

## Chapter 158

ARTEMISIA

The air gets knocked out of my lungs as I get pulled against Matthew's frame, hitting his hard chest.

I scream as I thrash in his arms, but he holds me firm to his chest.

"I knew you were going to come back for me," he whispers, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

Fynn growls as Matthew holds me like a shield, protecting him from any further attack from Drake.

He snarls, retreating slowly without taking his eyes off me.

"Don't move. You will just get yourself hurt," Fynn's voice resounds in my mind.

We already had a certain bond because of Drake before, so being able to mind link him is not something new to me, but now his voice seems clearer, louder.

As if someone improved my reception.

My body takes huge comfort in this, even if it doesn't last long as Matthew moves, shifting his arm into claws.

I can now see that his wolf must be completely gone, as his arm seems more like that of a humanoid beast than anything else.

"You will see, without them, we will be a lot happier," Matthew says, making me realise that he must be aiming to harm the pups once again.

He laughs, nearing his lips to my ear, "Do you think you are as precious to him as his pups?"

"Don't listen to him," Fynn says right away, making my heart recover from the crack it got.

Grabbing Matthew's arm, I let fire stream through me once again, but I just get him to laugh again. "This is nothing for me, my love. You should try something like this."

Grabbing my chin, he gets flames to pass through me, making me scream in pain. It burns so badly that I fear my pups are going to get hurt too.

I feel them moving around, growling lowly and something finally triggers Cassy to form a protection shield again.

Violet smoke starts pooling around my feet, rising along my legs slowly, reinforcing my skin with a protective layer inch by inch.

"You will stop that right now," Matthew hisses, spreading his claw wide to swing it at me.

As Matthew is distracted by me building up my protection shield slowly, he lets Fynn out of his sight.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Fynn charges forward, snatching his claw with one bite, and rips at his arm, separating it from his body $\mathcal{W}_{ww.(n)\mathbb{Q}V(e)lwo\vdash\mathbf{M}.Com$

Matthew roars in pain, letting go of me and making me fall to the ground.

He looks at me with a destructive expression, wanting to grab me again.

I throw my hands in front of my face, wanting me to shield myself from his grip and I'm surprised as he retreats his hand with a hiss as his fingers touch my skin.

Cassy must have finished building the protection shield, keeping me from getting to me as he tries repeatedly to pick me up from the ground but fails.

He gets more and more annoyed by the fact that he can't lift me back up to use me as a human shield and I roll myself up into a ball to cower from him as I fear he might soon lash out and attack me out of frustration.

Matthew lets out a loud roar, shifting completely, and gets my breath to hitch in my throat.

His transformed figure has nothing left of his wolf, and even if it is closer to a human, it is clear that it has no soul left in it. Its growl is more of a gargling, and its black short fur-like skin rounds up the horrific appearance his fully red eyes give.

As he bends down to snatch me, I move away from it swiftly as I'm sure that this time, my protection shield won't hold back that one.

Matthew, or whatever he transformed into, swings at me, missing me by a few inches, and rears up with a high-pitched scream that ripples through me painfully.

I brace myself for his claws getting me as he is about to swing at me again and I'm way too slow for this creature. $w\mathbf{W}.nO\mathbb{V}e\mathcal{L}\otimes(\circ)r\otimes.\grave{\circ}\otimes$

It is already a miracle that I got away from him the first time.

Holding my arms over my head, I clench my eyes closed, ready to fight the pain I would feel at his claws piercing my skin but it suddenly gets quiet, making me think I have lost my ability to hear.

Looking up slowly, I fight hard to keep my fast breathing in check.

Matthew has stilled in his attacking stance as Fynn's claw has pushed through his chest, ripping out his heart in the process.

My eyes widen as I watch Matthew lowering his gaze to observe his heart beating outside his chest, just before Fynn pulls back his arm, pulling it out from his back.

The creature pushes out a last gurgling breath before it slumps to the floor and Fynn holds up Matthew's heart, crushing it in his hand. $x\mathbf{w}w.\grave{f}\acute{o}\mathbb{V}e\mathcal{L}w\acute{o}\vdash\otimes.Co\mathcal{M}$

As Matthew lies on the floor, he continues to spit blood as he transforms back into his human form.

Into the sweet and kind man who I had learned to love.

With a sob, I crawl closer as he fights against death climbing up his features to take his soul.

Or whatever is left of it.

Leaning over his frame, I know that there is nothing to do anymore as I see him covered in blood, the huge wound on his chest pumping more and more of it out of his body.

"Matt," I breathe out, as he turns his face to me. "Matthew."

I know that I should get away, but something in me breaks as I can't let him die alone, even after all he has done.

"Missy," He whispers as he lifts his arm, wrapping his fingers around my necklace just as life fades from his eyes, and his arm slumps, ripping the necklace from my neck. $w\mathcal{W}.\mathbb{W}(\circ)\acute{e}\mathcal{L}w(\circ)\mathbb{r}m.Cr\mathcal{M}$

My heart breaks, earth-shattering pain rippling through me as the bond he had established with his mark snaps.

"Missy," Fynn wraps his arms around me, pulling me up to my feet.

Turning around, I let myself envelop by his scent and warmth as my emotions break free and I cry against his chest.

He hugs me closer, kissing my hair as he caresses me lovingly. "It's all over now, princess. You are safe now!"

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It took quite a bit to have me calm down as they brought me and my mates to the hospital.

But it took even longer to separate Fynn from me as he refused to let go of me, even wanting the doctor to perform any treatments while I would remain in his arms.

As they finally got him to let go of me, they brought us to different rooms, treating our injuries and giving us something to sleep.

The moment I open my eyes, I find Corvina sitting on the bed next to me, smiling.

"Oh, hey, sleeping beauty," she chuckles as I sit up with a groan. "Cayden will surely come in to talk to you about everything in a bit as he was called out by a doctor, but I can already tell you that your pups are doing fine. Seems like they are hellla tough."

I smile, closing my eyes as I push out a sigh. "I'm glad. How are you? Does it still hurt much?"

"Nah. It's as good as already healed," she answers, lifting her arm to show me her bandaged forearm. "As soon as I'm home and can use my herbs as I'm used to it will be gone overnight."

Putting a hand on my chest, I push out a deep breath. "Thank Goddess."

"Did you hear about Fynn by chance?" She nods, making my heart flip.

"We were scared for the time of your marking but it looks like Drake didn't reject the foreign piece of soul."

I shift in my bed, making a stinging pain pierce through me. "What does that mean? Is he okay?"

"Well, depends on how you see it," she says, worrying me for a second just until a wide grin spreads on her lips. "Apparently your blood and the fact that your wolf marked him back made him strong enough to absorb the demonic part of the soul that was sticking to it. Drake fought the demonic entity and could win over it, so now, he is even more conceited than he used to be."

I laugh out loud, the happiness drowning the pain of my aching body at the sudden movement.

"I should have known," I mirror her grin, sighing happily.