

# **When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 51 – 60**

## **Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 51**

Chapter 51 ARTEMISIA

“What are your plans for today?”

Logan’s smoky morning voice gets me to look up at him. He is lying on his back while I’m resting my head on his arm. “I promised Alberta to help her with the sewing work for the costumes for the summer ball to celebrate the solstice.”

“You can sew?” he asks curiously, and I shake my head with a giggle.

“Not really. But she was so excited about having me on board that I took something I could eventually manage by someone helping me out.”

He laughs as he continues to caress the hair falling on my back. “You are cute.”

“Thank you,” I scrunch my nose, blushing. “I just wanted to make a good impression as future Beta Female.”

Chuckling, he turns to me and pulls me close. “Oh, you did make the best of impressions already.”

“Stop it, Logan,” I say happily and push him away as he starts nibbling on the skin on my neck again.

He groans, laying on his back again, and watches me with a smile. “How about you move in with me?”

Pursing my lips, I don’t get to answer as he attacks me again, pushing me into the mattress. “Don’t make that face. Don’t tell me my bed isn’t comfortable enough.”

“Oh, your bed is super comfy, Logan. And I would love to move in with you. But I don’t think that your brothers would fancy that.” I sigh, caressing his arm.

Shrugging, he flashes me his canines smugly. “Maybe they would start treating you correctly if you showed them what your options are.”

“I don’t think that this would be the right way to show them my worth. It would feel like an ultimatum. That’s not a nice thing to do, Logan. It’s kind of mean.” I try to argue, but he doesn’t seem to want to get my point. “And Matthew always treated me right. He is just following the rules now.”

“Who cares? I’m the Beta anyway. My rank should get me a preference on where you should stay anyway.”

“Really?” I lift my eyebrow at him. “Do you really want your brothers to challenge you over such a stupid thing?”

He distorts his face rather cutely as he is still set on keeping me in his quarters. “You aren’t a stupid thing. And I would fight them whenever they want.”

“Oh, my Goddess. You are impossible,” I laugh, making him grin at me.

“I would do anything for you, Artemisa.” He whispers as he moves his lips closer to mine.

My breath hitches in my throat as my emotions slowly are too much for me to handle. “I appreciate it, Logan. But please don’t challenge your brothers over me. I want us to get along. We wanted to have - whatever you said it was - it settled, didn’t we?”

He nods and kisses me softly. I wrap my hands around his neck, hugging him closer, and enjoy the feeling of his warm skin on mine.

As he breaks the kiss, I squeeze his arm and scrunch up my nose. “There is something I should tell you. But I wouldn’t want to destroy this moment. Would it be okay if we could talk about it another time?”

“Sure,” he grins, pressing a featherlight kiss on my lips. “Whenever you feel ready to, babe.”

“Thank you,” I breathe out and he gets up, dragging me with him.

“Come on, now. Let’s take a shower and get ready.”

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As I’m walking up the stairs, I can’t even think of forcing myself to pay attention to my surroundings.

I hum as I pass the hallways and reach my floor which I share with the Alpha.

My mind is totally consumed by my thoughts and the memories of how I made out with Logan in the rain shower, starting my day the best way possible.

It takes my brain an awful lot of work to have me crashing down to the ground of reality as I take the last step of the wide staircase and spot a small army of Omegas scurrying in and out of my quarters with brooms and scoops.

I freeze in my spot as I watch them empty the scoops into a large bucket, the broken glasses landing in it with a shattering sound.

“Artemisia,” Cayden calls me with his usual calm voice, tearing me out of my dragging thoughts.

“What happened?” I ask as I walk towards him with teary eyes.

He opens the door to his quarters and lets me slip in under his arms. “Come, let's talk.”

Stepping into his living room, I cross my arms and turn back to look at him, without being able to admire the elegant beige interiors, mixed with dark woods. “What happened?”

“You tell me,” he counters seriously, putting his hands in his pockets. “Where were you last night?”

“I spent the night at Logan's,” I answer lowly, making him sigh exhaustedly. “I am sorry, but I begged him to let me stay with him. It wasn't his fault. With all of my mates ignoring me, I didn't want to stay alone last night.”

“And it isn't because Fynn keeps harassing you?” he asks, and I let my shoulders slump.

I open and close my mouth repeatedly while he watches me, waiting for my answer patiently. “No. I mean... Yes... No, he doesn't harass me.”

“Artemisia,” he groans, closing his eyes. “He had strict instructions that he was forbidden to get near to you if he didn't make up his mind about this problem.”

Nodding, I knead my fingers. “Yeah, and I wanted to keep him away... But nobody is talking clearly with me. I don't even know what the deal is. So, as he started showing a bit of affection, I took it happily. I mean he is my mate, for goodness's sake.”

“Why don't you sit down,” he says, his calm tone freaking me out.

“Not until you tell me what is happening,” I protest, my voice getting high-pitched.

“Artemisia, please.”

I step from one foot to the other before I sit down nervously.

He sits down next to me, pulling the sleeves of his shirt back. “There was someone who broke into your room and made quite a mess. The Omegas are taking care of it, but he wasn't happy. Maybe you and Logan came closer during the night? I know that Fynn has been feeling certain things when you feel them.”

I nod, making him mirror the movement. "I guess Matthew wouldn't notice what happened the night before until he would smell Logan's scent on you and draw his conclusions."

"Also, he isn't really the type to vandalise my property," I add with a sad tone.

Cayden nods, pursing his lips. "If you want me to find another solution, or talk with Matthew and Logan about a scheduled sleepover to make you feel safe-

"No, no. I guess it will just anger him more. And, whatever he is fighting with, he doesn't need to be pushed away even more. I'll confront him about this. He can't go on like that, but also, as a mate, I can't go on hiding from him," I say, interrupting him.

Clearing his throat, he gets back up. "I admire your courage but know that you are not alone in this. Tell me, if I can do something."

"Yes, actually... Please don't punish him. I know by the feeling in my stomach that he must already be locked up in the Dungeons, and if you could please let him out from there..." I plead as I stand up myself.

He grimaces before he opens the door for me and sighs. "Okay, but this is his last warning. I'll lock him up for a month if he doesn't start acting like a mate should."

"And I won't protest if that ever happens again," I agree, and he smiles at me.

I'm just about to walk out as he grabs my arm, pulling me back. Gasping, I'm met with his intense gaze, and for a second, I could swear that I saw golden flecks swirling around in his irises. The

second he needs to make up his mind about what he wants to tell me actually feels like an eternity, my throat turning dry as my heartbeat accelerates.

"Promise me that you will be careful. It is about his wolf, and even if you might feel safe as his mate, don't underestimate Drake."

His warning tone makes goosebumps rise on my skin and I nod slowly as he lets me go. Something in my stomach tells me that this isn't everything he wanted to tell me, but he lets me leave, without adding anything more to it.

## Chapter 52 ARTEMISIA

"Oh, dear Goddess."

I jump as Alberta shows up behind me as I am examining my ball gown, which must have been delivered to me just in time for Fynn to trash it.

So mean.

The red fabric adorned with the little gems is now just a witness of how sharp claws can be. By all the tears, and seeing that the middle is nearly cut through, it is actually remarkable how it is still hanging against my closet as one item.

She recovers herself pretty quickly as she walks into my walk-in wardrobe wearing an encouraging smile. "Nothing a pair of talented hands can't fix."

"Your optimism is golden, Alberta." I laugh, passing my fingers over the shredded fabric hanging on a cloth hanger. "Thank you."

Sighing, I shake my head as I feel like I'm trapped in some strange and unromantic adaptation of the beauty and the beast.

She lifts the pile of fabrics she is holding in her hands up into the air and her smile grows. "I brought you something."

"Perfect, work is just what I need to get myself a bit of distraction," I say, trying to match her optimistic tone.

We walk back into my living room, where two Omegas are already setting up a mini-atelier with a sewing machine and a desk for the patterns.

"This is amazing," I say while staring in awe, making the three of them giggle. "I didn't know I would get my own fancy atelier."

As I had entered my quarters after having spoken with Cayden, I actually lost all the fighting spirit I had in me and I felt just sadness.

All the decorations that they had so lovingly put up for me to make me feel at home in my new surroundings were gone. I guess that all the vases with the colourful flowers, the cups with the scented candles, and the cute little figurines had been shattered during his rampage.

My bed was totally torn apart and even the frame was cracked. Luckily, my wardrobe seems to have been only dismembered and just a few of my clothes have been torn apart.

Like the dress Matthew loved so much, by coincidence.

Asshole.

My furniture was damaged as well, even if not to the same extent as the bed.

While a great sense of desperation wafted through me, I suddenly sensed a growl rippling through my mind. First, I thought that I must have been hallucinating, also because Cassy would never be able to generate such a sound, but just a few heartbeats later, Drake's gravelly voice confirmed to me that it was real.

'I hate seeing mate sad.'

Fighting the urge to feel surprised by the fact that Fynn's wolf was enacting a guest appearance in my head without Fynn being anywhere close, I acted solely annoyed.

'How about you two stop pulling such shit off,' I groaned back, making him growl.

'I will make him beg for forgiveness,' he promised, causing my brain to fill with the amazingly enticing picture of Fynn kneeling in front of me.

I scoffed to myself, shaking my head as if wanting to get rid of the picture, and stepped out of the way as two bulky guys carried in a new sideboard. 'Don't bother. I don't want to see either one of you two.'

He growls again but doesn't say anything else afterwards.

Slowly, one piece after another started to be replaced, I rearranged my things, and soon enough nothing of Fynn's rampage was recognizable anymore.

If it wasn't for my broken heart.

I sigh, tucking my hair behind my ear before continuing to operate the sewing machine. Alberta had given everything to teach me the basics and surely has the patience of a saint.

She spent nearly all morning going through the patterns with me and showed me the different threads and needles to work the various fabrics.

But even with all the encouragement possible everything I work on just seems skew.

I should have declined.

I have no talent whatsoever for this.

And they will still gush over all of what I made and a lot of poor she-wolves will have to go to their beloved ball in the ugliest dresses and accessories ever.

I lost myself fully in the task to the extent that I actually was happy for Daisy bringing me my lunch for once as I would have totally forgotten to eat.

Pulling out the fabrics from under the needle of the machine, I exhale exhaustedly.

As I turn the cloth in my hands, I realise once more how lucky I am that someone else will be taking care of my dress.

Stretching myself, I get up and walk into my kitchen to make myself a cup of tea with the special cinnamon powder Lisa gave me.

I hum as I take the first sips and as the steam envelops my face and hands, I nearly miss his scent invading my quarters.

"I already told your wolf that you can save your breath." I sigh as Fynn appears in the door to my kitchen. "I don't want to hear any excuses, or apologies..."

He scoffs, looking at me with a mocking expression. "What in all the conversations we had until now got you thinking I came to apologise?"

"Ah, I forgot that you're that particular sort of gentleman," I squint my eyes at him, clasping my cup.

The heat of my steamy tea streams through my fingers, and I force myself to concentrate on that rather than on his flexing muscles as he steps closer.

He sniffs the air, glancing at the cup in my hands. "What is that?"

"My tea, why?" I ask back, making him distort his face.

"It smells ghastly," he comments, looking like he wants to snatch it out of my hands.

Rolling my eyes, I put it down. "I have to drink a strange herbal tea that Daisy claims to be good for me. And Lisa gave me something sweet to make it more stomachable, so it might smell a bit strange. But it isn't that bad."

"Whatever, sweetheart. We have to talk about something," he says dryly, turning to walk away.

"Talk about what?" I groan as I follow him through my quarters, and watch him stop right before my dress.

Crossing my arms, I scrunch my nose. "That was mean, by the way."

I watch him inspecting my trashed gown and ask myself if he felt just the lowest bit sorry for what he did.

"You broke the rules," he finally answers, without turning back to look at me.

"What rules? There were no rules. Just you trying to keep my mates from me!" I protest, making him click his tongue.

He turns slightly and eyes me up at me disparagingly, causing my heart to make a backflip.

“So, now we are going to sort this out,” he says ignoring me, his deep baritone sending a shiver down my spine.

His tempting lips turn into a sly grin, and I cuss myself out as he must have felt that.

Just as I’m ready to argue further, the words get stuck in my throat as the air shifts.

Matthew’s scent envelops me, even before I feel his presence behind me.

Gulping, I turn around slowly to face him, realising that Logan might have got the wrong idea about who would hear about our secret date.

## Chapter 53 ARTEMISIA

Matthew flashes me a gorgeous grin as he steps into the room and closes the door behind him.

“What is going on?” I ask, my voice not more than a loud whisper.

He shrugs while he steps closer to stand directly in front of me. “We thought we would come by to ask you how you slept. Tell me, my beautiful mate. Did you have a good night?”

“You two are impossible,” I say while shaking my head, making them chuckle. “But yes, I guess it was alright.”

Matthew lets his eyes fall onto my lips and lets them wander further down to eye up my body. I heat up automatically as I watch him taking my appearance in.

“Strip,” he says finally, tearing me out of my squirming.

I sense Fynn standing next to me and I turn my face to him, seeing him glaring at me with his jaw clenched.

“Don’t look at him,” Matthew snarls, getting me to look back at him. “I asked you to do something.”

A wave of heat wafts through me, and I smile, loving how he takes control.

Slowly, I start slipping my top off and unbuttoning my jeans to step out of them. I love how his eyes darken, and the green in his eyes glows up as I slip my bra from me. Holding it up in front of him, I let my bra fall to his feet teasingly, before I slide my panties down my legs.

He grins broadly as he comes closer, and my skin prickles, yearning for his touch.

"We will have to teach you a little lesson for sneaking into Logan's bed like this," he says, making a shiver run down my spine.

I'm about to answer something flirtatiously as a painful thought passes my mind suddenly, making me worry. As I look up to Matthew with a worried expression, seeing him looking back at me questioningly. "You didn't feel any pain because of it, right?"

"No, don't worry. I didn't feel anything," Matthew answers with a sad smile.

Before I can push out a relieved breath, it gets hitched in my throat as Fynn presses himself against my back, pressing his lips to my ear. "But I felt you. I felt how you got turned on, how you enjoyed his touch. And I felt every orgasm that rippled through you."

"Did it hurt?" I ask, gulping as I look at him over my shoulder.

He chuckles, making me feel his hard bulge by pressing it against my ass. "Not at all. Maybe my pride a little bit."

I lose myself in his intense gaze and nearly don't catch the movement of him passing Matthew something.

"Turn around," Matthew instructs me, getting my attention back to him. "Stand in front of the mirror."

Detaching myself from Fynn, my heartbeat picks up as I comply with his wishes. He follows to stand behind me and puts his hands on my hips before he drags a footstool next to us. "Put your foot up."

I blush as I realise that it means that I will expose myself totally to them.

Not that there would be anything they didn't already see.

Lowering my gaze, I put my foot up. I feel his hands moving over my body as he wraps his arms around me and hugs me closer to his front.

His hands move up, leaving sparks along my skin as he trails it from my belly to my neck. Grabbing my chin gently, he lifts my head, making me look at him through the mirror. "Don't look away, Artemisia."

My heart skips a beat as he moves his hand back down to my pussy and spreads my folds with his fingers. "Look how beautiful you are."

Oh, Goddess.

While still holding me open, he slips one of his fingers on my clit, feeling my wetness increasing.

I moan, leaning back against him, and enjoy as he massages my core awesomely. "I love how you react to my touch."

Fynn's gaze burns itself into my skin as he watches us. He steps in front of me, careful not to obstruct my or Matthew's view of our reflection. My pussy throbs painfully as he clenches his jaw, and I feel his fingers trailing my leg.

Slowly, he slips his finger between my legs, and pushes a finger into me, careful not to get in Matthew's way.

"Oh, fuck," I breathe out, enjoying Fynn moving in and out of me while Matthew continues playing with my clit.

My orgasm builds inside me and I'm about to be pushed over the edge as Fynn growls, "She is close. Right, princess?"

I don't even care about his usual mocking way of sneering my pet name as I respond with a moan. "Yes! Yes!"

"This will be enough then," Matthew whispers, stopping my pleasurable treatment instantly and at the same time as Fynn.

"No! What are you doing?" I ask, looking up at Fynn grinning at me. I don't even get enough time to be confused as Matthew spreads my folds again. Looking into the mirror, I can watch him move a small egg-shaped object down to my core. My eyes widen as he proceeds to position it onto my clit, affixing its small wings against my folds to keep it in place.

Tearing my gaze from it, I look back up to Fynn. "What is that?"

"They call it a couple's vibrator, babe," Matthew whispers, kissing my shoulder. Taking out his phone, Fynn types on it while Matthew moves his hands back up to my breasts.

I'm just about to ask something else, as the small toy starts vibrating lowly, interrupting me and every thought process I could have made.

"Oh, my Goddess!" I moan, and I grab onto Fynn's t-shirt instinctively.

He grins, stepping closer while he keeps sending impulses to the toy between my legs to increase its vibration.

I grab Matthew's arm with my other hand as he rubs himself against me, sending me in total overdrive with the toy vibrating harder and harder on my clit.

Fynn observes me intently, his eyes darkening while the red flecks take over.

Throwing my head back, I'm thankful that Matthew is holding me as I feel increasingly wobbly on my legs.

"Fuck," Fynn growls, moving to stand directly in front of me.

I meet his gaze as my orgasm surges through me, my heart flips as I see him clench his jaw, and I grip his t-shirt harder, wanting to pull him even closer.

The fact that he must feel it with me gets me on a new high and suddenly mixes with a strange feeling that must be coming from him.

It risks suffocating me as I climb down my high, but as always, Fynn doesn't give me the time to feel it out properly.

Grabbing my arm, he turns me around, pulling my back against his front.

'Mate is perfect,' I hear Drake growl happily as Fynn hovers over my neck with his lips and breathes me in.

My heart blooms in my chest at this, but the vibrations are getting too intense on my now overly- sensitive clit. "Fynn..." I breathe out, turning slightly, wanting to look at him.

"Just relax," he murmurs, making me gasp as he throws his phone onto the footstool.

I stare at Matthew wide-eyed, finding him grinning at me. "Take a deep breath. I promise that you will love it."

Before I can ask what he means, Fynn moves his hands on my ass and down the back of my thighs. I squeal as he lifts me up and spreads me towards Matthew.

Wrapping my arm around his neck, I try to stabilise myself as Matthew steps between my legs. My eyes roll to the back of my head as the sparks erupt at his fingers gliding over my skin mix with the vibrations on my clit.

I bite my bottom lip as my eyes follow his movements as he glides his fingers over my skin until he drives them up my thighs and lets go of me. He opens a small satin bag and takes out another toy.

I laugh as I throw my head back onto Fynn's shoulder. "Are you trying to kill me?"

"Just training," Fynn whispers back huskily, making my pussy throb.

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“Fuck, yes!” I scream in pleasure as Matthew pushes the beaded dildo into me.

He had prepared me with his fingers, pounding me with two of them gently, and made me wet enough again to be able to take it easily. But starting out gently doesn't seem to be good enough for him as he wraps his hand around my neck to stabilise himself better to thrust into me harder.

I claw down on Matthew's shoulder with the hand that I don't need to keep me stable and have wrapped around Fynn's strong shoulders.

They must love to torture me as the vibrations of the couple's toy are still going and I feel my sanity slipping from me.

“It's too much,” I breathe out, and shudder pleasantly as Fynn kisses me right below my ear.

“Do you want us to stop?” he asks, and I surprise myself as I shake my head.

“No!” I moan, my lust taking over my entire being. “Don't stop!”

Feeling my release building up and bubbling into my chest, I turn my head to press my lips against his throat. “I'm cuming! I'm cuming!”

‘Fucking perfect,’ Drake comments for Fynn, before I scream my lungs out at my earth-shattering orgasm tearing me apart.

“Fuck, babe!” Matthew chuckles, as he moves the toy in and out of me slower, making me ride out my high fully.

Looking up at him, I see that he is covered in my juices.

“Oh, no. I'm sorry,” I say, blushing. “This has never happened to me.”

Slipping the sex toy out of me, he steps closer and kisses me. His hand behind my head pulls me closer as he tastes me fully.

“Are you kidding?! This is the best thing that ever happened to me,” he says as he breaks the kiss.

Fynn lets me down on my feet carefully, and I'm still trying to grasp back reality as I feel them come closer.

Matthew unbuttons his pants while Fynn grabs my face and pulls me closer to kiss me.

Goddess!

My heart stops beating as he gets me to push down a gasp at the intensity of it. Flames flicker through me, joining the breathtaking sparks erupting at our connection. I feel like they are burning me alive from the inside while I try to remind myself to breathe.

This isn't good.

Why does he have to make me feel this way?

He out of all people.

As he breaks the kiss, I'm out of breath and must be suffering serious brain damage as I can't seem to hold on a single thought.

"Call your brother, and fuck me already," I whimper, making Fynn grin at me.

Matthew chuckles, shaking his head. "You aren't ready yet, love."

Stepping closer, I look down at his cock that he is stroking teasingly before I look back up at him. "And he had enough of you already."

Fynn pushes me gently, steering me to get on my knees.

I get Matthew to let go of his dick to take over. While I start working his cock with my hand, and take his tip into my mouth, Fynn opens his pants, taking my hand to stroke him simultaneously.

Their groans and the feeling of their hard dicks in my control get my core to heat up once again, making me fear that my drenched pussy must be dripping onto the floor.

Fynn buries his hand into my hair, and the vibrations increase once again.

Moaning, I tear myself off Matthew's cock, and look up at Fynn, finding him playing with his phone again. He grins at me before he puts it away, and I close my eyes, enjoying the vibrations on my clit.

Fynn jerks back my head, making me open my eyes to look at him.

I move seductively on my knees, my nerves buzzing as I take his cock into my mouth without letting go of Matthew.

He tastes amazing, and I love everything about his cock, even if I struggle to take it in properly at its thickness. I roll my eyes into the back of my head at the sole thought of feeling him in me and nearly feel guilty as the cocks of my other mates, as fantastic and huge they might be, don't have the same effect on me.

He is going to be the biggest I ever had, and I find myself pleading to my Goddess that he will lose control just once to have me feel him mine fully.

I know that he will never accept me as a mate, and he hasn't told his brothers yet, but maybe he will give in to his wolf's primal instincts.

Holding my head in place, he takes control of my blowjob and thrusts deeper into my throat. I risk coming on the spot as he forces me to take him deeper.

Matthew moves, getting me to release him as Fynn groans, "Fuck!"

Fynn pulls my head back, releasing his cock from my mouth, and forces me to keep my eyes on him as he continues jerking himself off.

Matthew's hand reaches to grab my chin, and he pushes his thumb between my lips, getting me to pull out my tongue.

This simple gesture and his darkened gaze are the last drop I needed to come hard.

They watch me as I grab onto their legs, and moan as I enjoy my next orgasm.

Reopening my eyes, I smile up at them. As their groans and faps fill the room, I turn my head to Matthew, licking the tip of his dick as his breathing pattern changes, making him come all over me. It doesn't take long for Fynn to follow him.

As they are catching their breath, Fynn finally turns off the couple's sex toy, and Matthew chuckles, picking me up into his arms.

"So fucking perfect," he compliments me, kissing my head.

He carries me out of the wardrobe and into my bathroom to clean ourselves up.

I giggle as he refuses to put me back down and operates the shower with me clinging onto him.

Fynn follows silently and stays out of our playful demeanour until we start kissing under the streaming water.

At this moment, he joins our shower as well, even if he limits himself to touching me, and I don't get another kiss from him.

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By the time Matthew lays me down on my bed, wrapped in a towel, I'm terribly exhausted.

“Oh, my Goddess. I think I need a nap before starting to work again,” I whisper, making Matthew chuckle.

“Take a break. And take it easy, my love,” he says, before kissing my cheek.

“Uh-huh,” I hum, closing my eyes. “Can I take it out now, you pervert?”

He laughs, shaking his head. “Not yet, babe. You need to feel us another bit.”

Groaning, I turn onto my side, ready to fall asleep.

I sense them wanting to leave my room, but my tiredness blocks out my common sense. “Fynn!”

Fynn reacts to my call, even if I can imagine that it is only reluctantly, and I feel the bed dip as he must be leaning over me.

“Didn’t you want to tell me something,” I ask in a whisper, and my skin prickles as he caresses strands of hair out of my face.

He sighs, lowering his voice, and I ask myself what Matthew must be thinking at his words. “Talk to Logan first, then we will see if it is still necessary.”

My heart squeezes in my chest, and I clench my eyes closed further. Acting as if I wouldn’t care, I nod, and my heart skips a beat as he kisses my temple.

Tell him to stay!

I gulp down the little voice resurfacing in me, and desperation is right about to claim my chest once again as he tears me out of it.

‘Tell her that we are happy that she is ours!’ I hear Drake order, but Fynn ignores him.

Of course he does...

As usual, Cassy is hiding somewhere dark when I get intimate with my mates, and I take a deep breath as it feels strangely comfortable in my mind.

“I’ll wake you up in a bit,” I hear him whisper smugly before he gets up.

They are about to leave, and my consciousness is slipping from my fingers as I hear Fynn growl, “Take her tea, Matt!”

Chapter 55 ARTEMISIA

I can't really complain because I have had some really lovely moments waking up since I have been living here.

But getting woken up from my afternoon nap by the couple's vibrator vibrating between my legs and slipping from the state of grogginess into the one of a blissful high, is the most amazing awakening I have ever had.

Stretching as my orgasm gets me to spasm in pleasure, I bite my lip as it stops vibrating right as I have ridden out my release fully and I think of the fact that it must be Fynn operating it.

And he surely did enjoy as I came as well.

After getting up, I played the good girl and didn't take it off.

I can't deny that it did keep me from being too productive, also I can't say that I felt at ease wearing it as I feared someone walking in on me having an orgasm all by myself. But I can certainly admit that it made my afternoon immensely better.

And I even see my work in a bit better light.

By the time I walk into the dining hall because Daisy insists on how I should eat with the others as it would do me good, my heart skyrockets.

And not only because of Fynn glaring at me as he is sitting at a table with his warriors. Matthew and Logan are sitting at other tables, and both seem to act like they didn't see me enter the room.

Fine for me...

I sit down next to Lisa, where Daisy has already pulled out a chair for me and I thank her absent-mindedly while holding eye contact with Fynn.

"Are you okay?" Lisa asks me, and I tear away my eyes reluctantly from him and just catch him grinning to himself while averting his gaze as well.

Oh, please let him be reasonable for once.

I actually have to laugh at that, earning a questioning look from Lisa.

"Sorry," I clear my throat, flashing her an innocent smile. "I'm feeling a bit on edge lately."

Her expression morphs as she must feel pity for me, and I groan internally. "Is it because of your mates?"

It's not that bad.

"No, no. It's just... Everything is new, and I'm trying to help around to feel part of the pack and at home as soon as possible," I sigh, feeling Fynn's eyes back on me.

She rolls her eyes with a giggle. "You are just precious. But you really should stop doing all those Omega tasks. They will end up undermining your worth."

"I don't think that will be the case," I retort, scrunching my nose.

I'm just about thinking that I must be weird by feeling uncomfortable at her statement as Drake hums in my mind. 'That one is sketchy. Let me crush her skull, mate.'

I have to swallow a laugh, nearly choking on my food.

Wanting to grin and bear it, I squeeze Lisa's hand. "I'm sure that my mates will not allow that to happen."

"Ah, totally! You are so lucky... I mean, duh, Logan would already be absolute heaven for me," she giggles and I smile at her, even if her statement causes an uncomfortable sensation to grow in my chest.

Instinctively, I look at Fynn as if he could calm me down, but he just gets my heart to beat out of my chest again as he is playing with his phone with a strange grin playing on his face.

I really hope this is because one of the guys sitting around him is saying something funny.

Concentrating back on Lisa, I sigh. "I really am lucky. They are all so loving."

I start eating again, pushing down the ill-founded jealous feeling she got rising in me.

'You are so diplomatic, mate. I would have bitten off her head.' Drake laughs, before retreating, and this makes me jerk up, just in time to see Fynn walking out of the hall.

"If you will excuse me," I say quickly before scurrying after him.

Ignoring Lisa calling for me, I storm out of the kitchen and upstairs to the quarters he shares with the warriors.

I get annoyed as I nearly can't keep up with him and his stupid long strides, and I know exactly that he must know that I'm following him.

But I don't care.

As we enter the warrior's quarters on the second floor, he turns around with a sly smirk. "So you were following me, mate."

"I need to talk to you," I say, and he chuckles.

Turning back around, he starts walking further down the hallways. "As long as today didn't make you fall in love with me, we can talk about whatever you want."

I cringe at his back acting like the entitled asshole, and totally lost his flirtatious demeanour he had just a few hours before.

"Fynn, could you please slow down?" I ask and am actually surprised as he halts in his tracks, turning to me.

Distorting his face, he looks up to the ceiling as I catch up with him. As soon as I'm standing next to him, he glares down at me. "What do you even want? Coming into a men's dorm like this."

"What is that even supposed to mean? I will tell you as soon as we are somewhere we can talk privately." I stretch out my hand as if gesturing to the surrounding rooms that are already full of men standing in the door frames to eavesdrop.

I stop my eyes from roaming around quickly as I realise that most of them are standing there naked.

So, that's what he meant.

## Chapter 56 ARTEMISIA

Looking back up at him defiantly, he takes a step into me, making me take a step back.

I'm about to panic as he clicks his tongue at me. "Calm down, princess."

He pushes open the door behind me and gets me to stumble back into an empty dorm room.

As I regain my equilibrium and turn around, I see that it is quite a large and light-flooded room that has six bunk beds standing in it. All in all, it reminds me of one of those military rooms as it seems pretty sterile and seems to hold no personal items.

"Everybody out!" He shouts, scaring away two young men who were playing cards.

As they leave the room, he walks to one of the last beds and sits down with a sigh. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to ask if I'm allowed to take that thing off... Is this like a room for the warriors?" I ask, changing the subject mid-sentence as I feel like growing claustrophobic in the room.

"Yeah, we all share rooms," he answers nonchalantly, hitting the mattress on which he is sitting. "This is my bed."

Scrunching up my nose, I don't even care if I sound bitchy. "You are kidding, right?"

"Why should I?" He asks back, squinting his eyes at me.

Laughing uncomfortably, I don't get him to change his expression. "Come on... Don't you have your own room?"

"Why? Does it freak you out, little Luna?" he mocks me, making me roll my eyes.

"Stop acting this condescending."

He flashes me his pearly whites in a stupid grin. "I don't have a mate, so I can do what I want. Speaking of which... Do you think you can talk to Logan before the weekend? There is a cute She- wolf in town that I really want to get off with... So, if you don't mind wrapping all this shit up?"

"I will tell him as soon as I can, don't worry. But I thought we were all waiting for you. If you wanna screw around just get it over with." Spreading my arms, I squint my eyes at him. "Come on. As if I was afraid of taking a bit of betrayal pains."

He tsks, shifting on the bed and I gasp. "Drake won't let you, right?"

I laugh as he glares at me, and I clap into my hands once. "Oooh, poor little Fynn, all alone while the others keep having fun."

"Stop making a scene, princess," he growls annoyed, standing up.

Crossing my arms, I shake my head. "You are such a wimp. If you don't care about me this way, why all this? Why make me pay for something you don't care about?"

"Pretending loyalty and integrity has nothing to do with love. I did it for Matty," he snarls, stepping to tower over me.

"Ah," I press my tongue to my upper teeth. "Matt!"

He looks at me confused as I tilt my head at him. "It's Matt. He is a man, not a stupid little boy. Contrary to others."

“Go fucking ask Matt, then, if you can take it out. As if I would care.” He is about to walk away but I stand in his way.

I gulp as he casts me a look that makes me think he is close to ripping my head off my shoulders. “You are the one operating it, aren’t you?”

“Ugh, give over!” He murmurs, wanting to walk around me, but I block his way again.

“You felt everything with me! You are the only one who could operate it this perfectly,” I shout at him, making him grimace.

He leans down to me, growling. “Stop making a scene!”

“No!” I shake my head. “You can’t keep acting like this!”

“What is your fucking problem? I warned you from falling for me. I have no interest in you whatsoever!” My heart breaks, but I fight to keep up my poker face, ready to get back at him as I get interrupted.

Drake’s thundering voice ripples through me, making me shudder. ‘Such a bad liar.’

I gasp while Fynn looks at me as if I am totally mental. My brain wires itself anew, forcing me to go with another strategy.

“What did you feel when you kissed me?” I ask, and his eyes widen.

“I’m sorry... What?”

“You heard me! What did you feel when you kissed me?” I repeat, looking up at him defiantly.

He sighs, passing his hand over his face. “I really don’t know what is going on in that bird brain of yours, but I was horny, and you were close. Goddess, it was just a kiss. I didn’t feel nothing. It was boring. Why? What did you feel?”

I know that he is lying.

I can see it on his face.

Also, it could never be as I felt so much.

And yet it is his wolf that needs to keep the pieces of my heart together.

Drake laughs, getting goosebumps to rise on my skin. ‘Oh oh oh. To me, he said that the world finally had started moving. He felt like it finally made sense why he was here.’

"I felt fire," I whisper, shocked by what Drake just told me.

He exhales, ready to lash out again, but I stop him.

Just in time, I pull him by his shirt, getting his lips to crash against mine.

## Chapter 57 ARTEMISIA

Fire...

Fire is nowhere near the heat that I'm feeling streaming through me as he moves his hands up to hold my face as he kisses me.

I moan against his lips, wrapping my arms around his neck, and he moves his hands to the back of my head and down my body.

He lifts me up and slams me against the wall, beating out the little air I had still left in my lungs. His muscular abs press against the couple's toy, making it impossible for me to think straight.

I let him devour me, enjoying every second of it. He breaks the kiss to move his lips along my jawline and further down to my neck.

I claw down onto his shoulders, throwing my head back against the wall, my heart beating into my throat, risking suffocating me.

Suddenly, a suppressing sensation streams through me. I feel like drowning as I get overwhelmed by the feeling that must come from Fynn. "Fynn?" I ask, my voice failing me as fear expands in my chest.

He growls threateningly, and my heart stops as I feel his sharp canines graze the crook of my neck. "Hold still."

Freezing, I try to calm my erratic heartbeat by taking a few slow breaths. I realise that he must be fighting his wolf, who must be pushing forward to mark and mate me.

I recognize that it must be his fear that I feel, and I squeeze his shoulders as his hold keeps tightening.

"It's okay," I whisper, feeling him tense.

He tears himself off me, stepping backwards with his gaze lowered. "Go talk to Matt about if you can take it out."

"Fynn, I..." I start, but my words get caught in my throat as he lifts his head, and I look into his totally black eyes.

The blackness seems to even spill out of them as small dark veins run along his face.

"Out!" he shouts, making me jump. "Don't turn around!"

Pressing myself further into the wall behind me, I might do the stupidest thing I ever did. "No! Are you crazy? I'm not running from you! Do you want your wolf to kill me?"

"I won't kill you, little mate." Fynn tilts his head while his voice starts mixing with Drake's, making me feel like I'm trapped in some awfully scary movie. "I will just make you mine!"

My heart goes crazy while I fight to keep my thoughts reasonable, but it is getting increasingly difficult as my mind gets flooded by awesomely indecent pictures of him claiming me. "Do it here then, I won't run."

Pressing my palms against the cold wall, I realise how I must be burning up. I see Fynn sniffing the air, and I fear he must be smelling my arousal. Goddess.

"Artemisia," he growls, sending a shiver down my spine.

"No!" I lift my chin, praying that my legs do not give out beneath me. "You will have to take a calming breath."

I detach one hand from the wall and move it before my body, mimicking while inhaling and exhaling, as if he still had to learn it. "And you will get him in check."

His snarl gets my skin to buzz, and I get a little push at standing my ground. "I can't run from you, Fynn. Not if it will enhance his desire to chase me." "You don't know what you are doing," he growls lowly, and I nod my head repeatedly.

"Well," I say in a strangely high-pitched tone. "I know that you are strong, and I would guess that none of the warriors standing around in this dorm can actually overpower you. So, I calculated that my chances of getting to Cayden before you will get me are very small."

Fynn laughs, and I brace myself for getting ripped from the wall. "Cayden can't do shit against me."

My heart stills in my chest as he stalks closer and leans his hands against the wall, caging me in. His warm breath fans my skin as he leans in, and my eyes examine his face starstruck. "What is this?" I ask in a whisper, keeping myself from lifting my hand and touching his face.

"Nothing that would concern you," he grins, tilting his head as he mocks me. "Mate."

As I continue to look at him, I feel like he is lulling me in, dragging me into a trance.

While I lose myself in this sensation, I nearly don't notice how the veins retreat and his eyes turn to his normal colour.

He inches closer, and his lips graze mine as he sneers. "Get the fuck out."

Without even giving me the chance to think twice, my body reacts on its own accord. I push myself off the wall, pass beneath his propped-up hand, and open the door to escape this situation.

I run through the nosy warriors and out of the dorm as I already hear a murmuring behind me.

Even if Fynn seems to have been able to fight him back, Drake doesn't seem to be done with his playtime. 'Let's see if you can make it back in time.' Goddess, he is just like Fynn when it comes to it.

I sprint up the stairs as I feel the stupid sex toy starting to vibrate again. I groan as I get the ungente reminder of how I was too taken, the situation to take it out. As the hallways are full of Omegas

scurrying around, I can't j

be

out like this either, and take it

I

know

what each room might hold.

Goddess!

As he switches to a more intense level, I push down a moan, grasping onto the railings. The most

embarrassing thing is that an

Omega comes to ask if everything is okay making me want a black hole to open up and swallow me whole.

"Thank you, Amira," I say, fighting another wave of pleasure surging through me. "But it's all fine. I just tripped."

She looks at me worriedly as she wants to help me out, and I just want to disappear.

I decline her help gratefully, and she

looks at me confused as I start walking away hurriedly. Just as I run down the stairs, reaching the ground floor, thank the heavens and run to the floor with the private

over

entertainment rooms.

As I expect them to be empty, I see it as my best chance to get the stupid thing out.

Closing the door behind me, I lean against it, catching my breath, pressing my lips together as a new wave of pleasure ripples through me.

I wait for it to pass, but Fynn doesn't seem to lower the intensity of it anymore as he must have run out of the desire to give me easy chances to get

away.

Such an asshole.

I'm still fighting the lust growing in me, pushing down the little voice in my head that keeps telling me to just go with it.

'Ready or not. Here I come,' Drake announces jokingly, chuckling darkly.

Oh, no.

My panic sadly isn't enough to have my stupid instincts reacting to him coming to look for me in an adequate manner.

I force myself to push away the thought of being excited about it, and try to think about my next moves to escape him.

He can't go on playing with me like that.

I'm not his stupid toy.

Finally freeing myself from his spell, I shake my head and take a cleansing breath. Thinking about the tricks my brother taught me, I get to lock Drake out of my mind successfully and my haze finally clears up.

Just as I'm about to just open my jeans in this exposed hallway to take the sex toy away, my attention gets caught by a movement that makes my

heart stop.

"Missy?" I clench my eyes closed as if he would disappear, but his deep voice just goes on talking. "Are you alright?"

Damn it.

Can't I be lucky for once?

Chapter 58 ARTEMISIA

"Missy, are you alright?" Cayden asks, and even if he does sound worried, his voice has a strange tone to it.

"Mh-mhm," I nod my head repeatedly, hoping he would just go away.

"Doesn't look like it," he insists, taking a step towards me.

Lifting my hand, I stop him. "No... Please..."

By fighting my pleasure, and Fynn's feelings streaming through me, I can't seem to form a coherent sentence.

I feel his excitement for the chase growing, and I get flooded by my own desire for him to catch me that even Cassy squirms with pleasant anticipation.

But maybe her demeanour is more due to Cayden's darkening gaze as Fynn's craving to claim us.

As expected, Cayden doesn't listen to me and keeps getting closer. His expression morphing, losing its worried traits, is my gruesome confirmation that he is slowly realising what is happening.

And that I'm in fact doing quite alright.

"Missy..." he pushes again, my name rolling off his tongue like it's the best thing he got to say all his life.

It seems to take him an eternity before he finally reaches me, eyeing me up. "Did you guys fight again?"

"Something like that," I clear my throat, keeping me from moaning.

He tilts his head, squinting his eyes at me. "What's this sound?"

Oh, my Goddess.

"I- I'm so sorry," I breathe out. "This is so embarrassing. We tried something spicy... And now it backfired."

I push out a laugh, making him smile.

Oh, no. That doesn't help!

"So, that comes from... Is it-"

"Uh-huh," I interrupt him, getting a chuckle in return.

My heart beats out of control, fucking up my breathing pattern even more as he shakes his head. "You have nothing to be embarrassed for. Sorry about interrupting your... game."

"It's okay," I answer feebly, my gaze locking with his as he puts a hand on my waist, moving it to the small of my back slowly.

The scent of my arousal must be lulling him in as he looks down at me, the golden flecks in his eyes swirling around wildly.

"Cayden," I try to speak, but my whisper comes out all raspy.

"Do you want me to leave?" he asks, making me shake my head.

Biting my bottom lip, I'm still pushing down the waves of pleasure, and he leans in. "Stop fighting it, then."

"Huh?" My breath hitches in my throat as he grins at me, my chest squeezing at what he might be alluding to.

"Let yourself go," his husky whisper travels down my spine, making me shiver pleasantly.

Finally finding the strength to move, I lift my hands to hold onto his shirt, crumpling it while balling my hands into fists.

He lowers his gaze, and I watch him observing his fingers that move to the toy vibrating between my legs.

Opening the button of my jeans, he slips his fingers into them, gliding over the fabric of my panties.

As he keeps me stabilised by the hand on my back, he presses onto the sex toy through the fabrics gently, increasing the effect it has on my clit. Closing my eyes, I press my lips together to stifle another moan, clawing onto his shirt.

"Don't hold back," he growls, making me gasp.

I relax in his arms and stop suffocating my moans. While my orgasm builds in me, I throw my head back against the wall, closing my eyes.

He lets me enjoy it for a moment before I feel him increasing the pressure on his hold, making me open my eyes with a gasp to look at him.

I don't even need him to say anything as my gaze meets his. He captures me with his dark eyes, getting me to concentrate on him while the sex toy vibrates against my clit, triggering my orgasm.

His hand feels soothing and strong at the same time as I come in his arms with a loud moan.

"Fuck," he whispers as I shiver at the afterwaves wafting through me.

The sex toy stops vibrating, and he takes his hand out of my pants, stepping into me, getting me pressed against the wall.

My heartbeat accelerates as I'm catching my breath and I see him inching closer.

Wait... No!

Even if my skin buzzes pleurably, and my bad conscience is winning its fight against the good one celebrating in my head, I panic.

I can't deny that my body screams for his lips to claim mine, and I think of just closing my eyes and letting it happen.

Freeing myself from my frozen state, I lift my hand, putting it onto his mouth clumsily, just as he is just millimetres away from my face.

My chest heaves as I see his eyes widen, and I feel my heart squeeze in my chest.

"I'm so sorry!" I whimper, cursing myself out because all I can do is think of Fynn.

And I can't possibly kiss another man if my mind is consumed by the desire for him coming to claim me.

Straightening his spine slightly, he

frees himself from my hold. "No, no!

This was stupid of me. I'm the one

who has to apologise. It was in the spur of the moment... Please forgive me"

Sighing, I shake my head, my hand still holding him by his shirt. "You are the usual gentleman."

We chuckle awkwardly, before I squirm, realising that I'm still in his arms.

He doesn't seem to want to let me go, and I gulp as I meet his intense gaze again. We fall silent, and after

what seems to be an eternity, force a smile. "Maybe I should go.

OUMS

My whisper has barely left my lips as the door to the entertainment rooms opens with a bang.

Even before I can turn my head to see who it is, I feel a wave of immensely painful emotions, making me feel like I can't breathe.

"Get your hands off my mate!" Fynn's growl reaches my ear, mixing with his pain and disappointment.

"Finnegan, it's not what-" Cayden starts, wanting to explain himself, but Fynn interrupts him.

"I do not fucking care. Get your filthy hands off her!" He shouts, making me stare at him wide-eyed.

How is he talking to his Alpha?!

I know that he has all the right to because I'm his mate, but still.

My heart skips a beat as I do the only right thing and move out of Cayden's embrace, stepping aside.

yden inhales mortified as he seems to have come back to his right senses as well and he takes a step towards his brother. "I swear that it is not what you might think."

Fynn scoffs as he lets his gaze roam on me and halts on my opened button and zip that I'm closing hastily.

Well fuck!

"Of course," he says mockingly, flashing his brother a grotesque grin. "You just wanted to help her to get rid of the thing."

"Oh, Goddess," I whisper as I blush.

He takes a step towards his brother, and adds with a snarl, "And weren't trying to fuck my mate."

"Fynn!" I gasp, standing in his way.

His eyes hold so much rage that I would swear that he is about to attack him. Laying my hand onto his cheeks, I get him to look back at me, and I can swear that his angry look softens.

"Come on let's go," I say, stepping around him and leaving the room.

Fynn shoots a last glare at Cayden before following me silently up the stairs.

I wait until we are in my quarters, as

e

I lock the door behind us, pushing out a deep breath. "Goddess, this is a mess. And I'm so sorry. It really wasn't what it looked like. I was about to leave that situation anyway," I say apologetically, but he doesn't seem to be interested.

"I don't care anyway. You don't have to be sorry." He answers nonchalantly, and I bite onto my tongue.

Squinting my eyes at him, I cross my arms over my chest. "And what was that 'get your hands off my mate' then?"

"I was just annoyed about him doing as he pleases as the glorious Alpha in here. This has nothing to do with you," he says with a chuckle, and I sigh. "Okay. Fair enough. I forgot about the she-wolf you were wanting to get off with." Putting my hand on my head, he grins back at me stupidly.

"See, you are not that dense," he jokes.

"Out!" I simply say, glaring at him, making him look at me questioningly.

"Did I stutter? I said out." Taking a step forward, I start pushing him out through my rooms. "Get the fuck out, Fynn!"

He doesn't fight the fact that I am simply pushing him out of the door, and as soon as he stands in the hallway, he looks like a puppy that has been

left in the rain.

"Like I wouldn't feel your fucking emotions, you moron." I take a step back, before grinning at him. "And don't you dare try sneaking into my bedroom

again at night!"

His face as I slam my door close must be the best I have ever seen.

## Chapter 59 ARTEMISIA

The next few days, I submerged myself in preparations for the big ball and the work with the pups.

Even if my mates are back to avoiding me most of the time, I still have some cute encounters with Logan or Matthew from time to time when they get to catch me alone, which helps me through these chaotic days in a good mood.

Fynn, as usual, is totally detached, but Drake speaks to me regularly. I remember Fynn telling me that his wolf has no patience, but, on top of that, I now discovered that he is quite funny.

It is amazing having him keep me company in my mind as he keeps Cassy in check, and I finally get the feeling of having a supportive wolf back.

What preoccupies me the most is Cayden's demeanour. Since our encounter in the hallways of the arcade rooms, he has acted increasingly grumpy towards me and ignores me where he can. I had been trying to get him alone, and talk it out, but he was always too busy for me.

It nearly seems like he can't stand me anymore as he keeps barking at me, and more than just talking about work or the pack, he doesn't talk to me at all.

"Babes, why are you making that face?" Lisa asks me as she stands beneath the scaffold I'm standing on.

I scoff, passing another few strokes of my brush. "Ah, I'm just in thought!"

"What are you doing, by the way?" She laughs, climbing up to stand next to me.

Lifting my brow at her, I simply answer, "I'm painting the wall."

"I can see that," she says matter-of-factly. "But why?"

"Don't tell Alberta, but I had nothing else to do, and they needed someone to do it," I say in a hushed tone.

Shaking her head, she crosses her arms amused. "You are so crazy."

"I just need to keep a few things out of my head," I chuckle as I restart painting again.  
"What are you up to?"

She shrugs, "I had nothing to do, so I thought about looking for you."

"You are cute," I say, and she turns to me, crossing her arms.

"I don't know, Missy. I really think you should watch what you do around here. People will take it for granted. Logan said you are a doctor. Is that true?"

Again with Logan.

Keeping myself from rolling my eyes, I just continue painting. "Yes, I am. I studied it and worked as a doctor in my old pack."

"What are you doing here, then?" Lisa looks at me agape, making me face her.

But before I can answer, I get interrupted by an annoyed growl, "She wants to get the Luna position."

"Shut up, Fynn!" I shout, leaning onto the railings of the scaffold. "Stop spreading those idiotic rumours!"

A murmur vibrates through the air, and Lisa gasps. "Oh, my! That's something."

Clicking my tongue, I see Fynn carrying materials for the ongoing construction into the building.

'We are helping out as well, mate,' Drake answers my silent question, and I smile as he sounds so happy. 'An Omega told us you were here.' Just a pity he is paired with an idiot.

'You are lovely, Drake. Thank you,' Lisa must be thinking that I'm an idiot as I must certainly look like one.

"Babes, so... Is Fynn this angry because you are having a thing with Cayden?" Lisa asks, making me nearly fall off the scaffold.

Drake's growl ripples through me, making me want to rip her head off only because of the anger he transmits with it. "What?! No! I don't have a thing with Cayden! Fynn is just being an idiot."

I clear my throat, lowering my voice as I turn back around to paint, blushing at the fact that there must be a ton of people who are able to hear us. Werewolf hearing is already enhanced and on this stupid scaffold, it must resound even better, like on a private stage.

"Duh, I totally get you. I mean, Cayden is a hottie, but I wouldn't exchange his brothers for him either. Especially as Logan is one of them." She snorts, and I let my arm slump.

Really, again?!

"Was there something between you and Logan?" I ask her worriedly, but she laughs awkwardly, earning us another few curious looks.

"No! Noo! Are you kidding? He is just

my best friend, and my father trained him as beta, so we just spent a lot of time together," she moves her hand dismissively. "That would be so strange. Yuk, couldn't imagine being with him that way."

I smile at her, gulping. "Then I'm glad. I really like you, and would hate to see you hurt."

Even if her words should make me calm down, the way she says them, and her laugh paired with how she moves as she says them, make me doubt that they are honest.

But I shake my head, dismissing the thought, thinking that I will address it with Logan in a quiet moment.

Scum and cheaters. You just are attracting all of it, aren't you?' Cassy groans condescendingly.

'Well, your honey boo, Rick, was the cheater. I'm sure that none of my mates now are,' I retort annoyed and I feel her steer to get back at me but just as she is about to do it, another growl resounds in my head.

'Shut up! Logan doesn't cheat. None of us would cheat on mate.'

I chuckle to myself while Cassy scoffs, retreating into the back of my head.

'Thank you, Drake,' I say, making him purr happily.

"So, what's it now, doc?" Lisa asks, tearing me away from the conversation in my head.

"Dr. Davies offered me a position in

the pack hospital, but I asked him for a bit of time to think about it. I think I will take up the offer but I want to be useful to the pack first, get to know as many people as possible, and help as much as I can." I tell her and ignore another stupid remark from her.

As I listen to her speaking, I make the stupid mistake of getting distracted by a movement in the corner of my eye and I look to the entrance of the venue, seeing Fynn walk out of it.

He is just passing his hand through his hair, flexing his muscles in a delectable way unconsciously. I get dragged into a state of trance, making Lisa's voice sound like a constant hum as it passes into the background.

I can understand that she gushes over Logan as he is gorgeous, but I think it's strange that she is so set on him as Fynn is bulkier, he is taller, his strong shoulders wider, and his perfectly trained legs make his pants look like they are to burst any minute.

Drake chuckles in my head, and I jump as Lisa clicks her fingers in front of my face. "Missy! Are you listening to me?"

"Sure, yeah. Fine for me," I stutter, blinking repeatedly.

She smiles, clapping her hands excitedly, "Awesome! I can't wait."

As she squeals, I panic.

Oh my Goddess, what did I agree to?

'Why can't you never listen?' Cassy scoffs but Drake laughs.

'No worries, mate. She just asked you to go to the ball with her.'

'Oh, thanks Goddess,' I breathe out relieved, and concentrate back on Lisa.

"Well, that's all I wanted. See you at dinner, luv," she blows me a kiss. "Ah, and good luck with the Luna plan. Take my advice and think about it again

as you could actually have a good chance at it."

Before she can get off the scaffold, I grab her arm, making her look at me confused.

"Wait. What did you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Sorry, I just wanted to be funny," she shrugs, snickering.

"No, wait. Daisy already made a comment like that. There has to be something no one is telling me. What is it?" I ask distraught.

Her face morphs into a worried expression and she opens her mouth several times just to close it back again and finally gets saved by the idiot. "Don't push it, princess. That is a pack matter, nothing some outsider should know."

"Stop insulting me. I'm a member of this pack," I stomp my foot idiotically, as I turn to look down at him.

Now it really looks like some stage.

Like stupid Romeo having the audacity to insult Juliet on her own balcony.

"Ha," he pushes out mockingly. "Mind link Lisa then."

Gripping the steel railing of the scaffold, I growl, but before I can retort something, he beats me to it, laughing mockingly. "See?! Don't show off until some poor soul has to mark you."

With a groan, I detach a steel bar from the scaffold and throw it at him. Naturally, he dodges it easily, laughing like the entitled asshole he is.

"Don't listen to him," Lisa says as he walks away with a few warriors who look up at me with a grin, enraging me even more. "You have Logan. He is

better anyway."

"For goodness' sake, Lisa," I breathe out. "Just tell me what it is."

## Chapter 60 ARTEMISIA

I'm officially pissed.

Raging wouldn't even describe my internal whirlwind that is creating total havoc.

"And if you could check with Astrid. The annual excursion with the pups usually takes place before the ball," Cayden doesn't even look at me as he goes through the to-dos scribbled in his stupid notebook.

"Sure," I answer annoyed, whipping with my leg that I have crossed over my other.

With my emotions scrambled all over the place, Fynn not ignoring me only to mock me, and my mates avoiding me most of the time because of this complicated situation, nobody is telling me about, I just can't seem to get a grip.

And after Lisa told me what I wanted to hear, I don't want to get the grip back on things.

He sighs, throwing the notebook on his desk. "What is it?"

"Oh," I lift a brow. "Are you asking me?"

"Yeah," he simply states, sitting back down.

I shake my head, smiling at him. "You have been awkwardly strange to me, and avoiding me whenever you could. You tell me!"

"I never avoided you. Things can get chaotic, and I have a lot to do," he responds, gaslighting me.

"Sure," I say again, shrugging. "Then it's nothing, I guess."

He groans, passing his hand over his face. "What is it, Missy?" "Nothing," I repeat sulkily, making him stare at me unimpressed.

I click my tongue, losing the staring contest. "Did you reject your mate?"

"Come again?" He asks, not appearing as dumbfounded as he wants to.

"Did you reject your mate because she wasn't what you expected her to be?" I repeat my question, fighting to keep my temper in check. "Not Luna material, if you want?"

He chuckles, making me look at him wide-eyed. "Yes. Yes, I did reject her. And yes, she was the farthest away from Luna material you could imagine someone to actually be."

"You are just incredible," I hiss, clawing on the armrests of my chair as I lean forward. "Just a bunch of entitled assholes thinking they reign the earth and everybody has to kiss the soil they walk on."

"Missy..." he says calmly, but I ignore him and the warning tone in his voice.

"Then you saw me, the poor Alpha's daughter, who was left without a mate, so maybe you could try to lure me as you would never take another Luna! Play a little game to pass a bit of your time. You are on enemy territory and you guys are bored constantly without a challenge anyway." Getting up from my seat, I raise my voice. "Who would care about me anyway? You are the strong Alpha everybody wants!"

"Missy, sit down!" he growls, but I'm far away from done and not even able to sit down tight.

"Like you are all that enormous gift the Goddess had the grace to grant us." I pace up and down, as he narrows his eyes at me. "How would a woman ever be good enough for you guys? She could never stand a chance because to be next to you she has to have a certain status and strength and savoir-faire."

"I'm not Rick, Missy..." he states, nearly snarling at me.

"Of course you are not!" I yell, clapping my hands together once. "Because you are the great and mighty Cayden Blackw... Wait... What are you doing?"

Stopping my rage speech abruptly, I lift my index finger as he stood up and starts opening his pants.

"Goddess, Cayden. What the hell are you doing?" My voice reaches a high-pitched tone as I cover my eyes with my hands repeatedly. While I keep rumbling things without any sense at all, he keeps going silently, pulling his shirt out of his pants nonchalantly. "You can't just undress yourself in front of me. We needed to talk about what happened in the arcade rooms, and you ignored it. I'm your brothers' ma... te..."

He sighs deeply as he holds his shirt up for me, showing me deep red scars running along his hips and up over his toned abs. I gulp as I sit back down, holding the armrest again as if they could give me some kind of comfort. "I'm so sorry. I didn't... I... I had no right to..."

"It's alright, Missy. Don't be too hard on yourself." He pulls up his pants, lowering his shirt before he sits back down. "The story about her not being Luna-material worthy was a story we fed to the pack members. It is important that their Alpha remains strong in their eyes, and well, able to keep a woman, actually."

Closing my eyes, I lower my gaze shortly before I find the courage to lift it again. "How long did it go on for, to turn out that bad?"

"Well, I gave her a lot of chances.

Endured the pain because she was who was supposed to be made especially for me, right?" I blink away my tears as he flashes me a sad smile. "But, One night Finnegan

found me throwing my soul un

and... We weren't actually on good terms at that time, but he sat down next to me on the cold bath tiles and helped me through the betrayal pains like I was a baby. And afterwards helped me stand my ground and reject her. The scars, unfortunately, stayed, but I'm not hung up on her or anything like that. I just didn't want my pack to worry, and I would love it if that stayed this way."

"Of course," I reassure him, biting the nail of my thumb anxiously.

"Now, I don't want to talk about what happened in the arcade rooms, yet. I hope you can wait a bit for us to have that conversation. But I'm going to

talk this situation out with you, also because there are certain facts that we should be clear about, and the pack shouldn't know."

I wave at him dismissively, shaking

my head. "Listen, it isn't my place to know. In the pack there is a rumour going around of you being fond of me, so they were actually hoping I would be your second-chance mate. As I'm not your mate, they were even thinking you would take me as your chosen mate, and I would leave Fynn, Matt, and Logan for you. This is certainly crazy, but there is far worse that could be happening. So, please don't worry! I'll simply take it as a compliment and whenever someone asks me, I'll say that I don't know any details."

"Thank you. But I can still confirm that I indeed prepared the pack on ending without a Luna. And I know that they are excited about having you here, and, if I may, I already talked about the succession with my brothers and your firstborn pup can gladly take over when it's time to." He flashes me another sad smile as my heart breaks for him.

"Oh my. Don't say that too loudly when Daisy is around. She is already trying to get me pregnant too eagerly." I joke and finally get him to laugh. "Well..." I say, before getting up again. "My apologies... for being an idiot... again."

"It's okay, Missy. You aren't an idiot," he tries to cheer me up, making me smile awkwardly.

"Well... If you will excuse me," I do a little curtsy before turning around. "My Alpha."

He chuckles, and just as I lay my hand on the door handle, I turn around. "I could make you an ointment that would help you with the scars."

"Thank you, but it's fine." He shakes

his head, watching me with a devastated expression. "I know that you know about the fact that those scars appear only if it happens for a long period of time. They say that it is like your wolf clawed you from the inside. So, as a reminder to myself and also as my punishment for having put him through it, I will continue to wear them. It also raises

rumours in the pack and risks

blowing my cover, but it's still fine."

"Okay," I whisper, before leaving by flashing him a last smile and closing the door behind me.