

## Mommy 82

### Chapter 82

“You know, when I told you that you were a decent guy, I didn’t say it so you could come stalk me in my house.” Fiona said as

she stepped out to the balcony with her arms folded across her chest.

Camila informed her someone was at the door waiting for her, and picking up his scent, she knew it was Cillian. She had a lot of

questions, and what he was doing here stayed at the top of the list.

Cillian raised his hands in surrender and took a step forward. “I know, but it has been a week since our last date. And I have

heard nothing from you. I also do not have your number, so there was no way to reach out to you. So, I wanted to make sure you

were okay. I am sorry if it came off wrong to you. I never intended it that way.”

“If I wanted to reach out to you, I would do so by asking for Peter’s help,” she reminded him.

He nodded in agreement. “That is true. I guess I will go back to waiting.”

It was best to keep him waiting in Fiona’s book, but telling it to his face didn’t sound fair. The time they spent together on their

last date was one of the best she’s had in a while, and she knew it was the same for him. She wanted to reach out to him the

very next day, but she wanted to make sure she was doing it because she wanted to and not being influenced by the forces of

nature.

By the forces of nature, she meant the full moon, which was a day away. She felt it in every fibre of her being. She was so ready

to shift-perhaps more than she had been in a while. The full moon came with its own emotions and vulnerabilities. It made

Lycans extra sensitive to words, touch, and attention. While that can be a good thing, it becomes bad when you get it from the

wrong person.

She didn’t know if whatever she felt around Cillian last week would be genuine emotions or heightened ones. So, it was best for

her to keep up in an attempt to save herself. It was selfish because she had completely left him in the dark, but it wasn’t because

of him, but for herself.

“Wait,” she called to him, and he halted but didn’t turn back to her. He probably already had a devastating look on his face.

She didn’t like being the villain in their story.

“I should have found a way to reach out, and I am sorry I didn’t.”

He turned around to her; his emotions stayed tamed. “I hope you are okay, though. That is all I care about.”

Cillian always had a big heart.

She nodded. “I am fine; I have no other choice but to be fine.”

He smiled warmly at her, and now his eyes flickered with emotion. “It’s so nice seeing you, Fiona.”

“I am not going to invite you inside,” she said flatly, shutting down the giddy feeling she had in her stomach at the sight of him

smiling. “But we can take a stroll if you are up for that.”

His smile deepened. “I will take time with you over anything else, Mrs. Lawrence.”

And so they walked.

This time, Fiona told him a few other things about herself. She did not go into much detail at the time about her marriage, but

now she told him about her sons.

“You miss them?”

She nodded and pressed her lips together when her eyes grew glassy. “Every fucking day. I miss them so much, and it hurts. I

should have hugged them tight when I had the chance.” She revealed, and for the first time, she showed a little vulnerability.

She didn’t think she needed it, but he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into a tight hug. “I am sorry,” he said softly,

while stroking her hair.

She held onto him, drawing her comfort from him, even though she never thought that was possible. After about a minute, she

pulled away from the hug and cleared her throat. “Thank you.”

“There is nothing to thank me for.” He said. They kept walking.

There was silence for a while before Cillian spoke again: “How about your work with science? Did you give that up because of the break from your husband?”

She hesitated to answer the question because she didn’t know if he deserved to know that information, but after deciding against it, “Yes,” she answered.

She found no reason why she had to place herself under limitation when she knew Julian wouldn’t do the same. The blinding sense of loyalty she still had for him wasn’t fair to her.

“I had to give it up and leave. It was for the best.”

“I can’t believe your husband had a diamond for a wife, but threw it away. Pardon my manners, Fiona, but he is a dumb as shole.”

She paused, and he paused as well, and his eyes flickered in panic over what he just said.

She burst out laughing at his weird form of insult. How come this good-looking man was only good ace?

Cillian laughed along, a little relieved at her laughter.

“You are horrible at insults.” She told him and patted him on the shoulder.

“I know, but that had to be said.”

For what Julian did to her, he was.

“Your departure from science is such a loss to the world of science.” He told her in a serious tone of voice.

“I don’t think that is true.”

“Well, I do,” he insisted, “and if I am not overstepping my boundary, I would like you to join my team at Harmony Hospital.”

She paused, surprised by the bold offer. “I can’t take it.”

“Why not?”

Because then she would feel like she was betraying the citadel.

Once again, she was letting her past dictate her present. She was no longer a part of the werewolf world, and she might never

get the chance to go back. This was her chance to help change the world in the best way she could. It shouldn't matter where

she was doing the work as long as she was working and making life a better place. That was the reason she joined the nursing

field years ago.

"Do I get the time to think about it?" She asked, staring up at Cillian, and her heart raced away in her chest.

"Well, I am not going anywhere, so you can take as much time as you need."

She was getting her life back together; this was a good thing, and she was happy for the journey ahead.