

Chapter 159

ARTEMISIA

I stare at the fire as the flames rise to the sky with a cracking noise.

Wiping another tear from my cheek, I hug Cayden's arm tighter as he has his gaze fixed on the empty shell of his dead brother's body that signals the end of his burial.

Logan and Hendrick are standing close to me as well while Fynn is nowhere to be seen.

I already heard a few mean tongues whispering about this.

They must be thinking that he is the usual asshole.

Cold and unforgiving.

But in reality, he is close by, just not visible to the others.

I can feel the pain of his heartbreak clearly, the pain streaming through me as he mourns the death of his youngest brother.

Cayden shifts, wrapping his arm around me and I sense him breathing me in. I think it's ridiculous that they don't get to show their emotions freely as it would contrast with their image of strong leaders of the strongest pack of the Northern Hemisphere.

And still, here I am, nearly getting crushed by their wolves reaching out to Cassy for comfort while grieving terribly.

As the flames finally expire, it is just the four of us left. We collect the ashes carefully into separate, beautifully decorated urns before walking the vessels down into the forest.

We want to scatter the ashes onto a glade not far away from our house, and as we finally arrive there heavy-hearted, the sight of fireflies floating over the place, illuminating it, awaits us.

I gasp, tears welling up in my eyes as it looks so romantic, like his soul was already waiting for us.

"Goddess, he would have loved that," Logan sighs while Cayden passes his index finger and thumb over his eyes to dry up his tears.

"Yeah, he would have said something cheesy about it like... 'Look, they sparkle just like Missy's eyes'."

They laugh, every one of them shifting in their stance to keep their tears from falling.

My laughter morphs into sobs, and I lower my head, hugging the urn closer.

Taking a deep breath, I regain my composure well enough to take a few steps forward to stand into the swarm of fireflies and I open the urn, scattering the ashes around me as I spin around.

My mates watch me silently with their jaws clenched and as I close my empty urn back up, they finally move too, scattering the ashes in their urns as well.

After we took another moment to mourn Matthew's memory in silence, we walk back to the pack house slowly.

Cayden reaches out for me, wrapping my hand into his. I take a deep breath, breathing in his scent mixed with the ones of Hendrick and Logan calms me down a lot.

Arrived at the pack house, I hug my mates goodbye before I go back into my quarters alone.

I change into shorts and an oversized T-shirt. I feel like I'm moving in slow motion, my body feeling heavy as the entire day filled with sadness exhausted me.

Slipping into my bed, I shiver slightly as my skin touches the cold bed sheets.

I close my eyes with a sigh, and I'm happy that it doesn't take long for Cayden to sneak into my room. He slips into my bed, hugging me to his front, kissing the top of my head. "Sorry, I just..."

"It's okay. I was feeling so cold all alone."

Sighing relieved, he buries his face into my hair and I close my eyes again, Cassy purring happily at the vicinity of her mate.

Thanks to his calming scent, I drift to sleep nearly immediately*Ww.w.NôveLWôr.m.cOm*

I startle awake in the middle of the night, seeing that Logan has snuggled into my bed as well.

Reaching out, I caress his face gently, before I get up*(w)(w).n.eVe(1)w.Rm.cOm*

Hendrick watches us with a lifted brow as Logan and Cayden jerk up automatically, grabbing my wrist and arm to hold me back.

I chuckle as I free myself from their soft grips, and get out of bed. "I just want to see where Fynn is."

They fall back into the bed, and I walk past Hendrick, who is leaning against my bedroom wall to step out of the terrace.

Even if the window doors stood wide open, he didn't come in as well, which worries me.

Walking to the balustrade, I lean onto it to scan the ground beneath it.

I caress the hair out of my face that is blown by the warm summer breeze and I am about to give up looking for him as I see Drake standing on the other side of the field where the warriors usually train.

Biting my bottom lip, I look back to find Hendrick observing me, and I put my finger onto my lips before I sit on the balustrade of the terrace.

He shifts, taking a step toward me as I swing myself over it, climbing down the wooden frame that holds up the ivy beautifully against the facade of the house.

I hear him shout after me in a low voice, but I've already reached the ground, and start running over the field to get to Drake, who is about to walk into the forest.

My heart beats into my throat as I follow him through the trees. He seems to wait for me to catch up from time to time as he continues slowly.

As I finally lose sight of him behind the trees, I see a gleam shining through. I break through the line of trees, my breath hitching in my throat.

A lake comes into my sight, its clear water shining in the moonlight. There are small waterfalls around it, breaking through beautifully constructed stone assemblaments.

Fynn has shifted back into his human form, and he is looking out onto the river, his breathtaking muscular body kissed by the reflections of the beams of light.

"Cayden told me that in your pack the lake was your favourite place, and we didn't have one here."

His deep voice tears me out of my trance, hitting me right into my core. "You did this?"

"I wasn't alone," he grins back at me before he dives into the water.

I watch him resurface, passing his hands through his hair, the water dripping from his arms.

Oh, my Goddess.

"Are you going to make me wait for long?" he asks with a chuckle.

Laughing, I get out of my clothes hurriedly and walk into the water as well.*w@©.NovELwôr@.cOm*

The coldness of the water seeps into my skin, only to be pushed out by my body heat rising, my sons stirring as they make the flames stream through me.

I swim to reach Fynn, who reaches out for me, wrapping his arms around me to pull me to him as soon as I'm close enough.

Looping my legs around his waist, I pull myself up at his shoulders, his hands moving up my back, leaving sparks along the way.

I drive my hands into his hair, jerking his head back to have him look up at me. He gulps, his low growl vibrating through my skin, making a shiver roll down my spine.

Cassy gets all giddy in my mind, and I smile at him. "Are you okay?"

"I'm now that I have you in my arms," he responds, flashing me a sly grin.*W(w)(w).NovELwôr.m.cOm*

It seems to be honest, even if it doesn't quite reach his eyes, while his intense gaze burns into me.

"You know that I can feel every one of your emotions now, right?" I ask lowly, tilting my head as I loosen my grip.

He chuckles, his hand moving down to squeeze my ass.

"And it won't be the only thing you are going to feel tonight," he whispers, pressing his lips against my neck.

I gasp, wrapping my arms around his head, and he moves me on him, making his already hard dick poke my entrance. "We still have to complete the marking."