

When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 61 – 70

Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 61

Chapter 61 ARTEMISIA

I don't think that a scale from one to ten would suffice.

The next day, I'm back at my favourite painting spot, just painting my embarrassment and pain from my soul while Cassy keeps making me want to tear her out of my body with my own hands.

'See, a little bit more effort and he could be ours,' she purrs, constantly propagating the same message. 'We could be Luna.'

"I don't want to be a Luna," I murmur, as I slap another load of paint onto the wall.

Right, I would need a higher scale.

Like one to a hundred.

Or a thousand.

After I finished the discussion and kept having flashbacks about the likely most embarrassing scene I have ever pulled in my entire life, I just wanted to drown in my own self-pity.

The worst thing about this entire situation was that I started to think that the rumours might be true regarding a certain aspect and that Cayden was in fact fond of me. My embarrassment fed with my overthinking as my mind started spiralling at the possibility of him not wanting to talk about our encounter and him being in such a bad mood because he was actually hurt as I was fated to his brothers.

Oh, Goddess. Why me?!

Sighing deeply, I fight hard to ignore the squeezing of my chest and continue painting.

My emotions are already scrambled all over the place as Fynn's scent keeps wafting around me as he decided to be one of the warriors helping with the constructions today as well, and this doesn't help my current state of mind at all.

As an annoying giggling reaches my ears, and Drake growls in my head, I turn around to see who the honeyed voice belongs to.

A beautiful she-wolf with blonde hair and a smoking hot body is obviously flirting with my mate while he grins at her like an idiot. Must be the she-wolf he is dating and wants to get off with.

I squint my eyes as she must obviously know that I am his mate. And she also must have seen me standing here.

The fucking audacity of both of them.

Closing my hand to a fist, I risk hurting myself as my fingers clasp the grip of the brush.

I don't care, I scoff to myself and turn around to act like I didn't see it.

'I don't like her. Her voice makes my ears bleed,' Drake growls, making me laugh.

'Well,' I answer in my mind, looking over my shoulder to see him beam at her while she touches his arm. 'Fynn seems to like her a lot.'

Drake doesn't seem to like my reaction to the situation, and his voice gets angrier. 'Want me to tear her head off, mate?'

He chuckles threateningly as I can literally sense him pacing hungrily. 'I bet he won't find her that attractive decapitated.'

'Oh, Goddess, no!!!' I shout and freeze.

Only as I feel him retreat offended, do I push out a breath of relief.

As I keep acting unbothered, I can sense a murmuring going through the crowd, and just as I look down from my scaffold, I see two Omegas looking up at me with a pitiful expression, before they quickly avert their gaze.

Great, just great!

I squint my eyes, as her laugh gets louder and I decide not to want to take this humiliation anymore.

Throwing my brush into the bucket full of paint, I stupidly stain my dress with the splashing that the impact of my brush generates. I groan and as I take a step back to look at my dress, I don't realise that the splatter must have made me step back to the border of the scaffold already.

The next thing I know is that I miss a step.

My throat can't even produce a sound as I fall backwards, my brain just registering the collective gasping of the crowd.

Clenching my eyes closed and bracing myself for the impact, I notice that it never comes.

Quite the contrary happens as I feel warmth enveloping me, my senses drowning in his mouth-watering scent.

I hear a groan, and Fynn's cursing reaches my ears as I open my eyes to look at his rage-distorted face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" He barks, as he holds me securely in his arms.

I would grin to myself, gloating about the fact that his blonde hottie wasn't that interesting to miss me falling if this wasn't absolutely cringeworthy.

"I- I..." I have just begun to stutter as our attention gets caught by a strange rattling sound.

We look up simultaneously to see the bucket reach the border of the scaffold and empty itself over us.

I only have enough time to bury myself against his chest and he moves away in reflex but can't prevent us from getting hit by the paint.

Fynn growls, making me look up at him with puppy dog eyes.

Again, my gloating gets stuck in my throat as I think about me being the reason for slowing his reaction to not even being able to dodge such an insignificant threat.

His arm is covered in paint, like the skirt of my maxi dress.

Well, fuck!

I feel his fingers sink into my skin as he seems to hold me tighter as if he fears that I could slip out of his hold.

Gulping, I hold his angry gaze, my fingers clasping his clothes.

It feels so safe in his arms, making me want to just cuddle against his chest and ask him to carry me home.

But just as I'm about to open my mouth to say something, his fling reaches us with fast steps, asking if he was alright.

My skin crawls as he tears his eyes away from me just to answer her with a smile.

A fucking gorgeous, genuine smile.

"Where are your reflexes?" I shout accusingly as I get back to my senses.

"Are you fucking kidding me, woman?" He asks, yelling back at me. "You risked death by your own clumsiness. What were you trying to do?"

I scoff, pushing me out of his arms. "Ah, and now you care or what? I just lost my balance, like I needed you to catch me."

The people standing around us look at me with worried expressions, and my throat closes painfully, making it hard to breathe.

I must be looking terribly pathetic as the paint drips from my clothes.

I have to get out of here, I think to myself as Fynn gets up from his crouched position.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Look what you've done!" He widens his arms, making me look back at him.

"Oh, just go take a shower, and you will be alright again." I snarl, and his face falls.

Lifting my chin, I straighten my spine and walk away, losing my conceited expression as soon as I've passed the crowd.

'Thank you... Could you tell him, Drake?' I ask but don't get a confirmation of him doing so back from him.

Hugging myself, I increase my pace.

I reach the river next to the construction site feeling totally and exhaustedly devastated.

Fighting back my tears, I slip out of my ballerinas and step into the water, not caring about the cold temperature of the stream.

I curse the fact that it can be so cold even if the weather is nice and warm, and clench my teeth as I dip my skirt into the water to free it from the paint.

My brain must be fully blocked as it

made me jump into the river instead of just convincing me that even if someone were to see me, going home to change would have been the better option.

As the cold water temperature causes my skin to be covered in goosebumps, I sob while I start scrubbing the paint off my clothes.

I play with the thought of just immersing myself into the water fully to get rid of the sensation of Fynn's touch still lingering on my skin.

The picture of him flirting with the beautiful she-wolf flashes back up into my mind, making my heart flip painfully in my chest.

I don't know how I deserved to have my life turn out like this. I thought that what happened with Rick has already been bad enough for an entire lifetime.

Wasn't a second-chance mate supposed to make everything alright?

But with my current rejection pending over my head like a sword ready to strike, I'm starting to doubt having my

Goddess on my side.

They should just get over it and stop

playing cat and mouse with me. Also, if Fynn wants to fuck that she-wolf, he should just go on with it, reject me and take her like he wants to.

Get married and have many gorgeous babies.

I don't fucking care.

Hitting the water with my fist, I realise that it doesn't even work lying to myself anymore.

Oh, Goddess, what should I do?

Chapter 62 ARTEMISIA

I continue to rub my clothes in the streaming cold water, but I can't seem to get the paint off.

This is the worst.

Feeling on the verge of crying, I'm glad that they are letting me clean up the mess alone. Even if their concerned looks made me think that they wouldn't trust me to take care of it by myself.

And maybe they were right.

I keep rubbing my fingers red, but the paint stays on my clothes.

With a deep sigh, I sit on my heels, the cold water seeping into my skin reaching my bones like needles.

Damn it.

"Is everything alright?"

As soon as he asked me, his mouth-watering scent reaches me. I must have been rather panicky to miss that.

Breathing him in gets me to calm down immediately, my heart mending slowly.

"Yeah," I breathe out and distort my face. "Actually, no."

Logan laughs and steps into the water to reach me.

"No, Logan! Wait!" I shout as he walks towards me. "It's too cold."

He holds out his hand to me, shaking his head. "Look who's talking. Do you want to catch death?"

Same word, same sense, two completely different ways to say it.

Grabbing his hand, I let him help me to my feet. "I'm a failure, Logan. Every task that I helped with ended up being a catastrophe. And everybody is so nice to me. I don't deserve it."

"Don't say that. You are doing fine. It's normal that you are a bit clumsy because you are nervous and everything is new to you. Let me take you out of the cold first." He picks me up to carry me out of the water, and I wrap my arms around his neck to lean my head against his chest.

I sigh, as he doesn't put me down and keeps walking. "And I ruined my dress."

"I can see that," he chuckles, making me smile as well. "But we will buy you a new one."

"How did you find me?" I ask, looking up at him.

He meets my gaze shortly before concentrating back on where he is walking to. "A few pack members mind linked me about you and Fynn fighting on the construction site, so I came to see if you were okay and if the moron was being mean to you again. But you were already gone."

"Thank you," I breathe out as I lean my head back against his chest. "I guess Fynn and me... We are just a lost case."

Logan laughs, making my heart sing, "More for me, then. And he is an idiot if he gives up on someone so wonderful like you."

"Aaaw," I whisper, burying my chest into his shirt.

He keeps walking silently while he lets me calm down in the safety of his arms, and we seem to reach the pack house in the blink of an eye. "Where are we going?" I ask him, looking up at him with a curious expression.

He chuckles as he takes a set of stairs down to the wing that has still not been shown to me. "Somewhere warm."

I relax back against him, letting him

carry me inside and through a glass room with large windows. Taking another flight of stairs through a double door, we get into what seems to be a cave-like

over

construction, illuminated artificially to create a relaxing atmosphere.

Steam envelops us gently, warming up my frozen limbs.

"Is this a thermal bath?" I gasp happily, and he nods.

Throwing my head back in laughter, I get another glimpse of my surroundings. "You guys are just something else."

He carries me into the water while we are still both fully clothed and sets me down on my feet carefully. Grabbing my dress, he lifts it over my head gently before throwing it on the stones next to the pool.

"Oh, it's so nice here," I say as I dip deeper into the water and watch him undress himself.

As soon as he has disposed of his shirt and pants, he wraps his arms around me, pulling me close. "Let me warm you up a bit."

"Thank you so much. I'm feeling less cold already," I sigh happily, my heart skipping a beat at his smile.

"You have to stop worrying about not being good enough. You are perfect, and everybody is nice to you because you deserve this and much more."

I press my lips together to keep them from shaking while I tear up. "That's so nice of you to say."

"It's not nice! It's true," he chuckles, making me slap his arm playfully.

"You are spoiling me too much. I don't think you are allowed to," I say jokingly, covering how it actually saddens me.

Passing his hand through his hair, he gets little drops of water fall on his face. "Of course I am. You are my mate, remember?!"

He grins as he hugs me tighter. "Are you feeling better already?"

"Uh-huh," I say, nodding.

"I'm glad," kissing my forehead, he gets me to sigh happily. "Hey, didn't you want to talk to me about something?"

Scrunching my nose, I nod again. "Yeah. I have to tell you something about my wolf."

"Will it explain why she isn't answering mine?" he asks, tilting his head.

"Something like this, yeah," I answer shyly, making him sigh.

With a fast movement, he grabs me and lifts me up. I gasp as I wrap my arms around his neck, and hug him close to stabilize myself.

He laughs and starts walking through the water. "Let's go somewhere more private."

Passing an arched stone bow, I admire the changing atmosphere as it turns a bit darker but yet cosier.

The sound of falling water reaches my ears as I find myself surrounded by small waterfalls and stonewalls enlightened by artificial torches. "Wow," I breathe out, not able to stop staring around agape.

He pushes me to the end of the room, leaning me against a warm stone at the side of the pool. As my legs are wrapped around his waist, can feel that he is as excited about this situation as I am, even if I doubt that it has something to do with our surroundings.

Kissing my neck and jawline, he hums happily, making my skin vibrating pleasantly. "I thought this was a good idea, but I'm beginning to doubt it."

I giggle, not wanting to interrupt him

as I fear this might be the last time that I get him to kiss and touch me like that. "As if we wouldn't already know what happens if we get this close to each other, Logan

"True," he whispers before he claims my lips with his. I clasp myself tighter against him as we kiss, increasing the sparks erupting on my entire body.

Breaking the kiss, he pulls my bottom lip with his teeth, sighing, "Talk to me, babe. Or we will be in trouble again."

Chapter 63 ARTEMISIA

"And that's all," I say stupidly, my voice getting high-pitched as I finish telling him what I had already told his brothers.

As I went through my tale about my rejection and Cassy revolting against me, his expression darkened more and more.

By the time I got to the end of the story, and told him about not being able to shift or her refusing to share any of her wolf senses with me, I actually struggled to keep my voice from breaking. Logan had let go of me and was clasp the edge of the pool so hard that I feared he would crumble the stone between his fingers to dust any moment.

I'm glad that we are sitting in a hot spring as his distancing himself has coldness creeping onto my skin.

Taking a deep breath, I try to push down the pain expanding in my chest.

I would like to speak and ask if everything is alright, but my throat seems like it's dried out, blocking every sound from leaving my mouth. So, I keep looking at him expectantly, letting his angry gaze consume me.

"What did your family do against the prick?" He asks, rendering me speechless.

As I stare at him, opening and closing my mouth repeatedly before I can finally stutter a sound. "Huh?"

"Didn't they take any action against him?" He tilts his head, rage flashing in his eyes. "Are you telling me that they just went on having good pack relations, pushing you aside as collateral?"

"Woah," I lift my hands, my mind running extra rounds to be able to grasp what he just said. "Are you seriously asking me this? What my family did to get revenge for me?"

He growls as I blink tears out of my eyes. "Yeah. What the fuck! He took advantage of you and then hurt you. If it had been for me, he wouldn't have made it to Alpha."

Gasping, I throw my arms around him, hugging him close. I can sense him growing stiff confusedly as he slowly lays his hands on my back. "Missy?" "I thought you would reject me," I sob, squeezing him tighter. "Why are you defending me?"

He chuckles, kissing the side of my head. "Why should I reject you? You are my mate."

Hugging me fully, he sighs before he adds in a whisper, "You are my everything."

Swallowing another sob, my throat strikes definitely, blocking me from saying anything else.

"What made you think I would reject you?" he asks, jokingly. "I know that I can be an ass, but I didn't think you would think that low of me."

Not being able to say anything else, I shake my head.

"You don't have to worry. We will find a way to get her back into collaborating with you," he sighs, caressing my back. "Also, I'm quite convinced about the fact that us marking you, will calm her down. And if not, I can surely find another way to reawaken her."

I can clearly sense the smirk in his voice as he keeps reassuring me. My heart flips painfully as I am still convinced that I don't deserve this.

I was not prepared for him to be so understanding and sweet.

As he notices that I'm still latching on to him desperately, he turns his head, pressing his lips into my hair.

"Babe, did Fynn tell you that I would?"

I nod, a feeble whimper escaping my lips.

"Goddess," he breathes out, untangling himself from me.

Taking my head into his hands, he leans down to be face-to-face with me. "You really... really... need to stop listening to what that prick tells you. We are going crazy over here, and he takes all his sweet time just because there is nothing we can do about it."

"What do you mean?" I ask, looking back and forth between his eyes.

Clearing his throat, he takes a quick glance at the entrance of the pool where we came through. "I shouldn't tell you because Cayden has forbidden us from doing so. But we have to play after his rules."

"Whose rules?" I ask in a whisper as he distorts his face.

"Drake. None of us knows how to handle that multiple mate situation with him because he... well... he is special. And he doesn't

communicate with us, and as you have been able to see, Fynn's character doesn't help in this situation." He takes a deep breath before he goes on. "We suppose that

he has to accept you first. That's why we have to hold back with you."

"What do you mean by 'special'? Logan, what is happening?" I ask, feeling more and more concerned.

He shakes his head, "I can't tell you this."

Scrunching my nose, I chuckle

awkwardly. "What? You are not being serious right now. So, he has some special position in your fancy little hierarchy. And if he finally decides to reject me after all this little game he is pulling, can you finally step forward?"

"No," his expression falls, making my heart stop. "I don't think that Drake wants to reject you. But if Fynn does, he will certainly not accept us going through with it. We will probably have to reject you as well."

My heart stops as I stare at him incredulously, my voice failing me as I want to ask more than just the feeble "what?" that swaps over my lips.

He shakes his head, retrieving his hands to cage me in once again. "I will do anything to prevent it. We will find a way. Don't worry."

"How can I not worry?" I suddenly yell as panic bubbles up my chest. "Are you insane?"

"I'm sorry... I-" he starts saying, but I interrupt him.

"No! No, Logan. You can't do this to me." I look at him distraught as he shakes his head.

"Why not mark me then?" I ask, making his eyes widen.

"Why don't you mark me now?" I repeat, pushing my hair off my shoulders to uncover my neck and shoulder to him. "He won't get

here in time to stop you."

A sad smile appears on his lips, making my heart break. "I can't claim you before he does, babe."

Letting my shoulders slump, I look at him with a void expression.

My panic retreats, being pushed back by a wave of sadness and desperation that strangles my heart painfully.

"He would kill us all."

Chapter 64 ARTEMISIA

I always knew that he was a monster.

But after Logan had given me a glimpse of his family secret, I was now sure of it.

I couldn't understand how he could tell me that being serious, and I had asked more and more questions to be able to understand the situation.

But there was no avail.

After the little bit he had told me, just to be able to warn me, he closed back up fully, not disclosing anything else to me.

He held me as I cried my heart out, and helped me out of the water as I felt like life had been sucked out of me.

Picking up our clothes, we walked through a passage in the house, reaching the arcade rooms.

With a last kiss, we parted ways and I returned to my quarters heartbroken.

At least now I know that I'm not the only one hurting, even if it doesn't help my pain a lot.

I had asked him to let me stay with him, but he told me that we weren't allowed to.

After I had proposed asking his brothers so that we wouldn't get in trouble, he got a response back from Fynn that he didn't even want to say out loud to me, but it clearly was a no. Matthew, on the other hand, had just told him that they should stick to the rules to prevent another fight with Cayden. So, I was on my own again.

All alone.

Wrapped in the blankets on my bed, I snuggled in early, not even caring for what the time was.

Daisy nearly got my door kicked in to serve me my dinner so that I skyrocketed out of bed to open voluntarily.

"Oh, were you sleeping?" She asks with her usual overly happy voice.

I rub my eyes and nod, hoping it wouldn't be that obvious that I was crying. "Yeah. Sorry. Has been a tiresome day."

"One more reason to not skip an important meal of the day," she says in a sing-song, pushing in the cart with what I suppose is my dinner.

My stomach starts rumbling but the happy feeling is brusquely interrupted as Daisy lifts the lid, making me suppress a gag.

What the hell?

"I really don't mean to be ungrateful. But what is this?" I ask, putting a hand in front of my nose and mouth as if it could prevent me from smelling the stench coming from my dinner.

"Risotto," she says excitedly, still holding the lid.

"I- I can see that," I start, not knowing how to end the sentence in a polite way. "But what is in it?"

She hums, leaning over the food, and smiles as she straightens her spine back up. "Mushrooms, if I'm not mistaken."

"Mushrooms don't smell this way," I observe, hoping she would get what I want to say without having to tell her that it stinks.

Also, I highly doubt that she isn't able to smell this stench.

"Oh, no. That must be the supplements I have added to the food," she states proudly.

Oh, my Goddess.

"Su- Supplements?" I ask, and she nods over-excitedly.

"Yes, for healthy pups," she giggles, and my heart stops.

Gulping painfully, I force a smile. "Daisy, I'm not trying to get pregnant, yet. Maybe I could have a normal portion?"

She laughs hysterically, waving her hand dismissively. "Oh, you. Now come on and eat."

My heart races as I step towards the table carefully, sitting down on the chair that she is pulling out for me.

Bile rises in my throat, as I scoot

closer, taking the spoon into my hand. I look up to Daisy pleadingly as she stands in front of me with a big smile. "Go on. Don't be shy."

"You don't have to wait for me," I try to get her off my back to be able to wash it down the toilet. "I can wash the dishes myself once I am done."

She waves dismissively once again before crossing her hands back before her lap. "Oh, no. Don't worry. I'll wait."

Shit.

My hand shakes as I move it to the plate and even Cassy whimpers in the back of my head. Scooping a bit of food onto my spoon, I jump as Daisy clears her throat.

I look up at her, finding her smiling at me encouragingly.

Groaning internally, I scoop a bit more onto the spoon before moving it to my lips slowly.

I fight my gag reflex, gulping down another wave of bile, and close my eyes as I put the food into my mouth.

The taste is as bad as the smell, my eyes tear up as I force myself to bite and swallow the food. "Daisy, I can't eat this."

"But you have to! Cayden asked me to prepare it like this myself," she says, her expression morphing.

I take a deep breath, wanting to cleanse my senses from the intoxicating stench. "Call him then. I want to speak to him about this."

"Why do you want to trouble him because of this? You have one job, and it is to breed healthy pups. Don't you want this as well?"

Her tone changes drastically, worrying me. I can't think that she wants to hurt me, but it is hard to think if my senses are paralysed by a sickening smell.

Panic expands in my chest, and I would like to cry. I start to calculate my chances of just flipping the table over and running before she can shift and attack me.

I am quite sure that her wolf would certainly be no match for Cassy, but without her, I am fucked.

I feel myself close to hyperventilation as she encourages me to take another bite as Drake's voice rumbles through my mind. 'What's wrong, mate?'

As I'm still contemplating which would be the lesser of two evils, I realise that I would still prefer Drake.

Stupid mate bond.

Just as I'm about to answer him, the door gets kicked in.

The huge bang gets Daisy and me to jump and look at the door to see Fynn barging into the room. He is wearing a grey top with his black shorts, and his appearance nearly gets me to overhear the high-pitched vatee following him.

My heart flips painfully in my chest as I see a she-wolf looking like a fairy. She is wearing a see-through dress, adorned with lace that causes my blood to boil.

'Looks like we spotted the problem,' Cassy sneers. 'It's not only that you are ugly, but you have the wrong hair colour too.'

I can sense Drake wanting to get back at her but he can't as he has another task at hand.

Even I don't get to feel hurt by her statement as the fairy speaks in a melodic voice, calling my mate, "Master Fynn."

My pain must be too much to handle as I laugh out loud at hearing this while Drake growls.

Daisy's face has turned pale by now, and she watches Fynn nearing her as she seems to get smaller with every step he takes. "What is this putrid smell?"

His expression darkens as he looks over the food and me still holding the spoon.

The dark veins reappear on his face,

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Drake's voice mixing with his as he

turns back to Daisy, who is now the one who is shaking. "Were you trying to poison my mate?"

"N- No! N- No, I- I swear." Daisy stutters as he growls threateningly.

"What the fuck is this then?" he barks, picking up my stinky plate to throw it against the wall.

Eew, my room will reek forever.

"It's just supplements!" Daisy shrieks, making Fynn halt in his movement confused.

"Supplement for what? Are you fucking kidding me?"

Daisy whimpers, shaking her head. "F- For the b- baby."

Chapter 65 ARTEMISIA

As soon as she has finished her sentence, I don't even need to feel the overpowering rage that swaps from him to know that this is going to be bad. The feeling of fire creeps up my legs, expanding in my body. It risks suffocating me as I see Fynn grabbing Daisy by her throat. "What baby?"

"Fynn, no!" I shout, getting up to get him to release her. "There is no baby. She means future baby."

I see the fairy girl running out in shock and hope she is going to fetch someone to help us out.

"Finnegan!" I yell, standing between them and laying my hands on his cheeks. "Look at me!"

My heart stops as he complies, turning his head to lay his completely black eyes on me. I gulp, asking myself where I get these stupid ideas from. Lowering my voice, I feel his heartbeat slowing down. "Cayden asked her to do this. She was just doing her job. This is something she-wolfs take if they want to get a healthy pregnancy. She was just trying to help."

I look over my shoulders, seeing Daisy kicking the air as her face turns into a strange colour. "Fynn! Let her go. You are hurting her!"

With a groan, he lets go of her without moving out of my hold.

"Get the fuck out," he snarls, getting Daisy to stumble out of the room.

We are locked looking at each other for what seems to be an eternity. He lets his eyes roam my face as he is scanning for something I was trying to disclose from him. I'm still shocked by the feeling streaming through me, as I curse my strange courage, attributing it to the mate bond.

Feeling captured by his gaze, I would love to feel his arms wrapping around me, his hands roaming my body.

I move my hands from his face as the veins retreat, and he turns his face to look at the shattered plate.

And frees us both from this spell.

Scrunching up his nose, he clicks his tongue. "Sorry about that. I'll get someone to clean that up. Looks like Drake doesn't handle baby talk well." "It's alright," I say with a chuckle. "At least I can handle him."

Looking back at me, he exhales exhaustedly, "Looks like it."

"Not that I think I'm something special, don't worry. I guess the beautiful Nymph with the transparent lace dress would surely have had the same effect on you." I say, acting as if it wouldn't hurt me.

He takes a step forward, grinning. "You mean Rose? Oh, no. If she had done the same, I guess there would be much more to clean up."

I don't get in time to elaborate on what he said properly as he tilts his head at me. "Have you been crying?"

Crossing my arms, taken aback as well as I'm bugged by this question, I change the subject back quickly.

"So... Is the fairy-like Rose your chosen one you were telling me about or is it the one you were talking to on the construction site?" I ask, my heart turning painfully.

He ignores my question by closing his eyes shortly before he clenches his teeth. "Don't eat smelly shit when they serve it to you."

Drake's chuckle rumbles through my mind as he walks out without adding anything else to the situation. 'Our baby would revolt against something like that.'

Just as he is reaching my door, my feet start moving without my doing, my head screaming against it as I stand in his way. Holding onto the door frame, I keep him from passing me as I know that even with whatever Logan told me, he wouldn't hurt me on purpose.

At least not yet.

"You owe me something," I say, holding my chin up.

He scoffs, putting his hands just slightly above mine to lean into me. I have to swallow a gasp as I keep myself from retreating.

His lips are just inches from mine as he mocks me. "I don't know what I would owe a spoiled princess like you are."

"You know exactly that you have to tell me about Drake. Stop avoiding it like a little scaredy cat," I retort through my teeth. "And don't talk to me about rejection because your wolf just risked going on a killing spree by just the idea of me being pregnant by someone else. I guess that he would tear you from the inside if you were just to try that."

"I will find a way, don't worry," he sneers, and I shrug my shoulders. "You talk to Logan first."

"I already talked to Logan!" I shout, making his eyes widen for a split second.

There you go.

"He said that he is not going to reject me!"

He clicks his tongue, pushing himself off the door. "Get out of my way!"

"No!" I say confidently, clasping the frame.

As he doesn't move, just frowns at me, I shake my head. "Fynn, our fights do not work. My strong will doesn't get you to move. As well as your asshole behaviour isn't making me bend to your stupid will. What do you want from me?"

"I don't want anything from you," he murmurs, and I sigh exhaustedly.

"Do you want me to fucking beg?" I ask in despair, regretting my question as his expression morphs.

A sly grin grows on his lips, and he grabs my jaw, pulling me close. I gasp as I am ripped from the door frame and I claw onto his arm, forcing myself to keep my defiant look towards him.

"I'd die to see you beg, princess."

My nails sink into his skin as he leans closer, his husky whisper making a shiver run down my spine. "I fucking love seeing you on your knees for me." "Let go!" I say, making him chuckle.

Shaking his head, he passes his lips

over mine, the friction of the touch making me shudder pleasantly. "You think you are special because he

tells you that he is into you. Be

Drake is just playing with you, like he does with everyone. He will get bored soon, and then I will finally be free."

"Oh, master Fynn, how will I ever survive that?" I mock him, raising the tune of my voice to talk in a high-pitched manner.

He laughs before he bites into my bottom lip, making me hiss. "You can act like this all you want and try to hide that your body is literally burning up for me."

I glare up at him as he keeps grinning, "Tell me little mate, how are you coping with your burning desire of feeling my big cock stretching your tight pussy?"

Not wanting to show how much this

actually hit me right to my core, and forcing the little voice in my head down that screams 'Take me how!', I just grin back at him. "Pretty well. And you?"

Fynn moves closer, cursing under his breath as he is about to claim my lips, as a loud noise gets us to turn to the demolished entrance to my quarters.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Cayden growls, getting Fynn to let go of me.

"Get a few Omegas to clean up here," Fynn simply murmurs, passing his brother as I rub my jaw. "And get those little maids in check. Don't have them serve her putrid food."

Cayden's gaze follows him as he leaves the room before he turns back at me. "Are you okay?"

I nod, hugging myself and he sighs. "Good. I'll get someone to clean up right away."

As he turns around, something clicks.

He didn't even flinch as Fynn uttered his commands, and it took him an eternity to get to me.

I would have been at Drake's mercy without the possibility of anyone being able to come to my defence.

What if I couldn't have stopped him right there?

Taking a few steps backwards, I sit on a small couch. I remain frozen in shock as a few Omegas come to clean up the mess silently.

I do my best to regulate my erratic breathing as my mind runs hectically, not able to make sense of the things that I'm gathering slowly. If he is the strongest, and everybody fears him... Why isn't he the Alpha?

Chapter 66 ARTEMISIA

The next day, I just decide to sleep in.

I would have wanted to help out further at the construction site, but I decided against it.

In the afternoon, I have a short meeting with Astrid because of the upcoming trip with the pups, and I suddenly find myself agreeing with Lisa.

I have to focus on Luna tasks instead of playing maid.

Also, I am not able to concentrate on anything as I'm trapped between worry, because of Logan's words, and sweet malicious joy, when I think back at my interaction with Fynn.

In my delusional, love-sick, mate-bond-altered state, I convince myself that he will just need a little push into the right direction, and he will be mine, eventually, and if I can achieve this, I won't lose Matthew nor Logan.

On top of that, Drake has not stopped talking about our pups. Gloating about how perfectly strong they will be.

I giggle into my blanket before I stretch myself with a happy sigh.

I'll find out if Fynn really is so indifferent towards me emotionally as he acts, even if it's the last thing I'll do.

I'll show him that I'm worth being his mate.

Even if I'm not blonde!

Suddenly driven by an incredible motivation, I get out of bed and dress myself.

I have to act like nothing happened and get him to come for me.

Desperately needing a different approach, I avoid him successfully all day, not that this would have been so hard to do, and keep concentrating on stealing short moments of happiness from my other mates.

After discussing the upcoming trip with Astrid, I take a big turn on my way home, reaching the training grounds.

Climbing all the way up the tribunes, I sit down behind a group of she-wolves that keep gushing over the training men.

Even if I have to force my jealousy down, I must admit that Lisa was quite onto something with this one too, as Logan seems to be highly popular. Once again, I'm astonished by the fact that Matthews's name falls as well, but never Fynn's.

Logan is watching the training warriors at the border of the field with crossed arms while Fynn is shouting commands, pacing back and forth. I have also spotted Matthew on the field with the warriors, even though he is acting more like an additional instructor than engaging in the training. Keeping myself in check pays out as they nearly faint as my mate climbs up the steps to reach me as soon as he has spotted me. "What a nice surprise!" Logan says with a big smile as he leans down to kiss me. "To what do I owe

the pleasure?" Shrugging, I try to act nonchalantly even if I feel all eyes on me. "I heard that you were training, so I thought to come see you."

"Seeing you is the best reward for the training." He sits down next to me, putting his arm around me.

I blush, giggling as he hugs me close to kiss my temple. "You are sweet. And it's nice to know that I can be a reward for such a hard training of yours."

He tsks with a big smile as his eyes return to the training field. "I heard that there were some issues with the food that Daisy brought you yesterday for dinner?"

"Yeah," I sigh. "But it's nothing to worry about. She just overdid with the supplements."

"Do you want me to replace her?" he asks me, making me jerk up.

"Oh, no please, don't." Laying a hand on his knee, I get him to look back at me. "It would destroy her."

He flashes me a sad smile and nods. "Okay. But as soon as I hear something like this again, I'll take her from your staff."

"My staff," I repeat with a chuckle, making him shake his head.

We watch the rest of the training silently while he holds me and I caress his leg. As the training finishes, and the people on the tribune as well as the warriors walk out, my heart gets a little ping as Matthew walks out without even sparing me a glance.

I'm used to Fynn ignoring me but him doing that hurts me on an entirely other level.

I know that he is just following the rules, but it is still a hard pill to swallow.

"Don't worry," Logan says, caressing my arm as he hugs me closer. "It will be alright."

"Sure, but when?" I sigh, looking up at him. "I'm tired of waiting, and it hurts."

Putting a finger below my chin, he leans closer to kiss me. I close my eyes enjoying the friction the sparks create on my lips and skin as I reciprocate the kiss.

As he breaks it, I exhale dreamily. "Will you please stay with me tonight?"

"You know that we can't," he answers, and I grab his t-shirt.

"Oh, come on. You wouldn't be allowed to sit here and kiss me either, but you are still doing it. We can keep our hands to each other. I just don't want to be alone another night. Please." I beg him, making puppy dog eyes.

With a sigh, he takes his eyes off me, passing a hand through his hair. "You know exactly that we can't keep our hands to each other, and we will be in big trouble."

"Aren't we already?" I ask, matching his whispering tone. "What if that would get a reaction out of Fynn? Finally forcing him to make a decision?"

He clenches his jaw, and I see how his resolve is about to fall, making me scoot even closer and lowering my voice another bit. "And I really, really need to feel your hands on me"

"Goddess," he breathes out, making me grin.

"So, is this a yes?" I ask with a gasp, and he nods.

"Yes, but we have to be careful. And quiet," he says, a sly grin growing on his lips.

I laugh, pulling him to me to press a kiss on his cheek, before whispering in his ear. "Oh, I will be everything you want me to."

"Not helping, Artemisia," he growls lowly, the sound of my name rolling from his lips, causing a shiver to roll along my spine. Distancing myself back from him, I burn under his intense gaze, while the blue and silver flecks appear. "So... Do you want to fetch dinner?" "I don't think so," he answers with a grin before he grabs me and lifts me up.

I squeal as he throws me over his shoulder and walks towards the thermal baths quickly. "What did I tell you about being quiet, love?"

Chapter 67 ARTEMISIA

I regret having promised to be quiet as soon as he pins me against the wall and starts kissing my jawline and neck.

The steam and the warm water envelop us as I wrap my arms around his strong shoulders.

His hard cock is so close to my throbbing pussy, that with a little movement, I could impale myself on him.

But he seems to be able to read my mind regarding this plan as he is holding me firmly, preventing me from moving freely.

Biting my bottom lip, I enjoy his hands moving up my sides and grabbing my breasts. After moving them back down to my waist, he lifts me out of the water and lays me on the rough surface of a hot stone.

With a gasp, I move my hands above my head to grab the edge of the stone as he starts kissing my skin, starting from my belly button and up to my breasts.

As he notices my sudden movement, he looks up at me with a grin.

His eyes roam over my shaking frame, taking in my naked body on display for him.

"Perfect," he whispers huskily, causing my skin to be covered in goosebumps.

I press my lips together to swallow another moan as he reaches my hardened nipples and starts sucking them.

"Oh, Goddess," I breathe out, feeling wetness pooling between my legs.

I get a moment to catch my breath as he moves further up, disconnecting from my skin to hover directly over my lips. Little droplets fall from his hair, making me feel like I was trapped in some romance movie. "You are so fucking beautiful. And did I tell you how happy it makes me that you go around calling yourself 'Beta Female'."

My breath hitches in my throat as my heartbeat gets faster, enabling me only as much as to shake my head.

His gorgeous smile has my brain going into a frenzy as he kisses my lips gently. "Well, it does. And I can't wait to make you officially mine." "Me too," I whisper, losing myself in his intense gaze.

He gets between my legs and spreads his knees, getting me to lift and spread my legs for him.

Moving his hand back down seductively, he grazes my wet folds before taking his cock into his hand. He scoots closer, moving his dick to my folds, and I force down another moan as he starts rubbing himself against me.

I risk going crazy as the tip of his cock slips up and down on my clit, making me near my orgasm.

He chuckles as he puts a hand on my lower belly to fixate me as I keep arching my back in the hopes of him finally losing it and taking me.

"Fuck," he breathes out while my eyes roll to the back of my head as my orgasm ripples through me.

My lungs risk bursting at me keeping myself from moaning.

Whimpering lowly, he lets me catch my breath while he plays with my hardened nipples.

"I'll fuck you so hard that you'll forget what century you live in," he growls, turning me around to pull my back against his frame.

"Oh, my Goddess. Yes!" I moan, my lust reaching new highs as I imagine him fucking me raw.

He is just moving his fingers between my legs and sinking them into my pussy as I hear steps nearing.

I panic but he just chuckles, holding me firmly to prevent me from moving away.

He continues to fingerfuck me slowly as Fynn comes into the room, accompanied by Matthew as it seems.

"What the fuck are you doing?" he growls, and Logan kisses my shoulder.

"What does it look like?"

I keep my eyes closed as I'm concentrating on not flying away as he continues to provoke him. "I'm making my mate cum."

"Oh, fuck," I whisper as he starts increasing his rhythm slowly, making me bite my lip.

As I finally turn my head to look at them, I can see Matthew on the brink of bursting, clearly wanting to reach us while Fynn is looking at us angered.

But Logan's fingers feel too good for me to care, and I set my eyes on Matthew, hoping he would lose his internal fight.

Pressing his lips against my ear, Logan whispers, "Do you want them to join us?"

"Yes!" I moan, making him chuckle.

"Matty and got a new toy we

wanted to try on you. We could do that after our bath. What do you say Matt?" he has barely finished the sentence as Matthew starts

undressing himself.

"Don't be an idiot, Fynn," he growls as he dives into the water, reaching us.

My body shudders pleasantly as he props himself up on the stone that we are on, caressing his wet hair out of his face.

He pulls himself out of the water, sitting in front of us.

Driving his hand into my hair, he gets my gaze off Fynn before he kisses me.

"Goddess, how I missed you," he whispers huskily as he breaks the kiss.

I smile, my heart beating into my throat as his brother continues to work my pussy. "I missed you too."

Fynn seems to be frozen to his spot as he continues watching us.

Matthew starts playing with my breasts until Logan asks him to take over.

While still massaging my breasts with one hand, he moves his fingers between my legs to push them into me.

He increases his pace, seemingly going crazy along with me.

Finally, my lungs can't take it anymore, and I moan loudly as Logan pushes a finger into my ass, increasing the pressure on my core.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I scream, sinking my nails into Matthew's shoulder as I come on their fingers.

I'm still catching my breath as Matthew lays between my legs and Logan pushes me lightly. "Ride his tip now, baby."

Matthew groans as I position myself on top of him, pushing his hard cock between my folds. I start moving back and forth increasingly faster as Logan stands up.

"You don't know what you are missing, Finnegan," he laughs, as he positions himself in front of me.

Matthew holds my hips firmly, guiding me and also preventing me from just having his cock sliding into me as I cover him in my juices.

He lets my clit glide over his hardened cock, massaging it perfectly with it as my chest squeezes at another orgasm building inside me.

Logan moves his fingers into my hair, jerking my head back. Taking his cock into his hand, he moves to stand directly in front of my face. He glides the tip of his dick over my lips before he pushes it in slowly making me take him into my mouth.

I moan around his cock as I take him deeper, coming just before I feel Matthew explode between my legs. Stopping to move, I concentrate on the blowjob, getting him to empty himself in my throat with a loud groan.

"Fuck, Missy," he growls, as he slips his delectable dick out of my mouth.

I lick my lips with a smile as I watch him collect his senses before he leans down to kiss me.

"Fynn?" He asks again, but this time he just gets a click of the tongue as an answer.

I turn towards him, seeing him standing there with clenched fists.

'He is a fucking idiot,' Drake barks, his frustration cursing through me.

"If this is some kind of game to get a reaction out of me... You can fucking it he finally growls. But

have

instead of getting into the water, he

storms out.

ARTEMISIA

"What does that mean?" I ask after our confusion clears a little bit.

Matthew sits up, wrapping his arms around me and taking my breast into his mouth. I sink my fingers into his hair, caressing him as I throw my head into my neck.

"Don't worry. He will come around," Logan snarls, tapping his brother's shoulder.

Matthew wraps his arms around my waist and slips into the water with me.

The warm water envelops me soothingly while we entangle ourselves in each other as we kiss.

Logan leans against the pool border, watching us silently before he decides to step behind me.

As I'm still making out with Matthew, he moves his hands from my ass to my pussy, his fingers playing with me teasingly.

I moan into Matthew's mouth as my lust rebuilds but he stops, making us break the kiss. "Let's get to your room. We have something for you, remember?"

I groan as he gets Matthew to detach from me, and we dress ourselves quickly.

Wanting to reach my quarters as fast as possible, Logan takes my hand, dragging me up the stairs as I nearly suffocate with laughter. "Babe, please. Why are you so eager to get to my room?"

Turning around with a growl, he finally lifts me up in order to be able to move even faster.

Matthew follows us with a broad grin, closing the door behind us as we get into my quarters.

As Logan throws me onto my bed, I look at them confused, watching Matthew open the drawer of my sideboard and take out a magic wand.

"You got that thing in here already?" I gasp as Logan claims my lips, pressing me into my bed.

I let him undress me, the cold air being replaced by his warm skin immediately. He purrs into the crook of my neck, as I wrap myself around him, scratching his back lightly.

As Matthew gets into bed with us, he tears himself off me, moving to sit next to me.

Matthew mirrors his movements, sitting next to me and lifting my leg over his. They spread me fully, fixating me between them by holding me tight.

Laughter bubbles out of me as I can't wait for what they are about to do to me and feel them kissing my neck and jawline.

I risk coming on the spot as each of them spreads one side of my folds, exposing my clit even more. Matthew passes the vibrating toy over my breasts, moving it slowly towards my core.

My breath hitches as he presses it onto my clit, making me moan out of control.

I risk losing my senses fully as they keep talking about how to move the toy to increase my pleasurable treatment.

Due to my inability to move, my pussy is fully under their control, which makes it harder to keep myself from going crazy.

"Yes! Oh, my goodness. This is perfect," I scream as Matthew keeps pushing it harder against my pulsating clit.

I moan as they spread me further, sinking deeper. "Fuck!"

Matthew moves the sex toy up and down my folds slowly, while Logan pushes two fingers into me.

I scream in pleasure as Matthew increases the intensity of the vibration, and my body can't hold back at them working my pussy.

It doesn't take me long to come hard, and I wet my lips with my tongue as the afterwaves of my orgasm ripple through me.

As soon as I've climbed down my high, Logan pulls me against his frame, kissing me. He frees me from their hold, positioning me to lay beneath him.

Getting back onto his knees, he caresses my folds softly, making me whimper as he strokes himself over my pussy.

I feel Matthew kneeling next to my head, and I turn my head to look at him. Taking his cock into my hand, I start moving my hand increasingly faster, kissing and licking his tip between one stroke and another.

Their groans fill the room, making me get even wetter.

I start rubbing my clit simultaneously, with their strokes, causing them to lose their minds like I'm about to lose mine.

"Fuck," Logan growls as he covers me in his release.

Slapping my hand away, he takes over to rub me to my release while Matthew thrusts into my hand as I increase the pace of my strokes.

As he comes in my hand, his loud groan is the last push I need to get over the edge, and my back arches off my bed as I come hard and loud. "Oh, my Goddess," I breathe out, making them chuckle and I feel the bed dip.

While Logan comes back with a warm, wet towel to clean me up gently, Matthew goes to fetch me a new pair of panties and a wide t-shirt.

I pout as he dresses me while grinning. "We already had enough fun. Let's not make him angrier."

"But will you stay with me tonight?" I ask lowly, making him nod.

Logan kisses my shoulder, making me look back at him. "We won't leave you alone. Don't worry."

I settle beneath my blankets happily, and they cuddle into bed beside me.

Matthew pulls me to his frame first, making me look at Logan. He falls asleep pretty quickly, while Logan and I still look at each other silently.

"You promised me that you won't let them get you to reject me, right?" I whisper, caressing his chest.

Taking my hand, he kisses my palm. "I'll do anything to prevent it, my love."

"Then I'm glad," I breathe out, closing my eyes.

"Missy," he calls my name in a whisper, making me open my eyes to look at him. "You were perfectly made for me by the Moon Goddess, and I will be damned if I lose my beautiful Beta Female because of an egoistic prick."

I smile, folding my hands beneath my cheek, "You won't ever lose me, Logan. I can promise you that."

He scoots closer, kissing me softly.

My body reacts to him instinctively, while feeling Matthew's warm. breath fanning my neck doesn't help to keep my heart from beating out of my chest.

"I love you, Artemisia," he confesses, leaning his forehead against mine as he clenches his jaw. "And you will be mine."

My heart explodes in my chest, freeing the butterflies that were caged inside it. "I love you, too."

He flashes me one of his gorgeous

smiles before kissing me again.

Laying his hand on my hip, adding to

Matthew's arm around my waist, they

make me feel so protected that

think will have the most

comfortable sleep that I have had in

ages.

But I will soon be proven wrong as I'm about to fall asleep and nearly miss feeling the fire, wrapping around my ankle like a tentacle.

My body feels like I'm burning up as the flames creep up my legs.

I suddenly feel the same pain that I already felt that time with Matthew, just that it is a hundred times worse.

Trying to open my eyes, I feel like I'm paralysed.

My senses register everything, while I can't seem to move or scream.

Panic grows in me as I feel the fire move, the tentacles wrapping tighter around my legs as if wanting to drag me away.

My only luck is that I'm held by my mates, so my kidnapping wouldn't go unnoticed.

Clenching my eyes closed further, I try to breathe regularly to make the pain subdue. Suddenly, my senses start to blur, making me feel like I'm spinning.

Gulping, I try to convince myself that it must be a nightmare, even if it feels terribly real.

Drake's voice thunders through my mind right before I slip into darkness.

'Now, it's my turn to play with mate.'

ARTEMISIA

The dripping sound gets me to open my eyes groggily.

My eyelids feel heavy, just like I slept for a thousand years and my body wasn't ready to wake up yet.

Sitting up, I hug myself instinctively as I look around in the shadowy cave. It seems to be made out of red stones and I shudder as a cold wind blows past me.

Where did that come from?

I stand up on my wobbly legs and notice that I'm wearing what Matthew dressed me with before going to bed.

What a strange dream.

I even feel the soreness still lingering between my legs as I take a few steps towards the crackling sound of a fire.

I must be losing my mind.

Being pretty sure that this must be a dream as I can't feel Cassy at all, I reach the source of the crackling noise.

It isn't a fire, but a slow stream of what seems to be a river made out of lava.

What is this place?

It takes me a moment, lost in my own desperation of my spiralling mind as I lift my head to see a gloomy figure sitting on a stone with his head buried in his hands in the middle of the platform that is surrounded by the river made out of lava.

"You have to be kidding me," I groan, making Fynn jerk up from his pensive pose.

His eyes widen as I let my arms slump against my legs. "Of course. Of all the strange dreams I could make, I have to run into you!"

He gets up swiftly, staring at me lost. "What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? What are you doing here? This is my dream, you idiot!" I yell, causing a low growl to pass through the cave.

I lift my eyes to follow the noise that seems to be creeping over the ceiling, and I gulp. "Was that Drake?"

"Missy!" Fynn barks, getting my attention back on him. "You have to wake up! What are you doing? How did you get here?"

"I just fell asleep, duh!" I answer, shaking my head.

He drives his hands through his hair, and I cross my arms. "This is some ugly lucid dreaming. I hate those."

Turning around shortly, I eye him up. "Why are you on that side? And I am here? Does this hold some kind of deeper meaning?" Fynn clicks his tongue, his expression losing his confused traits. "No. It's just common decorum. You stay on your side, and I on mine."

I laugh, jumping as the growl gets louder, filling the entire cave with the sound.

"Can't I come to your side as well?" I ask finally, making him shake his head.

"No, Missy! You need to wake up," he snarls, "Weren't you busy with my brothers?"

I shrug, caressing my arms. "Well, we just went to sleep. And Logan told me that he loves me, so I thought-"

"He did what?!" he barks out, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

"He- He told me that he loved me, so I thought that I would have the best sleep in the world. And not end in this shabby cave." I have barely spoken the thought as a loud growl resounds again. Now it seems angry, and I think that I might have insulted him and his home.

"Oh, no! I'm sorry!" I shout to the ceiling. "I didn't mean it like that. I really like it here."

Listening into the newly created silence, I add, "It's very cosy!"

"I can't believe that guy! Fucking idiot!" Fynn curses, turning his back at me to go back sitting down on his stupid stone. "Perfect, at least you are being faithful to your true form in this dream," I murmur, making him look over his shoulder. "What does that mean?" he asks.

I shrug, continuing to look around. "You were a lot nicer in my last dream."

"You dreamed of me?" He asks with a chuckle, and I glare at him.

"No! No! No mocking allowed in Missy's dreams. This is my territory and I refuse to let you treat me badly even here." I say confidently, but he laughs. "Will you now, or will you not, help me over this damned river?"

"Come on, Ms. Confidence." He stands up, walking towards me. Reaching over the narrow river, he grabs me effortlessly, lifting me over the streaming fire to set me down gently on his side.

We stand there for a second, looking at each other until I tear myself off his gaze. "What were you doing here? You seemed a bit depressed." "I'm just exhausted," he says, flashing me a sad smile.

Tilting my head at him, I feel confident enough to talk to him freely as I continue to convince myself that this is just a dream. "Why are you exhausted?"

"I just came back from training," he answers, making me look at him with a sarcastic expression.

He laughs as I shake my head. "Why can't you be honest even in my dreams?"

"Because that's how I am..." he answers in a husky whisper, and I gulp.

Losing myself in his dark intense gaze once again, I turn my head away only with difficulty, scoffing. "Stupid mate bond."

"Why are you saying that?" He tilts his head, leaning in to get into my line of sight.

"Because I would never like someone like you. You are... you are... Argh." I stomp my foot, wanting to get away from him, but he holds me back.

"So, you are blaming the Moon Goddess because she made you match with someone like me?" He asks, sadness flashing into his features for a second before he hides it.

"No." I sigh. "I'm trying to blame her. But I can't..."

Looking down, I move my arms to hold his, caressing his muscular forearms with my thumb. "It's that have been attracted to you since first met you, and I was so happy about having you as a

ove

Ye'

second-chance mate. But you make it so difficult for me because you are always so mean."

"Sorry about that. But I have my reasons."

"What reasons?" I ask, looking back up at him.

"Ah, your dream contingent of questions has nearly come to an end," he jokes, making me click my tongue.

"Idiot," I murmur, and my heart skips a beat as he leans down, pressing his head against the side of my head.

I feel him breathing me in, as he chuckles. "If you tell me what your other dream was about, I will grant you all your answers to all your infinite questions."

"I'll pass," I say with a grin, making him laugh.

Taking a deep breath, he looks down

before meeting my gaze again. "I'm exhausted because it takes a lot to run from such an annoying yet enchanting mate. I'm exhausted because I should pour out my soul to you, and I don't know how you will take it."

I gulp as he leans closer, wrapping his arms around me. "I'm exhausted because my entitled brother gets it

all and always has an advantage

eline

because he simply exists. I'm exhausted because I'm running out

of excuses to push you awayfr

me, even if I know that you fit

perfectly in my hold."

from

His arms hug me close to his chest, his hands wander down to grab my ass, making me gasp. "See?"

I nod, hypnotised by his scent and his gaze, and he grins slyly.

He opens his mouth, about to say something as another, louder growl ripples through the room. Clicking his tongue, he moves his eyes back from the ceiling to me. "Sorry, princess. But you have to go now."

He presses his finger into my skin, triggering a point that seems to make me lose my senses. "Please forgive me."

"No! Wait! What?" I ask, panicking.

Feeling myself slipping out of my dream, he hugs me close one last time, growling into my ear lowly. "Don't forget that I came to fetch you. And I'll be the first to have you!"

Startling awake, I only get to feel stupid for a second as I feel like I have been set on fire. My lungs finally fill with air again, allowing me to take a deep breath, before I can scream my lungs out at the searing pain.

Chapter 70

LOGAN

I jolt awake as an ear-piercing scream shatters the silence.

Artemisia is clawing onto the bed sheets as Matthew is already leaning over her, trying to calm her down.

"Baby, what's wrong?" I ask her, trying to take her face into my hands but as soon as I touch her she screams again.

Fuck.

Her skin seems to burn up as she breathes heavily.

Panic expands in my chest, sorrow squeezing around my heart as I look at my brother. He must be wearing the same expression as mine as he looks back at me worried. "What shall we do?"

"Love," I try again, just getting another heart-shattering scream from her.

Those aren't...

Looking at Matthew, I can see that he had the same thought as he gulps. "Where is Fynn?"

Son of a bitch!

'Finnegan!' I mind-link him, not getting any response. 'Finnegan, I swear to the Goddess!'

Just as I'm about to touch her again, the door opens and Cayden runs into the room. His hair is dishevelled, and I can't tell the last time I saw him this lost. "What is going on?"

"We don't know. She started crying and screaming out of nowhere." I make a little pause as if the words risked burning my tongue. "I tried to contact Fynn but he isn't responding."

He growls, and I see his eyes glaze over. I know that Finnegan is immune to his Alpha command but his mind-link will surely be more difficult to block than mine.

"I also had a few warriors fetch him," he murmurs as he moves onto the bed and leans over Artemisia. "Missy?" He calls for her, finally getting another reaction than we got.

"Make it stop," she cries, breaking my heart. "It burns. It hurts so much!"

I hold her hand that is clawing onto the bed sheet but let go immediately as she screams in pain once again. Clenching my jaw, I get out of bed. "I'm going to get his ass out of whatever bed he is in."

I'm just about to walk to the door as Finnegan barges into it. His shocked expression moves onto Artemisia convulsing in pain on the bed before he looks at me.

Grabbing him by the collar of his t-shirt, I push him into the wall. I fight hard to keep Ethan from taking over as I bark at him. "What the fuck were you doing?"

"I was playing cards, you idiot," he pushes me back easily, pulling his t-shirt into place. "What the fuck were you thinking I was doing, huh?"

My chest heaves as I keep myself in check, and he moves to the bed. "Fucking move out of my way!"

Matthew and Cayden move at his barked order, and I clench my fists as I see him lying down behind Artemisia.

I'm just about to stop him and tell him that she reacts badly at being touched as he has already lifted her t-shirt and laid a hand onto her stomach. Mine and my brothers' eyes widen as we see Artemisia whimper before she calms down and finally gets back to breathing normally.

"It's fine, mate," he whispers, kissing her shoulder. "It's a lot in the beginning."

My chest squeezes as I cover my eyes with my hands, "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything! I don't know how Drake got to her, but he must have found a way," he growls, and I step back to the bed. "She got into one of the subconscious realms he creates out of boredom. I don't know how she got access to it."

Pointing a finger at him, I gesticulate wildly as my desperation grows. "What does that mean, you prick? You were meant to keep him in check?"

"How would I know?! It's my first

mate, you know." he bites back, "You

know exactly that I did everything to keep her away from us. All while you were out there happily playing silly games. Don't blame it all on me. He loves playing games. I just didn't think that he could physically drag someone else into those spaces."

His grin annoys me without measure and I charge towards him, getting held back by Cayden and Matthew.

"Think of Missy," Cayden says calmly. "You will end up hurting her if you continue to fight."

I clench my teeth as I watch him caressing my mate while she screamed at my touch just a few seconds ago.

And not in a good way.

"You were supposed to talk to her first. If you let him trap her like this..." My voice fades into nothingness as I clench my jaw.

He is still concentrating on our mate as he continues to caress her, and I would want nothing more than to rip his hands off her body. "Corvina said that he needs her blood to bind her to him. I don't remember him getting any, do you?"

"You are such an asshole! As if we were in control over what you did to her every time she was alone with you!" I growl, and he clicks his tongue.

"Well, I don't remember having so much alone time with her as you did."

"Don't turn it around like this! I'm not the monster here," I shout, making him growl threateningly.

"Logan," Cayden says with a warning tone, making me step back. Turning to Finnegan, he clears his throat. "You have to talk to her. We can't go on like this. She is suffering the

most because of this too

It

already wasn't fair before, but if she

gets those painful episodes it changes everything."

Finnegan sighs, nodding absentmindedly as he watches Artemisia, who now has fallen asleep in his arms. "I know."

"I'll give you two weeks. That's when

the ball will take place. If you have to be the first to get her, you will do so without provoking your brothers. you don't talk to her until then, will do it in your place. And you won't like what will happen then. Do you understand?" Cayden asks calmly while I'm boiling inside.

I should be her first. She should experience love with us, not pain and fear.

"Yes, Alpha!" Finnegan answers through clenched teeth.

"Good," Cayden breathes out, gesturing us to the door. "Let's get her some sleep now. I think she is doing fine with Finnegan for now."

Finnegan grins at me, but I get him to lose it as I turn around to him hissing, "I know that you are just acting entitled because you are scared that she will reject you. And who could blame her? Nobody would ever be mated to something... like you!"

To my luck, he has what he retains to be his most precious possession in his hands, or I'm sure that he would have ripped me apart.

I walk out reluctantly, scoffing as Cayden closes the door behind us as we leave.