

Chapter 149

ARTEMISIA

I'm still sobbing lowly as Cayden walks into my room.

My mother has her arms wrapped around me, her head resting on my shoulder while Ramona is sitting on the other side, holding my hand.

He walks in silently, my other mates and Corvina following him closely.

Fynn, who looks freshly out of the shower, slumps into an armchair next to the door while the others remain standing.

Without saying a word, without making any sound, he deposits a transparent glass container onto the small table standing before the couch I'm sitting in.

We watch the slimy creature move in the confinement of the glass wide-eyed while desperation streams through me.

"What is this?" I ask, making Cayden scoff.

He turns the glass a few times on itself as if it would make me see the creature better. "You know exactly what this is."

I gulp, looking at them standing around me, looking back at me with a saddened expression or keeping their head low.

Only Fynn reciprocates my gaze, looking at me with a cold expression while Cayden seems to be angered.

"Cayden, I-" I start but he interrupts me immediately.

"I have talked to Saviano, and he confirmed to me as well that you were having an affair in the last few months." He straightens his spine, putting his hands into his pockets. *©Ww.novE:©@orrrr.8Om*

I open my mouth in an audible gasp, not believing my ears. "This is ridiculous! I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Fynn told me that he cheated on his chosen mate with you, is that true?" he asks, making my heart squeeze in my chest, taking my breath away.

"Yes! But that was years ago!" I defend myself, shocking my mother.

"Artemisia!" she says in an upset tone.

Turning towards her, I swallow a sob. "It was just once! I was drunk! And it was the first and last time it ever happened! From then I stayed far, far away from him, despite all his advances."

"This is true," Ramona confirms, having my bad. "We spent a lot of time avoiding the guy, even on the nights out. It was a drag."

My mother shakes her head, squeezing my hand. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I? You were so close friends with his family." I answer lowly, before lifting my head back at Cayden. "You must be insane if you believe that I would cheat on any of you. Especially with someone like Rick! He is a loser. And a selfish asshole."

Cayden listens to me patiently and as I finish, he doesn't answer. He just calls Hendrick's name without taking his eyes off me.

Hendrick moves out of the room, only to return with a big bag which he places onto the table next to the slimy worm which is going crazy in the closed glass*zVŴw.©O(˘)eŁwôrm.coM*

As he retreats, I look up at Cayden questioningly, and he gestures to it with his head. "Go ahead."

Reaching out to it reluctantly, I open the bag, pulling out a bundle of clothes.

"My clothes," I state, picking them out as I lay them on my lap. "I was looking for them."

"Your ex pointed out a small cottage next to the borders. It belongs to him and he said that he had built it especially for you two. As you needed a place to meet," Cayden explains calmly, making me lay my hand on my chest.

"I feel like I'm about to throw up."

Cayden just clicks his tongue. "Those were found there. Can you explain how they got there?"

"What? No! Of course I can't!" I twirl the clothes around panicky, forming a ball of fabric into my lap. "Someone took them to place them!"

Looking up, I see Cayden wearing the same angered expression as he holds his jaw clenched. "Cayden! I would never! Also, when should I have had the opportunity to sneak away?"

"It's not that you were locked in, right?" Cayden responds coldly, breaking my heart.

"She was with me all the time! There is no way that she could have sneaked out," my mother defends me, making Cayden shake his head.

"He said that they stopped meeting as the pregnancy took a toll on her and she was beginning to be monitored twenty-four seven."

"You have to be fucking kidding me!" I shout at him, throwing my clothes onto the floor. "They literally dragged me to court because they said you were locking me up in the basement."

"I don't know what to tell you, Missy," Cayden sighs as Logan takes a step forward.*www.novEŁwôrm.coM*

"Your scent was everywhere in the cottage, Missy. It's not just the clothes."

My breath gets stuck in my throat, and I blink away new tears forming in my eyes as I move my head to the side. "You can't believe this. I don't know how he pulled it. But I didn't cheat on you."

The weight of their gazes on me is too much to bear as I look back and forth between them. "If only Cayden had the soul-eating worm, you guys would have felt the betrayal. I-"

My words get stuck in my throat as also Matthew and Logan pull out little boxes out of their pockets, placing them before me.

"They are smaller. But still... I guess mine had to be stronger because of the mark," Cayden says and my head snaps to Fynn, who just grins at me.

"Drake ate mine." He seems to be gloating, and I take a deep breath.

I look around, not knowing what else to say as Ramona suddenly moves to pull a piece of clothing out of the pile. "Ah! Wait!"

She lets the ghostly-looking top sway in the air with a huge smile. "This one! Look at this!"

"Oh, my Goddess," I smile happily as she laughs.

Cayden lifts a brow at her as she shakes her fist in the air. "This is their mistake. Missy hates this top! She just has it because I keep stealing it from her as I love it! But she would never wear it. Not even to clean floors. As if she would wear it to meet her lover!"

"You have to believe me!" I plead, looking back at Cayden. "I love you! How could I do this to you? After all we have been through!"

Cayden sighs, driving his hand through his hair. "This is just going more and more insane. Lisa told us that you asked her about feeding these things."

"This is bullshit," I say, lifting my hand to Corvina. "She had already told me! I knew exactly what it was as I had to spot it in my food, right?! Why should I run the risk and ask her? I'm actually sad that you think so lowly of me."

Fynn slaps his hands against his thighs, making us jump. "Well, this has been fun. But I think you have heard enough, old boy."

"What?" Cayden lifts his brow at him, watching him stand up and making my mother scoop away from me.

"Come on, Cayden. You all don't really think that she would do such a thing, right?" Fynn says as he slumps down next to me.

"Not really," Cayden breathes out. "But these things still had to be addressed."

Fynn turns to me, wiping a tear off my cheek with his thumb as he grins at me. "He is a bit paranoid, and you know why. But I already told him. It would have been really an awesome skill of yours to sneak away while I was being your most passionate stalker since I brought you here."

Scrunching up my face as tears threaten to fall anew, I wrap my arms around his neck, hugging him.

His hands caress my back as I breathe in his scent, calming me back down.

"He is an idiot," he whispers. "A really stupid one."

"This is one too many!" Cayden says, making me let go of Fynn to look at him. "And it is too risky for me!"

"What do you mean?" I ask, my voice shaking as my heart cracksw*©W.noVēŁŴOr.m.cOM*

He tilts his head at me, his expression still wearing nothing but anger and sorrow. "We are moving the marking to tonight. We can hold the coronation publicly in a week, but we have to get through with this part as they are getting more and more aggressive. We can't risk them trying to attack us again."