

## Chapter 137

ARTEMISIA

"Where do you want this?" Matthew asks as he holds up a bag filled with books as if it was made out of feathers.

I point to a corner in the living room, "Over there, please."

It's just been a few hours since we arrived at the beach house, and I'm already in love. The interiors reflect the warm tones of the beach and the sea, creating a wonderfully cosy space. [www.home/Workroom](#)

The house is pretty huge, and completely different from what I had expected. I was looking forward to a small and inviting beach house built in white wooden elements and a squeaky porch.

Instead, I found myself in a breathtaking white Mediterranean mansion with a patio and a resort-style pool even if the pathways from the patio lead directly onto a sandy beach.

It took me a bit to stop staring around amazed and I could finally concentrate on moving in.

My mates were busy bringing my things into the different rooms in the house, and I asked myself what I was going to do with all those rooms.

In the end, five of the over thirty rooms will be occupied by me, Ramona and the entourage, who is accompanying me.

Naturally, I got the largest room in the mansion, which already seems like a king's chamber. I guess that it was Cayden's room whenever they would come here for a holiday, and fortunately it is spacious enough to accommodate me and my mates without any problems. [www.novel/Room.com](#)

I have to remind myself constantly that we aren't here for a holiday but that it is actually because of an emergency situation that I have to reside here.

At least I won't be alone, and Hendrick and Fynn will be staying with me constantly.

I know that there is a small army of warriors positioned around the house and in the surrounding area, but having them with me gives me all the protection I need.

Also, they might still be small, and maybe it's just my imagination, but the pups seem to be the calmest when Fynn is around. [www.Novel/Room.com](#)

As I'm walking into my dressing room with one of the suitcases, Matthew spots me right away, and clicks his tongue. "No, my Love. Let me carry that for you. Think of the pups."

"I'm pregnant, not terminally ill, Matt." I chuckle as I follow him into the room.

The round room is incredibly inviting and with all the light that streams in through the large window front, I'd move my bed in here without any remorse.

Matthew lifts the suitcase onto the shiny chest of drawers which poses as an island in the room. "Do you want me to help you sort them in?"

"Yes, please," I answer, and we start putting my clothes away.

As we finish, we walk out holding hands, reaching the others who are already sprawled in the main living room.

"What are you doing?" I ask with a giggle, getting Ramona to look at me with a groan.

"This is insane. I mean, I love you all. But this is freaking insane."

I laugh and sit down next to her, pressing a kiss on her cheek.

"I already love it here," I sigh, looking around, and Hendrick smiles at me.

"It is a special place for real. We will have a lot of fun here."

Ramona nods while she stares at me with big eyes. "Have you seen the pool?" she mouths, making me laugh again.

"Yes, I've seen it."

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"I'm afraid to ask." I sigh as I'm lying against Matthew's chest while he has us wrapped into a blanket.

Fynn looks up at me from the stone firepit where he had just lit a fire in. He raises a brow at me questioningly. "What?"

"Did I die? Is this heaven?"

Everyone laughs, and he sits down with a shake of his head. "No."

"I mean..." he corrects himself, tilting his head at me. "It is paradise. But you didn't die."

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath, snuggling further into Matthew's strong arms. "I'm happy."

"I'm glad," Matthew whispers, kissing the top of my head.

After having eaten our dinner, we spend another set of hours around the firepit. It's already way past the middle of the night as our eyes start to fall close and we decide to get to bed.

I change into my payamas and after having mindlinked Cayden to say goodnight, I jump into bed happily. I'm already wiggling under the covers as Matthew watches me with a chuckle before joining me.

"Do you really have to leave?" I ask with a pout.

He sighs, pulling me to his front. "Unfortunately, yes. But I'll be back in a week or two. Don't worry. We just can't let the pack go unmanaged, right?"

"Right," I answer as I'm already closing my eyes and drifting away to sleep.

"I'll miss you a lot. It's unfair that Fynn gets to stay here just because he can appoint someone else with his tasks. I mean, Georgius will surely want to spend a bit of time with his mate too. Poor Ramona," he murmurs annoyed.

I yawn, my brain wanting to argue with him or say something comforting but my body refuses completely as I sink deeper into darkness. "I'll miss you too, Matt."

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Fynn needs to detach me from Matthew as we say goodbye, so that he can actually leave.

I wave after the convoy even as he is surely not able to see me anymore.

With a slightly crestfallen mood, I get into my dressing room to change and meet Ramona and the other girls at the pool.

"Ramona!" I shout as I walk out on the veranda, descending the three stone steps to the edge of the curved pool. [www.novel/Room.com](#)

She waves at me from her inflatable donut happily as I scowl. "Oh, babes. What could ever have you pull such a face in this paradise? Get your beautiful ass into the waaateer!"

"Did you see my sundress?" She sits up slightly, lowering her sunglasses on her nose.

"Honey, your baby hormones. You are wearing it," she says totally serious, making me groan.

I let my arms slump, hitting my hips with my fists. "I know that I'm wearing one. See, it's yellow. But I wanted to wear the pink one. Did you borrow one of my dresses again?"

"I never stole anyone of your dresses. Are you sure you brought it with you?"

Rolling my eyes, I groan. "Yes, I brought it with me."

"What do you care about the sundresses, darling," she jokes in a posh tone of voice. "Yellow looks marvellous on you."

Shaking my head, I pull the dress over my head, jumping into the pool.

"Look at her," Ramona giggles as she watches me swim to her.

"It's not about the dress itself," I exhale as I have finally reached her. "But I keep losing things. I feel like I'm losing my mind."

She scoffs, leaning back into her donut as she puts her sunglasses back on. "It's the hormones, darling. You think too much of it. Aren't you stressed enough?"

"Yes. Yes, I guess I am." I sigh before I immerse myself in the heated water.