

# When they touch me (Shelagh Milano)

## chapter 11-15

Artemisia

"So, you are a doctor?" Matt's eyes sparkle as he questions me.

"Erm... yes," I say shyly, scooping my potatoes from one side of the plate to the other.

My eyes keep snapping over to Fynn, who is eating all by himself at a table in a corner. His displeased frown about his momentary situation has me chuckling internally. I shock myself at the thought of him being cute and shake my head as if wanting to free my head from the thought.

"Is something wrong with the food?" Logan asks, making me shake my head.

With a sigh, I lay my fork down on my plate and flash him an apologetic smile. "Sorry, I'm just sad that I had to leave my family, so my stomach doesn't seem to fancy any food intake at the moment."

Logan laughs, as he puts his arm onto the back of my chair. "Don't worry. Your appetite will come back soon enough."

I gulp as I get captured by his gaze, and force a smile. "I'm sure about that."

It is surprising how these triplets seem to be total opposites of each other. I'm surely used to twins because of my family, but the differences between them have never been so contrasting. My brothers are more like teams rather than individuals.

While Matthew is of the sweet and shy kind, Logan seems to be more of the confident, flirtatious type of guy. And, as both of them hold something caring in their being, Fynn is only and simply an asshole.

Which he, by the way, presents anew as he scoffs at his brother's remark.

"She is just a spoiled princess."

I keep myself from gasping by crossing my arms and ignoring him. As I'm acting like I wouldn't care I could swear that I feel his glare on me, his strong displeasedness wafting over me. noveldrama

Stupid prick.

"Is the pack house always this empty?" Wanting to change the subject, I look around.  
"Just you and the staff?"

The men laugh, and Matthew

shakes his head, "No, we are usually very chaotic over here, and it is

practically a wonder that they

haven't run into the house very

see

you. But Fynn had them vacate to make sure you weren't too overwhelmed."

"Aaw, thank you, Fynn." A warm feeling streams from my heart, feeling honest gratitude, even if all I get for my thanks is a grunt.

I don't care anyway!

After I finished dinner, and finally managed to convince Matthew and Logan that I'm fine, and have eaten enough, I get a tour of the house.

While Matthew and Logan chat along happily, Fynn follows us sulking with his hands buried in his pockets.

Cayden disappears into his office, which is apparently situated on the second floor. He gives one last instruction before he leaves me alone with my mates.

"Finnegan, don't forget your penalty."

Fynn growls before he storms out of the house, leaving the huge entrance door open. He reaches the middle of the gateway before shifting into his wolf. I watch after him mesmerized as he throws his head back, his black fur calling for me as it shines under the moonlight. His loud howl ripples through my bones, drowning me in his discontentment before he takes off to run into the woods.

"Such a show-off." Logan scoffs, passing me to close the door, and freeing me from my trance.

I smile at him as he walks back towards us and sighs exhausted.

This is going to be stressful.

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"And this is your room."

I gasp audibly as Logan opens the door to my quarters, taking my breath away.

The entire tour up here was already too much for me to bear. We had started on the first floor as we came out of the large dining hall situated just half a floor lower.

It started alright as we strolled

through the big rooms on the floor, where they held the community rooms, game rooms, cinemas, and everything a heart would desire as a pastime. They explained to me that there is always a lot of movement by the people of the pack and the unmated warriors as they love to spend their evening here when they don't go out to the nearest town.

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I panicked for a second as I don't do well with huge crowds, and I was amazed at how comfortable I felt with them sensing my discomfort. They explained to me that we have a lot of entertainment rooms on our floors as well. And as nobody is allowed on this floor other than us, we can enjoy our time if we are not in the mood for the crowd.

"Fynn is always downstairs though," Matthew laughed, making his brother chuckle as well.

"Yeah, he is such a fidgety Philip," Logan added with a grin, and I swallowed a groan.

Awesome.

We passed the second floor practically hastily. They told me that this is the floor where the unmated warriors reside, and I risked a peek, seeing a few plopping their heads out curiously.

I waved at them with a smile and giggled as I saw them storming back into their room sheepishly.

The third floor was presented by Logan proudly as it is his floor that he lives on as a Beta. He still gushed over his floor as we descended a set of stairs to reach one of the wings.

"We will show you the other wing tomorrow," Logan said as he passed the large doors of a small foyer, entering a lounge room. "You must be tired." "I'm about to sleep on the spot," I answered with a chuckle, taking in the stunning interiors of the many entertainment and game rooms.

We climbed the stairs reaching the second floor of the wing which would be Matthew's floor, as Gamma, before we finally reached my floor.

I am shocked to hear that I will be sharing my floor with the Alpha, just until we find a solution to our situation that will suit everyone.noveldrama

Feeling like a piece of exotic meat on a meat market, I push the bad sensation down, focusing on my beautiful rooms.

I'm still staring in awe at my cozily furnished room in the colors of lilac and beige as a thought crosses my mind. "Where is Fynn staying? And what is his role?"

"He is staying on the floor with his warriors. He is the one leading them." I nod absentmindedly, as Matthew answers my question.

Clearing his throat after a short awkward moment, Logan moves around the door, showing me the locks and the system to adjust the heat and the a/c. He must be seeing my confusion at me seeing the bolts and locks as he chuckles. "Don't worry. It's just a precaution. Cayden is nearby, and we are doing our best to behave, but Fynn tends to be a hot head, so..."

My breath gets stuck in my throat but I force a smile. "I'll be fine," I assure them while comforting myself.

"We will leave you alone now. Have a

good night, Missy." Logan says, stepping up to me to press a small kiss on my cheek. "If you need something just let us know. Also, there is always an Omega scurrying around to ensure things are alright. Just call for them, if you need something."

I nod as I watch him exit the room. Expecting that his brother would do the same, I'm a bit disappointed at Matthew only waving at me from the door before closing it.

"Good night, Matt," I call just in time, giggling as I see him blushing before the door closes fully.

With a deep sigh, I look around my room before I walk to the door and lock every single lock.

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I walk through the living room, looking into the other rooms. There is a small kitchen, a large bedroom with a king-sized bed and large windows, leading onto a terrace, as well as a gorgeous bathroom, walk-in closet, and small library.

The happiness that I feel while checking my new small apartment out is unreal. I can't help but feel bad for not being more scared about the consequences I will face because of my dormant wolf, being afraid of my supposedly brutish mates, and not feeling more uncomfortable here. Must be this stupid mate bond.

After unpacking the few things I took with me, I settle into an armchair in the library and call Ramona.

"Oh my God!" She squeals as she picks up my call. "Bitch, I thought you were already dead!"

I laugh as hearing her voice is a balm for my soul. "Or tied to a bed at least."

Literally being able to see her brows jumping before my inner eye, I laugh again. "Such a pervert. I just got here. I hope you wish for a mate for me who lets me unpack and arrive first."

"Ooooh, no! He should already be obsessed with you, not letting you go for a second." She jokes, making me shake my head.

"You are impossible."

She chuckles and takes a deep sigh. "Aw, I miss you so much already. How is it there? How is your mate? You have to tell me everything!"

For some kind of reason, I hesitate, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the subject. "Well, he is rude... And totally arrogant. As well as self-centered. Ugh, but he looks good, and he already complained about not being able to feel my wolf, so I don't know how this will go."

She groans, and I play with the fabric of my skirt. "Ah, babes, I'm so sorry. But he might be nervous as well. And you know just how jealous those Alpha males are. He will show you his affection soon, you will see. The mate bond will make him obsessed with you in no time."

Sure, I already experienced that.

"Let's hope so," I say lowly.

Suddenly, she gasps, making me jerk up. "Now, tell me about the Blood Fang! How is the house? Did you get a room or are you currently in the dungeons?"

"No!" I shout, laughing out loud. I overflow her with my description of everything since I got here, naturally leaving out the small detail about having more than one mate.

Even though she doesn't say anything, I sense how taken aback she is by what I tell her. I chuckle to myself as she must have pictured me in some dark landscape surrounded by ogres.

"Babes, I'm so happy for you." I can hear the smile in her voice as she sighs relieved.

After another back and forth with a few gushy phrases, we wish each other a good night and end the call.

Before I can finally get my well-deserved sleep, I have to call my family. While Giorgio is the only one of my brothers who picks up his damned phone, he is also the one to lecture me about my behavior as a mate, and how I should watch myself on their territory.

I can clearly hear the worry in his voice, but his big brother attitude is pissing me off.

"Can you please research anything about this wolf-less woman for me? I need to know before I might address anything about my wolf in the future. I don't know how long I can actually hide it." I sigh, my heart skipping a beat painfully.

Hearing him sit down, I shift in my seat anxiously. "I told you. There is nothing to worry about. It was just a stupid rumor."

"Still you sound like that time when my hamster died, and you didn't want to tell me. And we went to get ice cream after school." I smile sadly at the memory, my fear expanding in my chest.

"I want to protect you, Missy." He takes a deep breath before he adds, "But I don't want you to worry about something that isn't real. I'll get the information and I promise that won't keep anything from you. But you have to be cautious."

Picking invisible lint off my dress, I nod. "Sure thing."

My uninvolved answer gets me another round of unsolicited advice and a sermon about being better safe than sorry.

Ugh.

After I finally get him to cut the call, I make a last call to my mother. But that one doesn't last long as she nearly isn't able to talk between her tears.  
noveldrama

I can hear my father murmuring something incomprehensively in the background, but that doesn't help the entire situation at all.

With a heavy heart, I hang up on her after several attempts to say goodbye properly.

I stumble out to my bedroom before letting myself fall onto the soft bed.

Groaning, I fall asleep practically immediately.

This is too much for me. Poor me.

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I wake up in a good mood having slept perfectly. The bed was surprisingly soft, and it felt like sleeping on clouds.

I actually enjoyed it so much that I felt like a traitor.

After sending my family and Ramona a few texts to show them I'm still very alive, I get into my breathtaking bathroom.

Activating the taps of my

freestanding bathtub, I undress

myself quickly. The rising hot steam

starts enveloping the room, and

sticking against the gray tiles. get into the water slowly, letting the warmth of it seep into my skin with a sigh.

I feel a bit anxious about facing everyone for breakfast and I ask myself if I should address this situation about how this multiple mate thing is going to work. Even if my family has a lot of twins in it, and I knew about the possibility of twins having the same mate, as my brothers were afraid it would happen to them as well, I never actually saw anything like that.

My heart makes a little backflip as a short indecent thought passes my mind. I splash my face with water, before shaking my head and deciding to get out and join my new pack members for breakfast.

I'm also thinking about talking to Cayden about the supposedly executed wolf-less woman, but I will have to be smart as I approach my new Alpha with that kind of discourse.

I really don't want to spend the rest of my stay in a dungeon.

Again, my mind sends a picture to my brain of me tied to a dungeon wall while Fynn steps closer with some kind of small whip in his hands.

"Cassy!" I growl, having her push down her enticing thought with a whimper.

"And why has it to be Fynn?" I add in a murmur, as I grab a plushy towel.

Getting out of the tub, I wrap myself in the big towel. I dry my hair shortly with another towel before walking out of my bathroom.

Being deep in thought, I experience a massive jumpscare as a deep husky voice reaches me.

"What were you thinking about just now, little mate?"

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Turning around, I stare at Fynn agape as I take a step back. "What the fuck?! Fynn, how did you get in here?"

"Ah, those stupid locks." He groans, shaking his head. "As if they could stop me."

I know that I will just entice him when I turn my back to him to walk away, but I can't seem to keep my curiosity back.

"You have a three-day penalty," I shout back at him, freezing in front of my fully locked and secured door.

Shit!

Fynn has his arms wrapped around me in the blink of an eye, pulling me to his front.

"I'm not playing that game." He growls, his lips pressed against my ear. "You are my fucking mate. As if he could tell me what to do."

My heart skips a beat as I feel him bite into my earlobe, making me mewl softly. "No, but you are going to listen to me, right? Let me go!"

"Nice try, princess." He chuckles, making my blood freeze in my veins. "But there is something we have to discuss." noveldrama

I squeal as he turns me around, picking me up into his arms. Clenching my towel close, I risk flashing him as my body gets invaded by the pleasurable electricity streaming from his hands touching my exposed skin.

"Fynn, let me down!" I shout, not able to trash as much as I wanted to.



"As you wish, princess." He says mockingly, before throwing me onto my bed.

Before I can even gasp indignantly, he is already on top of me. His black eyes capture my gaze instantly, taking my breath away.

"What were you thinking about just now?" He asks with his teeth clenched, as I push my brain to function normally.

"No... Nothing. What is your fucking problem?" I start pounding onto his chest, wanting him to get off me.

Growling annoyedly, he clasps my hands into his, moving them over my head.

Well, shit!

"What. Were. You. Thinking. About?"

I do everything in my power to disguise my panting at my body trying to cope with his vicinity and the sparks traveling on my skin. "Fynn! Let me go! How did you even get in here?!"

"Your answer for mine, beautiful." He chuckles, biting into my neck softly.

My moan falls from my lips before I can stop it, making him groan broadly. "Then you'll never know," I say my clenched teeth, moving my head slightly forward.

He barks out a laugh that vibrates through me. He moves on top of me, making it hard not to have my eyes roll into the back of my head as his hard bulge against my core.

Oh, Goddess.

"The windows, little mate." He hums as he starts pressing featherlight kisses down my throat. "The idiots didn't secure them."

I sigh as he reaches the crook of my neck, moving further down.

"I wasn't thinking about anything in particular." I breathe out, getting him to stop with a snarl.

Gulping, I look up at him, seeing him looking at me discontentedly. "Please, I can't tell you."

"Was it about him?"

I groan, rolling my eyes. "Him. Him. Him. There is no him! You idiot."

"Don't idiot me. I know that you wanted to stay back in your pack to be with him."

He lifts me up, making me scream as he positions me further up the bed. I watch him hypnotized as he takes a pair of handcuffs out of his sweatpants.

You must be fucking kidding me.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll get it out of you eventually."

He manages to tie me to the wiry head of my bed, even if I fight hard to get my hands out of his grip. "Fynn, no!"

I pull down my hands, but the wired decoration of the head of my bed doesn't even budge.

"Fynn, I'm being serious, I-" My words get stuck in my throat, as he rips my towel open.

My bare chest heaves as he

watches me with lust-clouded eyes. He lets his fingers glide over the side of my thighs as he gets up on his knees bite my bottom lip as he gets between my legs fully, spreading me for him.

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"The truth, babe." He whispers, my brain skipping its service once again.

Shaking my head, I mewl as his fingers travel back up, bringing him back to lay on top of me.

My pussy throbs painfully as its longing becomes nearly unbearable.

"I can't," I say while pressing my face to my arm.

He hums, pressing his lips right below my ear. "Tell me, or you'll be my slave for the entire day."

Moaning automatically, I feel so

embarrassed that I would like a

black hole to open up and S

me whole. Even without Cassy screaming at me, my brain is

imploing me to keep quiet, having me be at his disposal for the entire day.

"Were you about to touch yourself while thinking about the idiot?" He growls and presses his hard cock covered by the fabrics of his clothes onto my wet folds.

Get them off!

"Yes! I was thinking about an idiot!

And I was about to touch myself as I got out, but you had no right to assault me like that." I breathe out, regretting it the moment I have uttered it as his face distorts with rage.

Suddenly, a loud banging reaches us from the front door. I guess my mates must have perceived something. My heartbeat accelerates as the door is getting kicked in with deafening hits.

He turns his head to look over his shoulder while I keep my eyes on him. His perfectly shaped jaw, his full lips that I want to feel back on me.

"Finnegan," I whisper, making him turn his head to me wide-eyed. "He is not the idiot I was fantasizing about."

The corner of his lips twitch lightly just before he gets tackled by his brothers, tearing him off me.

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Artemisia

I dress myself quickly into a sundress before sprinting after them. I follow my mate's voice that booms through the mansion as his brothers are carrying him into the main mansion and downstairs.

Pushing through the crowd that forms on the stairs and in the halls to watch the spectacle, I reach the ground floor without catching up with them. As I stand in front of a heavy steel door that has been left ajar, I feel goosebumps rising on my skin.

The Dungeon.

Gulping, I start descending the stone staircase that leads down to the cold underground in a spiral form.

The steel door seems to have been the portal to another dimension. Because as I'm enveloped by the cold radiating off the bare walls, I walk through a place that in comparison with the mansion built above it is depressing.

But I guess that fits the purpose of the place.

Instead of shiny chandeliers and the expensive, dark-hued interiors matching the gray walls, I find myself surrounded by cells with silver bars.noveldrama

At the end of a passage leading in between the cells, I find my mates and Cayden with their backs turned to me.

"You can't keep me from seeing my mate!" Fynn roars as he paces back and forth behind the already closed cell door.

"Don't have me tie you to the wall, Finnegan," Cayden says calmly, as I watch them from a secure distance.

But my scent must be blowing my cover as Matthew turns to look at me from time to time while the others seem to ignore me purposely. Maybe to avoid provoking Fynn.

"Her wolf still isn't talking to me! Why is she keeping her away from me?" Fynn growls, making my breath hitch in my throat.

"You have to leave her alone. Let her get used to us first. You will just get her to want to get away from us like this." Logan turns around, ignoring his brother's raging reaction to his words.

I stand out of his way even if he would have enough space to walk past me and crouch down as if I was about to get caught doing something naughty.

As soon as he passes me, he grabs my arm casually, pulling me back to my feet. "Acting like a total moron."

His whisper just adds to the shivers the sparks resulting from his touch sends through me.

Oh, Goddess.

He doesn't stop a single time as he drags me through the dungeon and up the spiral stairs.

"Logan?" I ask shyly as he kicks the door open to a room not far away from the dungeon's entrance, pushing me into it.

He closes the door behind him, and I have barely regained my balance as he grabs my arm again. Pulling me close, he snarls, "Why isn't your wolf reaching out to any of us? Is there a reason why she ignores us?"

"N-No. She is just trying to cope with everything. Like I am." The silver and blue flecks reappear, signaling me he isn't the only one interested in my answer to this.

"The bond should be stronger than any insecurities for a mate." His disparaging voice paired with his angered expression make me want to crawl straight back into bed. "Tell her to at least respond. It's basic respect, right? She will surely listen to you."

Shaking my head, I fear having him bite my head off. "No, she won't listen to me."

"She doesn't listen to you," he murmurs, letting go of me.

As he drives his hands through his hair, he takes a deep breath. "Okay."

I jump as Matthew opens the door, standing in its frame. "Did he hurt you?"

'Who? The first or the second idiot?' Cassy snarls, making me gasp.

"No. Of course not, Matt. But thank you for your concern." I smile at him, but he doesn't seem very convinced by my answer.

Opening the door fully, he gestures with his head, regaining his smile. "Come on. Let's get breakfast, and I'll show you around on the pack grounds." "Oh, lovely. Thank you."

I practically sprint to the door, and wrap my arms around Matthew's. Forcing myself to smile up at him, I can't wait to be out of this room. "Show me."

Matthew smiles cutely as he lays his hands on my arm, and we walk out of the pack house.

Leaving a sulking Logan behind.

Wow. My mates are just getting more charming by the minute.

Walking to the left side of the house, we reach a large garage. Matthew points towards a sleek Porsche Coupé as he lets go of me to take a key from a little box by the door.

"This one is mine," he states proudly, unlocking the car for me to get in "We all have our cars, but if you need to take one, you can take any of

them." ove

Looking around amazed, I nod my head absentmindedly. "Oh, wow. Thank you."

He starts the car with a chuckle while he lowers the roof of the sporty car.

The motor roars to life, and he drives it out of the garage carefully.

I would have guessed that he would be a respectful driver, while his brother would surely have raced out of the garage to impress me with the power of the car.

As we drive past the beautiful landscapes of the Blood Fang Pack, I seem to lose my ability to close my mouth.

The large green fields contrast totally with the tales of my brothers, who used to tell me how everything was burned land over here.

"Have you had like a make-over of your lands before I arrived?" I ask, pushing my hair back and out of my face.

Matthew chuckles as he looks at me shortly. "Why do you mean?"

"Nothing in particular," I say, shrugging. "But it is so beautiful here."

"And I guess your family told you it looked like a desert."

I smile as I turn to watch the street before us as well. "No, desert wouldn't quite describe it. But yes, something like that."

Like his brothers, he doesn't take it personally and rather laughs about it.

"Good thing we have enough time to show you everything to debunk them." He takes my hand in his, pressing a light kiss on my knuckles.

I blush as the tingles travel up my arm. "Can't wait."