

Mommy 81

Chapter 81

"You are being paranoid." Camila objected to Fiona's demand for a thorough background check on Cillian Omale.

There was nothing like a 'good guy' and that was what he was. She needed to trust more than her senses. She wanted to know

what it was about him that made her feel good; she couldn't be left vulnerable. All stone had to be turned.

"I am not being paranoid, Camila; even Peter said it's weird that he's friendly to every staff member at the hospital; the last CEO

was a mean bastard."

"Why am I involved in this?" Peter, who had sat quietly since thirty minutes of arrival, asked.

"Because he is your boss, and I would like to believe that he has been your boss for a while now."

"One year and two weeks, to be precise." He answered. "Can I go now?" He tried to get up, but Camila pulled him, so he sat

back down.

"Why did he come to the engagement party?"

Peter shrugged. "He found out about it and said he had nothing going on and wanted to come. He was my boss, and he was

nice; I couldn't say no."

"You are looking for faults and problems where there are none." Camila groaned. "Do you want Cillian to be a mean bastard?"

She liked that he was charming and said the nice things, "No, but--"

"No buts!" Camila rose from beside Peter and stepped over to her. "It's less than thirty minutes before this man arrives to pick

you up, and you are not yet dressed because you are afraid."

"It's just been two months since then." She replied. She didn't think it was enough time to move on yet.

"You said it yourself; Julian already has a mistress. He has already moved on. So why should you have to wait and not live your

life the best way you can?" she said and turned to Peter, "Support me here."

He nodded. "Yes. What she said."

“It is just one drink, and it was your idea. If you don’t like him afterward, you can tell him no. The least you can do is honour your

word and not waste the man’s time and effort. Take the advice you gave me three years ago; you deserve love.”

“You deserve love,” Peter repeated, and it was hard to tell if he meant it or if he was just supporting his fiancée, like she asked.

It took an extra ten minutes after Cillian had already arrived for her to come out, but he waited outside beside his car.

“I am sorry I kept you waiting.”

“You were rethinking your decision to come out with me.” He said, and his assumptions were completely accurate.

“How did you know?”

“You will not be the first. I told you, I have had terrible experiences. I rub people off the wrong way. And it can be a scary feeling. I

have had women change their minds at the last minute, and others stand me up. There is something about me that chases

women away. So, I would have understood if you called it off.”

She felt bad for him; everyone deserved to be given a chance.

For someone who seemed to have a lot of power in his place of work, that didn’t work to get him a partner.

“Well, I didn’t change my mind, even though I wanted to,” she mumbled the last part to herself.

“And I appreciate that you took the chance on me.” He said, and a warm smile appeared on his face.

“You look absolutely

gorgeous.”

His compliment made her stomach flutter, and she moved her eyes from his to the Bentley he stood beside. The full moon was

two weeks away, and it had to be the reason why her b*dy reacted this way.

“Thank you,” she replied, taking another look at what she had on. It was a simple sundress and a pair of sandals, which matched

the peach hair tie she had around her hair. There was nothing absolutely gorgeous about it, but it was his opinion. And it affected

her greatly.

“Shall we leave?”

He nodded and opened the door for her to get in. “Yes, we shall.”

He drove them to the Chanzis restaurant down south, which only sold drinks. He had kept her suggestion in mind. She wanted

them to go for a drink, and that was what he planned for.

She made her order, a bottle of red wine, and when the waitress asked what he wanted, he told her he wanted a glass of

sparkling water,

The waitress took her leave, and Fiona noticed Cillian’s gaze on her. “Is there something on my face, or are you just fascinated

by it?” She asked, and the last part was her attempt at being funny.

“I am fascinated by you.”

That was weird: “You do not want a girl to get up and leave; there are some things you will keep to yourself.” She answered.

“Was that offensive?” he asked, and his eyes were already wide and apologetic.

“Not offensive, but it comes off creepy, since you barely know me.” She answered.

“You are right; I do not know Fiona Lawrence, the woman, but I know Fiona Laurence, the brilliant scientist who led her team in

the discovery of the cure for cancer.” He said and pushed his glasses against his face.

When he said it like that, it was less creepy.

It also told her he knew her work, he had to, he ran a hospital, and he had to be madly intelligent to get to such a position at such

a young age.

The waiter arrived with their order and set it before them, and she took her leave. “Well to that, I say, thank you.”

He shook his head, reached for the already-opened bottle of wine, and poured it into her glass. “There is nothing to thank me for.

I spoke the truth.”

She wrapped her hands around her glass of wine and took a sip, remaining silent.

“Peter told me you began running the hospital a year ago.” She said, taking up the conversation in another direction.

He nodded. “Yes, my father was getting old, and he called me and asked if I wanted to run the hospital, and I said yes,” He

replied.

“Is that how it works?” Having worked in the hospital and known how the governing b*dy operated, she knew he was either lying

or leaving out a lot of other details.

“No,” he said, laughing a little, and that made her laugh in relief. “That was an obvious joke, but it seems I need to do better.” He

wrapped his hand around his glass of water and took it to his mouth for a sip.

He put the glass of water down and tried again. “The truth is, I seduced the entire board of directors with my good looks and

charms, and they had no choice but to make me

the CEO

His second attempt made his first out to be much more believable.

She giggled and played along. “You have good looks and charms.”

His eyes widened. “See? Even you can see it.”

“Yes.”

“Well, good looks and charms can only get you so far as a man. I did my residency at the hospital fifteen years ago before

leaving seven years ago for the Netherlands. I left to help my father start up and run another in his hometown. It had always

been his dream, and so I abandoned everything here and moved there. Six years later, we switched places; he left for the

Netherlands while I took over here. The board members voted in agreement when they saw my hard work and achievement, and

that is the truth.”

She believed this over the last two. “Your father must be very proud.”

He shrugged. "He has his days." He entwined his hands on the table and rested his gaze on her. "What about you? What other

scientific breakthroughs have you embarked on in the last year? You pulled cancer off so well, so you can be sure other health

practitioners are looking for the next big thing." His eyes of curiosity danced all over her.

She stayed silent.

"You cannot say." He said it and smiled.

"I am married." She dropped a truth she knew would save her from a few questions.

Cillian's eyes narrowed at her, and she knew he thought she was joking. After a few seconds went by and she didn't take back

her words, he realised that was the truth.

The table became quiet.

Fiona realised that in her attempt to save herself from giving away too much information than was necessary, she might have

ruined what would have been a good night.

"I would have preferred it if you stood me up." He spoke after a minute of silence went by.

"Cillian..." she tried to speak, but he shook his head.

"There was no ring on your finger, and so I didn't think there was," he said, clearing his throat and adjusting his glasses. "You

should have told me at the engagement party or at the hospital. You didn't have to bring me here to tell me. That is cruel, and

you don't seem cruel." His voice was barely holding it together, and he struggled with every sentence he made.

111

O

<

15:51 Fri, 26 Jan D

"I am sorry."

"Yeah, me too." He said this and glanced up at her with a wounded look on his face.

"We had issues-my husband and I. And I don't think we will ever get back together." She explained what she felt he deserved to

know. "I am still married, but we are never getting back together." It was the easiest way to tell the truth. This way, she didn't

over- share or have to lie.

Once again, the table grew quiet.

He reached over the side of the table and squeezed down on her hand, and the wounded look he had on his face lingered. "I am

sorry. I do not know the pain of losing the one you once loved."

Once loved was the wrong way to put it because she was still in love with Julian despite everything.

"Hopefully someday you look back on everything with a smile."

His words made her feel so much better.

She lifted the glass up and tilted it towards him, saying, "To the future."

He smiled and held his glass up as well. "To the future."