

Mommy 94

Chapter 94

"You are not here." Cillian said, and Fiona turned to find his eyes and a few others in the room on her.

Her hand came up to rub at her forehead, and she couldn't even remember what they were talking about before she wandered

away with her thought.

"You seem too tired to hear anything we are saying here." He pointed out, and his eyes showed his concern. "Meeting

dismissed," he said to the others seated, and they rose to their feet and exited the room, leaving both of them alone.

Cillian rose from his seat and towards her, and she stared at him silently. "What is wrong?" he asked, but she gave no response

to him. "I know I make up excuses enough for you, and it's always been for a good cause, but you have to tell me what is going

on, so I do not feel as if this is a lost cause."

She felt guilty; they had made no progress in the last two meetings because she had either zoned out of the meeting or forgotten

her speech mid-sentence. Cillian had been an amazing boss and partner and covered up for her every time it happened, like

now. There was so much progress to be made, and she wasn't helping.

She couldn't stay home because she feared Julian would return, and when she returned home, she stayed awake thinking about

what to do or say the next time she ran into him. This gave her less sleep and helped her focus the next day. All this started after

he came to her house, and she didn't know how to stop it.

"I am sorry."

"You do not have to apologise, but you need to explain." Cillian replied, and his hand came up to stroke her face tenderly. "Can

you do that?"

She would try her best.

"I can't stop thinking about him," she revealed in a small voice.

He pulled his hand away from her face, and she immediately felt cold. "I will assume that the 'him' is your husband." He said this,

and his eyes betrayed his attempt to stay calm and composed.

She nodded. "Yes, since he came back. I have been thinking about him, wanting to know what he wants, but I cannot figure it

out. I know I wanted him at some point in the last three months, but now I wish he didn't come back; I wish he had stayed away."

She didn't tell Cillian everything that happened because he was not in the place to know, but she thought this was enough for

him.

"You do not want to go back to him," he said, and their eyes locked.

"Once I did, but not anymore: I do not want to," she replied. Not with the truth she now knows.

Cillian exhaled in relief. "Okay," he said, leaning in and kissing her forehead. "Have you tried speaking with the police about

him?"

"Police?" she repeated, not knowing how they could help.

"You can tell them your husband scares you, and you fear for your life and safety and want them to protect you. It is a part of

their job. I could call a few friends of mine and put them on your guard."

Cillian's innocence still warmed her heart. She needed to keep him this way.

"The police can't do much; he is just too powerful."

She would do a better job protecting herself than the police would. Their casualties would be great, and she didn't want their

blood on her hands. "Thank you for your suggestion, but I will be fine, I promise."

"Alright, then, would you want to move in with me? I could protect you."

She didn't want to laugh because he was being serious, but it was funny. "I do not doubt that, but I can't."

"Why not?"

Because he couldn't protect her. And if she wanted to move in with him, she would do it because they had gotten to the place

where they wanted to live together, not because she was afraid of her husband.

"You do not think I can take him on?"

He wouldn't like her answer, so she remained quiet.

"What?"

"My husband can get really beastly when he fights." That was the safest way to put it: "Besides, I am just paranoid he hasn't

shown his face since the wedding, so I doubt." She rose from her seat and came to stand before him.

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She placed her arms around his neck, and his arms immediately wrapped around her waist.

"I will not worry you anymore, I promise." She leaned in and kissed his lips.

Cillian suggested a few things to her that would help take her mind off Julian: one of them was taking up a yoga class, and

another was running for at least twenty minutes

every evening, two hours before bedtime.

She chose to run because she needed the exercise, especially in her condition. The first two days of doing it, she slept quickly,

not having the strength to speak up and think. This helped her stay productive the next day at work. She was grateful to Cillian

for his amazing suggestion, and she didn't fail to tell him that.

She stepped out of her house in grey joggers and a black sport bra, and she had a sweater around her waist in case it became

cold on her way back.

She plugged in her headset and took off with no hesitation. She didn't use her werewolf ability; instead, she relied only on her

normal strength. This was what kept her worn out for the rest of the night.

After twenty minutes of running, she stopped to catch her breath and turned to the shop, making pap around the corner to place

an order for corn pap. This was the sealing deal that would aid quick sleep. She wore her sweater as her body grew cold, and

she approached the shop.

The human world had so many exceptional inventions, and she never even tried to find them when she lived here years ago,

She smiled at the kind mister at the front of the pot and handed him her cash. He took it and filled her cup with the thick corn

pap, adding sugar and milk to taste. She thanked him and turned around, only to find Julian across the road from her.

Her heart skipped in her chest, and it took a moment for her to get back to normalcy.

She pulled the hood of her sweater on, pretending not to have seen him, as she walked on with the hope that he would go away.

She noticed him following behind from over her shoulder, and she turned to walk through the alley that she had never gone

through in the night. If this would make her lose him, then she would gladly take it. She just had to get home and shut the door.

“Fiona, wait. Wait for me.” He called to her, but she did not slow down; instead, she hurried. Usually, she would take the pap on

her way home, so she would just shower and get to bed on arrival, but she couldn’t do that, so she hurried away as fast as her

legs

could take her.

She spotted four thugs standing around the corner, staring at her as she walked. They left their position and made their way into

her path as she got closer, and she immediately wanted to turn around. Julian followed behind, and she didn’t want to go back

towards him. She would keep moving, even if that meant going through them.

“Hello, little angel, what do you have for us?” one man with a hoarse voice said to her.

“It’s corn pap.” Another said it with a small giggle.

The third man reached out and took the cup from her hand and took a sip. Fiona wanted to reach out, but she kept herself calm.

“It tastes so delicious.” He told the rest.

Fiona’s teeth gritted, and her anger showed in her eyes, but she wasn’t angry at them; she was angry at the man who made her

take this path. “If you want more, he will give you more; he has a lot of money, and with it, you can get anything you want.” She

told them, and the four men's eyes moved from her and over to Julian, who was approaching her.

The men pulled out their knives, and she wished good luck to them, knowing it would be their funeral.

With their attention going towards him, she walked away, knowing that sleep would be the last thing she would see tonight.

Perhaps she would give yoga a try from now on.

She walked on, but didn't hear the scream of the men that went in to attack Julian, and that didn't seem right.

Julian was the Lycan king, so of course he could take four human thugs on without breaking a sweat; hell, he could take on forty,

and it wouldn't mean anything to him. Then why weren't these men screaming and running away? Why did it feel like they had a

chance against him?

She paused and turned around and found Julian had tackled the last onto the ground, and his hand was around the man's neck

until he became as still as dead. He then rose

to his feet.

She should not have worried about him; he was the Lycan king.

She didn't get to finish her thought process because Julian's legs gave up from under him, and he fell face-down onto the cold,

hard ground.