

Mommy 91

Chapter 91

The guest sent the newlyweds off on their one-month honeymoon trip to Scotland. It turned out that Peter's grandfather was from

Scotland and owned a plantation and castle there. He had willed it over to Peter after his death. Camila was so excited when she

shared the news with her last night at her bachelorette party.

Fiona waved at them, knowing a lot was about to unfold for her.

She didn't bother telling Camila about the sudden appearance and disappearance of Julian; the last thing she wanted was to

become the main character on Camila's wedding day. So, she said nothing, and when it was time to leave, she kissed Camila

and wished her only the best.

"Are you okay?" She heard Cillian's voice from behind her, and he came to wrap his arms around her waist.

She eased into his hold and sighed. With Julian's appearance, she knew okay was far from her list of words. She would never be

okay; she would never have a calm and normal life.

Yes, he had disappeared without a trace hours ago, but she knew what she saw; she knew reality from imagination, just as she

knew night from day. It was him, and his presence didn't bring her any comfort.

She wondered why he was back-why now?

What did he want? It was certainly not her. He sent her here because he believed his whole over her.

He sent her here because he was tired of her and needed a way out. He sent her away so he could be with his whole.

She smiled up at him and said, "I'll be fine."

Cillian offered to take her home, and she accepted. She was too exhausted and consumed with thoughts to think or do anything

on her own.

He drove them off from the Rose Garden venue and back home. He turned off the car when they arrived at the door of her

house, but they stayed in the car silently.

“Are you okay?” he asked again, and this time she didn’t give any smart answers.

“I don’t know.” This was the truth.

He nodded and didn’t push her to say anything else. “I will not ask you to invite me in. So, I would ask if you would rather spend

the night at my place?”

This was so far from what she thought he was going to say, but then again, with Cillian, she didn’t know what to expect from him.

He was always looking out for her safety, sometimes even above his own.

She had never slept somewhere that wasn’t Camila’s place since coming back here. Then again, she didn’t want to be alone

tonight. She dreaded it, and his offer seemed like the rescue she needed, but she was too conflicted to demand it.

“Yes,” she nodded.

His eyes lit up as if he didn’t expect her reply, and a smile came onto his face. “Great then,” he said, turning on the car before driving them off.

The drive to his place took seventeen minutes, and Fiona realised he lived in a quiet part of the city. He parked his car in front of

the penthouse and got down. He came over to her side of the door and opened it to her.

It was a gorgeous design, and it left her amazed.

She stepped down from the car, and he closed the door. “You live here.” It wasn’t a question.

His eyes grew weary. “You don’t like it.” He had gone for the worst reaction possible.

She shook her head. “I never said that,” she said with a frown. “It is beautiful. I mean, I can see why you are here.”

“Why is that?”

“It’s quiet and private, with a touch of perfection, and it gives a sense of nature even though it’s far from it,” she said and didn’t

know if she was correct in her assumption. She was never a good guesser with him; that was his job.

“I like the quiet life,” he nodded. “You are correct. As for privacy, I don’t think that is true; hence, it’s called a penthouse.” He

offered her his hand, and when she took it, he led them into the house.

The inside was just as elegant, and this man took minimalism to another level with the designs and frames he had on the wall.

There was only one couch in the living area, and it was white.

The emptiness told her he was probably waiting for someone to fill it up.

"It is beautiful." She gushed.

"It is incomplete." He corrected her, "I would have said you would complete it when you move in, but I am not so sure." He

revealed this to her, walked into the area she guessed was the kitchen, and walked back out with a bottle of water and two

glasses.

"Why did you say that?" she asked.

Your husband is back. He poured the water into the glass and handed it over to her. "I saw the look on your face, underneath that

fear is the need for closure, and most times when people get closure, they look for the reason it didn't work out, and then they try

to work that out."

For the first time in a long while, he was wrong on his assumption. "What if I am not looking for closure?"

"Everyone needs closure.

I am not everyone. She took a sip of the water and stepped towards him.

He stepped back. "What do you need?"

To stop talking and thinking" She said. There must have been something in the water because she felt so alive-more alive than

she had been before. "I want sex. She said that and placed her hand on his chest, feeling the unsteady beat thereon.

"Did you figure that out before or after you saw your husband?"

"Stop fucking talking about my husband already!" She exploded and turned away from him. "This has nothing to do with him and

everything about the fact that I have wanted to do this for so long, but always felt guilty and felt like a cheat for wanting another

man, even though that was what he did.” She growled and wrapped her arms around herself, as she immediately felt cold.

She meant what she said. but he was right. This was about Julian. The very reason she was here was because he brought

himself back into her life. He ruined her for men seven years ago, and now, when she was slowly finding someone whom she

liked, he had brought himself back. This was what he did best.

Yet she had no right to drag Cillian into this mess. He had been the best thing that happened to her since coming into the world

of humans, and she didn’t want to throw it away.

He stepped towards her, took her by the shoulders, and turned her to himself.

“I want you, Fiona; you know this already, but I do not want you doing this because you want to prove something. You do not

have to prove anything to me. And if I have to wait for the moment when you will give yourself freely to me, because you want to

and not because you want to get back at your husband, then I will happily take you to my bed and make love to you.”

He kissed her lips slowly and pulled her against himself. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him back, giving back

just as much affection as she was getting.

He deepened the kiss, and his arms around her waist pulled her closer. He meant what he just said; he didn’t want to be used as

meat, not when the emotions and intentions behind the act weren’t mutual.

He showed her to her room, and after showering, she went to bed. The only thing on her mind before she found sleep was

Cillian.

Cillian was gone the next day when she woke up. He left a note, telling her there was an emergency at the hospital and he had

to see to it. He made breakfast in the kitchen and had already called her a ride that would be there in two hours.

Men like Cillian don’t exist in real life. They existed in books and fairytales, and even if such men existed in real life, did she

deserve someone like that?

She came downstairs, had breakfast, and then took her bath before leaving when the driver came. She had a wide smile on her

face all the way back home.

She dug her hand into her pocket when she got to her door, opened the door, and stepped in. She was still in her maid of honour

dress because she checked if Cillian had

women's clothes in the wardrobe and he didn't.

She moved to the bedroom, released herself from the bondage of the dress she had on, and changed into a grey t-shirt and

black tights. She didn't have work today since it was the weekend, so she would stay home and be lazy.

On days like these, she usually had Camila to keep her company, but her friend was gone on her honeymoon, and she now had

only herself.

"I stayed up waiting for you last night," she heard Julian's voice say from behind, and her heart dropped in her stomach.