

When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 21 -30

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Chapter 21 Artemisia

Ignoring her, I jump down the cold stairs, cursing myself for not having put on any socks. Still pondering over how stupid I have been to just sprint off in the first place, I'm shocked as I stand in front of a mountain of a man. "Oh, hello."

"My lady," he bows, making the big keychain he is wearing on his hips tingle.

I chuckle, happy about the fact that he seems to be nicer than the Omegas. "Missy."

He flashes me his pearly canines, as he steps forward, holding out his hand. "Ashton. I'm one of the guards."

"And a lousy one at best." I hear Fynn shout as I take Ashton's hand.

"Nice to meet you, Ashton."

"So, I should send her right back up, then." Ashton laughs at his remark, shaking his head as he adds in a whisper. "He is cranky but will be happy to see you."

"Thank you," I whisper back, as I walk around him, entering the big hall with the cells.

To my surprise, a few inmates are sitting there, which I didn't notice the last time I was here.

As I get some nasty looks, I keep my eyes straight forward, hurrying through the tunnel to reach Fynn's cell.

"What are you doing here?" He growls, his eyes directed to the floor.

"Oh, are you busy? I will leave you alone, then." I answer, making him look back at me with a frown.

He is sitting there with his legs wide, his elbows propped on his thighs, making my stomach tingle.

A strange feeling creeps up my legs, making my heart rate pick up once again. As I see him eyeing me up, it dawns on me.

It's his emotions I feel!

The anger. The impatience. It all makes sense. If I'm able to feel his, the possibility is high that he is feeling mine as well, so he must have felt it when I got hot for him in the bathtub, kissed Matthew, or was having fun out and at the movie night.

"Oh my God," I whisper, a smile creeping up my lips, and Cassy groans.

This is extremely rare. And even she has to admit that this is extraordinary.

Normally, mates don't feel each other's feelings until they have marked each other.

"Why are you smiling like an idiot?" He asks, annoyed.

I ignore his comment and smile even brighter as I hold up the chocolate bar. "We had a movie night. I thought that maybe you would want some chocolate as well."

He sighs, his expression morphing to look at me crestfallen. "I would love to have that. Thank you."

My heart beats fast in my chest as I take the last steps that get me to reach the cage. Careful not to touch the silver bars, I hold the snack towards him.

I hold my breath as he gets up leisurely to reach me, and just as I am thinking that he won't do anything stupid, he proves me wrong again.

Snatching my wrist instead of the treat, he pulls me forward to the bars.

Just as much as possible to not have me touch the bars that will scorch my skin.

"You were so happy today," he snarls, making my gasp stuck in my throat. "Tell me, little mate. Why were you so happy?"

As my breaths get labored, I try to force a normal breathing pattern, risking having me collapse to the ground. "Let me go, Fynn!"

"Not the answer I was looking for, princess." He mocks me, tugging at me again.

The sparks exploding on my wrist and traveling up my arm make it hard to think straight. "I told you. We had a movie night."

I try to pull my arm back, but there is no avail. He chuckles, as he moves his hands up to my elbow, kissing my wrist and up my forearm.

"A- And Matt showed me the town." I stutter, my lust growing as he moves slowly up along my skin.

“But it’s not the only thing he showed you, isn’t it?” His growl vibrates through my skin, making me shudder pleasantly.

Shaking my head, I hope that I’m not blushing too much. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Let me go.”

Just as I pull my arm back, he lets go of me, making me stumble back. After landing on my butt ungracefully, I glare up at him, getting a mocking grin in response.

“You have to be careful if you are this clumsy, little mate,” he sneers, making me stare at him agape.

“Oh, you are such an asshole. I’ll talk with Cayden about having you locked up even longer.”

He laughs as I get back up, freeing my clothes from the dirt. “I can’t wait for you to do this. Tell him how you came down here to see me.”

“I just felt pity, but that won’t happen...” Looking back at him, my eyes widen as I see him clasping the silver bars, leaning on them as if they were made out of normal steel.

“Don’t be too surprised, princess. It takes more than just a bit of silver to harm me.” I wrinkle up my nose, trying to act as if this wasn’t absolutely alarming.

Just what are these guys?

‘Abominable freaks!’ Cassy hisses, but before I can shut her up with a retort of mine, an awful emotion swaps through me.

Lifting my gaze to Fynn, I see him looking at me with a deadly expression. My breath gets stuck in my throat as he growls, “What did you just say?”

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“Nothing.” I breathe out wide-eyed.

Was he just able to hear Cassy?

As panic rises in me, I have no better idea than to turn around and start running out again.

“Missy!” I hear him shout after me.

And just as I have reached the guardian who is looking at me confused, his growl makes my heart halt in my chest. “Artemisia!”

Climbing the stairs as fast as I can without blacking out, I leave his angry growls and the guards trying to get him to calm back down behind.

I lean against the cold door to the dungeons as I catch my breath.

Just as I'm sure to be able to walk on my wobbly feet, I get through the labyrinth I call my new home to get to my bed.

Reaching the wing with my quarters, I am about to climb the stairs to the upper floor when I see Matthew's door standing slightly open.

Light streams out of it, and I hear feeble voices from his floor.

Are those female voices?

Jealousy spreads in my chest, while Cassy growls, 'Who cares? Let's go to bed.'

I scoff, ignoring her once again as I step around the staircase to open the door.

It opens to a large hallway that is adorned with sculptures. I stare in awe as I pass them, nearing the room where the voices come from.

Jumping as an annoying giggle reaches my ears, I squint my eyes to walk straight to what seems to be the bedroom.

I hesitate a moment before I pop my head in, finding it empty.

Maybe they heard me coming.

As I'm about to tiptoe my way out of there, I turn around to face a grinning Logan.

"Hello, sweetheart. Are you lost?" He asks me mockingly, holding up his phone that seems to play the annoying voices.

"Oh, you have to be kidding me," I murmur, making him laugh.

He leans in as I sense the door behind me being opened, and Matthew's scent intensifies.

Argh, why do they have to smell so good?

"Never heard how curiosity killed the kitten?" He asks, laughing at his own wordplay.

"We are a bit irritated about the fact that you care about Fynn this much." Matthew's husky whisper shivers through me as he leans in to talk directly into my ear. "So, we thought to make you show you how good you can feel with us."

I gasp as he wraps his arms around me, making me feel his big bulge against my ass.

Oh, my Goddess.

I gulp as I look back up, my gaze locking with Logan's.

"Why did you sneak to the Dungeons, babe?" He asks me, and I struggle to make my brain assemble a coherent sentence as I feel Matthew move against me.

"I was just worried," I respond, my voice failing me.

Logan hums, as he steps even closer, our lips nearly touching. "Worried about what?"

"I don't know," I whisper, my eyes falling to his lips repeatedly.

His fingers lift my top, grazing my skin slowly, covering it with sparks.

Wetting my lips with my tongue, I keep eye contact with him as he lets his fingers glide down my belly and into my panties.

I open my mouth in a silent gasp as he grins at me, his fingers traveling further down between my folds.

My clit is already throbbing expectantly as he starts massaging it, making me moan. Clasping his t-shirt that I had fantasized about tearing off him during the movie, I throw my head back on Matthew's shoulder.

Logan increases the rhythm of his strokes, making me lose my mind.

I feel him increasing the pressure as he steps closer, teasing me with his lips on my throat.

Moaning loudly, Matthew hugs me tighter, making me feel how much he is enjoying the spectacle of me coming on Logan's fingers.

"Harder, harder," I beg, hearing them chuckle as Logan complies, making me scream in pleasure.

"Oh, Goddess," I breathe out, as I climb down my high.

Matthew lets go of me only to pick me up and carry me inside his bedroom.

Throwing me onto his bed, he makes me turn onto my back.

"My turn," he says as I look up at him still in a daze, and I giggle.

He slips my panties and shorts off me, discarding them on the floor with a sly smirk.

As he spreads my legs for him, I barely feel the bed dip as I'm burning up under his intense gaze.

Hovering on top of me, he scoops my top up, having my breast spilling free. "Goddess, you are so fucking beautiful."

I can see those words in his eyes even if I'm sure that Logan said them.

Matthew starts sucking and kissing my breasts and I get wetter and wetter again, my body pleading me to have him claim me.

I become a moaning mess as he starts traveling down, leaving featherlight kisses on my skin.

Watching Logan stroking his big cock next to me, gives me the ultimate kick, wanting them to fuck me hard.

Just as I'm about to reach for him, Matthew plunges his tongue into me, making my back arch off his bed. "Fuck!"

I risk losing my voice while screaming in pleasure as he flicks his tongue on my clit.

His pleasurable treatment of licking and sucking makes me near my earth-shattering orgasm at lightning speed.

My breath hitches in my throat as he moves two fingers into me, moving them in and out of me.

"Yes! Yes!" I moan as he continues to lick me while pounding two fingers into me harder and harder.

Logan moves to sit next to my head and leans over me. He starts playing with my breasts, pinching and turning my hardened nipples between his fingers.

It maximizes the pleasure I feel from Matthew eating me out, and as if on cue, he shifts his other hand to spread my folds wider to him, liking me deeper.

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I moan loudly as the pleasure overwhelms me. And even if I can't remember ever having felt that much pleasure, I keep begging for more.

I'm losing my mind, and they aren't even fucking me.

Clawing onto the bed sheets, I keep myself from flying away in ecstasy.

I'm still catching my breath as Matthew kisses his way back up to my breast, nibbling at my skin in relish.

Logan moves his hands up to my face, making me look up at him.

"We aren't allowed to fuck you, yet. But just imagine how good that will feel." His smirk has my heart doing a backflip.

"Why not?" I ask, mewling.

"Because we made a deal," Matthew says, as he kisses me, making me taste myself on his tongue. "That we won't take you if we aren't all three present."

I groan, letting my head fall back on the bed. "Go fetch him then!"

They chuckle, continuing to kiss me.

"I'm serious," I moan, biting my bottom lip. "I need it! Please."

Logan moves his hands to the back of my knees, pulling me onto his lap while spreading my legs again. I gasp, watching Matthew position himself between my legs while Logan kisses the top of my

head. "Don't worry, babe. We will make sure that you are as satisfied as possible."

Matthew lowers his pants, surely to arouse me.

And Goddess does it work.

He strokes his hard dick teasingly, making my pussy pulsate in anticipation.

My mind fogs itself with the thought of how good he would feel inside of me.

I bite my bottom lip as I'm still being held open for him by Logan. Moving my hands up to wrap them around Logan's neck, I whimper lowly, my body shaking as it yearns for a release.

Gulping down my pleading, I keep my eyes glued on Matthew, enjoying the show, my mind picturing every possible position they will fuck me in.

All three of them.

My eyes risk rolling in the back of my head just at the thought of it, increasing my desire for them even more.

Just as I think, I can't take it anymore, Matthew crawls towards me. Putting a hand next to me, he pushes two fingers into me.

I scream in pleasure as he pulls them out slowly before slamming them back in.

"Ah! Fuck! Yes!" He seems to enjoy my reaction as he repeats it a few times, making me feel his knuckles pressing against my pussy as he buries his fingers deeply inside of me.

Slowly he starts to fingerfuck me harder and harder. I bury my nails into Logan's back as I come hard and loud.

Logan kisses my cheek, letting go of my legs to move his hands up and knead my breasts as Matthew keeps moving his fingers in and out of me, making me climb down my high pleurably.

"My turn," He whispers in my ears, making me shiver pleasantly as Matthew smiles at me.

As Matthew gets back on his knees, Logan pushes me off him gently. "Get on all fours. Spread your knees apart."

His smirk has goosebumps rising on my skin, and I move to get on my knees before I lower myself on my hands.

He positions himself behind me, while Matthew comes to lie beneath me, kissing me.

Logan's fingers start playing with my pussy, exploring every corner of it.

I moan into Matthew's mouth as his fumbling gets more intense, and I scream as he slaps my clit gently.

Matthew breaks the kiss and grins at me as he plays with my breasts. I arch my back, exposing my core even more to Logan's teasing.

Closing my eyes, I enjoy their fingers and lips exploring my body pleurably while my moans fill the room.

"Remember the rules, babe. You aren't allowed to pleasure us." Matthew says with a smirk before repositioning himself beneath me.

I realize why he said it as his delectable cock is dangerously near my face, literally calling for me to take him into my mouth.

But I don't even get so far as to think about it as he pushes my knees farther apart, making me descend directly onto his mouth.

My pussy stretched open perfectly for him to reach my throbbing core deeply.

And as I'm thinking about how this should be Logan's turn again, he pushes his fingers into me.

Being licked from beneath while being fingerfucked is surely one of the hottest experiences that I've ever made.

I don't even finish screaming how I'm about to cum as I must be already covering Matthew in my juices.

"Fuck!" I hear him chuckle as he licks me clean.

"So fucking beautiful," Logan adds, wrapping his arms around me to pull me against his frame.

As I slump against him, I watch Matthew wipe his mouth clean with his hand.

"Another round, babe. And then we can go to sleep," Logan whispers into my ear, making me chuckle.

Oh, they are going to make me die the best death ever.

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I wake up feeling more sore than I ever felt.

But how good it feels.

The 'just another round' ended up being another three rounds. And even if I didn't get them to fuck me like I begged them to, I couldn't fall asleep feeling more satisfied.

At least I managed to convince them to get off on me.

Them covering me in their cum was as exciting as it was new to me.

I chuckle to myself as I remember Riccardo being a total lame duck in bed, and just a few days ago, there I was, thinking he was the best I would ever get.

Mate bonds, what a scam.

Opening my eyes, I find Matthew lying next to me. He is snoring lightly as his sculpted chest heaves, just covered partly by the blanket.

Turning my head, I caress my hair out of my face and see Logan lying on the other side of the bed, a smile playing on his lips.

I slump back onto my pillow happily, as I can't remember ever having woken up this heavenly.

Biting my bottom lip, I risk a look and lift Matthew's blanket, discovering his hard cock. With a hum, I reach out to touch it, making him moan in his sleep as I move my hand up and down slowly.

But I don't get to stroke him more than a few times as I feel an arm wrapping around my waist.

Logan pulls me back against his chest with a chuckle, burying his head into my hair.

"You smell amazing," he whispers smokily, before he grabs my hair, pulling my head back.

Lifting my leg, I get his hard cock between my legs. He groans as I start rocking my hips, pushing his tip against my throbbing clit.

"Ah, just like this." I moan lowly, the fear of being caught by Matthew red-handed fueling my lust.

"Looks like we will need to buy you some toys," he says mockingly, kissing me.

Opening my eyes after he breaks the kiss, I find him looking at me intently. "Toys?" I ask, blushing.

"Yeah, something you can play with, or we can use on you." He says, licking my neck, before biting into my shoulder.

I push him, getting him to smile. "Your fingers and your cocks will do just fine. Now shut up and move."

"Your wish is my command," he says in a whisper, as he grabs onto my hips.

Rocking his hips against mine, he satisfies me with his cock as he rubs my clit with its tip eagerly.

"Fuck. Yes!" I say between clenched teeth.

As he lifts my leg further, rubbing his cock harder against my clit, I grab onto the headboard and moan into my arm as I come on the tip of his dick.

"Fuck. What are you doing to me?" I ask, catching my breath.

"Tell me that you like it." He answers, lowering my leg but leaving his cock still between my legs.

“Oh, I love it.” I breathe out, leaning backward against his frame.

He kisses my shoulder up and down, making me close my eyes. “Do you think you would feel comfortable taking all three of us?”

Oh, yes!

Feeling embarrassed about my insatiable desire, I try to act like I’m pondering over the thought.

But I actually can’t wait to have them fucking me raw.

“What would be the alternative?” He shrugs, as he caresses my stomach.

“Maybe some kind of gradually starting. Where you get fucked by one of us while the others watch. And then we will see from there.”

“Like when one of you starts I will invite the others too?”

“Something like that, yeah.” He chuckles, nibbling at my skin. “But we will always stop when it gets too much for you. Maybe we could start with just two of us and afterwards, you will feel good enough to have us three.”

I moan, stretching in his arms, his cock pulsating between my legs. “We have to stop talking about it, or I’ll come just by your words.”

He grins, letting go of me before he spans me, making me gasp. “Sit on my face, babe. Let’s wake Matthew up with your moans.”

I giggle, biting my lip as I get on my knees, and he slides down to make me climb on him.

Goddess, how can it get more heavenly by the minute?

Naturally, it doesn’t take Matthew long to wake up to my moaning. I’m so absorbed by my pleasure that I barely register him starting to caress my ass. Only as his massage gets more aggressive, do I notice him.

His look as he watches me being pleased by Logan’s tongue is the final push to get me over the edge.

As soon as I have come on Logan’s face, Matthew pulls me off him, having me landing on my back with a squeal.

Pulling me close, he pulls my knees apart, spreading me for him. “Don’t think I didn’t notice you rubbing yourself against his dick, beautiful.”

My heart skips a beat, and I gasp as he slaps his cock against my exposed pussy repeatedly.

Logan moves to lean over me, spreading my folds for Matthew's cock. With a groan, he starts rubbing his cock against my folds fiercely, making me moan out of control.

"Oh, that feels good. Ah! harder. Matthew, harder!"

I scream as I feel him go feral with his thrusts, and I finally get hold of Logan's cock, which is dangling in front of my face. I take him into my mouth, hearing him groan.

"Fuck, Missy! We can't..." But he doesn't get to say more as I swallow, taking him deeper, having his resolve falling.

As his brother rocks me through the bed, I give him the blow job he deserves.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I hear Logan groan just as his cum fills my throat.

"I'm going to cum all over you, Missy!" Matthew growls, cuming between my folds.

Freeing Logan's dick from my lips, I suck him dry before I chuckle.

"This was amazing," I whisper dreamily, hearing them catch their breaths.

"Let's eat breakfast in bed, please." I groan as Logan pulls me out of Matthew's bed.

"I think we have eaten enough in this bed, babe." He smirks, and Matthew chuckles.

Hugging me and putting me down to let me dress, he presses a kiss on my cheek.

"Let's get something swiftly, and we can get back to bed."

"But I need to sleep," I protest with a giggle as he pushes me out of the room.

"Sure," He says as Matthew closes the doors behind us. "We will let you sleep."

"Eventually," Matthew adds with a chuckle, making his brother laugh.

I slap him playfully as I gasp. "You are impossible."

We are still laughing as we walk into the dining room way after breakfast, freezing on the spot.

"How lovely to see that you are having fun."

Chapter 25 “How lovely to see that you are having fun.”

Fynn’s darkened glare feels like a stab in my heart.

I’m still frozen to my spot, my throat closed by a knot made out of worry and fear as Logan pushes me behind him slightly, shielding me from his brother.

His touch feels soothing and alarming at the same time, and I gulp not able to tear my eyes off Fynn’s.

He is just sitting there with his jaw clenched, and it pains me how much anger and disgust courses through me.

The emotions overpower me to the extent that I feel like throwing up.

“What are you doing here?” Matthew asks, making Fynn look at him.

He tilts his head, his grin morphing his face into a deadly grimace. “Nothing, just sitting here waiting to have breakfast with my mate.”

“No, he means... When the fuck did they let you out of the cell?”

He chuckles looking at Logan. “Only this morning.” My heart stops as he turns his head to look back at me. “Just as the agony got worse again.”

In the blink of an eye, he moves to stand before us. My breath hitches in my throat as he growls, tilting his head at me.

His shoulder touches Logan’s as he leans in to me, while I try not to flinch back as it will lead to him losing his mind completely.

“You reek horribly,” he snarls, making my heart squeeze painfully. “Tell me, little mate, what did you do all night and this beautiful morning?”

“Stop it!” Logan hisses, stepping into him to get him to straighten his spine and get away from me.

Fynn growls, not amused about his brother’s intervention. “I don’t think that my mate needs to be protected from me.”

Logan and Matthew lower their heads for a second, and I guess they must feel as bad as I do.

“What the fuck did you do, huh?” Fynn asks, looking between the two. “We had a fucking deal.”

“They didn’t sleep with me!” I blurt out, wanting to save the situation, but it only gets me another deadly glare. “I- I begged them too, but they told me about the deal and kept their promises.”

What the hell am I even saying?!

As if it would make anything better!

Fynn’s eyes switch colors, the red flecks swirling in his darkened irises.

“Is this really true, little mate?” His threatening and mocking grin reappears on his face as he tilts his head at me. “Why do you stink so strongly of their cum?”

My breath hitches in my throat, and I can’t keep myself from taking a step back anymore, getting rage to flash through his eyes.

Logan takes a step forward, bumping into Fynn’s shoulder. “Don’t talk to her like that. If you start making her feel bad she will never accept us.”

“We wanted her to be a bit obsessed with us as well,” Matthew chimes in, stepping into his way behind Logan. “She was always thinking about you in your cell, we had to act before we became third-class mates.”

Fynn laughs loudly, my skin rising in goosebumps at the sound.

“Perfect, Matty, go ahead, boost his ego.” Logan reprimands him, shaking his head.

“And here I was thinking you had already made up your mind about rejecting us, seeing how your wolf talked about us.” Fynn is still mocking me as the other two turn to look at me dumbfounded.

“Your wolf talked to him?”

I shake my head, taking a step backwards. “No, she was talking to me. She never talked to him.”

“Yeah,” Fynn barks out a laugh, looking like he was having the time of his life.

Even if I feel the contrasting emotion of pure disappointment and hurt wrapping around my heart.

“She thinks we are scum.”

My gasp mixes with their growls while Cassy chuckles in my head. “That is not true!”

“Let her tell me this,” Fynn provokes, his grin getting wider.

“He is right, Missy,” Logan says while turning towards me. “You should let her talk to us directly.”

My breathing gets heavier as I look between them panickedly. While Logan and Matthew have their eyebrows knitted, nearly seeming honestly worried, Fynn is still grinning as if he was happy to see me struggle.

Such an idiot.

“I can’t force her,” I whisper, my voice failing me as I see Logan lowering his head with a click of his tongue.

Fynn puffs his chest triumphantly, and anger bubbles up in me, but it is soon replaced by despair as he pushes further, without having his brothers contradicting him anymore.

“You shouldn’t have to force a wolf to talk to her mate. She should be purring automatically when seeing me.” He snarls threateningly while breaking through his brother’s barrier slowly.

‘Cassy, please.’ I beg her as he steps closer, leaning down and flashing me his sharp canines.

But she doesn’t answer me and keeps giggling in the back of my mind.

I am used to her attitude by now, and her ignoring me, but her strange behavior since this morning is quite alarming.

As I feel cornered by Fynn and my desperation now fills my chest, holding my heart hostage, my brain blacks out, making even my wolf shut up. “Why don’t you reject me then?”

“What?” Fynn loses his arrogant expression immediately, and a threatening growl rumbles from him.

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“You heard me correctly, don’t play dumb. Reject me already if you think she is not flirty enough towards her idiotic kidnapper!” I shout at him, making him distort his face in disgust.

Matthew and Logan look at me wide-eyed as they seem to be frozen while watching our cat-and- mouse game.

“Missy, this is not...” Logan starts, but my adrenaline is already streaming so fast through my veins that I interrupt him.

"No, no. Let him go ahead." I say, shifting on my feet as if I could take him down in a fight when even both his brothers cower in front of him. "Do what you have to do. I'm not staying here to be insulted further just because my wolf doesn't act like the She-wolves that can't wait to spread their legs for you, so go ahead. And finally let me return home, you moron."

Cassy mewls in my head, and I scoff. 'Can you decide what you want at least?'

Straightening my spine, I brace myself for the alpha-breed idiot to break our bond, the emotions of hatred and sadness making it hard to hold my head up high.

Is he really sad? Or am I interpreting something wrong?

"I'm not going to reject you." Fynn mumbles, forcing up a smile that I will wipe from his face straight away.

"Fine, then." I clear my throat. "I, Artemisia Guerrieri, Daughter of Alpha Franco of the Blood Moon Pack, reject you, Finnegan Blackwood-"

My breath gets knocked out of my lungs as my back hits the wall. Fynn moved even too fast for his brothers to react as he gets into my face. "Don't. You. Dare!"

"Fynn let her go," Logan shouts as my vision refocuses on his blacked eyes.

"You can't force me to stay with you," I try to stand my ground as a sob gets stuck in my throat.

He clicks with his tongue, and even before his brothers can intervene, he goes all caveman again.

"We will see about that," he growls before throwing me over his shoulders and carrying me out of the kitchen.

The room turns around me as he throws me onto a couch ungently before going to barricade the door.

I blink as I try to get up and see him push a piece of furniture in front of the door that I could never move without Cassy's help.

Whimpering, I slump back on the couch as my dizziness forces me to lie down again.

I follow him walking to the windows to barricade them as well, as I try to get up again to get away from him, as my legs give out beneath me and I fall to the floor.

“Not so fast, little mate.” Fynn chuckles as he picks me up into his arms, and I let my head fall back over his arm.

I’m mated to a monster.

As he carries me to another soft surface, I can’t quite grasp if it’s a bed.

I’m convinced that he brought me to one of the entertainment rooms for the warriors, but I can’t see how a bed is standing in one of those.

Maybe it’s some kind of large couch to watch movies or gaming.

“Fynn,” I whisper, feeling like I’m suffocating. “Please... don’t...”

My heartbeat accelerates as it gets harder to speak and Fynn hovers over me. He grins down at me as my vision becomes blurred. “You must have bumped your head. Don’t worry. I’ll wait for you to regain your consciousness before I mark you.”

Cassy doesn’t even stir as I moan panicky, “No... don’t...”

My feeble voice just makes him laugh more as he leans down, pressing his lips to my ear. “Ssh, little mate. You will see, you will feel better right away.”

My voice fails me as I want to protest and feel him move again to slip my top off me.

Cassy!

“They broke their part of their deal, so I can break mine as well.” He grumbles more to himself than to me as he positions himself between my legs.

The sparks erupting on my skin are the only thing that keeps me awake as he caresses my stomach and my sides gently.

My body burns up beneath him while my consciousness slips from my fingers.

Putting his hands next to my sides, he licks my skin from between my breasts to my throat, making me shiver.

He chuckles as he nibbles at my jaw, and I moan lowly. “Stop acting. Or I’ll get you to stop this act.”

“I’m... not...” I collect all my strength to be able to talk through my blacking out periodically.

Turning my head, I finally can see worry replace his arrogant expression, but I must be hallucinating.

I can hear the banging against the door as they must have finally caught up with us, but who knows when they will actually be able to reach us.

"My wolf..." I whisper, and he comes closer to hear me better, putting his ear before my lips. "She doesn't help me heal."

As if stung by an adder, he jumps up, cussing, "Fuck. What?"

I try to speak again, but my voice dies in my throat.

Feeling darkness finally claiming me, I barely sense the sparks traveling on my skin as he picks me back into his arms.

"Fuck."

My grip on him loosens as everything turns black.

"Stay with me, babe."

I lose consciousness after hearing him address me for the first time in a non-mocking way.

But I must be hallucinating again.

Chapter 27 Artemisia

The constant low beeping is the first thing I hear as I open my eyes. I jerk up, finding an older man holding his hand out to me. "Oh, hello there."

He smiles brightly as he sticks his pen back into the front pocket of his white coat. His blue shirt and colorful tie combined with his semi-bald and U-shaped hair round up the perfect picture of a doctor.

"I'm Dr. Davies, very nice to meet you."

I clear my throat, my voice coming out raspy. "What happened? Where am I?"

"You are in the best pack hospital there is, my dear. Your mate brought you in," he explains with a smile. "Apparently you hit your head and your wolf wasn't barging in. So, we did a few checks. If you don't mind, I would call in the Alpha."

I nod, clasping the thick blanket and he smiles again. "Very well."

He goes to open the door that is hidden behind a curtain hanging around my bed, but I don't need to see him to know that he stepped into the room. His scent calms my nervousness instantaneously, and I lay down on my pillow taking a deep breath.

"How are you feeling?" Cayden asks me, making me open my eyes to look at him.

He is wearing his usual tailored suit and stands at the end of my bed with a worried frown.

"I'm fine," I say, making him shake his head. "Would you please not punish Fynn? He didn't know and I provoked him as we were fighting."

"Yes, they told me about it. But this is still no excuse to hurt you." He answers calmly and I knead my fingers.

"Please, Cayden. I'm sure that he didn't want to hurt me. I was hurt and did something I shouldn't have done. I should have known what was coming for me. And if he keeps getting punishments, it will just get worse as he will always try to one-up Logan and Matthew," I plead, cursing the mate bond for feeling this pity for him as he doesn't deserve it.

He clicks his tongue, and I sit back up. "Cayden, please."

Dr. Davies stands next to him with a lowered gaze as the Alpha addresses him to change the subject. "So, what is it?"

"Oh," he jerks up, opening the file in his hands. "Just a minor concussion, Alpha. Nothing that we can't take care of. Our tests also established that her wolf is doing fine and she seems to be fully healthy. We will keep her overnight, just to be on the safe side. Afterwards, she can return home, but she will have to rest."

"Of course," Cayden nods. "Thank you, doctor."

"All my pleasure, Alpha." He bows before turning to me. "I will leave you alone and check on you in a bit with a new cold compression."

I thank him with a smile before he bows again, and leaves the room.

Cayden sighs deeply as he sits down on the chair beside my bed. "I'm sorry for all this trouble, Cayden. You must have more important things to do."

"Don't worry, Missy. I'm just glad that you are alright." He squeezes my hand on the covers, but even before I can wrap my head around how soothing his touch feels, he has already pulled his hand back.

"I'm actually sorry that I didn't take time to talk to you in these days. Fynn threw us off our guards as he went to collect you. We had discussed taking it easy as it must be a shock to you, but you should know how he is by now."

My heart flips in my chest as he finally smiles at me, even if it's an exhausted smile.

“What is it?” He lifts his eyebrow at me, and I blush.

“Sorry, I was just waiting to see your smile.”

As he knits his eyebrows, I gesture with my hands, which does not help with my rambling. “You know... since the lake... You didn’t... Argh, can we forget this and start all over again?”

“Sure,” he chuckles, making my heart skip a beat. “But now it is more important that you take your time to rest, and get better. I’ll make up for having you torn out of your pack this drastically, and I will finally introduce you to the pack.”

“Thank you, Cayden. You don’t have to feel bad, it was his right after all. If you find your mate, it is customary that you get to claim her.” I smile at him, hoping to cheer him up.

Sighing, he gets up, “Yeah, but our situation is a bit special. We should have been more cautious about it. Also, your brother has already complained to me, so... I really hope you will forgive us.”

“There is nothing to be forgiven, Cayden. Don’t worry. I’m happy, even if confused and exhausted... But I’m fine, trust me.” I try to convince myself along with him as I clasp my blankets.

He nods, leaning down to press a kiss on my head. “Good night, Missy.”

“Good night, Cayden.”

He is about to step out of my room as he turns around right before he disappears behind the curtains. “I’m glad that you are taking his defence. I was always preoccupied about him getting someone who wouldn’t understand him. He doesn’t always deserve it, but he is a good man, and even if he doesn’t show it, I’m sure that he is quite fond of you already.”

An uncomfortable feeling knots in my stomach as I see him distort his face in worry, but I force up a happy expression. “I’m sure of it!”

Chapter 28 Artemisia

Blowing my cheeks, I tap my fingers on my blanket.

It’s already past midnight, and the last nurse came in hours ago to apply my last cool compression for my head.

I feel so human, and I hate it!

I also finally understand how they always use to say that a doctor is the worst patient someone could actually treat.

Dr. Davies and also the nurses showed so much patience with me that they deserve a medal.

They took their time to explain everything to me, or better, didn't give up convincing me about the fact that the treatment they were performing on me was actually the best way to go.

I love the fact that they were all so nice, and hate it that it might just be because I'm mated to the aggressive idiot.

He surely would tear them apart if he heard they were mean.

But that wouldn't keep them from talking badly about me behind my back.

I take a mental note to come back after my discharge to bring some chocolates or something, and I get new hopes about my stay in this pack.

Imagine if it really became my home?

I smile to myself as I think back to Cayden's words, and am more determined than ever to make my new pack accept me.

Even if I'm not their favourite person, they will see that I'm trying my best as the future Beta's wife.

Or Gamma's wife.

Or the lead warrior's wife.

Goddess, this is such a mess.

Sitting up, I stretch and sigh.

'Are you happy now?' I ask Cassy scoffing, not getting any answer, only a strange mumbling.

She feels heavy in my mind and makes me feel anxious.

Strangely enough, after her giggling she went silent, and has been mumbling occasionally ever since.

Often she sounds like she is drunk, or feeling dizzy.

Rolling my eyes, I at least have to praise her creativity in showing her disdain for me.

‘Maybe you would be happy if they were to execute me, because this way you would get another human that you can be happy with. Is that how it works?’

Cassy yawps in the back of my head, and I shake my head.

‘Fine, then.’

Getting out of my bed angrily, I flinch as my feet touch the cold surface of the floor.

I shake myself and make my way to the door. Peeping out to check that I’m not seen by anyone, I pitpat over the floor looking for a snack machine as I would definitely need some chocolate.

But I have barely made a few steps as I halt in my tracks, a wonderful scent invading my nose. My muscles relax instantly before I stiffen at realising who the scent belongs to.

“What are you doing outside of bed?”

Turning towards Fynn, my heart stops as I see him. He is standing in the door of what looks like a waiting room, and he looks absolutely crushed.

Has he been there the entire time?

“I was looking for some candy...” I say lowly, my voice trembling more than I would like her to.

He takes a step towards me, and I hate his look as I take one back instinctively.

“Sorry,” he grumbles, scratching his head. “I just wanted to... I’m glad that you are alright.”

I nod, linking my fingers into each other. “What are you doing here, Fynn?”

“I... I was just... I was waiting because the nurse said she would look after you in a bit and I wanted to see what she said.”

Shaking my head, I look through the glass walls of the waiting room, seeing that they had brought him a pillow and a blanket that he didn’t seem to have used though.

“Erm... Fynn? How long have you been here?” He looks back over his shoulders to follow my gaze before he chuckles.

"What do you mean? I have been here since I brought you here. What kind of mate do you think I am?"

I shrug, lifting my hands. "A mate that would mark his mate against her will?"

He laughs, and I hate how the mate bond makes my heart hurt at how he distorts his face painfully. "I'm sorry. You obviously don't want me here, so I will go."

I follow him as he steps back into the waiting room, to take his things, and my pathetic affection bubbles out before I can stop it. "No, wait. That's not true."

He straightens his spine with a deep sigh. Waiting for him to turn back to me, I knead my fingers watching his t-shirt stretching over his muscular back. "I'm sorry that I nearly rejected you, but you have to stop treating me like a doll."

"A doll." He repeats with a scoff as he starts moving again.

"I'm being serious, Fynn. You have been nothing but condescending to me. Why did you come and fetch me in the first place?" I ask him, regretting the question the moment I have uttered it.

"What do you mean? You are my mate. I had to get you." He groans, now acting as if he would need to fold the blanket anew just to avoid my gaze.

"So, was it just some alpha-male behaviour to follow a custom? Just for the sake of traditions or pride?" I ask, my poor heart sinking into my stomach, as he clicks his tongue.

"Why? Ever heard of someone that went to grab his mate just for the love of it?"

Actually...

I nod, the coldness of his answer hitting me deeply. "Okay. Very well, then."

Chapter 29 He is still turned away from me as I clear my throat. "I'm going to look for some chocolate now."

Clapping my hands, I feel so desperately awkward for him to acknowledge me.

"Would you at least look at me?" I ask, but he just ignores me, scoffing again.

"Okay," I whisper, my heart cracking once again, and always because of him.

As soon as I have turned around, the air shifts, and I'm suddenly wrapped in his embrace.

My breath hitches in my throat as his arms wrap around my waist, pressing me to his front. I lay my hands on his forearms as I inhale, filling my lungs with his scent.

"I'm not like Matthew or like Logan," he growls, his head buried in my hair. "I'm neither tender nor flirtatious like them. I'm an arrogant asshole, and I only took females in to satisfy my needs. This is all new to me, and I still don't know how to act this way, but the last thing I want to be with you is being condescending."

He hugs me closer, my heartbeat speeding up as he presses a kiss on my neck. "I know that you hate me. And my wolf is even worse. So, I actually understand yours not wanting to communicate with us. But, don't think that I'm not feeling this mate bond. And that it isn't driving me absolutely crazy."

I gasp for air as he takes another deep breath. "Especially since you are so fucking beautiful. And so stunningly strong-willed."

His chuckle vibrates through me while I feel tears welling up in my eyes. I turn my head to look at him, locking my eyes with his dark ones.

"I don't hate you," I whisper, making him smile. I lose myself in his intense gaze and feel a tear rolling down my cheek.

He catches it with his thumb, and he tilts his head at me as if he were checking my face for more to get. "I can't... Even if I wanted to. You are such an idiot. Stupid mate bond."

I laugh with teary eyes, and he flashes me his wolfish smile. "Sorry that I scared you. And I can never forgive myself for hurting you."

Taking my face into his hands, he gets me to turn around fully. "But trust me when I say that I would never have marked you, or done anything against your will."

"You did take my shirt off though." He shrugs, smirking slyly. "I was teasing you."

Shaking my head, I laugh and unfortunately, get him to let go. "You are something else."

"As if you weren't teasing me all the time, little mate."

And here we are, back to the mocking pet names.

But it makes me smile as I actually grew fond of it.

"Touché," I say, scrunching my nose.

He clears his throat as we get enveloped by silence and asks the question I have been fearing to get all along. "Why didn't your wolf help you as you bumped your head? It

was something minor that shouldn't be any problem to heal. Was it because she wanted to punish you for rejecting me?"

"Erm..." I nearly feel bad for breaking his heart as she surely wasn't thinking about her mate. "Not exactly... But I don't want to talk about it here. Could we talk about this in private?"

He nods with a worried expression as I lower my head.

"Okay," I say in a whisper about to walk back to my room, but instead I squeal as he lifts me into his arms to carry me back to it.

"Oh, you have to stop doing this." I hiss as my heartbeat goes crazy.

"Why? You are a princess, aren't you?"

Smart ass.

The coziness of the bed he just cuddled me in, doesn't help at him staring at me in disbelief.

"I'm sorry, what?"

I chose the rip-it-off-in-one-go kind of way, and am now doubting my strategy as I actually have to go on.

I bite my upper lip nervously as I move my feet under the blankets. "My wolf isn't responding to me anymore. She abandoned me."

"Why?" He stares at me as he sits with his elbows leaned on his knees. "Why would a wolf do that? Is it because of us? Because of me? Because I tore you away from your family, your pack?"

"No, no! It's not that! And surely not your fault." I shake my head, and he continues to stare at me agape.

As he realizes that I'm not talking any further, he gesticulates with his hands. "What is it then?"

"You have to remain calm," I say, lowering my head.

"I am calm," he snarls, making me tilt my head.

"No, you are not." I pinch my sheets as he takes a deep breath.

“Okay. I’ll remain calm.”

Lifting my head to see him clench his teeth forcefully as he bobs his leg.

But I can’t stop now.

He deserves to know.

Cassy utters one last whimper before I open my mouth, and his expression falls.

It morphs into an expression I have never seen on his face.

“She left me as Rick... Alpha Saviano rejected me,” I breathe out, my heart beating into my throat as I try to read his traits.

“Come again?” He finally asks, making me swallow a sob.

Chapter 30 Artemisia

“As Alpha Saviano rejected me, we were a couple. Our parents and our packs were already waiting for us to return back home from university as mates. So, Cassy started to feel like... You know... She thought she would be Luna. And as he rejected us, he stripped everything from us at that moment. He broke my heart and shattered her stupid power-lusting dream. And then, as I was already sad and broken, she started accusing me of being the reason for him not wanting me. She told me about how I was too weak, how I wasn’t exciting or attractive enough for him to keep me as a mate.”

I take a deep breath, as a wave of sadness of my memories crashes over me.

Distorting my face, I fight hard to keep myself from crying as I don’t want him to think that I’m still stuck emotionally with the prick. Just as I feel like I’m losing the fight, I suddenly feel a wave of warmth and comfort wash through me. Even before I notice the sparks on my skin, I see that Fynn has scooted to the edge of his seat, laying his hand on my arm.

He doesn’t really look like he wants to give any solace, but he does, and here I am.

My stupid mate-bond heart filling itself with joy.

Wiping my eyes with my free hand, I find the strength to carry on. “First, I thought... You know... That she was hurt, and was just in pain. So, I kind of let her insult me, thinking it would stop. But it never stopped. It got worse, and one day, like three months after the rejection, she told me that I was boring and that she would reject me too if she could. So, she stopped talking to me. I never shifted or had her participating in my life ever again if not for her disparaging comments.”

I take a deep breath, as he is still caressing me, his arm lying on my bed. "You are fucking with me, right?"

Shaking my head while my stomach churns at his question and his creepy grin, I try to keep my cool.

As he inhales deeply, throwing his hands over his head, I retreat my hand with a gulp. "Fynn?"

"Who the fuck knows about this?" He growls, making me jerk back.

"Well, my family does. My pack and of course, Ri- Alpha Saviano." I stutter out as he continues to glare at me.

"So, I'm the only one who knows here." His voice holds so much disgust that my chest tightens.

Nodding, I get him to pass his hands over his face distressed. "I have to tell you all. I just didn't know when would have been the right time."

"How about the first fucking time when I asked you why your wolf wasn't responding to mine!" He shoots forward clasping the rails of my hospital bed, and I fear that he will break it.

Pushing down my hurt, I hold my forearms. "What for? For you to reject me sooner?"

"Well, at least you could have been a decent human being, and tell me the truth. But you were smarter than that, weren't you?" He pushes out a cold laugh that sends an uncomfortable shiver down my spine.

"What do you mean?" I ask, gulping down the bile rising in my chest,

He shakes his head, as his tongue wets his lip, and I can clearly see that he is fighting to keep his wolf in check.

"Your fucking family should have informed us of such a thing. This is not information you withhold," he whisper-shouts, clearly not wanting to attract the night nurses.

As if all his growling until now has gone undetected.

"I beg your fucking pardon," I gasp, feeling on the verge of crying.

"Also, what an intelligent little mate you are. Perfect. You played on us falling for you before you handed out such detail about you being wolfless. Get that mate bond clicking before we can reject you easily." He chuckles, as he spreads his arms before letting them slump again.

Panic bubbles up my chest, like a tentacle it lays itself around my throat, tightening its grip. "I'm not wolfless," I barely manage to push out as he laughs.

Good thing he was whisper-shouting a second ago.

"And it wasn't some stupid game from my side," I raise my voice as I shift to sit on my knees. "I was scared."

"Scared of what?" He stands before me, his darkened eyes scanning my face.

Every grin, smile, and mocking laugh disappeared from his features, leaving just disgust and hate.

"Scared. Of. What?" He repeats through clenched teeth as I am shell-shocked.

"Your rejection," I answer, making him tsks.

"Bullshit, Artemisia!" Him growling my name, has me shifting to sit on my heels.

"That's not-" I start, but he interrupts me right away.

"Try to be honest for once." He yells, making my blood freeze in my veins.

Shaking my head, I clutch the bedsheets. "Don't-"

"Stop with the bullshit, Artemisia." I sob as I hate how he snarls my name.

My eyes fill with tears again as I finally look back up at his gorgeous face which is now distorted with rage.

"That you would execute me," I whisper, and his eyes widen.

"What?" He barks, making me flinch.

"That you would execute me. Kill me. Because you are monsters, and I'm not worthy of you. I never will be!" I scream, pain coursing through my veins.

Fynn remains standing at the foot of my bed for another moment, before he scoffs, pinching his bottom lip.

"Yeah, sure."

He shakes his head, chuckling. "Want to tell me again how you were Luna material?"

"Get the fuck out of here," I gasp, throwing the first thing I can grasp.

As expected, he catches the glass effortlessly, but in a downward motion, he lets it shatter against the wall and floor behind him.

Water droplets fall everywhere as I breathe heavily, and he just grins.

“Don’t have to tell me that twice, sweetheart.”