

## **Mommy 90**

### Chapter 90

#### Fiona's POV

Fiona stood in front of the mirror, staring at her figure in the navy blue silk maid of honour dress.

It had grown tighter than the last time she wore it, which was two weeks ago. She didn't put on any other weight, but there was a

baby growing within her, and it grew with every day that passed.

"You look so pretty," Camila, who was being made up, said from behind her.

She turned around with a pout on her face and said, "I look like I swallowed a whole turkey!"

Fiona gave her a funny eye. "You look pregnant; that is the right word."

Fiona made a face at her and said nothing else.

She told Camila about her condition as soon as she got home that day. Camila promised to give as much emotional support as

she would need. She was lucky to have her as her friend.

Accepting her reality wasn't easy, but it was the choice she had to make, and she stood by it. It didn't get better with the days

that passed, but she had the love and support of those around her. It was her fourth month, and the baby was as healthy as ever.

She shifted the past full moon but didn't explore territories; she spent it on a farm. Camila informed her that the neighbours

across had given her the keys to their ranch, which wasn't far away, and asked if she wanted to shift there instead.

It would give her privacy and the ability to shift and strengthen herself, especially now. She accepted it with gratitude. Shifting,

like she expected, was everything and more.

An hour later, the makeup artist finished his work on Camila's face. The wedding dresser helped set her into her dress, and

Fiona was glad to be a part of this wholesome moment.

They arrived at the Rose Garden, which they had selected as the venue for their wedding. Camila got down, and Fiona was

behind her.

Camila's father, Pedro Rogers, walked her down the aisle, and Peter the groom and Cillian, his best man, waited for them in the

front. Fiona followed behind. Peter had the happiest look on his face as he waited for Camila, and Fiona noticed Cillian's cheerful

face on her as if he had seen nothing better.

Since their first k\*ss, they have taken things slower. There was still no label on what they were, but she felt a strong connection

and sense of safety being with him. It was enough to bet on, and that was what she did. The baby in her had played a key role in

the progress of their relationship, but it was good.

She continued her job as part of the research team. Every three days, they met to bring their ideas together and then to see

which of those ideas could be executed.

Fiona shed light on the work she did in the werewolf world, which was extensive research into the wandering sickness. Which

was also known as Alzheimer in the human world.

The presentation of this sickness was very different in humans and Lycans, but its common factor was that it fed on brain power.

Without her journal and documents on the steps so far, she couldn't bring them up to speed, and that meant they would have to

start all over.

Cillian told her there was no rush and she could take as much time as she needed, and she promised to be with her all the way.

"You look so beautiful," Peter murmured into Camila's ear as they reached where they were, and she smiled.

Pedro stepped out of the way after handing her over to Peter.

"You look great." Cillian whispered to her.

"It is not your moment." She whispered back to him.

After the vows were taken, the couples proceeded to their 'I dos'

The reception kicked off an hour later, and though it was at the same location, the reception was in the Rose Garden Hall. Peter

and Camila sat in front, while those who came to celebrate with them on their day sat around. The friends and families of the

bride and groom took turns telling what they were grateful for, and Fiona was among the first.

"I am grateful for the day that my path and yours met Camila. You saved my life despite your own not being in the best place. I

consider you more than a friend; I consider you a sister, a counsellor, and a mother. If I could go back, I wouldn't change a thing."

She said, and Camila made a love sign using her hands.

She smiled and then turned to Peter. "To Peter Yates, you are a wonderful man, and I am glad you found someone who would

compliment you. You have a big heart, and I pray it never changes. The two of you deserve the best of everything, and I wish

you only the happiest."

She said that and saw Camila wiping away her tears. She only hoped her friend believed she meant every word.

"You look exhausted," Cillian said as he came to stand close to her.

She sighed. He had guessed correctly. "My legs are killing me; I want to go home, but the day is far from over, and so I have to

sit and wait until it is; my friend deserves that at the very least."

"What can I do to make it better?" he asked.

She stared into his eyes, and a small smile came onto her face. "Be yourself." She said that and placed her head on his

shoulders.

He placed his hand on her waist. "I can do that," he mumbled into her hair while stroking it.

"Do you see yourself ever being there?" he asked in a small voice. She pulled her head off his shoulder, and her eyes followed

his, and she came to meet Camila and Peter in their seats. He was asking her if she saw herself getting married again.

The truth is, she didn't see herself getting married again, but then again, she didn't see herself feeling anything for anyone, but

here she was, with her feelings for him growing every day.

She wanted to tell him she didn't know, but she immediately felt nauseated.

Her hands ran up to cover her mouth. "I'm going to throw up," she said before hurrying away from him.

She pushed open the bathroom door, ran to bury her head in the toilet seat, and threw up into it.

She understood morning sickness, but she didn't understand afternoon sickness.

She finished, wiping the water left on her face away with the tissue paper before tossing it into the bin close to the door. Feeling

much better, she returned to the reception venue and made her way towards Cillian, who stood where she had left him and he

waited for her.

She smiled a little and then approached, but she came to a stop when she saw that she shouldn't be here.

Julian.

Her breath cut in her throat at the sight of Julian, and she stood stuck, unable to move or speak. Their gazes stayed locked for

longer than they needed to and longer than she wanted.

Cillian found her standing still and overwhelmed, and he took a step forward towards her. He placed his hand on her shoulder,

and she broke out of the frozen state she had stood in for over a minute after seeing Julian.

What was he doing here? Why was he here?

She had wanted him to return. The first week after her arrival in the world of humans, she wanted him to return, tell her it was all

a mistake, and take her back. She was even willing to put everything behind her and return. That was how willing she was to not

let go. He didn't return, though-not in the first month, not two months later. It had been over three months and he was back, so

why was he back?

She glanced up at Cillian, and she forced a smile at him, but he already sensed something was wrong, and his eyes were

already protective.

If only he knew just how much.

"What is wrong?" he asked with a worried eye.

She stared back at where she had seen Julian, but he had already left.

"He is here." She said it with a hollow voice.

Cillian's brow furrowed. "Who?" he asked.

Her gaze returned to him, and the weariness in them didn't leave as she said, "My husband."

He turned around as well, but didn't seem to see anything. "Where?" he asked, his hand tightening around her protectively.

She pressed her lips together and said, "He is gone."