

Chapter 138

ARTEMISIA

"Are you alright?"

I plop my head into the small library where they told me Hendrick was working in.

But instead of finding him leaning over his papers, I caught him huddled in an armchair in some strange cape.

He inhales sharply, raising his gaze to me as he flashes me a tired smile. "Yeah, all good. Thank you."

"Doesn't look like it, though." I clasp the door as I stare at him worriedly.

"Don't worry, Missy. Do you need anything from me?" my heart gets a small blow as he is apparently not keen on having me near.

"I just wanted to ask if you wanted to join us for lunch." I wave my hands dismissively before me, feeling stupid. "I know that you don't fancy food, but maybe you want to spend a bit of time with us nonetheless."

He smiles at me, leaning back into his chair. "I'm glad you want me to join, but I think I'll pass."

I close the door behind me, getting into the room fully, and ignore him scrunching up his face. "Are you sure you don't want to tell me what is wrong?"

"Please, just go," he sighs, his now completely blue eyes burning into mine as I nod sadly.

"Okay," I whisper, taking a step back. "You will tell me if you need anything, right?"

He just stares at me and I finally give up, wanting to leave him alone.

I have barely turned around as I sense him move, and he pushes the door back close.

My heart beats into my throat as he moves to press his lips to my ear. "Forgive me, I didn't want to hurt you. But you really need to stay away from me for a bit."

He takes a deep breath as I wait caged in by him, paralyzed*u-w.ÑovêÖWöRm.Övmm*

"I'm going to open the door and you will go straight to Finnegan. Don't linger around. Don't waste time. Go to him, and stick to him." He leans in further, passing his tongue on the vein pulsing in my neck. "He is the only one who could fight me off."

Before my brain could catch up with what he said, he rips open the door, making me slip out of the room.

Without losing another thought on it, I pick up my pace, running towards the patio where I know Fynn is lingering around.

I hear the girls in the kitchen but pass them without even glancing in their direction and open the heavy sliding door to the patio. Fynn is inspecting the food Mirella is setting down on the table while joking with Ramona.

He must catch my scent right away as he lifts his gaze to beam at me. "Didn't he want to come?"

"Nu-uh," I answer, happy about having been able to talk as my heartbeat is deafening.

Lowering my gaze, I walk to stand next to him, and he wraps his arm around me.

"Everything alright?" he asks, his smile falling slightly as he looks at me worried.

I nod, forcing a smile. "Sure! Let's eat."

Clearing my throat, I sit down and Ramona and Fynn follow me as Mirella and Alberta carry out the rest of the food.

I can't wait to eat something without worry and without having cooked it myself.

"I really missed your cooking," I say while scooping food onto my plate, making Alberta chuckle.

"I'm happy that you can finally eat it again, dear."

As everybody starts munching happily and interacting in light table talk, Fynn leans in to me.

"If he acted strange, don't worry," he whispers, making my heart flip. "It must have been an eternity to him since he drank blood as he refused to go to those vamp clubs after he met you. The sun drains him, but he spent a lot of time in it as he wanted to stay with you, so it must be doubly troubling to him."

"Why didn't he say anything?" I ask him. "I could have given him my blood, couldn't I?"

"Yeah, but he didn't want to drink from you because he was afraid it would stress you more and you were feeling sick already. He feared he could harm you," he shrugs, taking a bite of his foot. "I told him he was overreacting, but he didn't want to listen to me."

I look up at him wide-eyed, and he winks at me. "He is one of the good ones."

"I have to go to him," I say, getting up, attracting all the gazes on me*Ww.ÑövêÖWöRm.cæm*

Fynn's reaction is fast to hold me back and pull me back into my seat. "Let him come to you when he is ready. As it is now, I fear that he would dry you up. And not in a good way."

Sitting back down slowly, I stare at him.

"Is something the matter?" Ramona asks, making Fynn laugh as he turns towards her. "No, no. She just can't sit still, can she?"

The women laugh, making me settle back in my seat silently. They regain their happy chatter quickly while I force down my bites silently. Fynn squeezes my hand soothingly, and I am immensely thankful to him for shielding me from anything that could make me feel uncomfortable.

After finishing eating, we spend the afternoon at the pool and eat a delicious dinner prepared by Mirella and Alberta before we end up gathering around the fire pit once again.

I spent the entire day clinging to Fynn and while I was troubled, he enjoyed it a lot. He kept provoking me, knowing that I couldn't get away to escape him.

"Good that our room is far away from where the others are staying," he chuckles as I'm relaxing in his arms. "All this talking about Hendrick's thirst made me quite hungry."

I roll my eyes, hiding the shiver he causes to run down my spine. "Stop it. This isn't funny!"

Laughing, he wraps his arms around me, hugging me closer.

I watch the others roasting marshmallows in the fire, giggling happily as his whisper makes my heart buzz. "With me around, he can drink from you without any problem because I can stop him before it could be too harmful to you. Even if I don't think that it will be necessary."

"You are such a pervert," I chuckle, shaking my head.

I enjoy the heat streaming from his body and his scent enveloping me, and I close my eyes with a sigh. He presses a kiss on the top of my head, making me smile.

"Don't you think it could hurt the pups?" I ask in a whisper and feel him shake his head.

"No, don't worry. He did a lot of research on it."

I laugh lowly, shaking my head, "He is cute."

"When are we doing a sleepover?" Ramona asks, lifting her arms up as she looks at me.

"Never!" Fynn answers her, leaning his head back against the backrest of the lounge. "You will have to get her out of my cold, dead arms."

Ramona pouts while I laugh, "You are impossible."

"Oh, yes. I am," he sighs, hugging me closer. "Are you tired?"

I nod, looking at him through my half-closed eyes.

"Okay, princess. Let's get you to bed," he says lovingly, taking me up into his arms before he stands up.

"Good night," the women say in unison, making me wave at them with a giggle.

"Good night, ladies."

Fynn carries me up to our bedroom and through the endless hallways.

"I could really get used to this," I say with a smile, relaxing in his arms.

He chuckles as he sets me down to my feet in the en-suite bathroom and kisses my cheek. "I'm spoiling you too much, I know."

"I totally love it," I murmur, avoiding his gaze.

Grabbing my toothbrush, I get to observe him through the reflection and my heart skips a beat as I see him smile happily as he undresses himself.

My bed routine takes a bit longer than his, so by the moment I slip into bed, it is already warmed up perfectly.

He is scrolling through his phone as I snuggle into his arm and he wraps it around me absentmindedly.

"Your mother contacted Cayden, as it seems." He says with an annoyed tone, making me sit up with a gasp.

"What? Why?"

He turns onto his side, kissing my arm. "She said that she wanted to be at your side to help you. With the pregnancy and everything."

"What?" I whisper again, hugging my frame as he caresses my thigh*u-w.W.ÑOvêÖWÖRm.Övmm*

"Cayden said that she sounded really worried and said several times that a girl needs her mother during this time. He had the impression that she really meant it as she told him that she wanted to be there for you."

I scrunch my nose, "I don't know..."

He raises his hand, entangling his fingers into my curls. "I suppose Cayden is afraid that they will take us to court again. He said that there is no reason for not letting your mother onto the pack's territory if we aren't hiding anything. I think it's idiotic, and they could go to war and court as long as they want, but Cayden and Logan are suckers for diplomacy. They say it would just bring us new trouble as we could never prove that your family was behind your poisoning."

"I still can't imagine they actually were," I whisper, losing myself in a downward spiral of thoughts.

He watches me silently while playing with my hair.

"Would you want her to be here for you?" he asks, making me lower my head.

"I don't know. They caused so much trouble trying to get me back home." I answer, making him hum.

"What if she isn't as involved as Giorgio?" he pushes further, making me take a shaky breath. "I mean, if she wants to be here for you, I can't imagine her harbouring all this hate for us."*Ww.ÑOvêÖWöRm.cæm*

Biting my lip, I stare into the void, thinking his words through.

"What if I tell you this," he sighs, rubbing his eyes. "I'm here, and Hendrick is too. At least, most of the time. Then Alberta will keep her out of the kitchen, and we will test everything she will try to give you."

He looks up at me, getting me to meet his gaze by cupping my chin. "Do you want your mother here?"

"If you protect me, yes! Even after all they have done to me, I really miss her. I think she would make me feel a lot better," I whisper, and he grins.

"Nothing easier than this, princess."

I lay back down with a big sigh, cuddling back against his side as he wraps his arms around me.

"I'll be damned if I ever miss someone poisoning you again," he whispers, making my heart flip.

Reviews (1)