

Chapter 145

ARTEMISIA

I lower my hand slowly, my surroundings moving around me like I was in a dream.

A very bad one.

Fynn reaches out, grabbing Rachel's wrist to pull her into a hug, sending a dagger right through my heart.

I flinch as to the piercing pain adds my pups moving to kick me painfully»W©.movêltoRM.C:M

Taking a deep breath, I cast them another look, seeing them still wrapped into each other.

Not even my pain got him to notice that I'm close, so he must be pretty taken by the hug.

I would like to just retreat, bury myself back in my warm blankets in my bed, and never talk to anyone ever again, but as my desperation wafts through me, fire suddenly rises.

The flames ripple through my body, making me feel the rage as if it were mine.

Without having the time to guess if it is one of my pups, I start walking.

I take fast steps, reaching the happy couple in the blink of an eye.

"Am I interrupting?" I ask after having cleared my throat.

Rachel jumps while Fynn doesn't seem to care, and while something must be sending a sense of malicious joy through my system, I actually feel crushed.

"Of course not, Luna Artemisia," Rachel says in a high-pitched voice, but I don't even care about her as I have my eyes squinted towards Fynn.

"You can go now," I say coldly, my eyes still on Fynn as she walks away after an awkward moment.

"What?" he asks, making me look at him dumbfounded.

"Are you seriously asking me that? You were hugging her!" I hiss, making him frown down at me.

He turns around, walking back into the stables "I don't know what your problem is. She begged for forgiveness because she is sorry for what she did to Cayden and I didn't want to be an asshole."

"What she did to Cayden are exactly the words I was looking for. You are always the asshole! Why do you care now?" I ask as I walk after him, fuming.

He turns around, growling at me. "This shitty situation isn't easy for any of us. We are all exhausted and fed up with what they are doing to us, and I would love nothing more than just go on a fucking rampage. But I can't! I chose to be nice because she will help deliver my pups and I don't want to make her angrier than she already is. We can't get rid of her because of the decree and we can't object to that because we don't want to expose Cayden, right?"

I take a step back, a sob escaping my lips as I start feeling dizzy from the heat rising in my body. "I just don't know how much more I can take."

"It will be over soon, princess," he says encouragingly, cupping my chin as he leans in to me. "If I could whisk you away to some place to get you some peace, I would. But we are trapped here with those idiots. Just stay strong. I know that you can do this. The marking ceremony will take place in just two weeks and the pups will be born in about three months. Then we will finally get rid of everyone. We can do this."

I nod, sniffing, feeling the fire retreat slowly, my senses regaining their focus. "Yes."

Fynn tilts his head, inspecting my face as he lifts my head to make me look at him. "Are you feeling alright?"

I nod again, but he doesn't seem convinced. "Are you sure? Did you eat?"

"Yes!" I say, taking a step, but the room turns fast, making me sway.

He reacts quickly, wrapping me in his arms to keep me from stumbling. He frowns as he mumbles, "Doesn't look like it."

"No, I swear," I breathe out, closing my eyes to keep my head from spinning. "Alberta made me a huge breakfast. Maybe..."

Fynn growls, stabilising me in his arms. "It's all because of me. All this stress isn't healthy for the pups. They must be revolting. Are you feeling strange?"

"I feel fire..." I say, making him lift a brow @w.noV(e)lwôrm.êOm

'It's not me,' Drake growls, and he closes his eyes, taking a deep sigh.

My heart twists painfully as our gazes meet again. "Let's go tell your mother. A doctor should take a look at it."

"Yes," I answer, clawing onto his strong shoulders as suddenly, I feel the pups move again.

A blow hits me full force, making an excruciating pain ripple through me. I don't even get to scream as it causes me to black out immediately.

By the time I wake up, I find myself lying in a hospital bed.

Turning my head groggily, I look up at Logan, who is smiling down at me with a sad expression. "Hey, babe. How are you feeling?"

"Like I died and you guys summoned me back to life," I whisper, my throat feeling raspy.

I cough painfully, and he passes me a glass of water, helping me to take a few small sips to calm the burning sensation.

"Careful," he says as he tucks me back in.

"What happened?" I ask, feeling about to fall back asleep.

He clears his throat, reaching out to hold my hand through the blanket. "One of the pups must have moved too much and aggressively. He broke two of your ribs as he kicked you."

"Oh, no," I sigh, closing my eyes.

"Fynn said you were feeling strange. Would you mind talking to the doctor about it? I will call him in."

I nod again, feeling too weak to say something, and he gets up to call a doctor.

"Logan," I say feebly, making him halt in his tracks and turn around.

"Yes, babe. What is it?" he asks worriedly, making me smile. "Do you need something else?"

"Thank you," I just say, closing my eyes again.

He smiles, walking back to me to kiss my temple. "Don't worry. It will all be alright soon."

"Mom, please," I groan as I hold my aching ribs while Cayden helps me into the bed.

Cassy keeps healing my ribs swiftly, only for the pups to break them again, so I just asked her for a break as all this back and forth is killing me.

The doctors checked me out thoroughly without being able to find anything. With a groan I just had them discharge me, making them laugh about how doctors are the worst patients.

It is just a pregnancy, and my pup is growing.

That's all.@w(ø)Ño(v)elworM.com

Men are way too sensitive about it.

And my mother as well.

My mother is crying loudly, holding her tissue to her face as she watches me settle into my bed.

"We will take turns staying by your side. Maybe the calming presence of your mate will do you some good, and calm the babies. I will see that Fynn gets most of the time, as father of the pups he will surely have the biggest impact on them."w(w)w.NovêlWôrm.c(o)M

I nod, groaning as I lay down, feeling my stomach turn as my pups move again, making me take a deep breath. "Thank you."

"Lucrezia, could you please prepare her something to eat? Alberta will assist you," Cayden instructs my mother, making Alberta lead her out of the room and into the kitchen.

He sits down with a sigh, rubbing his face. "I'm so sorry for all you are going through, my love."

I reach out, squeezing his hand as I force up a smile. "Just three more months to go. And I guess that your marks will help me get through it even better, so... Please don't worry."

Nodding, he kisses my hand softly, laying it back on the bed. "The doctor has said that the fire must be one of the pups with the special genes and the aggressivity must have been him being triggered by you feeling pushed into a corner or just your exhaustion because of the fight. We will try to keep that to a minimum now, won't we?"

"Yes, but not by keeping things from me, Cayden." I squint my eyes at him, making him laugh.

"No, don't worry!"

Clearing his throat, he rolls back his shoulders. I can see the tiredness in his features, and I push it down as I already feel my pup move at the sensation streaming through me. "Now sleep. The royal doctor will check on you in a minute. Tomorrow the tailor will come to start making your dress, and we can go through the last preparations."

"Can't wait," I smile, sighing happily, careful not to breathe too superficially just because of the pain.