

## Mommy 96

### Chapter 96

#### Fiona's POV

Fiona retired to bed for the night, and it did not take longer than three minutes to fall asleep, despite Julian being in her living

room and her couch covered in his blood.

She didn't fear; perhaps it was because she knew where he was. There was no reason to fear him. There was so much she

wanted to ask and so much she wanted to know. Yet she also didn't want to. Knowing might influence her stance with him in all

this, and she wanted things to continue this way.

Her eyes fluttered to see the dawn of day, and she turned to the clock on the nightstand and saw it was already a few minutes

past seven a.m. She had slept for eight hours. Realising that left her in shock for a while. She didn't remember the last time she

slept for that long, and it made her happy. She needed it. Her child needed it.

Her child.

She sighed; she would have to come out with the truth about it to him. She was carrying his child. This was something he always

wanted, and now it was here, but they were no longer a family, and it hurt.

Her phone began beeping on the nightstand, and she quickly reached for it. It was Cillian calling, and she answered and placed

it to her ear.

"Good morning. This is morning, like I promised." Cillian's radiant voice boomed through the phone. "I didn't wake you up,

though, did I?" The energy he displayed a moment ago has now withered.

She smiled and rubbed her head as a slight headache set in. "You are a man of your word. And no, you didn't wake me up; good

morning."

"I hope it isn't too early."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't too early. How are you and your

"The old man is still alive and kicking."

“That’s good to hear.”

dad?”

“I know. I promised him I wouldn’t touch a hair on his head.” He mumbled to himself, but she heard it.

A frown appeared on her face. “What do you mean?” She asked because the Cillian she had grown to know wasn’t a violent

person or one willing to hurt another, especially someone as old as his father.

“Ah, you heard that,” he laughed.

“Yeah, I did. What did you mean? Who did you promise?”

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“His brother.” He answered. “Sadly, his brother doesn’t trust me. They seem to have a thing against bastards and always believe

they are up to no good. But harming him was a joke that I didn’t deliver well. I will do better.”

Fiona remains silent, remembering that Cillian told her how his father had gotten him when he was fresh into college and how he

never knew his mother.

He had grown up being treated differently and was sometimes called a bastard by those outside and some family members. His

father didn’t always stand up for him, and that created a strain in their relationship. It got worse after his father got married and

started a family. Leaving for college was the best thing that Cillian experienced. His relationship with his father only became

better during college, and they were still working through it.

Of course, Cillian wouldn’t hurt anyone, especially his father. He also had a horrible taste for jokes, which wasn’t a surprise at

this point.

“I can imagine wanting to hurt him back.” She said a lighthearted joke: “I know what growing up as an outcast felt like. Somedays

you just want to set the entire world on fire and watch it all burn while you sip your glass of martini.”

“Ah, you get it.”

"I do; the thought went through my head a couple of times growing up." She admitted. "I'm glad I no longer have to deal with that,

and do not worry; you will be back here in no time."

"I missed you." His revelation was made in a calm but hypnotising tone. "I wish were here."

She turned to the other side of the bed. "I miss you too, and the same here."

He took a sharp breath. "I didn't expect to hear that," he revealed to her.

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If she had gone with him, she would have been able to avoid the man called Julian, who was now on her couch. If she had

followed him, he would be cracking those lame, old

jokes for her, and she would be giggling in response and getting comic relief.

She didn't go with him; she stayed back here, and now here she was.

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

Perhaps he knew Julian was at her place.

How would he know, though? It was just a question.

"Like what?" she led him on.

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"There is nothing new here; Camila is still on her honeymoon with Peter, and you are still in the Netherlands, and I am here,

waiting for you to return." She didn't want to lie or leave out this much detail, but she had no choice; he would worry, and she

didn't want him to worry, especially since he was with his family.

It was only for two days.

Silence went by. "I can't wait to get back to you too. I should let you go on with the rest of your day. Talk later; I love you."

She wasn't ready for the last part, so she didn't know what to say.

When Julian asked if she loved Cillian, she got defensive, wanting to avoid the question. Now she felt trapped.

She liked him a lot, and falling in love with a man like Cillian was something that should come naturally, yet she didn't love him.

She had Julian in her life, and she had too much on her plate.

She wanted to be with him; she cared for him more than anyone else-except for Julian. Cillian provided room for growth and

encouraged her to be her own person. He was kind, affectionate, and, most of all, a patient lover. Loving him should have come

easy, but it didn't.

She knew this day would come, though; she saw how he looked at her like a valued possession. As if he had never seemed

something better. She knew it was only a matter of time before he confessed. She knew, yet she wasn't ready for those words.

"Cillian..."

"It's fine; you do not have to tell me anything you do not mean. I just wanted

you to

know. Take care of yourself; we will talk later." He said in a low voice and ended the call.