit it out, girl. I do not have all day."

"I promised Peter lunch, and I just realised I didn't take it with me to work. It is probably still on the kitchen counter, and there is

no way I could branch and drop it for him, and he is probably waiting for it. Can you...?"

She didn't let her finish before moving to the kitchen. "I am on it."

"You are a lifesaver, Fiona, and I love you."

Fiona found herself beaming at the compliment: "I know." She replied cheekily. "I have found the lunch box."

"Oh, great! I will send you the address." She said.

Fiona's brow furrowed. "Peter used to be my colleague, remember? Or did he change workplaces?"

There was a pause on Camila's end, and she knew she was thinking. "He didn't; sorry, I totally forgot. Call him when you get

there; he will come pick it up."

She nodded. "Yes. I will do that. Later." She said that and ended the call.

Fiona arrived at the hospital twenty-seven minutes later, got out of the taxi, paid, and then headed in. She made her way up the

stairs where the residents were, and since Peter was a fourth-year resident, she knew she would meet him there. It would have

been the same for her if she hadn't left for the werewolf world, but she left for a reason.

She sighed. She just ruined the little wonderful moment she had.

She dialed Peter's number after pulling out her phone. He didn't pick at first, so she did again, and this time he picked.

"Hello, Fiona."

"You still have my number, good. I thought you wouldn't."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Nothing. I am here at the hospital."

"What? Why? Did something happen to you?" He asked, already sounding worried.

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"No, calm your horses, sir. I brought you lunch; Camila forgot to grab it and asked me to bring it." She told him.

"Oh," he said, and the worry his tone held seconds ago was gone. "Give me five minutes." He said that and hung up.

Sure, she had five minutes to give; there was no place she would rather be, certainly not in bed resting. She prayed she would

not run into Dr. Victor Yang while she waited. He was a thorn in her flesh three years ago, and leopards do not change their

spots.

She slipped her phone into her pocket when she heard her name from behind, and the voice that just called her sounded

familiar.

"Fiona Lawrence."

She turned around immediately, and she saw Cillian Omale standing behind her in a navy blue long sleeve tucked into his black

trousers. His glasses sat proudly on his nose giving him that dorky look.

His piercing blue eyes locked on hers, and it seemed they were reading into her very soul. His face, unlike at the engagement

party, had a clean shave, and that made his face bolder and more intimidating, which struck her as strange.

"Cillian Omale."

"You remember my name," he said, and there was a cheeky smile on his lips.

"You made an unforgettable first impression. It is hard to forget such." She revealed.

His eyes

flickered with emotion, and they looked away from her. "Oh, here we go again with the compliment.

You know your way into a

man's heart, don't you?"

That wasn't true, or she would still be with her mate, but he didn't have to know that.

"What are you doing here? Did you come to pay a visit to someone?" she asked instead of answering his question.

Was someone waiting for him? He couldn't just be here without a reason. Perhaps his

wife? Because someone as smooth as he was would not suffer while searching for a mate or someone to love.

Yes, he moaned and complained about how he wasn't good enough, but those eyes held mysteriousness in them, and she

couldn't trust them.

He opened his mouth to speak when Peter arrived, speaking even before he reached where she stood.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long. I had to attend to the patient, and I needed to finish with her before leaving."

She turned to him and shook her head. "No, it is fine. Here is your lunch. Don't forget to call Camila and tell her you got it."

Peter smiled widely. "I will do just that, Fiona." Then his eyes moved to rest on Cillian standing behind her, and his eyes

narrowed a little.

"Dr Omale. I didn't know you came in today." He said, and he seemed to accord Cillian the respect one would give a boss. And

that cancelled her initial thought that he had come to visit someone.

"I didn't know I would, but here I am," He replied and smiled a little.

Peter shook his head. "I am sorry I should introduce you. This is Fiona Lawrence, my fiancée's best friend, and Fiona, this is

Cillian Omale; he is the CEO of the hospital, and I do not know if I should consider him my friend or my foe."

"We already met." Fiona answered, and this made Peter even more confused. But before she could speak to clarify his

confusion, Cillian did.

"We met at your engagement party two weeks ago. We were each other's company for more than ten minutes."

Peter nodded in understanding. "Oh, well, that is surprisingly nice. I have to go; some of us do not have the luxury of exceeding

our lunch time at the hospital yet." He said that, smiled at Fiona, and left.

With Peter gone, Fiona turned her full attention to Cillian and said, "Well, you didn't tell me; you were the CEO of the hospital."

"You didn't tell me you made headlines with the WHO a year ago for discovering the cure for cancer." He counter-argued and

pushed his glasses up his face.

Fine, they both didn't tell each other enough information about themselves, and he wasn't the only guilty one.

"It wasn't important." She answered.

"So was my status as CEO of the hospital Peter worked in," he played along.

She felt like it mattered to her; a part of her felt her case and his differed. "I would say they are different. You came to me, going

about how women didn't give you the time of day because of the way you looked when all the while you were not even horrible

looking."

"All that doesn't matter when you do not get the attention of the one you really want." He said, and she had to agree with him on

that. There will always be something money can't buy.

"You are the CEO of the biggest hospital in the state and the third biggest in the country." His status should give him some form

of leverage.

"So does being CEO increase my chances with you?" He raised a brow.

She opened her mouth to speak, but she pressed it together to think about what he just said slowly. She realised she didn't have

the answer to his question. He was asking her out, and she knew whatever she said, if done in a hurry, would be something she

would regret.

"I can't," she said in a small voice.

He seemed like a genuinely nice guy, safe even, and her senses weren't blaring off with warning signals yet. However, she

couldn't go out with him; that would mean setting herself up for downfall. She had a lot of baggage she had yet to deal with.

She needed to heal first.

"I understand," he said with a smile, but there was a flicker of the pain of rejection in his eyes. He stretched his hand out to her

for a shake, and she took it.

Just like the first time, she felt warmth, which provided a sense of comfort for her being, and she couldn't understand what was

happening or even explain it.

"It was so nice meeting you once again, and you look amazing." He said and released her hand, and she immediately felt cold

grip her at the loss.

She could not explain it, but a part of her felt it would be a mistake to let this man go.

He walked on, and she turned to him and said, "Just one drink."

He halted and turned to her immediately, and there was a wide beam on his face. She had never seen anyone that excited to go

out for a drink with her before.

"That is all I ask."