

Chapter 123

Artemisia

"Get your dirty hands off her, Finnegan," Logan shouts, making Fynn chuckle as he steps away from me to let himself fall to the floor tackled by his brother.

Logan swings again, punching Fynn right into his face, but doesn't get more than another laugh.

"Stop it!" I scream, trying to get Logan off Fynn. "Stop fighting. What are you doing?!"

My stomach churns at the sound of the repetitive hits, bile already rising in my throat.

Matthew pulls me out of the way gently and starts carrying me away from the two fighting.

"No!" I shriek, fighting against his hold. "Make them stop!"

My panic rises as I sense that Logan is just about to shift, and no one seems to want to intervene.

"Don't worry. They will be fine," Matthew says as he continues to carry me into the house. "They are always like that."

Letting my arms slump with a sob, I let him put me down on my feet just to pick me up again. I don't struggle against it anymore, feeling like a doll as I let myself sag into his arms.

He carries me silently to my quarters, letting me calm down by his scent and heartbeat.



At some point, we are passed by a few warriors who run down the stairs, and I guess that they are intervening at last.

Reaching my quarters, he carries me to the bathroom, setting me down on the marble sink. "You had a long journey. Are you hungry?" he asks me as he starts wiping the dried tears sticking to my cheeks from my face with a warm towel.

I nod, and he smiles. "I'll let someone bring you something tasty. That will cheer you up."

"Could you make sure it's without supplements, please?" I ask lowly, making him chuckle.

"Sure," he answers, continuing to wash my face gently. "I don't know what the purpose of those things is anyway."

I roll my eyes, watching him wash the towel before throwing it into the laundry bin. "They said it's for the baby."

"The baby?" My heart flips as his face lights up and he looks at me with sparking eyes.

Chuckling, I nod. "Yes. They want me to be ready when it happens."

"Oh, but we will be ready even without all that stinky brew," he says, caressing a strand of hair out of my face. "The pups will tell us what they need anyway."

"The pups?" I ask, and his grin widens.

"Yes, let's just assume the best possible scenario" he straightens back up, puffing his chest proudly.

I laugh out loud, my heart mending instantaneously by his loving nature.

"Why don't you lie down and rest for a bit? And I'll see that we get you something to eat. What do you think?" he asks, caressing my cheek, and I nod.

He helps me down the sink and follows me out of the bathroom as I drag myself to my bed, feeling totally exhausted. 1

I hope that we will figure out what is happening soon so that I can finally start enjoying my time in my new home with my mates fully.

My family is starting to ask all the wrong questions and I don't know how long I will be able to keep them unconcerned.

Looks like I will have to talk to Cayden about what I should communicate to my family soon.

As Matthew leaves my room, I cuddle in and even if I think that I will be too anxious to sleep, I'm out like a light as soon as my head hits my pillow.

It seems to me like I just fell asleep as I'm woken back up gently.

I hear a sweet and melodic voice call my name, causing me to open my eyes.

"Gamma Matthew asked me to bring you something to eat," the Omega says, and I look up, staring into two big blue eyes.

Blinking repeatedly, I push myself up with a groan. "Thank you so much."

"Daisy has asked me to snuggle in some supplements, but the Gamma told me that we should let those be. So, I'm just leaving them here for you if you want to take them later," she explains, putting down a small plate with three colourful pills on my nightstand. 1

I smile, getting up as she proceeds to set my dinner on the table before leaving the room quietly.

She holds the door open for Logan, who steps into the room as she tells me that I'm up.

"How are you feeling?" He asks, and I sit down with a sigh.

"Exhausted," I confess, pushing the plate away from me. "And not hungry, apparently."

He closes the door behind him, reaching me with unhurried steps. "Lisa told me that you were... injured. Do you want me to call Dr. Davis?"



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