

## Mommy 99

### Chapter 99

#### Cillian's POV

Cillian wanted an explanation; her decision was too sudden, and because he didn't anticipate it, he didn't really prepare himself

for the impact of it. He needed an explanation; perhaps he would find solace in that.

He would never find peace until he knew why. "Fiona, you can talk to me. Help me understand what is happening. Help me

understand why you do not want to be with me anymore."

"Because I still love my husband." She answered, and he released his grip on her. "No matter what I do, I can't stop how I feel.

He is the one thing on my mind before I go to sleep and the first thing on my mind once I wake. And no matter how much I fight

myself, I can't fight him. No matter who I love, it wouldn't come close to how much I love and want to be with him."

He knew this would happen when she told him her husband came back. Then he wanted to take her away from here to a place

far away where her husband wouldn't find her. A part of him knew Julian's return was his loss, but hearing her say it to him broke

his heart.

It felt wrong. She was his perfect match.

He did everything right, and still he lost her to him.

He had never fought to be in someone's life before, but for her, he would have, if only she wanted to be with him, too. She didn't.

That was the difference. It was out of his control.

He sniffed and nodded his head. "You do not have to be sorry. I mean, you never agreed to be my girlfriend. A part of me knew

how this situation would go and still got myself involved in it. I loved you, and I thought in time you would love me too, but that

will never happen."

A tear rolled down her face. "You are a good man, Cillian Omale, and I am sorry I ended up hurting you just like everyone else. I

hope that one day you will find those who will truly love you the way you deserve.” She said, and turning away, she walked on

without looking back.

He watched her go, unable to go after her because she had told him what she came here to say.

For the rest of the day, he could not focus on anything. He made a mistake by letting her go. He thought. Perhaps letting her go

was a mistake on his side. He shouldn’t have given her that go. She could have wanted him to chase her down.

He saw how hurt she was when they first met, and it was all due to her husband, Julian. Why would she go back to such a man?

What did he say? A promise to change? Do men like him change?

Fiona deserved better. She deserved someone who could offer her more. She deserved him.

He picked up his phone and dialled her number, but it rang to voicemail. After three tries and no response, he placed his phone

down.

She was gone and never coming back. She was going back to her husband, the man she loved. The man she would always

love. They would live together and have a happily ever after.

It made him furious.

He was thinking too much, and if he kept this up, he would become a bitter side piece.

He picked up his desk phone and called Carly, his PA, instructing her to clear out his appointment for the rest of the day.

He rose to his feet and took his leave. He needed to clear his head—to get away. He needed to figure out a way ahead. A world

that Fiona wasn’t a part of.

He came down to the parking lot where he last saw Fiona, and he approached his car, only to pause when he saw a woman

standing there.

She had short, curly blonde hair, and her body rested against his car with her head bowed. She had on white blazers and plain

trousers, and she had a blue shirt on the inside.

He took his steps carefully because he wasn't in the mood to speak to anyone. Not today.

She must have taken notice of his presence despite his careful attempt to not alert her, because her head lifted and her blue

eyes rested on him. A smile came onto her face as she stared at him. She pulled herself off the car and stepped towards him. He

stood still and watched her.

"You must be Cillian Omale." She said and stretched her hand out to him for a shake. Although sceptical, he took her hand into

his for a firm shake. "I am. Who are you?" "I am Isis." She answered, still holding his hand in a tight grip.

He tried pulling his hand out of hers, but it was a tight lock. "Hello, Isis, what for you?"

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"There is nothing you can do for me, but there is a lot you can do for my master."

His brow raised. "Who is your master, and what do they want with me?" She tilted her head from side to side. "Well, you will only

know if you come with me."

"And what if I do not want to come with you?" He asked, with a frown coming onto his face, "What then?"

"Then I will have to make you come with me." She said, and her voice showed her seriousness.

There was no way out of this; he couldn't see it. "Fine, then, I will come with you. Now let go of my hand." He ordered, and she smiled and released his hand.

"Come, my car is over there," she said, and she began walking off.

He followed her, and she walked over to a black Lexus, and beside it stood a tall man with brown hair and a black long sleeve

looking the other way. The man turned around to him as he got close, and he was the same man in the cafeteria yesterday.

He halted his step. "What is he doing here?"

“You are not in place to ask questions.” Isis answered, “Get in the car.” She commanded, and he obeyed silently.

Once in, the brown-haired man turned on the car, and they drove off.