

When they touch me (Shelagh Milano)

#Chapter 101 – 110

Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 101

Chapter 101 ARTEMISIA

Returning to the pack house, I'm exhausted but also feel incredibly giddy.

I hurry to get to my quarters while the flimsy lingerie dress weighs heavily in the little bag.

Stepping into my quarters by forcing me not to burst into his office, I take a deep breath.

As I inhale, I notice that something is wrong quickly, my senses are on high alert as I smell various scents of people that must be standing in my bedroom.

"Oh, she is coming," I hear Daisy whispering and as I step into my bedroom, my heart stops.

"What are you all doing here?" I ask the small crowd of women that is standing in a row, smiling at me.

I take a little step back, clasping my little bag with my indecent piece of clothing as I shudder because of the creepy vibe of this situation.

"Welcome, Luna Artemisia. We were waiting for you to get you ready for the marking," an elderly woman says, stepping aside to reveal a long, white, linen robe lying on my bed.

I clear my throat, lifting my bag as I smile uncomfortably, "Well, thank you. But actually, I have organised something already."

"It's tradition, Missy," Daisy hisses, and I take a deep breath to bite my tongue.

This is a special night, and she isn't going to ruin this for me.

The elderly woman lifts her hand, pointing her finger towards Daisy admonishingly, "If the Luna has organised something for our Alpha, there is nothing wrong with us adjusting our traditions a little bit."

"Let's take a bath first, Luna," She says, starting to steer me to my en-suite bathroom, and the rest of the women follow us chatting happily. "Please don't call me that," I murmur beneath my breath, getting just a motherly smile from the woman.

In the bathroom, a steamy bath already awaits me. It smells incredibly good as the scent of lavender fills the air and I can't wait to relax in it.

As soon as I'm out of my clothes, I let myself sink into the warm water and my muscles scream at the soothing feeling. I force down the moan that wants to bubble out of my chest as I don't want to embarrass myself.

I feel a bit uncomfortable at them tending to me, washing my hair and scrubbing my skin with some awesomely smelling peeling.

But it is tradition, so I'll just put up a good face on this and bear it.

As they are styling my hair, Daisy takes my hand to put another few of the coloured pills into my hand and I look up at her dumbfounded. "This will help for the baby."

"I'm not going to take these, Daisy," I say confidently, depositing them on a surface next to me.

"But you have to! It is important for the baby."

Shaking my head, I press my hands between my thighs, "Cayden said I could skip them until after the official marking! Do you want to go and ask him about it? Or maybe I should call Fynn and let him know that you are forcing me to take something again, even if he doesn't want me to take them."

Mentioning Fynn always works as it gets everyone's face to go pale instantaneously.

"Alpha Cayden didn't inform me about putting off the supplements, and neither did Beta Logan. I'm sure they will be deeply disappointed at your childish behaviour," Daisy spits, and even if I get to swallow my gasp as I don't want to give her the satisfaction, the women around me don't hold back.

"Daisy!" one of them hisses, but I just wave dismissively.

"Let her! She is just anxious about my baby's health." I squint my eyes at her, tilting my head. "Aren't you, Daisy?"

Daisy starts fidgeting around, probably because the realisation of what she has done starts kicking in. "Yes! Of course!"

"Don't worry," I say with a theatrically lovely tone. "I'll do my best to take them regularly after my official marking ceremony."

She nods, looking very uncomfortable and I take a mental note to myself, wanting to remember to take the pills and store them somewhere safe so that they can be analysed as well.

Vera, the eldest of the circle of women who came to prepare me, is the one who actually accompanies me into a big bedroom situated in the wing opposite where we are staying.

I hug my dressing gown closer as I feel coldness seeping through my skin and try not to concentrate too much on her long gown dragging on the floor, making me feel like she is bringing me to my execution.

'Cass?' I sigh, hoping for a nice word from her as she must be happy now, as we are about to be marked by an Alpha, but she just scoffs, 'Just don't fuck it up this time.'

I take a shaky breath, trying to calm my nerves and blend her out as she isn't being helpful at all.

My heart halts in my chest as we

finally reach the big bedroom. The room is full of candles that are being lit by a bunch of Omegas. In the middle of the sea made of candles stands a huge bed, and I chuckle to myself as I think that I would be able to fit all my mates in here,

"Let me help you out of your gown," Vera says in a kind tone, tearing me out of my thoughts.

I let her unwrap my dressing gown, slipping it off me gently. "Get onto the bed, please."

Slipping out of my shoes, I proceed to sit on the bed, crossing my arms over my chest, I try to shield as much of my skin as I can from the Omegas who are looking at me curiously.

I clench my teeth, not wanting to have them chattering because of how cold I feel.

Cayden will have me warmed up in no time anyway.

"We will now leave you alone," Vera says after having taken a look around. "The Alpha will be here in a few moments. Are you alright? Do you need something?"

What if I told her no?

"I'm very much alright and I don't need anything else, thank you so much, Vera."

She does a deep curtsy, making me gulp. "Luna."

The people stream out of the room, leaving me alone with my anxious thoughts and my heart beats into my chest, risking suffocating me.

I try to relax, unwrapping my arms from my body to have it on display for him when he comes in.

I keep squirming in my seating position just until the door opens slowly, and Cayden steps in.

He is wearing one of his gorgeous smiles and his eyes scan me hungrily, reactivating my nerves and getting my nervousness to slide off me. As he steps closer, I have to force myself to sit still, and I concentrate on taking in his appearance.

The linen pants and tunic he is wearing make me think of me being trapped in a cult all over again, and I laugh, making him do the same. "What is it?" "Sorry, these clothes and all those candles make me feel like I'm about to be sacrificed," I say, making him grin.

"Yeah. They tend to go a little bit overboard in their excitement."

I clear my throat, positioning the strap on my shoulder. "Do you think I can ask you something before we... erm... start? Or do you think it will ruin the mood?"

"Seeing what you are wearing, you would have to put in a lot of work to ruin my mood, my love," he says, grinning smugly, and I chuckle.

"Perfect then. Oh," I suddenly jerk up. "They are not eavesdropping, are they?"

"Goddess, I hope not," he answers, putting his hands into his pockets. "I'm planning to make you scream a few things that only I should hear."

Oh, my...

I force my smile down, lowering my gaze and he comes to stand in front of the bed.

"Today at the hospital... I can explain

it to you later, but I had a conversation with William and he told me about not knowing of any sample you sent in for testing. Did you send it to someone else? Fynn told me that you were going to test my spiked food."

He nods as he gets on the bed and crawls closer. My heartbeat picks up, risking exploding in my chest until he kisses me.

"I sent it to Corvina. She is bit more

specialised in toxins than our hospital here and she will be coming into the pack's territory to check on Fynn anyway as we fear that Drake has gotten stronger by getting your blood. And we don't want to risk any bad thing happening during the ball. She will be bringing the results."

I smile at him, nodding. "Okay. That makes sense."

He caresses my face, pulling me in for another kiss.

Chapter 102 CAYDEN

"Do I really have to wear these ridiculous clothes?" I pull at the stupid tunic that is extremely comfortable but I'd like to wear something to seem a bit more confident for my mate.

"It's tradition, Alpha," Jake answers, gesturing to the room at the end of the hallway. "Now, if you want to follow me, your Luna is already waiting."

As we reach it, he scurries around me, putting his hand on the doorknob, "Are you ready?"

My heart squeezes in my chest, but I try to hide my nervousness by clearing my throat.

"Yes, of course," I murmur as I pull on the stupid tunic once more.

"I wish you a pleasant night, Alpha," he bows as he opens the door.

As I step in, my mind goes completely blank. I forget even what I'm wearing as I spot her sitting on the bed.

Her delectable body is just covered slightly by some laced white material, leaving nothing to the imagination, and her beautiful curls are pulled up, leaving her creamy neck on display for me. I fear that I have even forgotten how to walk for a moment before I force myself to reach her.

I luckily get through our conversation easily, even if Aiden keeps growling, sending awesomely indecent pictures in front of my inner eye.

I know that he can't wait to mark her, and I can't wait to be inside of her again.

As I finally get to kiss her, my body and mind seem to reawaken, bringing me back to this fantastic reality. "Are you sure that you are ready for it? Are you feeling alright?"

"Yes! Yes," she says, flashing me one of her breathtaking smiles. "I'm ready and even if I'm still a bit sore, I'm feeling alright."

I distort my face, chuckling, "Sorry about that. I should have thought about it, but it was too tempting to stop it."

"Ah, I would have hated to have you stop us. It was amazing." She lowers her voice, touching the fabric of my tunic as she gets on her knees. "And actually, I can't wait to feel your cock inside of me again, stretching my sore pussy."

"Goddess," I groan, feeling my pants get tighter as she continues to caress my chest.

"I loved how dominant you were, by the way," she giggles cutely, making me smile.

"Is that so?"

She nods, her hand wandering up to my shoulder to touch my neck. "Yes. The way you ordered them around to please me perfectly."

Leaning in, I capture her lips with mine, pulling her in for a passionate kiss, "It's because you deserve the best. And an Alpha always has to make sure everyone is feeling content."

She throws her head back with a laugh, and I take advantage of it to kiss her neck and nibble at her skin.

I move up to her ear and whisper, "Get out of your panties, and spread your legs for me."

Feeling her shuddering slightly, I let her untangle herself from me to scoot further back into the bed. I watch her, barely being able to hold back and not tear her clothes off her as she slips off her panties, throwing them on the floor. Standing up, I follow her movements as she spreads her legs slowly, baring her delicious pussy to me.

A growl escapes my chest, and I pull the tunic over my head, getting out of my pants more hastily than I had planned to be back on her as fast as I

can.

"You are so fucking beautiful," I compliment her, kissing her again.

She allows me to deepen the kiss, wrapping her hands around my neck to drive her fingers into my hair.

I press my hard cock against her wet folds, having it glide in between them to rub it against her clit. She gasps against my mouth, her grip tightening. Starting to move slowly, I increase the rubbing and the pressure on her throbbing core, breaking the kiss to enjoy her moans.

Goosebumps cover my skin as I enjoy how her body reacts to my movements.

I move back down her body, kissing her skin not covered by the laced material. As I kiss the skin between her breasts, making her mewling lowly, I grab the seam of her dress, pushing it to the side to have her big breasts spill free. She clasps the pillow as I finally tend to her hardened nipples, biting them gently and sucking them into my mouth.

I travel further down, pulling the fabrics still wrapped around her waist out of the way with my teeth, before finally reaching her pulsating core. "Already so wet for me, mate?" I ask her, gliding over her wet folds with my index and middle finger before pushing them into her. Her back arches off the mattress as she screams in pleasure. I give her a moment to adjust to the pration before I start moving them in and out of her, watching my hand getting drenched with her juices.

She claws onto the bedsheets, and my cock twitches in pleasant anticipation of giving her even more.

Turning my fingers inside of her, I get them out of the way to be able to reach her clit. Spreading her dripping wet folds with my other hand, I expose her clit perfectly for me.

I press my lips onto her clit, her gasp transforming into a loud moan as I suck her nub into my mouth.

"Ah, fuck! Yes!" She screams, pushing up her hips.

Prating her deeper, I get her to move her hips back down, and start licking her slowly, eating her out in relish.

Her screams and moans show me I'm going the right way as my flicking and circling tongue makes her get closer to her first orgasm of the night.

As her breathing pattern changes

and her moans get louder, I increase my licking pace, pushing myself up to increase the pressure on her clit. Repositioning my arm without losing my grip on her folds, I force her hips back down, fixating her perfectly for me to pleasure her.

It takes her mere seconds after I restart to pump my fingers in and out of her to cum into my mouth, screaming my name loudly.

And I can't remember ever having heard anything that sounded better.

I slip my fingers out of her, letting her catch her breath as she rides out her orgasm fully while I lick her clean.

"Oh, my Goddess," she breathes out as I get back on her.

I kiss her, pushing my tongue between her lips, making her taste herself on my tongue.

I yearn to have her fucked raw by calling in my brothers and getting her to wrap her beautiful lips around my cock, but tonight she will be just mine, so I have to force this urge down.

Also, we have planned something special for the ball. That will definitely make it up to her that I'm being egoistic tonight.

Pushing up my knees, I get her to spread her widely for me, and I position myself at her entrance. "Ready?"

"Yes!" She breathes out, throwing her head back into the pillow while clasping it.

I move my hands above her head, grabbing the edge of the mattress and biting into her jawline. "Look at me, my Luna."

She looks up, her eyes meeting mine, making my heart flip in my chest. As she has her eyes set on me, I push into her, increasing the pration by pulling me up on the mattress.

Her moan makes my cock throb, causing a pleasant shudder to pass through me. I start moving out of her slowly, only to slam back into her.

I love how she tries to keep her eyes on me even if I get them to roll back to the back of her head. Grabbing her wrists, I move them above her head, fixating them before I pound into her violently.

Her moans get louder, risking making me lose my ability to hear, but I still want more of them.

"Scream louder for me, babe," I whisper, pressing my lips against her ear.

Even if I can't feel the sparks on my

skin that I felt when I was with

Rachel, I still can't wrap my mind around the fact of how much better her touch feels. My nerves buzz when she is close, making my body feel it like a liberating reward when she finally lays her fingers on us.

I knew she was everything to me, even more than my fated mate could ever have been, the moment I spotted her in the crowd of her brother's coronation ceremony. had never seen someone so beautiful that I had felt the need to

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be close to her instantly. Even my wolf yearned to be in her vicinity, so much so that I was actually shocked when I found out that she wasn't my second-chance mate.

"You have to tell me when you are about to cum, love. It will make it easier for you to withstand the pain," I whisper further, making her whimper.

I hold onto her stronger as I fuck her raw, her body keeps trembling more and more with every thrust I deliver into her, her pussy clamping down on my cock, making me lose my fucking mind.

"Fuck, beautiful," I growl, just as her voice starts failing her.

"I'm going to cum, Cayden!" she screams, before pressing her lips together. "I'm cumming!"

Keeping my pace to not make her lose her high, I move her hands to wrap them around my frame, baring her neck to me. I elongate my canines, licking her shoulder with my tongue, grabbing her hair, and just as she cums hard, I sink my fangs into her flesh.

Her high-pitched scream explodes into the room as my fangs sink deeper, my cock still moving in and out of her to fuel her lust. She whimpers, and wraps her arms around my shoulders, scratching my back with her claws.

I hiss, letting go of her and sealing my mark with my tongue. Wrapping my arms around her waist, I keep fucking her to reach my release as my eyes widen at feeling her canines grazing my skin.

Before I can realise what is happening, her fangs are already sinking into my skin, the stinging pain flashing through my body.

With a loud groan, I empty myself inside of her in the best orgasm I ever had, and she lets go of me, sealing her mark with her tongue.

Chapter 103 CAYDEN

"Don't move. I'm not ready to wake up yet," I groan into her hair as I feel her squirming in my hold.

Artemisia sighs, relaxing in my arms, making me increase my grip on her. "Won't everybody know that we are in here, and still... I mean..." "Doing it?" I chuckle, and she buries her face against my arm, and I can literally feel her blushing.

"Come on, my love. It's only normal." I kiss her shoulder, making her turn in my arms.

She moves her hands over her head, my hand moving up to grab her breast. Moving my gaze down her body, I squeeze her breast gently, grazing her hardened nipple with my knuckles.

"I don't know," she moans lowly. "I still have to get used to the stamina you all have."

I crack up, pulling against my frame to bury my face into her hair, breathing her in. "I knew as I saw him that Ricky-boy lacked in that department too." She chuckles, shaking her head. "Compared to you or your brothers... Him finishing is practically your warm-up."

I laugh, grazing her shoulder with my lips, kissing the spot where I marked her. She moans, enjoying the waves of pleasure that it sends through her body. "It suits you perfectly."

"Are you happy?" she asks me, making me take a deep breath.

"More than happy," I answer, hugging her closer. "Over the moon."

After I had rejected my fated mate, I felt like I was cursed. I was sure that the Moon Goddess had chosen Rachel for me explicitly to punish me. So, I came to think that rejecting her would get me damned forever. Never would I have imagined that I needed to crawl through hell to find my paradise.

Artemisia turns in my arms to face me, and after wrapping her arms around me, she rubs her nose against mine, scrunching up her face cutely. "I'm glad."

"Did you notice that you marked me as well?" I ask her, making her nod happily.

"Yeah, when she is in for something, then to take her place as a Luna," she says jokingly, and I move to lay on top of her.

Her squeal transforms into a giggle as she squirms beneath me. I capture her lips with mine, getting her to stop and my heart flutters as she sighs against my lips happily.

Breaking the kiss, I wait for her to open her eyes and meet my gaze as I grin. "Welcome to the Red Fang Pack, my Luna. You are now officially part of the strongest pack in the Northern Hemisphere, which makes us the strongest reigning couple in it."

"Oh, my Goddess," Artemisia breathes out, biting her bottom lip. "But what really matters to me is if my Alpha would be interested in another round before we have to leave this heaven."

"Oh, I thought you'd never ask," I pull her up getting on my knees as she grabs onto me with a happy giggle.

If it were for me, we would never leave this place.

"Well, I guess congratulations are due, brother," Logan looks at me defiantly, his hands in his pockets as I step up to his cage.

Maybe I should just let him rot in here.

"Thank you, Logan," I answer, spinning the key in my hand. "Are you ready to behave?"

"Yeah," he nods, lowering his gaze and I go to open his cell door.

Just as he passes me, his gaze falls onto my shoulder, where my mark must be sticking out slightly from underneath my shirt. Logan halts, pulling at my shirt to reveal

Artemisia's mark, "She marvel

you?"

I shrug as if it wasn't totally incredible. "Yeah. Why? Did you expect her to mark you back as you took her by force?"

"I didn't..." he starts, swallowing his anger and lowering his voice. "No, of course not."

"So... her wolf connected with yours?" he asks further, making me distort my face.

"Something like this, but not like you would imagine. After the marking, she retreated and refuses to talk to Aiden."

"Is he pissed?" he asks with a stupid grin, and I shake my head.

"No, he understands that she will come around eventually. The marking is already a great sign, so We will just continue to give her all the time she needs. He is sure that he can get her to talk to him soon anyway."

"Of course," he murmurs, walking out with a lowered head.

I know that he regrets what he has done. And I have made sure by talking about it with Artemisia that she had gotten her apology.

After she was okay with letting him out, I was confident about it being a good move as well.

Also, it would be a pity if any of us would miss the ball, seeing what we have planned for her.

I walk up the stairs, following my brother silently and I'm just about to push out a relieved sigh as I have reached my quarters as a sickeningly sweet scent invades my nostrils.

Bloody vamp.

Bursting into my office, I see him standing next to my window, grinning mockingly. His deep red eyes show me that he had a great time while he was in town, making me click my tongue.

"My Alpha," he bows theatrically.

I groan, closing the door behind me as I see him sniff the air for the first time.

I know... We stink.

"I'm having the most perfect of days, Hendrick. Don't ruin it."

He chuckles, passing his hand through his sand-coloured hair. "I just came by to give you my little report before fleeing the territory again." "Why?" I ask, stepping behind my desk to sit down into my chair. But before I can put up a worried expression, it dawns on me. "Ah, I forgot. The ball."

"Yeah," he says. "I love you all, my dearest furry brothers and sisters, but I still have to avoid having you all in one place. I think that I would lose my olfaction forever."

I crack up, and he laughs shortly before he leans down to me, sniffing again with a confused expression.

Chapter 104 CAYDEN

"Want some?" I ask with a grin, and he straightens back up, walking around my desk to sit down in one of the chairs standing in front of it. "Thank you, brother. But I guess you would bestow the most severe form of poisoning on me since the Black Death."

I flash him my canines in a broad grin, getting him to laugh again. "Anyway, if you have a few moments to spare for me, I can let you know what I found out in the most boring, still ongoing, trial of our kins' history."

"What is it?" I ask, and he takes out a small notebook.

I have always asked myself where he got these from as they look as old as he is.

"They finally are getting that the wolfless woman was one of ours and that she was kidnapped and not exiled after having been tortured like the Saviano idiot was trying to convince everyone. And, finally, it was acknowledged that Fynn's trespassing into the territory of the Gray Shadow Moon Pack was to get her daughter back, and not in the intent of starting a war."

I chuckle at him calling Riccardo an idiot without knowing Artemisia yet. "Finally! Was about time."

"So, all charges against him were dropped," he sighs.

I close my eyes, hitting my fist repeatedly onto my desk. "Nice!"

"But as the idiot was still adamant about the fact that he or any other member of his pack wasn't involved in the kidnapping," he takes a short pause to inhale deeply. "The high court wrapped it all up again. Going through every single count again. It was like watching your Nan tell you about the war for the umpteenth time. But... at least we seem to be getting shoved back slowly under our true light... Very... slowly..."

"Which war did your Nan pester you about, Hendrick?" I ask him amused, causing him to lift his brows.

"Aaaaanyway, once they were going in the right direction, it got very interesting," he says with an amused expression. "There was a new Alpha. A big boy. I think it is the one who held the coronation ceremony you went to a few weeks ago."

"Ah, yeah. Alpha Giorgio," I say with a smile.

"Whatever," he sighs annoyed, turning a page. "It seemed that the big boy and the alpha idiot were in together on everything. The big boy sometimes struggled to follow where his idiotic friend wanted to aim at, but he was always really supportive."

I scratch my chin, feeling troubled by this information. "He was supportive?"

"Yeah, sometimes I felt like trapped in a movie about a cute little bromance. But they were one in making their claims... You know, about you being the monster and us being the brainwashed cult followers ready to sacrifice everybody for the greater good. Then denied every possible involvement in the kidnapping and the torture and in the end, they rode into the sunset happily. I felt uncomfortable watching all this, but I would have been awfully sad if I had missed it."

Sitting up straight, I grab my pen, "Is there anything else that they said?"

"Yeah," he grins, obviously amused by my distress. "They hinted at the fact that you and your brothers got the big boy's sister off their territory with a scam."

"Oh, Goddess," I sigh, passing my hand over my face.

"Is that true? Are you holding a poor innocent girl as your hostage?" he grins wider, idiotically.

"She is my... our mate. Nobody is holding her hostage," I growl, baring my mark at him by pulling at my shirt.

He looks at the mark curiously before mocking me, "Sure, you tell yourself that."

"Jerk," I murmur and he leans back in his chair with a chuckle.

"Your favourite one, I may add."

I shake my head, tscking, "And where do we go from here?"

"Well, I guess that they will ask you to show up to give your testimony soon. And I'm afraid that you will actually have to go this time."

I groan, and he stands up, closing the button on his jacket. "But maybe you can bring your beloved to keep you in a good mood. I can show you the best clubs in town."

"Mate," I growl, making him wave at me dismissively.

"Whatever you want to call her during your dirty talk is really none of my business," he jokes, making me shake my head with a laugh.

Standing up as well, I walk him out of the office. "At least promise me that all the women you... encounter... are consenting. At least act like it around Missy."

"Sure," he snarls, distorting his face in disgust. "Do you know how bitter blood tastes when it is spiked with fear and distress?"

He sticks out his tongue, expressing nausea, making me push out a relieved breath. "Really not my cup of tea."

Even if I would trust him with my life, there are a few things that I am afraid to ask to this day.

As soon as we stand in the hallway, he suddenly halts in his tracks and starts sniffing around with a strange expression. "What is it?" I laugh, bumping into his shoulder playfully. "Are we dogs starting to have a bad influence on your noble essence?" "Uh," he hums, seemingly distracted. "It's just strange."

I look at him intently, lifting my brows at him and he frees himself out of his trance. "It is normally just one lovely stench when I get in here, but today something smells fantastically good."

He shakes himself, regaining his grin. "Do you have a new cook?"

I laugh, clicking my tongue. "No."

"Anyway," he sighs, rolling back his shoulders. "I can't wait to meet your... our Luna. She must be very special if you wear her mark this proudly."

"She is," I puff my chest proudly, and he taps my shoulder.

"I'm glad you found her, my friend. You deserve it more than anybody else."

"Thank you," I smile, and he walks around to descend the stairs.

Just as he has started descending it, he halts again. His lean frame seems to be held back by some invisible force as he puts his hands into his pockets and stares up at me. "It's really strange."

"Missy is a doctor. I'll ask her to do a full check-up when you are back from your hunt," I mock, tapping the massive wood of the balustrade. "Might be time someone takes a look at your twisted brain."

"Ew, a doctor. Well, nobody can be perfect, right?"

I laugh as I return to my office and he disappears down the stairs.

Chapter 105 ARTEMISIA

Now I understand what my mother was talking about.

With a smile, I let my fingers glide on my mark as I think back at the amazing feeling when I got it.

This time it was painful as well, but the stinging was more pleasant, and the moment when his teeth sunk into my shoulder during my orgasm was breathtaking.

Putting me into an ecstasy which made my head spin, allowing Cassy to take over without me even noticing, I ended up marking him too.

I'm glad she did, but I'm disappointed as I expected her to get back talking to me normally while she just grew meaner, attacking me even more often during the day.

But as I was feeling so thoroughly happy, I focused on what Giorgio once taught me, and put up a wall to tune her out.

"If I were to ask you something important, Would you answer me truthfully?" I am about to make a sarcastic response, but seeing the serious expression on his face, I lay my hands into my lap with a light chuckle.

"Always, my Alpha."

"Were you ever involved in pack matters? With your father or maybe also your brother as he underwent the training." Cayden walks into the room, making me tap the place next to me to get him to sit down. "Maybe you helped him with something?"

I shake my head with a sad smile as he sits down on the couch next to me. "No, it was not my place to interfere with the men. Especially since there were so many of them. I was too busy to listen to my mom telling me about all this Luna stuff."

He sighs, and I close my magazine in my lap. "Is something the matter?"

"Maybe..." he groans, leaning his head back on the backrest of the couch.

"You know," I chuckle, caressing his hair. "If you condemn me to a day of relaxation, you should really do the same."

He flashes me a smug smile before closing his eyes. "Your orgasms are way more exhausting than mine. And a marking isn't a walk in the park either."

"How cocky you are," I say with a chuckle. "I love it."

As he reopens his eyes and pulls me closer to his side, I smell something feebly. Grabbing his collar, I inch closer slowly, smelling at him again. "Oh, are you wearing some kind of new fragrance?"

He looks at me with a questioning look as he shakes his head, "No."

"Hmm, pity," I say pensively, straightening my spine. "It smells awfully good."

I flash him a smile while he presses his tongue to his upper teeth with a smug grin. "Does it?"

I nod, squirming in my seat, I nearly get set to flames under his intense gaze.

"How interesting," he says cryptically, his grin widening.

"Why?" I ask, suppressing my chuckle as I squint my eyes at him.

But he doesn't answer my question, but just grabs me to tickle me.

"No, stop it!" I plead between laughter. "Cayden!"

My chest heaves as he stops, and I notice that he has overpowered me, getting me to lie beneath him. He lowers himself to press a kiss on my mouth, and I hum happily as I enjoy the friction of our lips touching.

"You'll find out soon enough," he says mockingly, and I let my fingers glide on his shirt as I sulk.

"Meanie."

He laughs, not moving off me as he leans in to graze my cheek with his nose.

"Did something happen with my family?" I ask, and he nods.

Taking a deep sigh, he presses a kiss on my jawline. "The trial that I told you about. It is going in quite a strange direction."

"Will you tell me about it?" I ask him, getting him to look at me with a bright smile.

"Of course, my Luna. I have to!"

The next day I feel even more exhausted than the day before.

Even if I was forced to relax all day, I was done with the relaxing part about one-half into it.

As soon as Cayden had filled me in on everything, I felt awfully anxious.

I had to promise him not to contact any of my brothers because my fingers were already burning up to slap him through the phone. Crossing my arms, I get a curious look from Logan, who is standing next to me while we are watching Fynn shouting at the warriors.

Well... I guess I'm watching him. He is certainly watching the warriors train.

I know that my family proceeded to have a great relationship with Rick and his family even after what had happened, and I just accepted it as I thought it was for the pack's sake.

But as I got to know that Emma was

saved and brought back from the Gray Shadow Moon pack I was furious. As if that wasn't shocking enough, I got even more shocked as

I

I found out that my family supported

him nevertheless, and even went along with the jerk, claiming Fynn trespassed.

I know that they hate the Blackwoods and the Red Fang Pack, but this is too much.

Also, what was this bullshit about

me being kidnapped when we talked on the phone, or a few days ago even via mind link, regularly and he didn't tell me once that he was going to address the high council about me being held by the Blackwoods against my will?

Stomping my feet into the ground, I tsk, my body too restricted to hold back this immense frustration.

"Are you alright?" Logan asks, making me scoff.

"Yeah, totally alright."

Drake's growlrumbles through my

mind and I look up to find Fynn glaring at me shortly before he concentrates back on his warriors. "Keep calm, princess. Tell me

angering you, and I'm going who is

kick

his sorry ass."

I laugh at him being his usual ruffian self, cheering up my mood playfully.

"Here you are, Missy!" Lisa smiles at me as she reaches us with fast steps. "I was told at the hospital that you took a day off and I was worried." Her gaze sways over to my mate as the edge of her mouth twitches. "Oh, hi, Logan."

I don't like the look in her eyes and I also find something very disturbing in her tone, but I shake the feeling off me, thinking I must be hallucinating. Logan marked me by force, so any involvement on her part would be just incredibly stupid at this point.

She is just about to open her mouth again as she gets interrupted. Her attention gets drawn to something behind us as her eyes widen and she closes her mouth back up.

Suddenly, a strange feeling surges up to my chest from my legs, causing an uncomfortable shudder to ripple through me.

Logan and I turn practically simultaneously, and I have to stifle a scream as I get scared the living daylights out of me.

Chapter 106 ARTEMISIA

"Oh, my Goddess!" I breathe out, putting a hand on my chest.

A slender and pale woman stands in front of me as I turn around. Her white-blond hair contrasts with the black gown she is wearing, her icy blue eyes inspect my face before she smiles feebly.

"You must be Missy," she says, her tone gentle and melodic as she speaks, keeping her voice nerve-wracking calm. "I was eager to meet you."

I take a deep breath, feeling my lungs fill back up to being able to speak. "And who are you?"

She just smiles, and after a strange look in the direction of Logan, she turns back at me. "I followed your scent all the way here. There is something that irks me."

"I hope it's not the fact that I stink," I laugh awkwardly as I try to make a joke to alleviate the pressuring tension in the air.

She doesn't answer my question, or even acknowledge it as she just continues to smile at me, looking directly through me.

Fynn has stopped yelling and is watching us as well, as the woman pulls me into her ban. "Congratulations on your marking. You must be over the moon. But something seems to be off with your wolf, hasn't she changed her demeanour after the marking in any way?"

"No," I say lowly, shaking my head, feeling lost. "Why?"

Pursing her lips, she pulls back her sleeve. "I see."

"Missy!" Fynn roars, and I sense him running towards me just as the woman lays her hand on my forearm.

Her gentle and at the same time creepy smile is the last thing I see before I black out.

"Babe!"

I open my eyes slowly, blinking my heavy lids against the light with all my might as I force myself to wake up.

"Ah, she is finally waking up," I hear Cayden say with a worried tone as my sight focuses and sets on Logan crouching down next to my bed. "What happened?" I ask, still feeling drowsy.

"You passed out," Logan informs me, putting his hand on my head to caress my forehead gently with his thumb. "How are you feeling?"

Suddenly, it dawns on me and I gasp. "It was that woman. That woman has made me pass out. What did she do to me?"

"It was your wolf," the woman's voice resounds in the room, making me jerk up to look at her.

She is sitting on a chair in front of my bed, her straightened posture making her look so out of the picture as she is surrounded by my mates who are looking at me with a worried expression.

"My wolf?" I ask her, and she seems to light up.

"She had something against me touching you, so she shot down."

My eyes widen at her, and I shake my head. "I beg your fucking pardon? My wolf doesn't do shit. How can she shoot my systems down?"

"Calm down," Logan says with a sigh, making me glare up at him.

"Don't tell me to calm down. I want her out of my fucking bedroom. NOW!"

The woman sighs, pulling a strange bag into her lap. "Is she always this aggressive?"

"Not really, no," Cayden answers her without tearing his gaze off me.

I tilt my head, squinting my eyes as I scoff. "Great. Who is she even?"

e

"My name is Corvina. And I find it awfully interesting how your wolf is fighting to get me away from you," she introduces herself, stirring a strangely looking cup of tea.

After clinking a silver spoon against the cup twice, she stands up to hand me the cup.

I take the steaming brew out of her hands, sniffing at it. "Eew. What is this?"

"A healthy tea. I made it myself," she says, gesturing towards me that I should go ahead and drink it.

Clicking my tongue, I try to give her back the cup but she crosses her hands behind her back. "I'm not going to drink this nasty stuff." "Artemisia," Cayden reprimands me, and I sigh.

I let my shoulders slump, before nipping at the cup. "Okay. Fine."

As soon as the hot mixture has touched my lips, my stomach turns.

"All of it," Corvina says, her voice ghastly melodic as she prevents me from detaching the cup from my lips, forcing me to drink the entire

brew by pushing onto the bottom of

the cup.

I force the brew down with big gulps, my stomach twisting. Closing my eyes, I empty the cup completely and she takes it away from me immediately. "Very well."

My stomach calms down for just a second before I feel my head spinning. My mates are looking at me worriedly as I try to speak but my words just come out slurred.

I can see Fynn as he steps forward, screaming at her but my mind isn't able to grasp what he is saying.

Strange.

The room turns around, forcing me to lie down on my side.

What is this?

Suddenly, a hot feeling curses through me and I can't even scream as my stomach rebels already, making me throw up over the edge of the bed. "Don't touch her!" I hear Corvina scream as I feel my throat contract, fearing it would suffocate me.

As my sight gets clearer and my brain seems to pick up my surroundings, I notice that I'm not vomiting food, but a black and slimy mush that pools on the floor next to my bed.

It stinks terribly and I beg the Moon Goddess to make it stop.

Just as I think that I've reached my limit, my eyes pooling up with tears, I feel something bigger fighting its way up my throat, making me feel like I can't breathe.

"Oh, finally. You have nearly made it, dear. Just fight through the pain," she says encouragingly while I'm about to give out.

With a gentle touch, she wraps her hand around my throat, and a stingy feeling expands from my throat into my chest. Retching once again, I finally get to push out the lump in my throat, allowing me to breathe again.

I take a deep breath, my eyes widening in shock as I see a slimy, eel-like creature wringing on the floor.

"What the hell!" Fynn shouts out as the others are as shocked as me, following his example with outraged shouts.

Corvina takes out a long and shiny knife, spearing the creature with one swing.
"Gotcha!"

My lungs fill back up with air, reactivating my vocal cords, allowing me to let out a bloodcurling scream.

"What is this?" Matthew asks, distorting his face as I scoot back to the middle of my bed.

I have my eyes directed at Corvina, who is still holding her knife, smiling at me creepily. Black slime is splattered all over her as she giggles, "Now you are free."

Artemisia

"Missy," Cassy breathes out, the tone of her voice sounding awfully strange.

"Missy," she repeats as if she couldn't say anything else.

I'd like to answer her, but my throat is too hoarse to speak, my body paralysed by the sight before me.

"What the fuck was that?" Fynn shouts, making Corvina and I look at him.

But she just giggles, and Fynn suddenly halts, his expression morphing as he turns to look at me wide-eyed.

"What the..." he whispers, and I hear Drake purr in the back of my mind.

Suddenly, Cayden and Logan stare at me incredibly too while Matthew buries his face into his hands.

"Oh, my Goddess," Logan says, his expression becoming void while Cayden starts smiling brightly.

My gaze snaps back to Corvina who is already back smiling at me with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "I guess your wolf is talking to theirs."

We start to laugh in unison as we see my mates enjoying my wolf reaching out to them dumbfounded. It is so cute how over-challenged they are that I even forget that there is a witch standing in my bedroom who is covered in stinky, black slime after impaling a horrendous creature that just came out of me.

I shudder, and Corvina pulls up my blanket to wrap it around me.

"Sorry," she says gently. "I forgot how strenuous that magic is for a nearly wolfless body like yours."

"What is this?" I ask, my heart squeezing painfully in my chest.

"Anima comedentis vermis in lupis," she says nonchalantly, making my face fall.

"Huh?"

"Soul-eating worms," she says with sparkling eyes. "They love to drain wolves' energies. It takes a lot before a wolf is extinguished as they have a lot of energy. So, they can feed off a host for decades until they leave their host to die. To not be discovered, they have an interesting tactic."

I jerk back lightly, feeling as if the whole world just came crashing down around me while Corvina looks like a preschooler who is showing me her favourite insect.

"Mimicry," Cayden says, making Corvina nod.

"They need just a handful of days of observation before they can take over fully, mimic the wolf's voice and behaviour to their host. Naturally, there is no chance they can shift or let the human part still take advantage of the inhumane senses. That's the main reason why they get their cover blown but also the one reason why they never get discovered. At least not until it's already too late," Corvina explains further, making me shudder again.

"But how did it get into her?" Matthew asks.

"And it is huge! How long has it been in her?" Logan adds with a sorrowful expression.

I pull the blanket closer, scooting back further as I'm still not convinced if I want to know more about this thing or just make them shut up.

"As it seems, it has been feeding off her wolf for about five or six years," Corvina inspects the worm, making us gasp in unison. "Missy, you said your wolf started acting strangely just after your rejection. Would that fit the picture?" Cayden asks and I nod. "Yeah, but how did it get into me? I mean..." I take a break, shuddering. "Such things don't just happen, right?" Corvina looks at me sadly as she shakes her head, "No, this is extremely strong black magic..."

She observes me for a second, before she asks, "Was your ex-mate unfaithful?"

"Just bluntly straight to the point," Fynn chuckles, but I'm still too confused.

"Erm... Yes, he rejected me to take a chosen mate. But how would you know?"

She shrugs, cleaning her knife with the skirt of her gown. "Those creatures can be bought at a special market that we call the Netherworld, you know, because we are

quirky. Assholes often buy these for their mates because it suppresses any cheating pain completely. So, these are often given to their wives for them to play around."

I jerk as the bed dips and Matthew crawls to hug me under the blanket. Only now do I realise how shocked I must have looked. "Everything is going to be alright. Don't worry. Wait, I'll warm you up a little."

My racing heart calms down as he pulls me to his frame, my cold skin warming up comfortably.

"Thank you," I breathe out, leaning back against his frame.

Looking at Corvina, I sigh deeply, "So, he was ready to sacrifice my life to have some fun."

"What a bloody asshole," Logan cusses while Fynn has a deadly expression on his face.

"I'll report this," Cayden says angrily. "The fucking audacity!"

"We don't have any proof, but this is not the only problem we have at hand," Corvina says, lifting the worm up in the air.

I feel bile rising in my throat and I fear that I will have a bad trauma to overcome in the next few years because of that little ugly thing.

"The worm is huge, well nourished..." Corvina points out, turning the worm in every direction. "That means that he was given certain... extra food, to make sure he stays alive."

"What?" I breathe out, my head spinning again.

"The worm was implanted into you years ago, but someone was still feeding it till this day. Someone close to you, Missy."

"The supplements!" Fynn says through clenched teeth, turning to Cayden.

"I told you to fucking be careful!" he shouts at him. "I told you she was being harmed by the shit they gave her."

"I've never heard of such a thing!"

Don't you think that I would have acted sooner if I knew about this?" Cayden growls back, keeping his angry voice in check. "Why should anyone of the pack try to do such a thing?"

"This shit is psycho!" Fynn lifts his hands. "Do you fucking think someone scheming something like this would be sane enough to have a fucking motive?"

"Please, stop fighting!" I plead, getting them to look at me. "That's the last thing I need right now."

"Sorry," they murmur in unison just before Corvina goes back to business.

"Your meals were prepared in the kitchen?"

I nod, and she hums, "Was there a

person who was adamant about having you eat certain foods or gave you something special to eat? Finnegan mentioned supplements. Did Someone get you to take them regularly?"

"Yes, Daisy," I say, turning around to take the coloured pills out of the drawer to give them to Corvina.

She is already inspecting it as I clear my throat, getting her to look at me. "Maybe there is also something else..."

"What is it?" she asks.

I gulp as my eyes fall on Logan. "Lisa. She always made me a special tea."

"A special tea?" she inquires further, her brows furrowing.

"Yeah," I answer, caressing my arm. "She made me tea with a special ingredient. A blend of spices."

"Do you have this here as well?"

I nod, gesturing to the kitchen, "In the kitchen."

Logan walks into the kitchen and resurfaces right away, carrying all my spice containers to Corvina. "Are these all?"

"Looks like it," I answer with a shy shrug as Corvina starts opening one by one, sniffing at them.

We look at her spellbound as she goes through all the containers, sometimes just smelling the contents, other times even taking the spices out to rub them between her fingers.

She goes through all of them calmly, taking her time, making it seem like it was something mundane.

And not absolutely insane.

As she has finished inspecting all the spices, she takes out a small plate made out of clay out of her bag.

Slowly she gets on her knees,

putting the plate on my bed. She opens the capsules of my so-called supplements carefully, emptying the white powder spiked with green and black points onto the plate

It must be my wolf returning to me, but as soon as that powder hits the plate, a foul stench reaches my nose and I sense Matthew scrunching up his

nose.

Corvina lifts the plate to her nose, and looks up, meeting my terrified gaze. "This is it. These are the herbs that the soul eater needs to get stronger."

I look at Cayden, Matthew tightening his hold as if he could feel me fall physically.

Cayden looks back at me, and I don't even need to mind link him to have him feel my whirl of emotions that stream to him through the mate bond. "Fetch Daisy," he growls threateningly, making Fynn and Logan practically vanish in thin air.

Chapter 108 Artemisia

"So many tears for such a small being," Cassy snarls, dragging her voice.

I guess she is still recovering from her parasite, but it makes me happy nonetheless as she seems to want to gossip with me, instead of belittling me.

"Oh, you shouldn't have sent out Finnegan when he is this angry," Corvina says to Cayden but he just looks at her with a destructive look. "We don't know how Missy's blood affected Drake yet. So, that was very hazardous."

"At this point, I really don't care," he states coldly as Fynn pushes a hysterically crying Daisy into the chair in which Corvina was sitting just a few seconds earlier.

"Shut up," he snarls as she hiccups, squirming in her seat. "Look at him."

"Fancy to explain this?" Cayden asks, without waiting for her to look at him properly, and points to the black mush on my bedroom floor.

Daisy shakes her head with a devastated expression but decides to keep her mouth shut.

"You don't want to test my patience now, right Daisy?" He says as he stands in front of her, covering my view of her partly.

Fynn's and Logan's rage is flaring as they try to hold back until told otherwise. I can sense Matthew's anger rising as well as his caresses on my arm are getting increasingly edgy.

"I don't know what that is," Daisy sobs as she stares up at Cayden.

"That just came out of Missy. The supplements you gave her were full of the feed for that abomination. Don't try to lie, it won't end well for you," Cayden growls, his angered tone slowly showing that he is losing his patience.

Daisy shakes her head again, tears streaming down all over her face. "I didn't... I swear that I didn't know that was in it. They gave me the pills to spike her food. But I didn't know... She was doing fine. Right, Missy?"

She looks at me wide-eyed, making my heart race in my chest.

Everything seems like an abstract movie, and my stomach churns at the strange feeling growing in my chest.

"Why did Julie feel sick then?" I ask, squinting my eyes at her as I try not to let myself fall for her tears.

"Julie felt sick?" Her eyes widen even more before she looks back up at Cayden. "I didn't know that! I would have never endangered a pup!"

Her pleading demeanour makes my heart bleed and I slowly start to think that she might be telling the truth.

"Julie?" Corvina asks, and I nod in her direction.

"A little girl and daughter of an Omega who is part of the kitchen staff. She had to be taken to the hospital as she was throwing up after eating some of my food," I explain, making her wrinkle up her forehead.

She looks at me pensively, wanting to say something just as she gets interrupted by Cayden's deep voice.

"Who are they, Daisy?" Cayden asks, bringing my thoughts back to what she said earlier.

Maybe she was played.

"I don't know who they are. I thought the pills were given to me by the Alpha as I found them ready for me to be processed with the food every morning in the kitchen. They were waiting for me on a little plate, always in the same place," she explains, forming a cup with her hands as if it would underline the truth in her words. "Since you, Alpha Cayden, said that she needed to take them to feel better, I did my very best to give them to her based on a strict schedule."

I swear that I can hear the swoosh of everyone's gaze settling onto Cayden as he lifts a brow at Daisy. "I never told you she needed supplements." "But... But for the baby," she has barely spoken the words as Fynn grabs the collar of her blouse, shaking her.

She closes her eyes with a squeal as he snarls into her face, "Stop bullshitting us."

"Finnegan!" Corvina shrieks, making me jump as well.

Fynn's eyes are already fully black, and the veins grow into his face as whatever demonic entity is clawing onto Drake's soul shows himself on Fynn's skin. I want to get up instinctively but get pulled back by Matthew, who fixates me against his frame.

"Matt, let me go. He needs me to calm down," I argue, just as another movement catches my eye, making me shut down.

Logan charges forward, grabbing Corvina and slamming her against the wall to keep her from intervening. She gasps as she hits the wall full force, and I fear for Logan momentarily as I think a witch surely knows how to defend herself. But as I see her struggling against Logan's forearm crushing her windpipe, my worry swaps completely.

"Who told you she needed supplements for a baby?" Fynn shouts at Daisy while holding her in the air, making her kick her legs.

She coughs, "No, please. Alpha Cayden! It was Alpha Cayden! He needed her to take them. I had a....."

She swallows her last words with a gasp as he pulls her close, growling into her face, "Lie again, and I'll eat your heart!"

My breath hitches in my throat as Daisy pales, stopping her pleas immediately.

"I- I-" she stutters, looking like she is about to faint any moment.

"You have to stop him," Corvina says breathlessly, clawing onto Logan's arm.

Logan smirks, shaking his head. "There is no need."

Fynn lets Daisy fall, making her slump back into the chair with a scream.

"Last chance, Daisy!" Cayden announces, spreading his arms. "Who told you that you had to give her supplements? Because it wasn't me."

Daisy's chest heaves as her breathing gets laboured.

"But..." she sobs, opening and

closing her mouth repeatedly. "You did! I got them with a letter and then found them on the plate. It was clearly your handwriting... I even

checked with another Omnes

It..."

"What letter?" Cayden asks with a growl, balling his hands into fists.

"You have written me a letter. About

how the pack needs her to take those pills and how I am the only one who could achieve this!" She

says confidently, "I got apedret

her for a reason. I had to make sure the baby would be growing healthy. And make sure that she will be a healthy mom when she gets

pregnant." Her words make my heart

squeeze painfully in my chest.

She looks back and forth between Cayden and Fynn, seeming totally helpless while they just stare down at her.

Cayden completely cold, and Fynn with a terrifying appearance.

Cayden leans down, putting his hand on the backrest of the chair as he grins mockingly, "Bullshit!"

Daisy breathes fast, her chest

heaving even more as she seems to

think of what to say next in total

panic. Fear is written all over hermet

face as she realises that there is no way that she will get out of this conversation alive.

I'm just about to say something when suddenly her face morphs, and she sets her eyes on me while her expression gets distorted by an evil grimace. "She was never supposed to come here! She should have stayed where she belongs. In that pack made of dumb weaklings!" Daisy screams at me. "Oh, my Goddess," I whisper as she continues her rampage.

"No one helped me with this. I knew that she had that thing in her through rumours from the Netherworld!"

"Stop him! Stop him!" Corvina pleads to Logan but he doesn't budge.

I feel Matthew's arm tighten around my waist as my heart drops to my stomach.

"She isn't supposed to be Luna. She is too stupid to be one. How is a useless she-wolf, who isn't even able to protect her own wolf, supposed to take the place of a Luna in the strongest pack in the world?"

Cayden straightens back up and continues to watch her indifferently while Fynn begins to chuckle, and my panic rises exponentially with Corvina's pleas about doing something to get him away from her.

Daisy takes a deep breath, glaring up at Cayden as she spits, "Luna Rachel is the only-"

My heart stills at the same moment as Daisy's words die in her throat.

She moves her head to look down slowly, looking at Cayden's arm that has perforated her chest.

Her stuttered groans fill the room, making me want to put my hands on my ears to shut this nauseating sound out.

I feel like time slows down, and Cayden is moving in slow motion as he pulls his arm back out, tearing Daisy's heart with it.

He holds it in his hand for a moment, watching the light fade from Daisy's eyes, just to throw it into the air to feed it to Fynn, who shifts temporarily to

catch it.

Chapter 109 Artemisia

"No!"

Corvina's shrill scream matches the vibrations of my heart as I feel like my throat is too hoarse to even make a sound.

My eyes are set on Fynn who is glaring at me with pitch-black eyes, his chest heaving as he shifts back into his threatening appearance. I thought I would be afraid of him but I can't seem to get myself to do so as Cassy even purrs lightly in the back of my mind.

At least I get to discover that she is as insane as I am.

A sly grin spreads slowly on his lips as he must be feeling our emotions, and my heart flips in my chest just as Matthew presses his lips to my ear. "Do you really want to wait for the marking ceremony?"

His husky whisper travels through my system, making my breath hitch in my lungs as Cassy purrs again, slurring in the back of my mind, 'We don't need that at all.'

I can't cope with her demeanour shifting by 180 degrees, and I turn to look at Matthew, losing myself in his eyes. "I don't think I do."

The whisper has barely left my lips as I feel the bed dip, and Fynn is already crawling towards us.

"Stop him!" Corvina screams again, finally touching Logan's chest, making a single ball of light explode against his frame, causing him to get thrown through the room.

She lifts her hands in defence as Cayden and Matthew look at her angrily while Fynn is too taken by keeping our eye contact upright. "I'm doing this for her."

Logan groans as he pushes himself back up, the wound on his chest already healing.

"I don't want to fight you guys. Please," she says in distress as she tries to calm my mates. "You have to get him away from her."

"And how should we possibly do that?" Cayden retorts with a grin, making her gulp.

"I'm serious, Alpha Cayden. She won't make it if he marks her. Her wolf has barely woken up. She isn't strong enough to make it."

Her words get my heartbeat to skyrocket, my stupid love-sick brain playing them down and pairing with my wolf that can't wait for him to inch even closer.

Fynn lets his lips graze my skin as he moves down my cheek to my neck, making a pleasurable shiver run down my spine.

"Matthew should go first then," Cayden says nonchalantly, getting Corvina to panic.

"That won't be enough! She isn't strong enough yet!" she shouts while I get sucked in by a spiral of lust.

'I'm sure it will be alright,' Cassy giggles as she curls herself up, falling asleep.

Oh, no!

My heart beats into my throat as I sense Fynn's canines elongate, his tongue gliding over the spot where he is supposed to mark me. Oh, my Goddess.

I feel fire streaming up my body, expanding into my chest and making my core throb in pleasant anticipation.

He kisses my skin gently, and I can already feel the puncture of his teeth as Matthew's arms hug me tighter, keeping me from squirming beneath him.

"No, no, no! Finnegan, you will kill her," Corvina screams, Cayden getting in her way as she tries to reach the bed. "She won't survive your mark! I mean look at you!"

Fynn detaches himself from me with

an angered growl, and speaks with a strange tone to his voice, making seem controlled by the evil power slumbering inside of him. "Shut up already if you don't want to end like her.

I have a horrible feeling as he gestures towards Daisy shortly, moving his eyes back onto me, regaining his grin.

As I'm trying to keep my breathing even, it doesn't help the growing dread in my chest that I feel like his eyes are filled with fear.

I guess that Fynn has lost control

over his body to whatever is

controlling him from the inside as he

would never put my life at risk. Also,

it seems to be too late for his

iel

brothers to stop him as he would rip

them apart effortlessly.

Clawing onto Matthew's arms, he kisses my temple, whispering encouragingly. "It will be alright."

Corvina's eyes are filled with sorrow as I concentrate back on my mate before me. I smile at him, wanting to comfort Fynn who is trapped inside of his own body helplessly.

"Don't worry," I whisper to him as he inches closer again. "It's alright."

I lift my head, baring my neck further to him as Logan is the first to put a little effort into my defence. He wraps his arms around his brother's chest, holding him back to keep him from getting closer to me.

Fynn chuckles as Logan looks at me with a void look. "Run! Matthew let her go!"

Matthew's growl vibrates through the skin on my back as I shake my head.

"She can't run, Logan," Cayden says calmly, taking the words out of my mouth. "He would have us killed and caught her before she could even reach the stairs."

Fynn's sly grin grows as he has his gaze still fixed on me, his mind obviously consumed by the thought of marking me.

My heart skips in my chest, and I take a deep breath, grabbing Logan's arms to make him lose his grip.

His eyes widen at my gesture but I just smile at him, "It's okay, really."

Lifting my hand to touch Fynn's face, I caress his cheek with my thumb.

"I love you," I whisper softly. "We will get through this."

As soon as Logan has let go of Fynn, he grabs me, pulling me to lie beneath him, an approving growl passes through him, vibrating onto my body. Sparks explode all over my skin as I close my eyes and turn my head to the side, waiting for his teeth to sink into my flesh.

I feel his warm breath fan my skin and I claw onto the blankets, blending out Corvina's whimpering as I brace myself for whatever might happen. Clenching my eyes closed, I wait for him to finally bite me. The second tick away painfully slowly as I fight to keep myself from hyperventilating.

But as nothing happens, I open an eye, seeing that Fynn has halted in his movements. His veins are retreating, the blackness dominating in his eyes fading slowly.

He breathes strenuously, and I turn my face fully to look at him as his smug expression softens, his usual traits taking over.

Letting himself fall, he buries his head into my hair, taking a deep breath. My heart squeezes in my chest as I drive my hand into his hair to caress him.

"I'll never be the one to ruin your marking ceremony," he whispers, making me laugh.

"You are such an idiot," I say through my tears, taking a shaky breath.

Chapter 110 Finnegan

My chest burns as Corvina lets her hands hover over my chest, making a feeble purple light stream from her hands into my body.

I grit my teeth, praying to the Goddess that it will be over swiftly as I clench the edge of the table with my hand.

Corvina hums, reciting spells in a foreign language lowly as she cuts out parts of my soul that have been enlarged by the demonic entity in me.

I should be used to it by now, but still, I can't seem to find it easier with time.

Quite the contrary, every time she shows up for another session, my heart squeezes tighter, my anxiety suffocates me harder and the cutting results in being increasingly more painful.

I think this time it is even worse as my inner demon had a feast at getting Missy's blood. I had been an idiot at not informing Cayden that I felt him growing stronger, but I always have to be so damn convinced about being powerful enough to deal with it myself.

I am already so used to doing everything by myself and being cut off by everybody else that I still struggle to recognise that it isn't this way anymore. Since Artemisia, everyone in the pack is friendly and I'm still fighting with myself as I still react taken aback when someone, who isn't one of my warriors, talks to me normally.

Drake has retreated to the back of my mind to let her ravage through my inside without risking pushing through to bite off her head in self-defence. "Argh," I groan with my teeth clenched. "What the fuck is this?"

Corvina stares at my torso, concentrating on the task at hand as she answers nonchalantly. "Your punishment for not informing your Alpha about all this growth."

I chuckle breathlessly as I feel sparks running up my arm.

Turning my head, I see Artemisia looking at me with her big eyes filled with sorrow.

"I'm here," she says bravely, making me smile.

I don't even want to think about how bad the pain would be if I hadn't her small hands clasping mine in desperation to help me through the pain. Even if her touch is everything I need to make me feel better, it actually helps a lot that I have to concentrate on not crushing her frail fingers when another wave of pain hits.

I have tried to warn her but my little mate is just too stubborn when it comes to her own safety to make one of us feel better.

How often had I told her not to take any of those pills?

Just because of some idiotic idea of some potential baby.

Groaning, I clench my teeth, letting my body calm its spasms by her soothing and melodic voice. "Nearly done, Fynn. Just another bit."

"Missy can actually help with spotting an excessive growth in strength as she is able to feel his emotions and maybe wouldn't miss him staying quiet because of his pride," Corvina observes, making Cayden grunt as he watches us with crossed arms.

"That's actually a good input. We really need to be more careful."

Artemisia lifts her head to look at him, squinting her eyes at him playfully. "Weren't you the one who fed him a she-wolf's heart?"

Cayden distorts his face as he grins, "That was kind in the spur of the moment."

"I can't believe you guys," Artemisia sighs, shaking her head.

Freeing myself from her grip, I wrap my hand behind her neck to get her eyes back on me.

It is true that I would never mark her without giving her the chance to go through the marking ceremony she is looking forward to, but damn, my mark would look so fucking good on her.

Her eyes meet mine, and even if they are full of worry, they keep me distracted from another wave of pain rippling through me. She touches my side carefully as if she were afraid of hurting me and sends another set of sizzling sparks over my skin.

I love that feeling.

I remember how everyone used to talk about those sparks and how nice they were, but I always thought they were exaggerating.

I never imagined they could feel so good.

"Maybe you could ask Fynn about the major signs for you to look out for," Cayden says to Artemisia, making her nod while her eyes are still on me.

Suddenly, a fantastic image flashes up before my inner eyes and my heart halts in my chest as I see Artemisia's blushed cheeks, realising it must have been her thought.

Hoping my dick won't get too hard,

making me look like a pain freak, I

increase my hold on her neck, making her eyes meet mine. I counter her fantasy of her reaching out to stroke my dick, with

the

images of me pulling her onto the table to make her ride me,

That would definitely distract me from the pain.

A low gasp falls from her lips as the blush of her cheeks expands as I send her the image of how I picture her impaling herself on my dick as she throws her head into

her neck.

Cayden clears his throat and I chuckle at the realisation that he must be feeling her arousal through their bond.

"Boys, please," Corvina says annoyed, sending a stronger wave through my body, destroying every image of pleasure in my brain as I clamp down on the table.

I groan in pain as Corvina lays her hands directly on my stomach. "Let him go, and take a step back," she instructs Artemisia who complies with a saddened face.

Exerting a little bit more pressure, Corvina cuts out the last piece that could be a potential threat while I scream in agony.

I'm not proud of it as my mate is watching and I'm supposed to be the strongest for her, but my mind blacks out, my primary instincts taking over.

As she finally lets go, she gestures to Artemisia that she can come closer again and she rushes to hold me right away.

I feel Artemisia's hands on me as they touch me in the hopes of comforting me, her panicky overwhelmingness making her seem painfully lost.

"Don't make that face, princess," I say while caressing a tear out of her face. "It's nothing. The pain is already gone. I swear."

I feel bad for her because she got tied to me and I wasn't strong enough to get her away from me. She probably had to feel all my pain, and she doesn't deserve any of this.

"Would you mind taking part in the marking ceremony? Just to be on the safe side?" Cayden asks Corvina who nods with a small smile.

"Sure, let me know when it will be and I'll be here. I'll even arrive a few days earlier to help Missy prepare herself."

Cayden sighs, smiling thankfully. "That would be great. Thank you."

I sit up with a groan, Artemisia helping me straighten up as Corvina walks around the table to pack her bag.

"Don't you want to dine with us at least before you leave?" Artemisia asks, but Corvina shakes her head.

"Thank you, but my way home is long and I want to be there before the sunrise."

Artemisia nods and Corvina opens her arms to hug her goodbye.

I watch her shake hands with Cayden before she winks towards me, "No more games, Finnegan. You soon have to be more of a role model."

My face must be showing my confusion, making her giggle as she is about to leave the room but turns around to face Missy once again.

Grabbing her forearms, she looks at her intently as she seems to have remembered something.

"You told me about Julie," she says, making Artemisia nod slowly as she tries to follow where Corvina wants to get at.

"It is important to check her blood thoroughly because the feed of the soul eater is not supposed to make anyone feel sick. It only feeds the worm and tastes foul, but it doesn't provoke nausea."

"What?" I bark out, but Corvina is still concentrating on Artemisia who is staring back at her incredulously.

"Please be wary about who you let close to you."