

Chapter 125

Artemisia

As Fynn sneaked into my room, I had already cried so much that I was feeling sick to my stomach.

He got into my bed, pulled me into him, and started to caress my back to comfort me.

When I finally calm down enough to tell him everything, I start sobbing again.

He doesn't even get time to feel anger, as he already has to comfort me again.

"He can't do this. We all are equally possessive towards you," he whispers as he lets his fingers slide up and down my side. "He doesn't get to call dibs."

Letting me cry against his chest, he hugs me closer. "Do you want me to talk to Cayden?"

"No," I shake my head, biting onto my shivering lips. "I think his wolf just needs me close, so maybe it's best this way until he calms down a bit."

He hums, pressing a kiss onto my forehead and I can sense that he isn't happy with it.

Squeezing his arm, I look up at him pouting. "Please don't worry about me, I'll talk it out with him and it will be alright."

"Yeah, it must be hard knowing I was first," he says mockingly, making

him slap his arm with a gasp.

"Stop it already! You are so mean."

He hugs me tighter, sighing happily. "Let us cheer you up."

I throw my head back, lifting my brow. "Hmm?"

The questioning hum has barely left my lips as it knocks softly on the door, and Matthew pops in his head.

"Everything okay?" he asks concerned as I look at him surprised while Fynn closes his eyes with a smile.

"Missy needs to be comforted a little bit," he says nonchalantly, making me blush terribly.

"Fynn," I whisper, burying my face into his t-shirt. "You are such an idiot."

Matthew comes onto the bed and leans over me, wanting to look at me properly. "What happened?"

"Logan was a dick to her," Fynn answers dryly, making me hit his chest.

Clicking his tongue, Matthew lays down behind me, wrapping his arm around my waist. "Don't worry about him, Missy. I think he suffered the most knowing you were away for so long with Fynn."

He buries his face into my neck, causing goosebumps to rise on my skin as he breathes me in.

Fynn grins at me, making me shake my head. "Why are you so joyful when it comes to his pain? You really have to talk it out and get along."

"We are getting along," Fynn says lowly, wrapping his hand around my neck to pull me in for a kiss.

I sigh against his lips, sparks erupting on my skin as Matthew moves his hand down my body. He traces my skin slowly with his fingertips, slipping his fingers under the waistband of my panties.

Fynn's lips swallow my moan as Matthew's fingers trace my pussy teasingly before he lets them glide between my wet folds. He spreads my folds with his ring finger and index to caress my clit freely with his middle finger.

"Oh, my..." I breathe out, my voice getting stuck in my throat as he increases his pace.

Fynn recaptures my lips with a grin while Matthew presses himself against me, increasing the intensity of his strokes. His tongue glides over my shoulder and up my neck, making me shiver in pleasure.

I feel his hard dick against my ass and love how he shifts to press my hips against him even more as he remains steady, caressing my perfect spot to make me cum with a loud moan.

Clasping Fynn's t-shirt, I let my orgasm ripple through me, trying not to tear the entire house out of their sleep with my screams of pleasure.

Fynn chuckles as I'm catching my breath, caressing a strand of hair out of my face. With a kiss, he starts undressing me, sliding my panties and shorts off me. Matthew's eyes burn on my skin as he watches silently.

"Straddle him," Fynn says with a sly grin, making Matthew shake his head.

"No, let her be. She had an exhausting day. She doesn't have to do it if

she doesn't want to."

Looking over my shoulder, I meet his eyes which are already showing his internal battle with his wolf.

"And what if I want to?" I ask, making his eyes darken.

Oh, my Goddess.

Before my heart can complete the flip, he has already pulled me to lie beneath him. He moves his hands up my sides, pushing up my top along with them. His lips capture my hardened nipple, and I drive my hands into his hair as he starts sucking and biting at my breasts.

"Time to lose your innocence, Matty," Fynn jokes, making Matthew growl.

"Why would you say something like that?!"

With a push, he has him rolling onto his back, making him pull me with him.

I laugh as he smiles up at me, and I move to pull down his pants, making him groan. "It's actually hot."

His irides get invaded by green flakes as he watches me wrap my hand around his thick cock, beginning to move it up and down slowly. After a few more strokes, I position myself and let myself sink onto his cock in relish.