

Mommy 87

Chapter 87

"I am so glad that, despite everything, you decided to join my team as a scientist." Cillian said as soon as Fiona stepped into his office.

"I didn't say I was joining your team." She told him, and his lips paused in confusion.

Her response took him aback. "Oh, I thought it'd be a clear yes since you came to the hospital and wanted to see me."

"In what world is that a clear yes?" She raised a brow at him.

"In the world in my head." He said it with an unsure look on his face. "My bad for jumping to conclusions; I was just excited to see you."

"I see that."

He offered her a seat, and once she sat, he did the same. "If you are not here to give your answer to my proposal, it means you

are here to see me. What would you like to drink?" he said, already picking up the phone on his desk and looking excited.

"Nothing."

His eyes narrowed. "Nothing?"

"Yes, you can drop the phone. I didn't come to see you."

The little hope he had in his eyes faded, and the sight pricked her heart a little. "Oh, you didn't come to give me a yes, and you

didn't come to see me. So why are you here?" he entwined his fingers on the desk.

"You asked me to join your team, but I have no idea who is on your team. I cannot give a yes without knowing what I am up against." She said.

"My team of scientists?"

"Yes."

"I doubt you would know them."

"I was a nurse here three years ago. I know a thing or two."

His eyes narrowed at her, but he spoke, “Dr. Phillip Dube, Dr. Bridge Yellow, Dr. Kia Cruz, Dr. Alexander Black, and then there is

me and you.”

He was right; she didn’t know any one of these people. She should have just taken his word for it when he said it.

“You have grown awfully quiet. Is there something wrong?” he asked.

“You are right. I don’t know these doctors.” She agreed with him.

He didn’t gloat over the fact and instead proceeded to explain it to her. “Two of them came with me from the Netherlands a year

ago, and the others transferred here within the last year. And you do not have to worry; they are qualified scientists skilled in their

various fields. So, what is your answer?”

She took a deep breath, taking the first step towards a better future for herself. “Then yes, I would love to be a part of your team.”

He smiled and rose to his feet with his hand stretched out. “It is an honour to have you, Mrs. Lawrence.”

She was introduced to the group almost immediately, and her office was assigned to her at the hospital. Cillian told her he would

speak with the board of directors at the hospital about her role there, meaning he had yet to inform them. He had taken the risk

without first informing them. He told her it was because he didn’t want to bring them into something without knowing the full

assurance of it. When she asked what he would do if they voted no, he smiled and told her he’d make them say yes.

That was a week ago, and things have gone well since then. She would love to call it that.

“Do not lurk around my door; I know you are there.” Fiona spoke up after a while of picking up Cillian’s scent and having him still

stay there without knocking.

He had done this for three days straight, and it was cute, creepy, and annoying at the same time. She had never acknowledged

his presence, and those times he had spent about ten to thirty minutes there before leaving.

The door was pushed open seconds later, and Cillian stepped into the office.

He stuffed his hands into his pocket and did a little stretching while staring around. “I am sorry for lurking.”

She placed the pen in her hand on the research file before her and turned her attention to him. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to see how you were handling your first week. Research shows a person's first week usually determines the drive and

energy they would put into their work at an organisation."

She arched a brow at him. "Who conducted that research?"

His lips paused, and he pulled his hands out of his pocket to fold them over his chest. "I did."

This made her laugh, and she shook her head. "That is crazy."

"It got you to laugh," he said, feeling satisfied with himself.

"I shouldn't be laughing; I am here to work, not to be flirted with or wooed." She stopped speaking before frowning at him. "That

is why you brought me here, right? To work, not to be wooed."

"You are here because of your brains, but it is fair to admit your beauty cannot be dismissed." He stressed out and adjusted his

glasses.

She rolled her eyes. He was such a smooth-talking, ear-pleasing man. He knew the right words to say, just like Julian did. She

felt sick to her stomach, and it was a bitter feeling.

The thought of him took away the little happiness that was just inside her. "You shouldn't flirt with me."

He threw his hands up in surrender. "I'm sorry if I overstepped then."

"What is your endgame here?"

"Excuse me?"

"What do you hope to achieve? A girlfriend in the end? I would like to know the angle you are working from and at."

A nervous smile came onto his face, but it didn't last long. "The one of friendship, and you never know what might come from it."

"Is that how you are friends with every female that works with you, or am I just that special?"

"We were friends before you came here; I thought we could carry it on. But I see that is not the same case for you."

Fiona sighed and rubbed her forehead as she felt a migraine settle in. She had moved into attack mode even though this man

had shown her he could be trusted over and over again. "I am sorry."

"You do not have to be sorry. I should be honest. Look, I have never done this, and that might sound like a lie, but I haven't, and

it isn't a lie. I like you. From the moment I set my eyes on you, I knew there was just something about you that drew me closer.

Now I find myself wanting to do all those things I thought were unimportant before. Like taking a walk while cracking old, boring

jokes. Even though I know you are married and in a complicated situation with your husband, I still find myself wanting you and

no one else. But I have to remind myself that I don't get to have you just because I have the power to. That is not how it works.

This might just be what I get, and I am okay with

that. I will do my best to not add to your burden while you work here."

Cillian, being brutally honest, even at the detriment of himself, would never cease to amaze her. "Thank you."

He nodded and turned to leave.

"If you could have something when you ask, what would it be?" She asked, getting up from her seat and walking towards him.

"I will ask you to come out on a second date with me." He replied without hesitation, and it felt as if he knew what she wanted to

ask and prepared for it.

She opened her mouth to speak, but she felt a wave of nausea, and her mouth shut. She tried once more, and as the words

almost left her mouth, her vision blurred.