

Mommy 88

Chapter 88

Fiona's eyes fluttered, and she found herself in a rather strange room without knowing how she got here. The bed gave little

comfort for her b*dy, and the beeping sound of the heart monitor beside her head sent her senses into a frenzy. She immediately

sat

and looking around, she realised she was in a ward at the hospital.

up,

Why was she in a hospital bed?

What happened to her?

She felt an ache in her head, and her hand ran up to rub against it slowly, trying to ease the pain. Then she remembered that

she had experienced a slight headache while Cillian was in her office, and that was the last thing she could remember.

Cillian was in her office.

What did he do to her? Why was she here?

She placed her legs on the floor to get down, and she winced at how cold it was.

They took off her shoes as well.

The question still ran around when the door opened, and Peter walked in, holding a report sheet in his hand and staring at her in

a worried way.

"What am I doing here?" she demanded, staring at him.

"You passed out." He informed her.

"For how long?"

"A few hours." He answered, "We ran a few tests and got their results back." He stepped towards her and handed her the result

paper.

She took it, and her eyes scanned over the number of tests run and their results. Her eyes moved down towards the end, and

they caught the only test that stood out.

Pregnancy.... positive.

She would have laughed out loud, but her headache still had her in a tight grip. "I am not pregnant." She said this and rubbed her

forehead to ease the pain.

"The test result says you are," Peter insisted.

This had to be a joke because there was no way she could be pregnant.

She glared at him and said, "Then check again, Peter; I am not pregnant."

"I ran the test myself, and I did it three times. You are indeed pregnant-13 weeks, to be precise."

She stayed still, knowing that if Peter's result was true, she would be able to hear the heartbeat of the child. It didn't come until

the first few seconds passed, and then she focused again. This time, she heard it. It was barely noticeable, but it was there. Her

eyes grew glassy, and she ran her hand over her face.

How could she be pregnant and not even know?

Her head aches even more. The head ache had begun for the last two weeks and wasn't a constant thing. She thought it was

from dehydration, stress, or fatigue; she never thought it would be linked to pregnancy, but she should have. The fatigue, the

nausea, the headache, and the change in her taste for food. This was her field, and she should have known.

She didn't need to wonder whose it was; she had been with one man and only one man all her life.

Julian McQueen. She was

carrying his baby while in exile.

This news didn't bring her joy. It reminded her of the man she had been doing her best to get over-the man who was anything but

a mate to her now. Of all the times to be pregnant, it had to be now.

Julian and she had looked forward to having another child, and while she wanted another boy, he wanted a girl. She

remembered the many times she caught him with his head on her stomach, telling her he was waiting to hear a heartbeat. She

called him crazy because that was not how having a child worked, but she also thought it was cute.

A tear dropped on the test result sheet in her hand, and she cleared her throat and wiped off the tears, then looked back at him.

"Is there something I can do?" he asked.

With the news of her pregnancy came a new reality: she couldn't live like she had before. She had to restructure her life now so

it would accommodate the child. Everything will change, even her role as part of the research team.

She shook her head and said, "No, there isn't anything. I will be fine."

He didn't seem to believe her, but he didn't argue. He nodded and made his way to the door, but paused and turned back. "Dr.

Omale has been outside since he brought you in. Do you want to send him in?"

Was she ready to see him, though? She would have to at one point.

"Send him in," she replied, and Peter nodded and took his leave.

The door opened slowly, and Cillian walked in. He held the utmost look of worry on his face as he stared at her.

"Are you okay?" he asked in a gentle voice.

She nodded, touched by his tender show of affection. "Yes, I still have the headache, but I mean, it is part of the process."

His eyes narrowed at her confusion, but he didn't ask her to explain what she meant.

"I was scared." He revealed, taking another step forward, and she couldn't imagine how he must have felt seeing her lose

consciousness while talking to him.

"I am sorry," she said, folding the test result still in her hand.

He got to her bedside and sat. "I thought I did something." His eyes fluttered, and a shy smile appeared on his face. "I am stupid

for saying this, but I thought I placed you under too much pressure and your b*dy couldn't take it."

"You didn't; none of it was your fault, Cillian, I assure you."

He turned to stare at her and said, "I am glad you are okay, and I want you to know that whatever happens, I am here for you."

He assured her and then took her hand in his for a tight squeeze.

At his touch, she felt comfort and ease, and she knew that she was safe with him. She pulled closer and placed her head on his

shoulder, and they both stayed silent. She wanted him to hold on to her this way and never let go.

"I'm pregnant." She said in a small voice after a while of silence went by.

He stayed mute, and she wondered what he was going to say. She wouldn't blame him if he stood up and left here and now. It

was his decision, and if he didn't want her and her baggage anymore, she wouldn't hate him.

He didn't get up to leave like she expected; instead, his hand on hers tightened. "I'm here. It will be fine."

Her eyes blurred up at his response, as it wasn't what she expected. This man was what she wanted and more, and it was just

too good to be true, but he was true.

She never accepted his offer for a date before passing out earlier, and now, thinking about it, it doesn't seem like a bad idea. It

was a good one.

She pulled her head away from his shoulder and gazed up at him. The same moment he turned his head, his eyes met hers, and

she felt herself swept away by the intensity of his gaze.

Her gaze drifted from his eyes to his lips, and her b*dy lit up at the thought of k*ssing him.

As if knowing what she was thinking about, he leaned in and took her lips between his for a soft and passionate k*ss that took

her breath away.

She pulled back, realising what had just happened. She just let him k*ss her, and she liked it.

"I am sorry." He began, pushing his glasses further into his face, but she shook her head.

"If you could have something when you ask, what would it be?" She said that, and he knew where she was going. This was the

conversation they had never ended before she passed out.

"I will ask you to come out on a second date with me." He replied without hesitation, just like before.

"Okay," she said, smiling at him.

His own smile came out, strong and unwavering. "Okay." He said that and k*ssed her lips once again.