

Mommy 97

Chapter 97

Fiona's POV

She took a step towards him. "You think I am in some way connected to whatever it is the dark world is planning?"

Julian hesitated. He was contemplating telling her the truth; she saw it in his eyes, but then he looked up at her. "Yes. Remember

when the movers took you to Bayland and you saw the ruin? I believe you saw the future. You were right to ask what I did. I got

upset because, back then, I had not done anything, but now I know I did. To bring about this destruction, they needed the two of

us, and I already played my part. But it doesn't matter because, unlike me, you have a strong sense of judgement and will never

do anything to aid the dark side. I have faith in you."

His answer wasn't what she had expected. And as his hand touched hers, she felt a spark within her, igniting the feelings she

had not felt in months.

When she said she was happy here a week ago, it was not the entire truth, but it wasn't a lie either; she loved here, her new life

was here, Camila and Peter were both here as well as Cillian. This was why she couldn't just leave.

Yet a whole new world waited for her. Her work, her people, and most importantly, her sons.

"Then he told me to bring you along the next time I come visiting." Cillian narrated the tale of his visit back home to her while they

sat to eat lunch at the cafeteria of Harmony Hospital.

Fiona struggled between listening to him and reminiscing about the moment she had with Julian days ago in her head. It was a

struggle. She felt guilty because he had paid close attention when she told him about her weekend, in which she left out a lot of

details. It was only fair that she returned the favour to him, but she wasn't doing that. She was thinking about the words her

husband told her before leaving days ago.

"He wants to see me?" she asked the question because she heard the last part of his words.

“Yes.” He said, smiling.

“What did you tell him I was?”

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“A friend.” He answered.

“And he still wants to see me?” She asked, and her eyes caught a basket of apples on the counter behind him.

He nodded, excited. “I have never had a female friend, and that got him curious. So, what do you say?”

“I want an apple.” She blurted out at the same time he asked his question. Her hands ran up and covered her mouth, knowing

how annoying what she did was.

He turned around and saw the basket of apples on the counter, then turned to her. “Wait here.” He said and rose from the seat,

going over to the counter where the basket

sat.

He greeted the attendant at the cafeteria and then picked up an apple, but as he turned around, someone got in his way, so he

was unable to get through.

Fiona recognised him. Blond hair, massive in size, six-foot tall.

Kenneth.

All the hairs on her body stood alert, and she immediately rose to her feet, startled at his presence.

Julian had told her about his betrayal and falling into the hands of the dark world. He told her he was now under their control, and

that made him a threat to her and she cared about.

anyone

“I am sorry.” Cillian said and tried to step away, but Kenneth once again stepped in the way, so he couldn’t get through.

“Can you let me through? My friend is waiting for me.” Cillian asked, trying to be reasonable.

Kenneth just stared down at him without saying a word and instead reached and took the apple from his hand and took a bite.

“Dude, there are like twenty in this basket. You could have picked one from there.” He stressed out but held no anger in his

voice, and instead, he turned and picked another apple.

Again, Kenneth collected the apple from his hand and bit into it, smirking down at him and taunting him.

She wasn’t Luna anymore, which meant her strength was in no way a match for Kenneth’s. She, however, couldn’t stand back

and do nothing while he pushed Cillian around because of her.

She stormed over to them, only stopping when she got to where he was, and she placed herself between him and Cillian.

Kenneth’s attention moved to her when she got close, and he had an emotionless look on his face. It seemed almost as if he didn’t know her.

Marion and Julian were right in their assumptions. This wasn’t Kenneth—at least not the Kenneth she knew.

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing. Fiona, he just wants an apple.” The oblivious Cillian said so, and he stretched his hand out, trying to

reassure her.

She knew what she saw, and Cillian did not know what he was dealing with. If he knew half of it, he would run the other way.

She did not answer Cillian, and instead she kept her attention on Kenneth, who was still yet to break eye contact with her.

“Trust me, you do not want to make a scene here, Kenneth.” She told him with a stern look.

She couldn’t afford to make a scene here. It had been over a month since she resumed working here again, and she had already

heard enough rumours about herself. Many believed she only got the job because Cillian liked her, not because she was any

good. It was mean and disrespectful to everything she stood for, but people will always talk, and so she consoled herself. Here

now, a scene wasn’t on the list of things she could afford.

Kenneth took a step towards her so that now they stood inches away from each other, and she had to willfully compel her

heartbeat to remain calm. He will capitalise on any sign of fear she shows him, and that would not be good.

A smirk appeared on the side of his face, and she saw darkness all over him before he stepped back and walked away from

them.

She turned around to Cillian, and he looked to have a lot of questions waiting for her.