

# **When they touch me (Shelagh Milano)**

## **#Chapter 121 – 122**

### **Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 121**

#### Chapter 121 Artemisia

I open my eyes as the sun streams into the large windows of the house I just spent the best night of my life in.

Biting my bottom lip, I watch my mates lying in the huge bed with me and I giggle lowly.

I let myself fall back into the bed and I turn my head to find Logan already looking at me.

"Good morning," he whispers huskily, making me smile at him.

"Good morning."

He flashes me a smile, kissing my shoulder, getting my body to shudder pleasantly.

Haven't you had enough?!

"How are you feeling?" he asks me, and I sigh, closing my eyes.

"Exhausted. Sore. But amazing," I answer with a grin, making him chuckle.

He lets his fingers glide up and down my arm gently, making me close my eyes with a happy sigh. "How are you feeling?" "Oh, for a moment I was thinking that I died and this was my version of paradise," he grins smugly, making me laugh. "You are so insane."

He hums, moving on top of me. My heart stills in my chest as he spreads my legs for him with his knee, and starts to cover my chest in featherlight kisses.

I gasp as he sucks my nipple into his mouth, rolling it between his teeth. The bad feeling I felt for him just a few hours ago is completely gone as I close my eyes, arching my back to press myself closer to him.

"This must be the best way to wake up," Fynn groans, getting me to look at him as he watches his brother making me horny for another round of fucking.

"Let's see if the others will get awakened by your moans as well," Logan mocks as he pushes into me.

I press my lips together, pleasure mixing with the pain of the soreness, making my head spin anew.

"Ah, ah, ah," Fynn tsks, grabbing my cheeks to make my lips part. "Don't hold back."

He moves his fingers down to my clit, making me moan loudly, and I already sense my mates stirring.

As if I could ever hold back... Even if I wanted to.

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A screech startles me terribly and I put my hand on my chest as I laugh.

"Ramona!"

She walks towards me, pulling at the straw of some fruit juice as she grins at me. "You survived, I wouldn't have counted on it!"

"Oh, my Goddess! You are such an idiot, I swear," I joke, throwing a pillow after her.

"So, our pack officially lost you," she says, pouting. "And you have the audacity to even be happy about it!"

I lift my arms, opening and closing my hands repeatedly, and she giggles, running into my embrace.

"You are a Luna now!" She whispers and I nod before putting my chin on her head.

"Yes! Isn't it crazy?"

We laugh as it suddenly strikes me. "Oh, before I forget. I spoke to the caterer and the cooks. There wasn't any dish or dessert with strawberries, hun."

"Are you serious?" She jerks up, sitting up straight to look at me. "But I smelled it! Don't lie to me!"

I laugh, shaking my head. "I'm not lying."

"Is it some secret recipe?" She squints her eyes at me.

I crack up, about to answer her as my door swings open.

We jump, not being used to someone entering the room without knocking.

"Ramona," Cayden's deep voice has me worrying as he addresses my best friend in a serious tone. "Would you mind leaving me alone with my wife for a moment?"

Ramona looks at me worried before she gets up, flattening her skirt. "Of course, Alpha Cayden."

With a small curtsy and a last look back at me, she disappears into the hallway, closing the door behind her. I try to flash her a happy smile to not make her worry too much, but doubt that it would have any effect on someone who has been kicked out of a room by a grumpy Alpha.

"Is everything alright, darling?" I ask, sitting up even if my pussy makes me pay for the sudden movement with an uncomfortable stinging immediately.

I moan quietly, but he doesn't even acknowledge it as he answers.

"No," he drives his hand through his hair, starting to pace around.

Oh, this is a bad sign.

"I sent out the invitations to our marking ceremony as soon as we came back from our... little getaway... And well, your family was awfully fast to respond."

"Oh, no. Did they say they wouldn't come?!"

He distorts his face, halting to look at me as he sighs. "You know that I love you more than everything else, and your happiness is my sole purpose in life. But I wouldn't care less if your family would be with us during our official marking."

I laugh, crossing my legs as I reposition myself on the little couch.

I can't say that I don't absolutely love it when he is being so overly dramatic.

"What is it then?"

He sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. "They reported our ceremony to the high council right away."

My smile falls, and I push myself to the edge of my seat. "I beg your pardon?"

"They reported us to the high council and they fucking accepted their claim. They have prohibited us from proceeding with any marking, and we will have to go to a trial to get our permission." My heart sinks to my stomach as he mumbles to himself, "At least they had the decency to schedule a date for the trial before the marking ceremony will be held, so we are going to plan it either way."

Tears well up in my eyes as I gulp, "Who did this?"

"Alpha Giorgio, my love."

I shake my head, my throat squeezing. "But that can't be. I just spoke to him this morning. He didn't say anything to me. Even my mom... What the

hell is happening?"

He clicks his tongue, sitting down beside me to hold my hands. "You don't have to worry. Everything will be alright We will prove to them that you want to be with us, that we are made for each other and that you are happy. Because you are happy, right?"

"Did you ever doubt that?" I chuckle between tears and he lifts his hand to wipe them out of my face.

"Never," he squeezes my hands, smiling at me.

Wetting my lips with my tongue, I scoot closer to him. "But we already marked each other. What is all that fuss? They can't do anything about it anyway!"

I'm so angry at my family that I could burst, but the worst feeling is as Cayden looks at me pitifully, kissing my knuckles before crushing my heart. "No, love. They have the power to remove the marks, even of fated mates. And if that happens, they will send you back to your home pack."

## Chapter 122 Artemisia

You are dead to me!

My words are still blinking on the screen as the phone blows up next to me. I can't stop my tears from falling as I think about the possibility of having to get back to my old pack.

And I don't want to.

This is my home now.

I would rather die than return home where they will practically have me drink tea with Rick as well.

"Did you... or maybe the Omegas..." I start as Ramona already interrupts me.

"Never!" she screams out of my walk-in wardrobe.

I take a shaky breath, pressing a tissue to my lips as she appears in the door to the dressing room.

"Babes, I have never seen you this happy! And you know, I hate Ricky-boy!"

I laugh as she started calling him this as soon as she heard one of my mates calling him that.

Normally, she is very conscientious about addressing everyone by their title.

"I would have never done such a thing to you, even if I hadn't got to know them and see that they are absolutely amazing to you."

I sniff, patting my eyes dry. "Thank you."

She takes a step, crossing her arms. "And I can vouch for all of my maids as well. You know them. What would they gain by doing such a thing?" "Well, I know my family as well..." I murmur and she does a strange movement as she laughs.

"Maybe. But your family isn't passing their free time amusing themselves with the warriors," she winks at me, making me gasp. "I think that no one of us wants to go home, babes."

I crack up as she clears her throat, "Babes, did you throw away that top I loved so much?"

"The pink one with the puffy arms? Goddess, I wanted to throw away that hot piece of garbage years ago, but my love for you wouldn't allow me. So, it should be hanging there. I never wear it." I yell at her as she has already disappeared into my wardrobe.

She resurfaces, shrugging. "Maybe I'm just too blind."

"Taste blind? Yes, on all accounts," I laugh as she distorts her face.

Sitting down next to me, she sighs. "It's your mother this time. Don't you think you want to pick up at least one of her calls?"

"Don't want to," I murmur, playing with my tissue.

Ramona sighs deeply, before she jerks up, having had an idea. "Why don't we go on a shopping spree? Like... Let's take a stroll and get one of those slushy ice drinks."

"I really don't feel like getting a Granita," I groan, but she gets up, pulling me with her.

"No excuses! We have to get you out of here. Come on."

We run down the stairs and out of the pack house to reach the garage. After getting into a sleek convertible, I drive us into town, and soon enough, we are slurping colourful iced drinks while strolling through the narrow streets.

I try to remain positive and concentrate on window shopping while my mind always brings up how much I'm going to miss all of this.

"Come on, babes. Everything is going to be alright, you will see," Ramona tries cheering me up as we stand before a boutique with a wonderful gown on display.

"Ah, I don't know," I sigh, taking another sip of my drink.

"They are just worried. That's all..." I turn around to her as her voice suddenly has a strange tone to it and find her looking around with a confused expression.

"Is everything alright?" I ask as she keeps making funny faces.

Distorting her face, she answers in an unconvinced tone, "Yeah."

"Doesn't look like it." I laugh, watching her face change into an ashy colour as she seems to lose herself in her thoughts. "Babes?"

"I smell that dessert again," she whispers, making me shake my head.

I don't feel like laughing anymore as she looks like she is feeling sick to her stomach. "I don't smell anything."

Her eyes widen as she turns to look at me just as I sense someone approaching.

Cassy is already jumping happily as I get enveloped in a big bear hug and lifted from the ground.

"No, Matt! Stop it!" I giggle as he puts me down onto my feet and kisses my cheek.

"What are you two up to?" he asks me with a broad smile.

Lifting my hands as I lean against him, I show him my purchases proudly. "We went to buy special spices for me and got slushies!"

"Oh, because you will be cooking for yourself?" He takes the small bag out of my hand to peek inside. "Will you cook a bit for me too?"

"Whenever you want, my love," I grin up at him, getting a kiss. "What are you doing here?"

"Ah, we are taking a short break from our training and so we ran here to get something to eat." Squinting his eyes, he looks at Ramona, who seems to have frozen to her spot. "Is she okay?"

"I don't know," I whisper, biting the nail of my thumb.

Stepping forward, I loop my arm into hers, "Ramona, is everything alright?"

"Mate," she whispers, making me turn my head to see Gregorius staring back at us.

His chest is heaving, and his hands

are closed into fists as he seems to notice that Ramona is not as excited as she should be. I'm just about to say something to her, because know how scared she is of this pack, ast notice the change in her demeanour.

"Matt!" I scream as I feel her tearing herself from me. "Block him!"

Matthew looks at me confused as Ramona starts running away and moves just in time to block the warrior a few steps in front of me.

"I'm going after her. Calm him down." I shout at him as I'm already running after my best friend.

No. No. No.

Reaching the small river where I once hid myself from an embarrassing situation, I find her lying in the high grass, catching her breath. "Babes," I call for her as I run towards her.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I ask her sheepishly as I kneel down next to her.

She throws her hands in front of her face as she starts sobbing. "I knew exactly that it was my mate at the party."

"What? Why didn't you tell me?" I lean down, caressing her arm. "Did something happen?"

"No," she sighs, lowering her arms. "I was just hoping that he didn't notice me and that we would never meet."

Clicking my tongue, I shift to sit. "What the hell? Why would you say such a thing?"

She distorts her face, pushing out another sob as she turns her head to look at me.

"I'm sorry that I didn't tell you," she wails. "Please don't be angry at me."

I shake my head, gulping as I try to comfort her. "I could never!"

"I heard Alpha Giorgio talk to my father... He told him that mating with the enemy was the worst that could happen and that it would be seen as treason if it ever happened. Every wolf or she-wolf would be banished immediately." She takes a few short breaths

as she sobs. "Alpha Giorgio was so angry and I knew that they were talking about the Blackwoods. That's why I accepted Alpha Cayden's invitation and decided to come here in the first place. I was afraid that it would be the last time I would be able to see you."

Opening and closing my mouth like a fish out of water, I can't seem to find the words to speak as she jerks up into a sitting position. "But I didn't know what they were planning And I knew nothing about the high council! I swear to everything, Missy

"This is just ridiculous," I sigh exhaustedly.

Whining, she distorts her eyes again, rubbing her eyes. "But what if I never get to see my family again?!"

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