

# **When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 41 – 50**

## **Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 41**

Chapter 41 Artemisia

I wake up feeling like I'm burning up from the inside.

Clasping the sheets I'm entangled in, I draw a few steady breaths trying to calm myself and reduce the pain.

What the hell?

I was asking myself how long it would take me to get into heat when they would keep playing around like this, but I didn't think it would start so soon.

Maybe they thought it would be easier for me to take all of them if I went into heat. And seeing that it's three mates, the time span for a she-wolf to go into heat might be way shorter.

And still... This feels different from what has been described to me by my mother.

Instead of feeling that overpowering desire, I feel pain.

Excruciating, all-consuming, burning pain that seems to come from inside of me.

As a medical practitioner, I try to analyze my symptoms immediately, but my brain seems to be blocked by the agony.

Opening my eyes, I find Matthew already looking at me. His drowsy eyes scan my face worriedly.

"Are you okay?" He asks, and I whimper before I can even answer.

Nodding as I can't seem to form any words, I force a smile but don't seem to be able to convince him.

He lays a hand on my cheek and squints his eyes pensively.

His touch, which usually feels warm against my skin, feels nearly cold now.

This is the final confirmation that I need to know that this isn't my heat.

Also, his wolf would already be going crazy by now.

And trying to claim me.

"You feel like you are burning up. Are you sure that you are alright?" He asks again, his thumb caressing my skin soothingly.

Closing my eyes, I enjoy his touch and nod again.

The scorching heat inside of me subsides slowly as I take a few more calming breaths.

Finally, my dried-up throat allows me to speak, and I cuddle into his arms.

"I never felt better," I say lowly, and he pulls me closer.

Kissing the top of my head, he sighs relieved. "I'm glad. You looked a bit pale."

"Well, maybe it's just exhaustion because of all the times you made me cum last night." My smile grows as he chuckles with his lips still pressed against my hair.

Moving my head back to look up at him, my heart flips at the green flecks twirling in his irises. "It's that you are just irresistible," he grins, burying his head in the crook of my neck. "And you smell so good."

I laugh, as I wrap my hands around his shoulders. He moves up to my lips, leaving featherlight kisses on my neck and my jawline.

Our hands roam our naked bodies greedily as we connect through a passionate kiss. He invades every corner of my mouth with his tongue, and I let him, moaning against his luscious lips.

My pussy throbs in pleasant anticipation of his cock hardening against my feverish body, and I start moving enticingly to rub myself against his hard dick.

"Slowly, baby." He snickers, speaking against my lips. "Or you will make me break the only rule I have here."

Laughing, I throw my head back and look at him flirtatiously. "Oh, please, do."

His groan vibrates through me and he shakes his head. "I wish I could."

He smiles at me, making my heart skip a beat, and grabs my chin to pull my lips back on his. I feel his hand move down my spine, stopping to grope my ass cheek.

Lifting my leg, he positions it over his hip and lets his fingers trace my skin as he glides his hand back onto my ass.

My eyes roll into the back of my head, as he moves his fingers down my ass, and starts playing with my clit from behind.

“Oh, Goddess!” I breathe out as he keeps kissing me.

Increasing his strokes, he flicks his finger over my aching clit, making me scream in pleasure as I reach my orgasm at lightning speed.

“Looks like someone is as horny as I am,” he teases me, breaking our kiss to smirk at me.

Pushing him playfully, I blush as a happy smile creeps onto my lips. “The fact that you still get to make me cum so fast is actually quite alarming.”

His laugh rumbles through me, making my skin cover in goosebumps, and my cheeks start hurting at how much this makes me smile.

“Ready to start your counter again?” He asks, making heat creep up my chest.

Nodding, I let my eyes fall to his lips, “Ready!”

Just as he pulled me closer and was about to push a finger into me, a rapping resounds on the door.

We look at the door, and as the knocking doesn’t stop, he gets up. While I slip under the blankets, he puts on his briefs to go and open the door.

As soon as he has opened it to check who it is, the door gets pushed open, making it crash against the wall.

“It was just for the fucking night.” I hear Logan shout before he appears in my bedroom.

“As if I would sneak out of her bed in the morning. Are you an idiot?” Matthew protests with a growl as he follows his brother.

I’m not surprised that Logan showed up. I’m more astonished about the fact that he didn’t crash in last night already.

But as I smell Fynn’s scent, before he appears in the door behind his brothers, my breath hitches in my throat.

“Hey, watch it, Matty!” Logan snarls, pointing his finger into Matthew's face.

“Well,” Matthew says, straightening his spine. “The date isn’t over yet, so...”

As he gestures to the door, he gets Logan to growl threateningly, but Fynn just stands there bored.

It looks like his brother had dragged him in here because he wanted to make a point as he is my mate too.

At least yet.

'He can't even look at you. But who could ever blame him? You are pathetic. Disgusting,' Cassy growls from the back of my head, and just as I am about to roll my eyes and tell her to shut up, my heart stops.

As if on cue, Fynn has moved his gaze to look directly at me.

I gulp as his eyes darken, signaling me that his wolf is fighting for dominance, and he pushes through his brothers without saying a word to reach me.

With the elegant movements of the predator he is, he gets on the bed and crawls towards me, getting into my face.

Sliding down against the headboard, I bury myself up to my chin under the covers and clasp the fabric helplessly.

It's not that I would fear him.

I'm not afraid of him. Still, I submit to his dominance, not wanting to test his strength once again.

He examines my face thoroughly, and I can't even hear what his brothers are saying to us, as I get pulled into a hypnotic vortex by him.

My mind is screaming, begging him to talk as if I would desire nothing more than to hear his voice.

But he doesn't grant me my wish as he keeps staring at me.

As the bed dips, I can only assume that Matthew or Logan, or even both, have come into the bed as well because I can't tear my eyes off him.

'Strip,' a rough voice shatters through my mind, making me gasp. I can perceive Logan and Matthew now, watching us from each side as the voice booms through my mind again. 'Don't ever cover yourself from me. Unless you want me to tear the cloth covering you apart.'

I stare at Fynn agape as he tilts his head.

Cassy has retreated even further, sending a painful whimper through my head as the invasion of my mind pressures on her.

Is this...

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I can't recognize the voice, and yet, it sounds incredibly familiar. It feels as if it had always belonged in my head.

Is his wolf talking to me?

Inhaling sharply, I open my mouth to say something but my voice fails me miserably.

Instead, I chose to move my hand up to pull down the border of my blanket, exposing me to him, as he instructed me to.

The red flecks that have appeared in his eyes take over the entire iris, glowing intensely as Fynn flashes me a wolfish smile.

I ignore my heart beating into my throat because of the intensity of the situation, and I pull my blanket further down. He moves on his knees, adjusting to me pushing the blanket completely off me with my feet.

Before I can even grasp my head around what is happening, he has grabbed me and pulled me beneath him.

As he hovers over me, still completely silent, he lets his lips and nose scan my skin, nearly touching it, leaving goose bumps on the way.

My heart squeezes in my chest as my body burns up again, it resembles the feeling that I had when I was waking up, only that it isn't painful anymore.

It is pleasant...

It is soothing...

And it drives me crazy.

As my lust increases by the second, I feel myself getting wetter and wetter.

I groan, cussing him out internally, as he gets me to react like this without even touching me.

Idiot!

Low growls from Logan and Matthew show me how they can smell my arousal in the air.

My head is suddenly spinning out of control as I continue to watch Fynn moving further down my shaking frame, examining every inch of my skin.

It seems like my mates are holding back, squirming next to me as if they were about to wait for Fynn to do something.

As he finally gets to my pussy, I nearly lose my mind as I see him taking a deep breath, breathing in the scent of my lust.

Wait, no!, a little voice screams in my head. He has been so mean to us, we shouldn't let him do as he pleases like this. Do something and stop him.

But instead of acting upon her advice, I move my hands over my head, stretching beneath his examination and closing my eyes with a deep breath.

I drown the little voice rampaging in my head in the intensifying fog in my mind and just let myself go under my instinctive desire for him to finally do something.

I've had Matthew and Logan, but Fynn never had the chance to show me how he would treat me in bed.

He had teased me once, but other than that, he never got as intimate with me like his brothers did.

Between penalties and our fights, he would never have had the chance to be invited by me into my bed, so the fact that it happened like this has my skin burning up even more.

Goddess, what did you do?

I remember him telling me that he was not gentle as his brothers, and as my brain goes in overdrive at thinking about the possibility of him fucking me raw, I push out a low moan.

'I know you want it, mate.' A shiver runs down my spine as the rough and deep voice speaks inside my head again.

I lift my head, seeing Fynn staring back up at me, as he presses a kiss just millimetres above my pussy.

'But?' I ask in my head, hoping it would reach him.

He just grins, ignoring me, and before I can protest again, I get distracted by Logan, lifting my chin with his fingers to make me look at him.

"Are you feeling alright?" he asks, worry flashing in his eyes.

“Yes,” I whisper, while a sultry wave rolls through me.

Closing my eyes, I move my hips up, wanting Fynn to get closer to my core, but he just grabs my hips and pushes me down. I gasp as he flashes me a sly grin.

‘Not so fast, mate.’ his wolf reprimands me amused.

I groan, but enjoy the sparks running up and down my body, triggered by his touch. ‘Are you only going to talk to me through your wolf? Really?’

His wolf tsks, and I look at Fynn who is already back, concentrating on my skin. ‘What?’

‘He says that he has nothing to say to you.’ his wolf answers and I hear the deep disagreement in his voice.

My heart gets a new crack, even before Fynn looks at me with a disparaging frown.

I laugh internally, turning my face to the side while concentrating back on the pleasurable prickling on my skin rather than on my aching heart.

‘Fine. Whatever, idiot!’ I say into my mind and smile as Fynn’s growl vibrates through me.

“Maybe she is ready,” I hear Logan say and open my eyes to look up at him.

Oh, you can bet on that.

Matthew, on the other hand, seems to be still worried about me as he shakes his head. “I’m not sure about this. We should prepare her better.”

Oh, for goodness’ sake, I’m not some scared virgin.

And I feel hot!

As another wave of the strange heat ripples through me, I move my hand up to pull down Matthew’s briefs slowly. Taking his cock into my hand, I start to stroke it. He chuckles, taking my hand off him, before lifting it and kissing my knuckles. “Wait, love. You didn’t feel well this morning.”

Fynn growls again while burying his face into my core, and I swallow a moan, not wanting him to know how good it feels.

Logan seems to take up his thought, sneering at Matthew. “You are just trying to keep us from being with her.”

I try to concentrate on Logan's and Matthew's argument to protest and finally get them to fuck me. But I fail miserably as Fynn suddenly starts moving up to my belly button, covering his way up in soft kisses.

'Ah, are you jealous when I don't keep my eyes on you, big boy?' I joke, making him growl again.

After pressing a last kiss just above my belly button, he moves his way up, trailing his way up to in between my breasts with his tongue. As his tongue slides over my skin slowly, I feel like he is transporting the fire through my body. The sparks turn into flames, and I clasp my pillow, biting back the moans bubbling out of my chest.

Oh, my Goddess.

I wonder how Logan and Matthew can still be fighting stupidly while I'm melting next to them.

"Stop it," I manage to gasp before Fynn starts kissing, nibbling and sucking at my breast.

My body finally revolts, not letting me keep back anymore as I moan loudly while driving my hand through his hair.

I guess they are now bickering about who is going to be first, while Fynn is about to fill in that position anyway.

But I don't care. My arousal is making my pussy throb painfully while my body is screaming for a release.

"We had said that Matthew would be first." I flinch at Fynn finally speaking. "Because he is a virgin."

His smokey voice paired with the idea of being Matthew's first has me shuddering pleasantly.

"Don't say it like this," Matthew groans.

But I don't care, I need them to hurry up. Burying my fingers into his muscular thigh, I look at him while I try to keep my mind together with Fynn continuing to play with me pleasurably.

"I can't wait," I breathe out, my gasp turning into a moan.

Matthew smiles at me and leans down to kiss me. With a last bite into my nipple, Fynn gets up onto his knees. He moves to the edge of the bed, and as Matthew breaks the kiss to let me look at Fynn, I can see that he got off me only reluctantly.

'Spread your legs for me, mate,' his wolf's voice sounds so alluring to me, that I stretch myself in ecstasy, spreading my legs slowly.

I giggle as the room fills with the approving growls of my mates, but I don't get to enjoy them for long as Matthew moves between my legs.

His touch and his eyes glowing green take my breath away as he gets on me, kissing me hungrily.

Yes!

Pulling down his briefs, he moves to position his dick between my folds.

"You are so fucking beautiful, my love," he whispers huskily, making my heart flip in my chest.

Linking his fingers into mine, he squeezes my hands tightly.

This is the first time I feel his emotions waft over to me. I can feel his nervousness and his happiness streaming through me, making my heart squeeze with joy.

Just as he moves forward, the tip of his cock sinking into me slowly, another bang resounds from the door, making him freeze.

I see his eyes glazing over and groan while throwing my head back.

Cursing myself for a moment for not having chosen Fynn to be the first, I'm soon laughing to myself.

I should have gotten over my stupid pride and begged him to fuck me as he was teasing me.

Because there was no chance in hell that Fynn would have stopped himself from claiming me at his big brother storming into the room, commanding him to.

## Chapter 43 Artemisia

"What the hell were you thinking?"

I'm chewing on the nail of my thumb, as I'm leaning against the wall, wrapped in a dressing gown.

After Cayden nearly broke down my door to fall into my room and interrupt us at the best moment, he risked his life as Fynn and Logan were ready to attack him. I don't think that Matthew wasn't in the same mood, but as he was practically already pushing into me, he surely chose to keep back, not wanting to get me hurt.

Or maybe he had hoped that we could continue as his brothers were fighting the Alpha off.

But as it is Cayden we are speaking of, my mates chose to submit to his Alpha command, instead of starting a pack war.

Over sex at that.

And now, I'm trying to eavesdrop on their discussion as they all went into Cayden's office to talk it out.

At first, I was pretty happy that they left the door open, but as the argument goes on, I'm not convinced about it anymore.

I know that Cayden is the Alpha and has to look out for his pack. But I don't know why he would care how and when I should be intimate with my mates.

By the sound of it, it looks like there are things they didn't tell me, and as they talk about having to protect me from it, I feel sick to my stomach every second that I have to listen to them.

I would like to walk away, but I can't seem to tear myself away from the spot I'm rooted to in shock.

They seem to keep something from me, and it doesn't look like the cute little secret I have about my dormant wolf.

I can see the Omegas appointed to the floor hiding behind the columns and I smile embarrassed as they must be able to imagine what the men are arguing about.

"We had a strict plan and an agreement. Did you really want to risk her life like this?" Cayden asks angrily, making me think that he isn't talking about how they would have destroyed a highly sensitive mate during a foursome.

There is something in his voice that makes my stomach churn.

Also, they should easily be able to tell that the door is open and that I'm eavesdropping just by my scent, but they seem to be so heatedly involved in the argument that I go totally unnoticed.

"And you should know best, Finnegan! You gave me your word," Cayden reprimands, confusing me even more.

"It's not my fault! I was keeping away from her, but Logan insisted on crashing her date with Matthew." Fynn growling these words, has me wrapping my arms around me to caress away the goose bumps.

Keeping away from me.

Does that mean he was acting like an asshole on purpose?

Shaking my head as if wanting to get rid of this ridiculous idea, I try to concentrate back on the fight, even if none of the words they say make sense to me.

"I don't care," Cayden shouts, making me and the Omegas flinch. "You are the eldest. You should have control over the situation. I know that you had agreed on a dating schedule with each other, but it ends now!"

"Not fair!" Logan groans, getting a threatening growl from Cayden.

"Don't you dare talk back to me! We still don't know how Drake is going to react to you claiming her together, or someone even claiming his mate before him. Are you insane? Risking her well-being for that?"

Drake?

Like in Fynn's wolf, Drake?

Lifting my head, I see that the Omegas are looking at me concerned.

But I frown as they don't seem surprised.

You have to be fucking kidding me.

'Monsters,' Cassy clicks her tongue disparagingly, and I'm about to protest, as Fynn laughs sardonically.

"As if I fucking care," he is still snickering as he adds. "At least she will be useful for once."

His words pierce my heart like a silver dagger, and I have to physically claw at the fabric of my dressing gown lying over my heart to make me feel like I'm still able to breathe.

We jump synchronously, and I guess the men inside are doing the same, as Cayden hits his desk so hard with his fist that I hear it crack. "This is enough!"

Fynn scoffs, triggering even Logan's rage. "If you despise her this much, just reject her and let us lick her wounds! She doesn't need you, Fynn! I think she has made that perfectly clear. She is better off without you! It's you that will never find a better mate than her!"

"Why don't you marry her perfect ass, then!" Fynn shouts back, making me shake my head.

“What are you? Five? That’s exactly what I plan to do, you moron! She is my fated mate!” Logan shouts back.

Finally, a smile reappears on my lips, and I blush as the Omegas giggle lowly. Playing with my necklace, I take a deep breath, my heart mending a little with these words.

“Enough, you two!” Cayden interrupts the fight and takes a deep sigh.

After a second of silence, he finally speaks again. “What is Drake saying about this?”

I hold my breath, but Fynn doesn’t answer. I’m just about to think about leaving as a growl rumbles through my mind.

‘I’ll tear his stupid ass to shreds if he only were to try it,’

The intensity of Drake’s voice booming in my mind, has me leaning back against the wall, wanting to stabilise myself.

“Okay,” Cayden says, rage still evident in his voice. “If you want to keep acting like an idiot, and keep those thoughts to yourself, you can happily do so! But we will go on with building up her position in the pack. If you want to be a part of it, fine! If not, even better!”

My eyes widen, and I freeze as I thought that was just some kind of normal mind link.

Didn’t he hear him?

“Now get the fuck out of my office! All of you! And leave her alone!”

The Omegas jump up, gasping, and start running around like headless hens, trying to act busy before my mates leave the office.

I’m just about to laugh at the sight as I turn my face and look straight into Fynn’s frowning expression.

Pain curses through me, and I feel like my eyes are welling up with tears, but I cross my arms not lowering my head to escape his challenging look.

Soon enough, Logan and Matthew step out behind him and while Logan bumps into him provocatively, Matthew is already walking towards me.

“What are you keeping from me?” I ask him, ignoring Matthew’s arms that try to console me.

But Fynn just tsks and starts walking down the stairs, back once again to treat me as if I were made out of stinky air.

Freeing myself out of Matthew's arms, I run to the Balustrade and lean over just to see his muscular back disappear into the lower ground. "What is it, Fynn?"

"Artemisia," Cayden calls me from inside his office, and I push myself from the railing to walk past Matthew and Logan and get into Cayden's office.

Careful to close the door properly behind me this time.

## Chapter 44 Artemisia

As I step into the office, my heart stops.

Cayden has his face buried in his hands, and I feel so much desperation at seeing him like this, that I could cry.

I would like to step around the desk and hug him, but that would hardly be appropriate.

"Please take a seat," he says with an exhausted sigh, and I sit down, keeping silent.

As he passes a hand over his face, it looks like he is about to think about how to start the conversation. I give him time to come up with something, but as he still doesn't say anything, I decide to speak first. "What is happening, Cayden? What are you all keeping from me?"

"I'm sorry, Missy. But I can't talk to you about that now. Not yet. Unfortunately, it's not my place to do so." He says calmly, worry flashing in his eyes. "Fynn has to make a difficult decision, but I'll see that he won't have you hanging for too long. He can't play with you without taking responsibility for what he will cause."

His worry transmits to me as his encoded speech just triggers my anxiety.

Shifting in my seat, I clear my voice, trying to remain calm. "Is there something I can do? Or something I have to look out for?"

"No," he shakes his head. "I guess we will have to trust the Goddess that she will lead us onto the right path. All you can do is go with your instincts, maybe it will help him do the step he has to take."

"I can't keep chasing him and acting like he isn't absolutely horrible to me," I say, regretting my words immediately.

Then, even if they sounded so confident in my head, I don't like what they allude to.

"I understand you completely, Missy. And you don't have to. If you want to take your time and decide to take your distances until he will be honest with you, you have all the right to do so."

Scoffing, I lean back into my chair. "What if he just breaks into my room again? What if he finds me somewhere alone and acts like he always did until now?"

"Try to have your phone always ready to call me. I'll do my best to have you protected. Warriors are always around and ready to mind-link me. He won't harm you, and I'm sure that he will let you be. I'll talk with him again."

Nodding, I bit the inside of my cheek, not really convinced anyone could do anything about it.

'See, you should have done better, and fought for Rick.' I have to fight the urge to gag as Cassy growls in the back of my head.

Even if Fynn is absolutely the worst, I would pick him over Rick anytime. I straighten my spine as I ignore her, and concentrate back on Cayden. "Thank you. I'm sure it will be alright."

As the awkward situation we are in is already a happy gathering, I decide to be a better person, and get one thing about me off my chest. Clearing my throat, I get him to look at me questionally. "There is something I have meant to tell you since I have come here, and please accept my apologies that I didn't tell you earlier."

"If it's about your wolf, you don't have to worry," he answers, still looking at me as if he just told me that I had only two months left to live.

"Huh?" is all I'm able to push out as I freeze on the spot.

Shrugging, he takes a file from the pile sitting on his desk and opens it. "It's strange that a wolf wouldn't want to communicate with her mate, even if she was overwhelmed with the situation. They are feisty beings and can surely handle their primary instincts less effectively than we would be able to. So, I had my men do a little research, and as my adviser got everything they gathered, it was quite easy to add two and two together."

He crosses his hands over the file and his expression darkens slightly. "Also, you were afraid of something. And seeing the rumour that is going around about our pack, it was easy to find out what the problem was, actually."

I gulp, staring at him agape.

My mind is a whirlwind of emotions and thoughts, and my brain can't keep up with trying to untangle the mess, failing to let me form a coherent thought.

"Is it true?" I whisper finally, my throat feeling dried out. "The rumour, I mean."

Shaking his head, he gets me to take a deep breath of relief, making me feel like it is the first proper amount of air I get in ages. "I know that we made our mistakes and that

your pack has a certain prejudice about us, but I guarantee you that I would never harm a pack member because of such a thing. We have enough strong warriors in here to be able to make up for any physical strength someone else could be lacking."

I am not quite convinced if I can really trust him fully, but my heart already feels a lot lighter at the thought of it.

"Okay," I say with a nod, kneading my fingers.

"I'd like to show you the daycare facility tomorrow if you don't mind." He seems a bit more unburdened, but I'm still missing a smile. "They are planning their annual excursion with the pups, and I would like you to help them out and go with them."

"Oh, I would love that. Thank you," I say with a smile.

Lowering his eyes onto the papers in front of him, he nods. "Perfect. Usually, it would be a task of the Luna, but as she is keeping us waiting... I think everyone will be happy about the future Beta female taking part."

Finally, a small smile appears on his lips, but it is far from the one that I wanted to see. "And I am very happy that I can do that. I'll make everyone proud. By the moment the Luna arrives, I will be able to introduce her to everything. I was trained accordingly, you know."

"I never doubted that," he chuckles lightly, its sound troubling me as much as the thought about his Luna.

'See, told you. Discard the mutts.' Cassy snarls once again. And I shake myself as if wanting to free myself from her and the painful thoughts.

"I hope Fynn didn't ruin your happy spirit. You are precious to us and I hope that you'll see that a bit more clearly every day." Cayden tears me out of my thoughts and even if his words are warm, his expression turns back to being gloomy.

My heart makes a little flip in my chest, and I fight to hold my smile upright. I would like to tell him that I want to go home until they have figured everything out, but I guess I will be missing everyone here as well. I don't belong back home anymore, and I have to do my best to be happy here. "Don't worry. You are all so lovely to me, I could never be in a bad mood around here."

The atmosphere, which even before wasn't the best, now seems to lie heavy on my shoulders.

Cayden looks like wanting to say something else to me, but whatever it might be, it loses the fight against his serious demeanour.

Suddenly, he acts all busy and I take the hint that it is my time to go. Standing up, I thank him and get another sad smile in return.

As I leave the office, and close the door silently behind me, I am ready to have a hearty breakfast... Even if lunch would fit better, seeing how long all this kerfuffle took.

Descending the stairs leisurely, I pass Matthew's quarters, finding the door ajar.

After having looked around, as if I was doing something forbidden, I bite my bottom lip and finally decide to go inside.

I find him in a room on the right, and actually, it is a wonder that I'm able to utter something without sounding like an idiot.

"Didn't you want to have breakfast?"

#### Chapter 45 Artemisia

Matthew is working on a sculpture. His stained clothes make him look like he escaped some secret fantasy of mine. I stare drooling a bit too long before his chuckle gets me to finally force out something.

"Didn't you want to have breakfast?" I ask as he rubs his hands clean with a rug.

"I'm not that hungry," He answers with a grimace, making me feel guilty.

Something about our interaction feels strange, and I cross my arms wanting to scold him playfully to loosen up the situation. "That isn't healthy. A wolf like you not being hungry is quite a bad sign."

He answers my snicker with a tired smile and steps closer without touching me, which just intensifies my feeling about something being wrong.

As he doesn't say anything, I clear my voice and try not to crumble under his intense gaze. "So, this is your hobby?"

"Yeah, helps me unwind. I guess that Logan is at the gym and Fynn is doing something aggressively right now." He laughs, even if I don't think that he finds it that funny.

Smiling up at him, I push down the urge to just turn around and leave. "It's nice. And if it helps you, even better."

"Ah, I love it," he says dreamily, looking up at the statue he is working on. "Even if they made fun of me because of it."

"Your brothers are idiots. They knew exactly that if you told anyone, you would have gotten all the girls," I say, wanting to cheer him up.

He shakes his head while lowering it, "Wouldn't have mattered anyway because I wanted to wait for my mate at any cost."

"Aw, Matthew." Letting my arms slump, I take a step closer to him but refrain from touching him as his posture keeps me from doing it. "I'm sorry they interrupted us."

Tsking, he throws his rug onto a table. "I'm just tired of Fynn fucking everything up, and us having to bear with it. It's already a pain having to share a mate that is destined for you with egoistic pricks, but Fynn always manages to take everything to the next level."

"I'm so sorry! I promise that I won't ever have them have more of my time than you." I say, desperation expanding in my chest. "It's not easy for me as well... But we can make it work."

He grimaces as he shakes his head. "It's not you that has to apologise. I'm sorry if I made you feel like you should."

"It's alright," I smile up at him, finally getting one back.

I'm just about to say something else as he sighs, "Maybe you should go, Missy."

Fighting hard to not let my smile fall, I try to ignore the fact that he didn't call me Love or another pet name he had used for me the last few days. "Don't you want to eat breakfast with me? We could have them bring it up here, so we could spend some more time together."

"I don't think that this is a good idea," he sighs, and I could swear that I can see the pain of it written all over his face.

Getting a little push by the thought, I finally reach out to lay my hands on his toned sides, a light shiver passing through me. "Come on, Matt. It's just breakfast."

Instead of wrapping his arms around me, he grabs my wrists and forces me to let go of him. "Missy, please."

"Sorry, I... I understand. I'll go." I whisper, my heart getting another painful stab.

With a last smile, I free my wrists that he is still clutching, turn around, and walk out of his quarters as fast as I can without running like an idiot.

I sense him moving behind me and I guess he would have wanted to say something but, in the end, decides to keep it to himself.

As I continue to walk through the pack house, instead of running back to my rooms like I would want to, I pass the gym and through the glass doors can see that Logan is indeed working out.

And he doesn't look happy.

Concentrated, sweaty, and incredibly hot, but not happy.

With a deep sigh, I decide to not push my luck, and continue to walk down the hallways.

Finally reaching the dining hall, I find it completely empty, which doesn't surprise me at all.

As I start rumbling through the fridges and the cupboards, my hunger increases, even if I don't know what I should eat.

Looks like the fact I was blocked from getting my release as well, got me starving.

Must be my desperation.

I'm practically immersed in my task as I'm leaning into a huge cabinet as someone next to me clears her throat, making me hit my head on a shelf board.

"Ouch," I retreat carefully out of the cabinet and keep myself from rolling my eyes instinctively as I see Daisy glaring at me. "Oh, hello, Daisy. Do you want something to eat as well?"

"What are you doing?" She asks in an incredibly high-pitched voice.

Oh, come on. Why can't I just catch a break?

Indecisive about what I might have done wrong, I look around helplessly. "I'm fetching myself breakfast. What does it look like?"

"Breakfast was hours ago. You really have to watch your routines, and stick to the schedules that I gave you." She breathes out the air out of her nose, making me fear for myself for a minute.

"Oh, sorry about that. But in this case, you have to pick that up with my mates, and tell them they should reduce their morning activity to make me eat on time. Would you do that for me, Daisy dear?" I flash her a smile while she blushes terribly.

I know that I am in no position to say something like that, but I'm so hungry, and I should be allowed to eat when I feel like it.

She starts stuttering terribly as she tries to maintain her countenance. "Well, They... You... It is important also for the future of your pups. That will be more difficult to adjust to if we are not keeping you in check from the start."

"Keep me in check?" I ask and she lowers her gaze.

And, oh, my Goddess... Pups?!

As I blush myself at the thought, it gives her time to regain her usual self.

Shaking herself, she loses her cute blush and her stutter. "Also, it doesn't suit the Beta Female to rummage through the cupboards."

"Ah, I don't need to be served, Daisy. I can do everything on my own." I groan, pushing her hands off me as she tries to pull me away from the cupboards. "Also, you can concentrate all of this energy on the future Luna. She will definitely be more important than me."

I'm still giggling as she turns pale and starts opening and closing her mouth like a fish out of water.

"Is everything alright, Daisy?" I ask and as soon as I have asked her, she falls into herself.

I get closer as she seems to be babbling under her breath and as soon as I'm close enough, she lifts her face to look at me with big eyes. "We will never have a Luna."

Her whisper has goosebumps rising on my skin, and I jerk back.

Just as I'm about to ask her what she meant, the door to the dining hall gets swung open, and Logan appears in the door.

He stands there looking at us with an angered expression, his muscular chest and abs on display as he isn't wearing a shirt. I get distracted shortly by a few sweat pearls that are still glistening on his body as he growls. "Daisy!"

Daisy skyrockets out of her hunched position and runs out of the kitchen. "I'll get the cooks."

"No! Daisy." I shout after her but she doesn't listen to me.

Logan follows her with a disgusted expression before he clicks his tongue. And with a last frown towards me, he gets back out of the door.

Just what the hell is happening!?!

## Chapter 46 Artemisia

Getting through the day without having my mates talking to me, and Daisy wanting to make sure I ate right, was an absolute nightmare.

I still don't know how I managed to get through it as I finally got the plan from Cayden for today's activities and had an excuse to shake off Daisy before going into my quarters all by myself.

I got into bed and drank the herbal tea Daisy had made me while I went through the files. It was already way after midnight when I heard a strange noise coming from the terrace. Rubbing my aching eyes, I thought I must have imagined it but as I heard it again I had to check it out.

Getting out of bed carefully, I walked towards the terrace slowly, scanning the space outside with my eyes.

My heart was already hammering in my chest as I made sure that no one was outside, and that, in fact, I could not make out where the noise came from.

It was way too dark to be able to see everything clearly, especially since Cassy was striking even more than before, now even denying me the bit of enhanced senses I usually got through her.

I was just about to lock the door to the terrace as I halted in my movements. Biting my bottom lip, I caressed the goosebumps on my arms that grew triggered by the strange feeling of being watched.

After another set of heartbeats, I opened the terrace doors fully and settled back into bed.

I laid away the file and turned off the lights before burying myself under the blankets.

At first, I thought about having lost my mind completely, but I couldn't even end the thought properly as his mouth-watering scent invaded my room.

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Taking a deep breath, I reopen my eyes. I let them dance over the passing landscape while I lean back against the seat of Cayden's limousine.

He is immersed in his documents but suddenly, he sighs deeply. "Are you alright?"

"A bit nervous, but perfectly alright, thank you."

Lifting his gaze to me, he frowns. "That's not what I meant. Is there something you want to tell me?"

I shake my head, feigning ignorance but I guess my increasing heartbeat blows my cover. "I don't know what you mean."

"Was Fynn in your room last night? Did he threaten you not to say anything?" he asks me, and I gulp.

"No. No. I didn't see him," I answer, practically not lying as I had just smelled him.

"Hmm..." he examines my face suspiciously, narrowing his eyes.

It seems like ages as I try not to crumble under his proofing gaze. "I'm not the type to be threatened into silence easily. I would tell you."

The light bumping of the car that drives up the gateway of the colourful mansion, gets him to divert his attention to the outside and I breathe out relieved. "Very well then. Are you ready?"

"Ready," I confirm, and as soon as we step out of the car, a small crowd of pups is already running towards us.

Their little voices mingle into a confused choir as they welcome us.

"Oh, my goodness, aren't you the cutest. Hello, everyone," I say, trying to overpower their happy giggles.

"Hello, Missy," the little pups shout back in unison, making me lay my hands on my chest.

I look at Cayden with big eyes, as I whisper. "They know my name."

"Of course they do," he chuckles. "They were waiting for you."

"Aaaw," I am still staring at the little girls and boys in awe as two teachers finally catch up with the little rascals.

"Where are your manners, everyone? We want to greet the Alpha as well," a lady with grey hair and a nice smile says.

The children immediately start addressing Cayden, greeting him in unison, and he laughs, making my heart bloom.

'I could listen to him laughing forever,' Cassy purrs, and I blush as she practically speaks my thoughts out loud.

‘Shut up, Cassy,’ I scold her, forcing up a smile to take the teacher’s hand.

“Hi, I’m Missy. Thank you for having us.”

“Oh, the pleasure is all ours, Missy,” the elder teacher says in a melodic voice. “I’m Astrid, I’m the director of our little daycare, and this is Celeste. She is the main teacher as she works full-time, but we have other teachers that help out periodically.”

“That is wonderful,” I gloat, shaking hands with Celeste who, with her fair hair and blue eyes, certainly fits her name. “So nice to meet you, Celeste.”

“It is all my pleasure, Missy,” she shakes my hand nervously and her voice is as celestial as her appearance.

“I’ll leave her in your care if that’s alright with you,” Cayden says with a smile before turning to me. “Will you be alright?”

“Sure! How can I not be after such a warm welcome,” I answer happily while Astrid is already assuring him that they will take good care of me.

I do my best to hide my shocked expression as Cayden kisses my cheek and, with a short goodbye to the teachers, gets back into the limousine.

We stand there for a bit with the kids and wave goodbye before Astrid claps her hands. “Okay, everyone. Let’s show Missy our beautiful house, shall we?”

A cheering goes through the small crowd and they take off to run back to the daycare house.

We walk back leisurely, and I listen to Astrid attentively as he explains the organisation of the centre to me. She goes through the names of the teachers, and how they are happy to have me on board.

This reminds me to ask Lisa about what Daisy said yesterday. I’m well aware of the fact that a Beta Female would help out with the tasks on pack lands until a Luna is found, but her words triggered my anxiety badly.

I shake myself to concentrate back on Astrid who is already telling me about the routines of the kids.

They usually start coming to the daycare at three or four years old, so they can start learning simple facts about the pack and being part of a pack and they usually stay until they are enrolled into school at five or six years old.

She informs me that depending on the mating season, they have approximately 30 to 50 pups in the classes, and I have to chuckle to myself as it seems like a lot of pups to me.

But it is a big pack.

We are just about to reach the main entrance which is coloured in yellow, as I see a little girl on the swings all by herself. Now that I think of it, I didn't see her welcoming us with the other kids. She seems to be sad, as she is swinging all alone.

"Oh, this is Emma. She lost her mother a few months ago. She stopped talking as it happened, and we need to be a bit more careful with her. Don't be sad about her not welcoming you properly, she is a bit shy." Astrid explains lowly as she follows my gaze.

I nod, flashing her a sad smile. "Sure. No offence taken, honestly."

"If you want, you can try to invite her in. Celeste, maybe you can go with her?" Astrid says and we start walking towards the little girl.

"Hey, Emma," I call her as I crouch down to her. She looks at me with her big green eyes as she examines me thoroughly. "I'm Missy. Would you like to come in with us? Maybe we could do a puzzle after you all have shown me the house?"

My heart breaks for her, and I'm sure that she will leave me hanging as she just stares at me without showing any reaction at all.

Suddenly, she leans forward slightly and sniffs at me, before her eyes light up. She nods and jumps off the swings before she takes my hand and starts dragging me into the house with the other

children.

"Look at that. She likes you already." Celeste squeals excitedly, and I have a bad feeling about it. Even if I can't explain what it is.

Okay, then. Let's do some Luna work.

## Chapter 47 ARTEMISIA

The pups are all awfully cute.

But also awfully exhausting.

I get to experience their energy firsthand as after dragging me through the house to see all the rooms and after getting shown all the appliances, I get invited to play different games.

Fun, fun.

But so exhausting.

At least now I know that whenever someone bumped their head and woke up without any recollection of daily life, they could come here and learn everything about kitchens and bathrooms.

And games.

Astrid and Celeste must be saints as they go through everything perfectly patiently. But even with all the children scurrying around, hyped up about their high visit, they find the time to fuss about Emma's affection towards me.

She turned into a velcro pup, and I had to take her up as she wouldn't let me go, also, she would seem totally lost as the other children kept casting her aside to come close to me, and she couldn't defend herself.

Poor thing.

As soon as I had her in my arms, she kept herself busy by playing with my hair, and as the children gathered in the playroom, I was glad to get her into the games as well, even if it meant dragging her with me.

We are sitting on a bench by the playground behind the house, clasping hot cups with deliciously smelling coffee as the children climb and run around.

Their happy screams make me smile and I sigh deeply.

"You are a natural. Did you work with pups in your old pack?" Astrid asks me as I take a sip.

"Oh, thank you, but no. I don't think I would ever have the right nerves for it. I mean, I love being here, but I'm a disaster. I'm sorry you have to put up with me because of my rank. I'll do my best to improve," I laugh, making them giggle as well.

"They are a lot even for us, but it gets better, I promise. They already love you, and the fact that Emma was already so clingy towards you shows how you are indeed made for this. And we saw how much you did your best. This has nothing to do with ranks. If you weren't for us, I would tell Alpha Blackwood immediately."

I chuckle, my gaze finding little Emma sitting all alone on a swing again. "I appreciate that. Thank you, Astrid."

"And seeing that you have triplets in the family, it will be good for you to train handling a lot of pups," Celeste says smugly.

I gasp as they laugh, making me shake my head. "Oh, my Goddess. You didn't actually say that."

They are already back making jokes as I look over to Emma again, my heart breaks at seeing her so alone.

Shifting in my seat, I bite the inside of my cheek. "Would you excuse me for a moment?"

"Sure," they say in unison, looking at me questioningly for a second.

Setting my cup down, I walk over towards Emma and hold the chains of her swing as I lean over her. "Do you want me to push you on the swing, Emma?"

Emma looks like I startled her as she looks up at me with big eyes. She seems to think about it for a second before she nods repeatedly and shifts in her seat to sit on the swing properly.

"Okay then, hold on tight," I announce to her as I start pushing her on the swing.

Soon enough, other kids want to be pushed as well, and I find myself giggling while organising turns.

Just as I'm about to get a little breakdown as coordination gets more and more difficult, Astrid is once again my saving bell as she announces that it is time for a walk.

Oh, my Goddess.

I already see myself running after escaping pups, and I realise that with my heeled boots, I am definitely not equipped for such an adventure.

But my panic attack is for nothing as, after dressing the children for the little excursion, I can witness them forming a line and holding hands.

Oh, they are so cute. I'm going to die.

Emma is fast to run to my side and takes my hand confidently. I giggle, caressing her hair as we start walking around the pack lands leisurely.

The children are chatting happily, and Astrid as well as Celeste can show me where some places are situated and explain to me some more about the pack lands. They seem to be so vast that I learn more every day.

I'm just about listening to Astrid telling me about a beautiful venue on a small hill, where they usually arrange the annual ball and other festivities, as the children stop and start shouting excitedly.

It takes me a few shouts before I get what they are screaming, also because I move my head instinctively to where they are pointing their little fingers.

“Horses.”

A few horses are standing on a field near the river, looking like they are taking a break with their riders.

My heart can't skip a beat fast enough as I feel Emma breaking free, and it gets to flip for all another reason.

“Emma, wait. Be careful!” I shout as I run after her, her little legs not making it particularly difficult to keep up with her.

I guess that she will just see the horses from up close and maybe caress them, but I halt in my tracks as I get the confirmation of my bad feeling, and the answer to the question of why she was feeling so comfortable so quickly around me, as I see her running past the horses.

And right into Fynn's arms.

“Careful, little one,” he scolds her lovingly as he picks her up into his arms.

I scratch my neck as I turn around to see that Astrid and Celeste are coming towards us too with the other children but they are still too far away.

“Are you angering Missy?” He jokes with the child as she giggles in his arms.

Stepping forward, I shake my head. “She isn't angering me. She just wanted to play, right Emma?”

My eyes widen as the little girl plays with her hair and starts whispering something unintelligible to me. Fynn chuckles as she beams up at him, apparently not shocked about the fact that she just talked to him. “Is that so?”

“Oh, my Goddess. Did she just talk?” I ask, stunned by the fact but he narrows his eyes at me, checking on the teachers approaching.

“Don't tell them. They would just make her feel uncomfortable,” he answers just in time for Astrid to reach us.

“Hello, Fynn. Sorry for the trouble.” She says apologetically, but he just makes Emma jump up on his arm, getting her to giggle as he flashes his most gorgeous smile. “No worries, Astrid. We were taking a break anyway.”

“Well, time to go.” She holds her hands out and Emma, after distorting her face cutely, gets into her teacher's arms.

They have already walked a few steps away, the children still looking at the horses mesmerised, as I gather all my courage to face Fynn again.

He is already looking at me, making my heart flip, even if it's not the nicest look I could expect from a mate.

“What did she say?” I ask, taking a step towards him but he shakes his head.

“It's a secret,” he answers with a mocking grin, making me groan.

“Argh, come on. I had a tough day... Did I do something wrong?” I try again, but he just chuckles.

“Okay. Well then, see you... whenever.” I sigh, as I turn around, waving at Celeste who is already calling for me.

I have barely made two steps as I sense him moving. Before I can realise what he is doing, I feel him wrap his arm around me to pull me close and press his lips against my ear.

My breath hitches in my throat as his mouth-watering scent envelops me fully, not helping me to blend out his toned body pressing against mine as he whispers huskily,

“She has nice hair. I like her.”

## Chapter 48 ARTEMISIA

“It's lovely to see that you are getting along again.”

I've just stumbled back onto the gravel path after tearing myself out of his arms with the last resolve I could find, as Celeste comments on our encounter happily.

I don't want to let the rumour spread about how fucked up it really is, so I just force a smile. “Thank you. He is a good mate, I hate that we left such a bad impression on the pack as a couple.”

“Oh, you don't have to worry about this. We were all glad he met his match.” She giggles cutely as she adds, “You are both so hot-blooded, it must be really nice.”

She blushes, making me look at her incredulously.

It's always the quiet ones, isn't it?!

“Erm... It is, to be honest,” I agree with her, making her giggle.

Oh, Goddess.

My heart gets a little blow at my thought that it is all a lie, and that I would actually like to have a drama-free relationship with him.

As I sigh, my gaze falls on Astrid walking in front of the pups, and Emma sleeping in her arms.

“Can I ask you something?” I ask Celeste, lowering my voice slightly.

“Sure,” she answers, nodding happily.

Taking a deep breath, I decide to just go with it, as I probably wouldn't get the answer elsewhere. “Why is Emma so affectionate towards Fynn? Is there any reason why she is so comfortable around him? I guess that she was so affectionate towards me so quickly because she smelled his scent on me.”

“Ah, that's...” She starts, stopping abruptly as she has her gaze fixated in front of her.

A lump forms in my throat and suddenly, I'm not sure that I want to hear the answer to it.

My thoughts start running wildly, wanting to tell her that she should forget what I said, but I keep my mouth closed.

Because it doesn't matter how much more my heart will break, I have to know.

“Emma was kidnapped with her mother and held hostage in another pack territory for days. Her mother was wolfless, so it took the Alpha and his men days to find them. When they finally did, he wanted to do everything the right way, and instead of just crossing the borders and risking a war between packs, he appealed to the Alpha on the other territory and relied on him to take action. But he seemed to just want to waste time, and Alpha Blackwood couldn't prove it well enough in order to attack them without getting penalised by the council. So, he had to wait as well. Fynn had already been stripped of his Beta title back then, and he said that he didn't have anything to lose.”

She sighs, still avoiding my gaze, and I'm actually glad about it as she would just see my shocked expression.

I'm sorry... What?!, the little voice inside my head screams while Cassy snickers.

‘What a loser.’

“What did he do?” I ask feebly, my voice barely audible.

A small smile appears on her lips as she continues with her tale, answering my question. "He crossed the borders. Took down a few guarding posts, and got Emma out of the enemy's territory."

"Oh, my Goddess!" I breathe out, putting a hand on my chest.

"He returned with her, but also brought back the bad news about her mother already being gone... Apparently, they had tortured her to death, and also poor little Emma was already covered in scars."

She puts a hand on her lips, taking a deep breath while her eyes well up with tears.

"Why do such a thing?" I ask, being totally appalled.

"From the rumours that I heard, they wanted to kidnap pack members to weaken the Alpha, and they started with her because they knew she was wolfless, and would have been easy to start with."

"I can't believe this. Who did this?"

She just shrugs, shaking her head. "The Alpha never disclosed this information to prevent what Fynn then did, and kept it secret until now to keep pack members and Emma's father from taking revenge."

Shaking my head, I feel like a tentacle wrapping around my heart. "This is just awful."

She nods, agreeing with me before we fall silent.

The gravel crunches underneath our shoes, and I listen to the little children blabbering happily as we continue to walk along the river.

"To answer your question... She must have felt safe with him as he held her close as he ran back bringing her home. In the beginning, it was hard for any other to get through to her. But he got her to

eat and made sure she took her medicine. So, I really believe you when you say that he is a good mate, I don't care what all the others say."

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It seems like ages have passed as we finally return to the daycare, and I am exhausted to no extent.

"Maybe I can ask Fynn if he would let the pups visit the stables one of these days. Like for a little excursion," I say as I'm saying goodbye to Astrid and Celeste.

I have already gone through a round of goodbyes, cuddles, and smooches from the pups, and my heart nearly couldn't take it to leave them all back there.

I even got a hug from Emma, who smiled brightly as I wrapped my coloured foulard around her neck, hoping it would have enough of Fynn's scent still clinging to it to make her happy.

"That would be awesome! Thank you, Missy."

Waving at them, I start walking back to the pack house after rejecting them to call a driver.

I really need some time to myself, and a walk is the best way to go.

After about half an hour of walking through colourful fields of flowers and stone paths next to the calming sounds of the river, and passing pack members taking a stroll who greet me lovingly, making me feel guilty about not knowing them, I reach a junction.

Instead of proceeding right ahead to reach the pack house, I decide to turn left and go into town.

Texting Cayden to inform him that I would dine in town, and text Lisa to ask if she would like to go out.

I'm surprised as she responds right away, telling me that she would reach me for dinner in town.

I would never have thought she would be free so spontaneously, and I feel happy as it seems as if I have been welcomed to the pack through and through by everyone.

We will just ignore the idiot.

Sitting in a little bistro, I order a chai tea latte from a waitress who seems to be overly excited about having me.

I sip on the deliciously steamy beverage while watching the people on the busy town square.

Lisa joins me just a few minutes later as she apparently lives just around the corner. I feel a bit nervous as I want to ask her about what Daisy told me.

But in the end, we just keep babbling about random stuff and I totally forget to address it. Even if my mates are acting strangely, I feel like I'm slowly coming home.

I can do it, I encourage myself. I just have to focus on all the love I get.

As I finally arrive home after we lost time and got kicked out by the owner of the bistro - even if I think that he had us sitting around longer as he would have usually closed before he came to us with an apologetic expression - I am ready to go to bed happily.

I am actually convinced that it was a good thing I didn't ask about Daisy's strange words, as what Celeste told me is already a lot to stomach.

I'm already climbing the first set of stairs as a growl makes me halt in my tracks.

"Where the fuck have you been?"

## Chapter 49 ARTEMISIA

"Where the fuck have you been?" Logan glares at me from the top of the stairs.

I scoff, forcing a smile as I walk up to him. "Good evening to you too, Logan."

He exhales through his nose while he frowns. "Where have you been so long? You were supposed to finish with the pups about 5 hours ago."

Getting hold of his wrist as he looks at his watch, I turn into his arm to lean against him and look at it as well. "Is it so late already?"

"Missy..." he reprimands me, but I can feel how he is breathing me in.

Grinning up at him, I let my eyes move down onto his lips before looking back up into his darkened eyes. "I went out to have dinner with Lisa."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asks, acting like having me this close wouldn't bother him.

"I wrote Cayden a text, didn't he tell you?" I ask him, pouting theatrically.

He growls, grimacing. "Of course he told me! But why do I have to find out by a messenger and not directly by my mate?"

"Sorry," I say, turning back around to lay my hand on his chest. "I thought you and Matt were angry at me, so I didn't want to bother you two."

"I'm not angry at you, and you are not bothering me," he leans in, kissing my cheek. "We just have to sit this one out, and I promise that it will be all alright soon."

"You still have to tell me what the thing is that we are sitting out," I say, my eyes glued on my hand. "Why is everybody around me informed except for me? I get filled in by random pack members instead of my mates."

Logan grabs my chin gently, steering me to look back up at him. "This is a bit more complicated, and it's Fynn's job to tell you. Don't think that we aren't kicking his stupid ass daily to finally talk to you. I'm the first who wants to finally spend my time with you without all this drama. Give him time, and we will finally be able to talk about the marking ceremony."

"That would be nice." I nod, moving my fingers over the fabric of his shirt. "And I will inform you as well in the future, please forgive me."

"Already forgiven," he says, finally flashing me a smile.

Wrapping his arms around me, he hugs me against his frame and I lean my head onto his chest, sighing happily. The light chuckle vibrating from him makes me smile. It would be the ideal moment to talk about my wolf, but as I predict his reaction to be closer to Fynn's than to Matthew's, I find myself being scared of him finding out.

"Would you mind having me sleep at your place?" I ask in a whisper, making him groan.

"I don't think that is a good idea, Missy," he answers, kissing the top of my head.

After what happened today, I don't want to stay in my room tonight, and I really don't want to move out of his embrace. "Oh, come on. I'll be good. Pretty please."

He laughs as I look up at him with puppy dog eyes and presses a featherlight kiss on my nose. "I'll get in trouble, babe. They would kill me if they found out."

"Let's not tell them then," I suggest with a grin, and he shakes his head.

Looking around pensively, he wets his lips with his tongue. "You are going to be the death of me."

"Yes! I'll hurry up to get my jam-jams." I laugh as I kiss his cheek and tear myself out of his arms.

He only lets go of me reluctantly and frowns at me. "Nothing too sexy, Missy."

"I just used the word jam-jams, Logan," I answer in a condescending tone before I run up to my bedroom.

Hurrying through my bedroom and bath, I collect everything that I would need for the night before I run back down to Logan's quarters.

I knock swiftly before I let myself in.

"Ooh." Staring around mesmerised, I clasp my things to my chest.

Other than Matthew's rooms, Logan's are painted in a dark grey while the interiors are in different shades of black. It really suits him, and I stare in awe as I reach him standing in the kitchen.

He is about to open a bottle of wine with a sly grin, making me chuckle. "Isn't it too late for that?"

"Do you have a lot of things to do tomorrow morning?" he asks smugly, and I purse my lips while shaking my head. "Then it'll be alright."

I lift my nightwear into the air. "I'll set them down real quick."

"Sure, make yourself at home," he says, making my heart bloom.

Stepping into the bedroom, my heart skips a beat. I set down my clothes on the gigantic bed, throning on a heightened platform with incorporated steps.

He really is all the opposite of Matthew.

I jump down the last step with a giggle and go into the en-suite bathroom to put down my small beauty bag.

Gasping, I stay frozen in the bathroom, staring in awe at the dark-tiled room with the huge walk-in rain shower.

My rooms are super cosy, but Logan's are so elegant that they make me feel like I never want to leave again.

The worst thing about this is that I promised to be good, and my thoughts are already flooding with indecent pictures of us showering together in the morning.

Tearing myself out of my day-dream, I walk out of the bedroom to reach Logan who is already waiting for me on the terrace with a sly grin.

Oh, he knows.

"Took you quite a while, mate," he mocks me as I take the wine glass he is offering me. "Did you see something you liked?"

"Ah, sorry. I was just snooping around," I say lowly, avoiding his gaze to hide my blushing.

He laughs as we sit into the lounge, and he pulls me close, moving my legs to lay over his.

Taking a sip from my glass, I let my gaze wander over the landscape. "The view is amazing!"

"Hm-mhm," he hums, and I turn my head to find him already looking at me.

"Mine is amazing as well, but you see the river and the little hills. Now that they are bathed in moonlight it looks like a painting," I gush, and he smiles.

"You can come over to look at it whenever you like to!" he offers me, and I lean my head onto his shoulder.

"Thank you," I smile, sighing.

We fall into a comfortable silence while we sip our wine.

"Have you told your family about us?" Logan asks, disrupting the silence.

Shaking my head, I look up at him and he clicks his tongue. "Are you so embarrassed about us?"

"Not at all!" I protest, making him smile at me. "But I wanted to wait for things to be more... official."

He caresses a strand of hair out of my face, and I lean into his touch. "Understandable."

"My family is a bit overprotective, especially my brothers. And I don't want them to worry."

"Sure, especially seeing the rumours about us circulating." His voice gets lower as we lose ourselves in each other's eyes.

My heart flips in my chest as he pulls me even closer and I barely nod as a response as he drives his hand into my hair.

"Well, you did your part to have them circulating, though," I whisper, making him chuckle.

Leaning in, his lips are now just millimetres away from mine.

I gulp in anticipation as he continues to hover over my lips teasingly. "We might have been playing around with you folks a bit as it was fun to mess with you while you were running your mouths."

"I can't believe you!" I can't keep myself from laughing, and he grins.

"What do you think about us now?" he asks, his lips grazing mine.

Closing my eyes, I sigh as my mind risks going crazy at his teasing. "I still think that you are acting entitled..."

"Are we?"

I nod repeatedly while his grin grows.

"And strong..."

He hums as he moves his lips over mine again.

"And dangerous..."

His hand moves up my thigh, pushing my skirt up as he tilts his head.

"And absolutely, addictingly hot," I whisper, making him growl.

I shift in my seat as he grabs the back of my thigh, and bites into my bottom lip. A mewl escapes my throat, making him release my lip from his teeth.

"You surely are risking a lot, telling me all those things, Missy," he whispers huskily, making my core throb.

My eyes wander from his lips to his eyes, my heart skipping a beat at meeting his intense gaze. "Show me!"

His lips stretch into a broad sly grin, and I realise that I might have pushed my luck too far.

## Chapter 50 ARTEMISIA

By the moment his lips finally claim mine, I become his hostage fully.

He pulls me down onto the lounge sofa and shifts to have me lying beneath him.

I moan against his lips as he moves his leg between mine and his knee further up, making me spread them for him.

Oh, Goddess.

Our glasses shatter on the floor, making me jump but he holds me down, without breaking the kiss once.

"Forget it. We can clean it all up tomorrow." he snarls against my lips.

I hum again, agreeing with him, and he starts unbuttoning my blouse.

He is just about to open it for him, as I clasp it close. "Not here," I breathe out, my thoughts wandering toward someone who could be watching us.

"Yes, you are right!" He nods, agreeing with me.

Getting up, he lifts me into his arms, making me giggle.

As we reach his bedroom, he closes the door behind him before he climbs the stairs, throwing me on his bed.

He is on me in the blink of an eye, and I laugh as he kisses me, making me sink into the comfortable bed.

"See, told you it was a bad idea," he grins, ripping my blouse open, and starts kissing my throat down to reach my breasts.

Caressing the laced material of my bra, he pulls the cups down, making my breast spill free. He captures my hardened nipple with his teeth immediately, and I moan, driving my hands through his hair to hug him closer.

He opens the zip to my skirt, while remaining connected to my breasts and slips it off together with my panties after having slipped my boots off me.

Getting onto his knees, he spreads my legs perfectly for him, and I gasp audibly as he pushes a finger into me.

"Oh, my..." I moan, clasping my pillow.

He growls approvingly as he moves his fingers in and out of me slowly as if he wanted to inspect me. "Looks like you want something pretty badly, babe."

I moan as he moves his fingers up to my pulsating clit, distributing my juices.

Leaning over, he continues to fingerfuck me slowly while I try not to lose my mind.

"What a pity that I am not allowed to fuck you," he whispers, making my skin sizzle.

Adding another finger, he makes me arch my back off the mattress, increasing the pressure of the penetration. "Fuck. Yes!"

My screams fill the room as he thrusts into me increasingly hard. Moving his thumb through my wet folds, he shifts to lift my left leg with his hip as he hits my clit with his thumb every time he sinks into me.

The air gets knocked out of my lungs as he keeps his rhythm until I beg him to give me more and he increases his thrusts, making me come undone in seconds.

As I stretch myself, enjoying the afterwaves of my orgasm, I feel him work his way up, trailing my skin with kisses.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to be good?” he says jokingly, making me laugh.

Wetting my lips, I turn my head to look at him as he props himself up on his elbows, careful not to crush me. “It’s all your fault. You started it.”

“Smartass,” he chuckles, kissing me.

“Why don’t you teach me a lesson, then?” I provoke him, making him groan.

Kissing my cheek, and further down to my neck, he speaks against my skin, his deep voice vibrating through me, making me shudder. “It would be better if we stop here. It is already too much what we are doing now. I’m sure that they will make me pay for it.”

“Make it worth it, then.” He looks back up at me, making me lose myself in his eyes. “Fuck me.”

He growls, closing his eyes as he is surely fighting his wolf to take control and act upon his instincts.

“You can’t even imagine how much I would want to, beautiful. But we can’t,” he clenches and unclenches his jaw, and I bite my bottom lip. “And I really can’t risk marking you without the others.”

I roll my eyes and sit up. “Argh, you and your brotherly loyalty.”

He chuckles and I push against his chest gently, making him step from the bed with a confused expression.

I love how he lets me steer him as I would never have the strength to make him do anything.

While still on my knees, I start unbuttoning his pants and pull down his boxer briefs. His eyes darken, silver and blue flecks twirling faster in his irises as he seems to fight the urge to claim me here and now.

He closes his eyes, enjoying my strokes as I move my hand up and down along his rock-hard dick.

I try to ignore the wetness pooling between my legs at the thought of how it would feel to have his fantastically huge cock fucking me raw.

Wrapping his hand around my throat, he gets me to lie down on my back, and I move up to have my head hang off the side of the bed. I continue to stroke his shaft while taking the tip of his dick into my mouth.

“Fuck,” he growls as I take him deeper, clawing onto his sides to guide his movements.

Slowly, he leans forward, his groans making my nerves buzz as he fucks my mouth. He has his hand still wrapped around my throat while the other explores my body. My muffled screams mix with his groans as he massages my breast before he moves down to my clit.

I sink my nails into his toned ass, feeling his grip tighten as my orgasm ripples through me.

“Artemisia,” he breathes out, the sound of my name falling from his lips making a shiver run up my spine. “Baby, I’m going to cum.”

He moves back, wanting to free himself, but I gulp, taking him even deeper.

“Goddess, beautiful!” he groans, as he empties himself into my throat, making me swallow him as I suck him dry.

He follows me with hungry eyes as I sit up, licking my lips with a smile.

“Fucking perfect,” he growls as he grabs my chin to pull me close and kiss me.