

## Chapter 155

MATTHEW

I catch Artemisia as she slumps to the ground after I let go of her and seal my mark with my tongue.

She is already trembling as my venom streams through her body that should take the pups' life. Ambros, who is now nearly completely taken by the demonic entity we made a deal with, had warned me about the fact that it might also take her wolf, but this is a risk I'm ready to take. I'll give her so many new pups that she won't miss them anyway.

Ambros is a bit offended about the fact that her wolf didn't mark us back, but he heard Cassy scream about how this will kill them, so I tell him to just keep his rage down for the moment.

We will get her to, eventually.

Caressing her cheek, I lay her down on the grass carefully and stand back up.

I can't believe that I have her finally to myself. So many weeks I have been plotting and seeing her fall in love with Finnegan even if he treated her like shit must have been even more painful than seeing her fall in love with Cayden or Logan.

Now that they have been taken care of and the pups are about to be gone too, I only have to get rid of her stupid ex before I have her all to myself.

I have to laugh to myself how stupid Lisa and Daisy actually were as they believed they were acting on behalf of people even without seeing them.

Or actually, talk to them.ŴŵŴ.©ovℰℓw(ç)rm.çwM

Believing stupid little notes.©(w)(w).ncvêl/worm.©©M

I even got Lisa to believe that Logan would have taken her as Luna and killed Missy for her.

What an idiot.

The Belladonna was enough to knock him out, and Lisa was so desperately in love that she didn't even think about how he wasn't himself or even conscious when she would meet him as she was just happy to spend time with him.

So ridiculous.

And sadly, she was just caught red-handed too soon. This way, the poison that was suppressing Missy's sense of feeling the pups, also for the father, was gone and I didn't have enough time to kill them.

If you don't take care of it yourself...

Artemisia's trembling gets stronger, tearing me out of my thoughts just as I sense a movement in the trees.

Giorgio steps out from the line of trees and I lift my brows at him. "Alpha Guerrieri, what do I owe the pleasure? Where is your barky master?"

He scrunches up his nose, looking down at his sister as he lifts his eyes back at me. "He had an unforeseen occurrence. I will be dealing with you on his behalf and pick up my sister."

"Oh, that is a pity." I grin, flashing him my canines as he looks at me angered. "Because actually he was just ordered here to die."

"You can't be serious," Giorgio says, making me chuckle as he steps closer. "Why is she trembling like that? What did you do to her?"

I look up at him as he observes her worriedly, and just as he is about to lean down to her, I stop him, by lying my hand onto his chest. "Stop, little barker. She is alright, she is just processing my mark."

"Matthew, what did you do?" he asks in a whisper, and I click my tongue.

"Just what I said. I marked my mate and she is now processing it."

He holds out his hands, gesturing to her as his tone gets increasingly panicky. "What are you talking about, she has to see a doctor. She is looking like she is about to die! She is pregnant, do you realise that?"ŵŵw.NcvℰlWbRM.çM

"Yeah," I answer coldly, making him look at me wide-eyed. "But the damned pups aren't mine."

Grabbing his t-shirt, I lift him off the ground effortlessly, and he struggles against my hold, confusion spreading on his face. "What the hell are you?"

"Yeah, I'm not going to have this conversation with a nobody like you," I answer with a chuckle.

Calling Ambros, I let the black smoke rise along my arm before letting it distribute onto Giorgio's body.

He screams in extreme agony as I start breaking every single bone in his body and finally let him fall to the ground like the boring plaything he is.

"Pathetic," I snarl as I move my arm to make him glide across the grass to get his stinky frame away from me.

Ambros' laughter ripples through me, making me grin in malicious pleasure as well.

Crouching down, I caress Artemisia's face another time. She is whispering something unintelligibly and I lean into her further to hear her plead for her pups' life.

"Aaww, love," I say, touching her forehead and feeling her temperature at a dangerous high. "Don't worry. It will soon be over."

Another rustling resounds from the trees and I stand up with a broad grin.

As I was fully convinced that Ricky-boy sent Giggio out as bait, so I'm all expectant to see Rick step out through the line of trees as the air shifts.

Looking down, I see that Artemisia is gone and click my tongue.

"Damn Vampire," I whisper as I look back to the trees.

I see Cayden look at me angrily just before he shifts, and Logan is just about to do the same as I laugh.

They don't stand a chance anyway.

"Where is the asshole?" Ambros asks, making me scan my surroundings.

"Yeah, where is he?" I ask myself just as my brothers charge at me.

Just as they are about to attack me, I move my arms in an upward fashion, making them fly in different directions.

"Don't even try it," I shout as I see them get up againŴŵŴ.ncvℰℓWO©m.Cô(ñ)

I feel the power stream through my veins, my adrenaline rising as I create another air wave, catapulting them against the trees like string puppets.

Dragging them back into the air, I fuel my sadistic pleasure with their whimpers just before I let them crash against the trees again.

I move my hands in front of me, balling them to wrap my fingers around the invisible strings connected to their bodies and pull them towards me, making them drag on the ground.

Crouching down, I touch their heaving chests, ignoring their yelps as I break their bones and start streaming fire through them.

I could kill them more quickly, but where would be the fun in that?

"Hey, Matty!" Fynn shouts, making me look up. He is standing in the middle of the field and I stand up, letting go of my brothers.

Concentrating on him, I am certain that I will have him down on his knees in seconds as he grins, making me halt in my tracks.

Spreading his arms in front of him, he lets a strange coloured fire explode on his forearms and I stare at him incredulously.

"What did he do?"