Chapter 148

ARTEMISIA

After finishing our tea, Corvina goes to the border with Logan and Matthew to put up the protection spell while I follow Hendrick, who informs Cayden about what Corvina said.

We find him in his office, surrounded by high piles of paper.

"Don't you want to take a break?" I ask him, hugging his shoulders.

He leans back into my embrace, taking a deep sigh. "There is so much to do, and everyone just wanting to have a piece of you is driving me insane. So, yes, I'd love to. But I can't."(w) \boldsymbol{w} \w.\mathbb{m}\oldot\oldot\end{a}\mathbb{m}.c\mathbb{m}\mathbb{m}.c\mathbb{m}\mathbb{m}

Kissing my arm, he looks up at Hendrick. "Why do you tell Fynn to go fetch Christopher and Emma?"

"I don't know where he is," Hendrick says, shruggingwWW.NoO oO oLoO oAm.CoM

I lift my brows as Cayden groans. "What do you mean you don't know where he is?"

"Exactly what I said. He was acting a bit strange in the last few days," Hendrick answers, making me hug Cayden tighter.

"I did notice him acting a bit strange as well."

Cayden pinches the bridge of his nose, standing up. "I can't take this mess any much longer."

Taking a step back, I free him from my hug and let him pass. He is already at the door as he growls. "I'll get the two myself. Hendrick, you stay with Missy. We still need to discuss the ceremony."

I sigh, as suddenly a strange sensation wafts through me.

An overpowering feeling of rage gets my pups to stir, making me clasp the fabric of my dress on my belly.

Taking deep breaths, I try to keep them calm as dread and fear ripples through me, making me feel like suffocating.

"Are you not feeling well?" Hendrick asks me, making me look at him panicky.

Shaking my head slowly, I lean on the office chair, clawing onto the backrest as if my life depended on it. "Something isn't right. Something is... I can't explain it. I feel awful."

He takes a few steps, reaching me just in time to keep me from falling as my legs give out beneath me.

I hold onto his arms as his voice blends into the background, Drake's growl drowning out everything else.

'Mate!'

Fynn.'

There is something awfully unsettling in his tone, making my chest squeeze painfully.

Gasping, I look up at Hendrick. "It's Fynn. Something happened..."

Fynn must have barged into the mansion, and the rage I feel is even more intense, even getting

I have barely started the sentence as a huge bang resounds from downstairs.

the pups to stay still. I can sense him climbing the stairs, my eyes fixed on the door.

"Call Cayden!" Hendrick's voice pierces through the fog building in my head, making me look up at him. "Call him now!"

'Cayden,' I mind link my mate, my heart racing in my chest. 'Cayden, I think something is wrong with

Cayden must be feeling the shaking in my voice as he doesn't even inquire about it further. 'I'll be

right there.'

He cuts the mind link, and Hendrick stabilises me onto my feet as Cassy growls.

'He wouldn't be able to do anything anyway!(w)wW.πOνεℓωORm.cOm

"Okay, let's get out of here," Hendrick says and we are just about to walk to the door as it gets

'Shut up!' I hiss back, making her scoff.

kicked open.

Fynn appears in the door frame, his rage practically rolling off him in destructive waves.

He is covered in blood, the splatters even spreading on his face.

"Fynn?" I ask cautiously, as his black eyes are steady on me now.

He doesn't react, nor does he move, making me take a step forward, freeing myself from Hendrick's

grip.

But nothing more.

"Fynn, where have you been? Are you hurt?" I ask again, getting him to answer me with a scoff.

Gulping, I take another step, even if I feel Hendrick tensing, obviously not wanting me to get this close to Fynn. "Fynn, whose blood is that?"

His lips spread into a grotesque grin, making my heart twist.

"Grey Shadow Moon."

My heart sinks to my stomach at recognizing Rick's pack name, his voice mixing with Drake's not

you, my love."

helping to ease my anxiety.www.nov(e) ℓ wo \Re m.co \Re "What did you do in the Grey Shadow Moon Pack, Fynn?" Hendrick asks, making Fynn distort

his face in disgust.

"Teach the bastard a lesson."

Taking another step forward, I escape Hendrick, who tries to grab me to pull me back. I hold Fynn's shirt, looking up at him. "What did you do?"

Clasping the material tighter, I give it a little tug, getting him to look back down at me. "Fynn! Tell me you didn't attack Rick's pack! Please!"

"I couldn't find him." They don't answer my question directly, but I have a very bad feeling about this.

He tilts his head, smiling down at me as he lifts his hand, cupping my chin.

I gulp, pushing down the bile rising in my throat at the smell of all the blood. "As if I would ever lie to

hyperventilate. I let him continue to study my face with an disturbing smile, fighting the urge to squirm under his

My breath hitches in my throat, and I try not to move, afraid to set him off even if I'm about to

intense gaze. Cayden finally enters the room, halting in his tracks as he sees Fynn in the middle of his episode.

"Finnegan!" "Ay, ay," Fynn grins, throwing his head backwards as he is still holding me.

Cayden lifts his hand, pointing to me. "Let go of her and step back."

Fynn lifts his hands into the air, taking a step back as he lowers his head with a chuckle. "What the hell happened?" Cayden asks, pushing me behind him as he faces Fynn.

Missy!"

Fynn clenches and unclenches his jaw. "I went looking for the bastard! He tried to talk shit about

"What are you even talking about?" Cayden growls and Fynn takes a step forward.

"Talk shit about me?" I ask lowly, but he keeps staring at Cayden.

Pushing his index and middle fingers into Cayden's chest, he makes him take a step backwards, and Hendrick snatches my wrist to pull me out of the way. "He told everyone he was fucking my

mate. That should be the last fucking thing he ever dares to say." "Who? Missy?" Cayden asks taken aback, and Fynn growls. "The fact that he still has the guts to even say her name still! I could live with that. But this... This

was too much. Nobody! Nobody accuses my mate of cheating! She is not a whore! It doesn't matter what else they make up in their pea-shaped brains!"

I love how he is defending me, believing in me without having even questioned me. But something in my heart makes me think this is bad.

Cayden groans, passing his hand over his face. "Oh, Goddess, Finnegan."

at his brother.

Like something just tore a hole in my heart.

We stare at him, my chest heaving as he lowers his hand, looking at his brother. "All it took was to provoke you to play right into their cards. How many did you kill on your

rampage?"

Fynn laughs, spreading his arms. "Who is counting?" I throw my hands before my face, Hendrick holding me closer as Fynn clicks his tongue, snarling

just joined in."

"I had warned you. I had warned him. It's not like you can act surprised. They wanted to play and I