

## **When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 81 – 90**

### **Read When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) Chapter 81**

ARTEMISIA

I surely have gone through enough heartbreaking moments in my life, but setting down Emma while she is clawing on me, surely hits the top three.

I even had to get Astrid to help me get her into her bed as she started sobbing as soon as she got separated from me.

I figured that it must have been some traumatic response to her losing Fynn's scent and probably being catapulted back into that dark place she was kept as a prisoner.

"We will play tomorrow. Okay?" I crunch down, caressing her cheek as she calms down and nods. Grabbing her blanket to tuck her in, I make sure that she will have it cosy.

"Good night, little ones," Astrid whispers lovingly as we leave the room, and part ways soon after that.

As I walk the path up to the lodge, my heart is already beating wildly in my chest. But by the time I open the door, I feel like passing out.

Stepping into the house, I find Fynn already sitting in one of the armchairs. I walk into the living room slowly, bracing for the worst scenario possible. And for everything he threatened me with.

"Okay," I sigh as I stand in front of him. "Tell me."

"Don't you want to sit down?" he asks, a bit of desperation playing in his voice.

But I simply shake my head, not wanting to sit down as I fear never finding the strength to stand back up.

And I want to leave this place as soon as he has rejected me.

He sighs as he rubs his hands. The moonshine is breaking in through the large windows, illuminating one side of his face.

"Okay... As father died after a pack attack, it took Mom just a few days to follow him. Their bond was strong, and she just couldn't handle the fact that she had lost him."

Grimacing, he kneads his fingers and I push down the urge to comfort him. I cross my arms over my chest as if it would keep me from going to him. "I wasn't able to cope with it. Well, none of us was, but I was the only idiot that didn't act responsibly, but chose to

be egoistic. So, as Cayden started to take over as Alpha, instead of helping him, I rebelled whenever I could. I started provoking him, even challenging him. But I was too weak, so it actually was never seen as a real threat by him. I was just a nuisance. But I started to incite a few other pack members, and Cayden had to start disciplining me, in order to keep his pack under his control."

I lower my head, shifting on my feet. "Why are you telling me this, Fynn?"

He looks at me, clenching and unclenching his jaw. "Because you need to know something in order to make a decision."

"What decision?" I ask, sighing.

"The decision to accept me as your mate." He answers, staring at me intently.

I laugh, looking up to the ceiling to tear my eyes away from his. "You can't be serious right now. I thought you already made that decision for me. I thought I wasn't worthy enough for a strong wolf like you."

He sighs again, my heart squeezing in my chest, "Can you please sit down?"

"No!"

He closes his eyes, his tone getting a warning edge. "Artemisia!"

I groan, rolling my eyes and simply sit down on the floor before him.

He freezes, his eyes glowing up before darkening again.

"What?" I ask with a shy laugh.

"Nothing," he grumbles before Drake's laugh resounds in my head. 'Mate is so beautiful.'

My breath hitches in my throat as I stare back at Fynn, who is still watching me with his burning gaze.

Clearing his voice, he shifts in his seat before he goes on. "I wanted to challenge him for the Alpha title. So, I did... a thing."

"Oh, my Goddess!" I whisper, making him shake his head.

"Not exactly. I travelled to a very dark place and found a witch that was strongly experienced in dark magie, and had her... help... me." He pushes out the last of his words through his gritted teeth.

'He is so ungrateful.' Drake complains, making me shake my head.

"Of course he is," I chuckle, making Fynn look at me questioningly.

"What?" He asks, and I point to my head.

"Drake... He..." My smile falls as I see his confusion growing. "Didn't you hear him right now?"

"He talked to you?" He asks me, staring at me agape.

I shrug, feeling increasingly uncomfortable. "Yes... He does it all the time... Wait! You didn't hear him?"

"No!" He scoffs. "The hell?"

'Because it's more fun to talk to my mate.' Drake says amused, and I laugh.

"Oh, come on! What did he say now?"

Shaking my head, I fight the smile growing on my lips, "Nothing!"

Pushing out a breath anxiously, he must be deciding to just ignore it because he goes on. "The witch cast a special spell. Telling me that she could provide me with enormous power and unlimited strength if I was to give just a little piece of... my wolf."

'That hurt like hell, by the way!' Drake growls.

"Oh, no. Fynn, what did you do?" I ask, my heart sinking to my stomach.

"I was so blinded by my hatred that I made her cast the spell, and I sacrificed a part of my wolf, to get something in exchange." "Like what?" I ask, not sure if I really want to know.

He stares at me for a little while before he answers, making my heart stop. "Something demonic."

I burst out laughing, causing him to stare at me shocked. "Oh, come on. Demonic? Why can't you stop playing with me?"

"Why should I make something like this up?" he growls, and I shrug.

"I don't know, Fynn. Maybe to play with me like you did all this time. Or scaring me because it's funny." I ramble, feeling like going insane.

He clicks his tongue, his eyes turning black as he tilts his head at me. "If I wanted to play with you, I would be doing this."

Just as I'm about to open my mouth to counter, hear rumbling coming from the bedroom. My heart beats into my throat as I suddenly hear feeble voices before it sounds like a

drawer is being kicked

"Missy!" A mix-up of high-pitched voices calls for me, making my heart still in my chest. "Missy, we are afraid of the dark. Why did you put us there?!"

"Yes. Why did you do that to us?"

The voices mix into a blood-curdling crescendo as I get onto my knees slowly, grabbing onto Fynn's shirt instinctively.

I watch the dolls walk around the corner on clunky feet as I clasp the fabric tighter.

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"Stop it," I whisper pleadingly, my eyes still glued onto the dolls panicky. "Make it stop!"

Just as I have uttered my plea the voices stop and the dolls tipple over inanimate.

Turning my head slowly to face Fynn, I find him watching him with one of his stupid grins plastered on his face. "What was that? How did you do that?"

He shrugs, sadness taking over his features, "I got a few powers like this... Funfair tricks."

"This is insane," I whisper, looking over to the dolls sprawled on the floor. "I'll never sleep again."

He finally laughs, his deep vibrations rumbling through me.

"Not funny," I whisper, my eyes welling up with tears.

"Forgive me," He says, leaning in to press his lips onto mine.

I let him take control of the kiss, moving my lips against his after his lead.

He pulls me up to straddle him, making me wrap my arms around his strong shoulders. I'm just about to enjoy it a little bit too much as he breaks the kiss, leaning his forehead against mine as we catch our breaths.

"I love how you clung on to me instead of running from me," he whispers huskily, his hands travelling up my thighs.

"Well, I couldn't run to the dolls, right?" I say annoyed, trying to hide my embarrassment but I end up taking a deep sigh.

"Sorry for doubting you," I say apologetically, and he shakes his head.

"It's okay."

Letting my hands glide down onto his chest, I lower my eyes to them. "So, something demonic..."

"Yeah," he takes my hand into his, kissing my fingertips gently, making me look back up at him. "She summoned an entity... That bastard planted something into me and tore out a piece of my wolf. I realised what I had done just too late and as I got out of there, it didn't take long to notice that something had changed."

I shift to sit farther away from his crotch, struggling to keep looking at him as he distorts his face. "On the way back to the pack, I thought I was going to die. I felt like burning alive, and it kept getting worse. I decided to just find a cave, and bury myself alive. But after spending the night in agony, I woke up feeling reborn. I felt stronger, I was faster, I felt there was something else pulsating through my veins that made me want to taste blood. And as soon as I stilled my thirst, I felt like I was invincible."

"What happened?" I ask in a whisper, gulping the lump forming in my throat.

He shrugs, leaning back in his seat. "I returned to the pack in just a fraction of the time it took me to get to the witch. I went straight to Cayden's office and challenged him. Oh, I was nothing near to even being a threat to him when I left but as he saw me then, I could see the fear in his eyes." "But you said you lost?!"

"Yeah. Yes, I lost. Because as soon

as we were fighting, he had no fucking chance against me. My brother, the one I had always looked up to, who was the strongest wolf that I had ever known, even stronger than my father, was fighting me like he was a puppy." He takes a deep breath, closing his eyes shortly. "I

stopped just in time as I realise

that I was about to kill him. And I surrendered. And took everything that came for me. Them stripping my title, Logan stepping in for me, the hate of the pack... They locked me into the dungeons, and I just stayed there, even if I could have gotten out easily. Drake was a pain while I was trying to act responsibly. But I guess he was more driven by the hunger for power than I ever will be. The feeling of Aidan's throat crushing under Drake's paw, the picture of all the blood as he stared up at me, and Cayden's voice resounding in my head, telling me that it's okay and that 'he forgives me' haunted me, and kept me in check. Even when Logan came to provoke me as the new Beta."

I scrunch my nose, playing with his shirt. "I understand now why you were so triggered by me calling myself Beta-Female." "Yeah," he pushes out a dry laugh. "As I found you I couldn't stop thinking about how stupid I had been. How you could have been my Beta-Female, and wouldn't have to cope with a threat slumbering in me on top of that."

"I don't think that Drake is a threat to me," I say, smiling at him encouragingly.

"Drake is not the problem. But the thing nagging at his soul is," he retorts seriously.

I gulp, slowly like the air is getting too heavy for me. "What do you mean?"

He exhales exhaustedly, his hands grabbing my thighs. "The 'thing' that was planted into me is a piece of a soul a demon can distribute to a shifter. It is sold as a deal, but it simply allows the demon to take over the wolf and by that take over also the host's body, allowing him to get out of hell and it's impossible to get him out again."

"Oh no," I breathe out.

"Yeah," Fynn chuckles. "I got scammed."

"Oh, Fynn. What were you expecting?" I reprimand him, making him smile at me sadly.

"I was in a very dark place. There is nothing that can justify my stupidity."

"How did you find out all of this?" I ask, impressed by this world I'm discovering.

"I was getting worse. My anger was rising and my thirst for blood had me going insane. Cayden knew someone who knew a wicca who could be trusted. She came in to see me. And she gave us a piece of her mind and told us what idiots we were and that she just came in time. She could block the demonic entity from expanding, but she has to come around every now and then to redo it as she can't get it out as it is. But I still have this piece of him governing my body, so, I can still access his powers, I look

horrendous when I get angry or...

you know the black eyes... or shit like this," he gestures to the dolls with his head, making me follow his gaze.

"The risk is high that I will end up losing the fight, and he will win over my existence completely. Or, what Corvina told us will work out and I could get him out."

Biting my bottom lip, I scoot closer to him, making him increase his grip. "What would work out?"

He takes a deep breath, letting his hands glide up to my back to pull me even closer. "That is exactly what makes everything complicated. She told

me that once I get my mate, the fortified bond could get Drake enough power to enable her to make him reject the foreign piece of the soul for her to take it out and stop any further transformation."

"That's fantastic news," I beam at him, but his expression falls. "Oh, but you don't want me as your mate."

"No," he growls, making me flinch. "It's not that."

"What?" I ask lowly, my eyes widening.

"I want you more than anything I ever wanted, Missy. I crave you. But..." he takes another deep breath, making my heart flip painfully in my chest. "She told us that there is also the chance that accepting you as a mate will not only make Drake stronger but also allow the demon to feed off this new strength, getting me to lose control right away."

He stops talking, looking at me intently as panic expands in my chest. "And that would mean the death of both of us."

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"Is that why you said you didn't want me as your mate?" My tears well up with tears as he nods.

"Is that why you treated me like I was dirt? To make me hate you? And so make me reject you?" I ask, desperation taking over.

"Yes," he admits. "But it didn't fucking work. You couldn't stay away from me as much as I couldn't stay away from you, and we just kept fighting and provoking each other which made things even hotter! It was a disaster. Also, I thought I had reached my goal, and you were about to reject me, but I completely lost my fucking mind. Goddess, I even hurt you."

Breathing gets harder and harder as I feel like a tentacle wrapping around my throat to cut my air. "What's about the she-wolf you wanted to be with?"

"Oh, princess," he chuckles, the pet name piercing my heart as he doesn't slur it. There has never been anyone else. I didn't even think of looking at other she-wolves. There has always and only been you for me."

His words hit my heart like daggers, making me cover my mouth with my hands as I fear starting to sob like a baby at any moment. "You are lying!"

"I'm not, babe. You are everything I was waiting for," he declares, making my stomach churn.

"What about Harper?" I ask, clenching my eyes closed.

I feel him skid forward, making me move even closer to him. "Artemisia, look at me."

As I open my eyes, he lifts his hands to get mine from my face. "Harper is a poor soul I used to make you jealous. She is nothing to me. We had nothing going between us. I kept calling for her just to send her away again. She was just in the right place at the right time. Before she hit on me at the construction site, I had not even ever heard of her. Drake was so fucking raging that she had the guts to flirt with us while you were just a few steps away, and I took it as a chance."

"Oh, my Goddess," I breathe out, distorting my face as I keep myself from crying.

Moving his arms up my back, he pulls me into him fully, hugging me. He presses his lips against my neck, the sparks feeling suddenly soothing against my skin.

He breathes me in while he comforts me as I calm down, clawing onto his shoulders.

Even as I have calmed down, I remain in the same position, to stay in his arms, holding on to him.

My heart mends slowly with every caress he lets me feel on my back, every sweet word he whispers into my ear, and every featherlight kiss that he presses onto my skin.

As I feel confident enough to utter a sentence without my voice failing, I push myself off him lightly. He observes me curiously, and I can spot a bit of fear about my reaction in his eyes. "So, you don't hate me? I don't disgust you?"

"No," he shakes his head, clenching his jaw. "I love you, Artemisia. And you are the most wonderful creature that I ever had the pleasure of lying my eyes on. I have never been attracted to anyone like I am to you."

My heart skips a beat, and I gasp, not feeling ready to hear such words coming out of his mouth.



"What about my wolf?" I finally ask, still fearing his response after all the things he confessed to me.

He simply shrugs, caressing a strand of hair out of my face. "She'll come around. If not, Drake is going to get her out of the dark place she is forcing herself to stay in right now. He knows how to get a beautiful female wolf to purr."

"You are such a jerk," I laugh uncomfortably, tears already back in my eyes.

"I know," he smiles while continuing to caress my sides.

Shaking my head, I lower my gaze to avoid his eyes burning into mine. I can feel him shift forward, kissing the top of my head as he gives me time to collect my thoughts.

My senses are clouded by the

itching thought that I don't care if it will cost me my life if I get to be with him. And, myself, can recognize how totally idiotic this sounds, and I totally blame the mate bond for it.

Moving my hands back onto his chest, I roll in my fingers, wrapping them into the fabric of his t-shirt. As I look back up at his curious expression, I can already feel the heat creeping up my cheeks.

"Fynn?" I ask uncertainly, making him hum in response as he studies my face.

"The deal... The deal that you have with your brothers..." I feel my heartbeat increasing, my breathing getting laboured. "Do you think you could break it?"

As soon as my question left my lips, his form into a smug grin, taking my breath away. "Whenever you want me to, mate."

Gulping, I look at him for a heartbeat before I whisper, "Break it now!"

I can't even think fast enough to register him darting forward, claiming my lips with his.

Moaning against his mouth happily, I enjoy the friction of his fingers on my skin as he travels up to bury one hand into my hair as the other one keeps caressing my thigh.

I wrap my hands around his neck, pulling my core back on his bulge which has already gotten bigger by now. Starting to rub myself against his hardening dick enticingly to make him groan into my mouth.

I giggle as he moves up his hand to grope my ass, pressing me onto him even more.

"Finally, I'll have you screaming my name because I make you," he growls, making my core throb in pleasurable anticipation.

Closing my eyes to let myself be consumed by our kiss, I feel his claws elongate, scraping my skin.

How I don't feel panic about him hurting me instantaneously is really beyond me, but I guess it is the mate bond continuing to play tricks on me.

He moves my dress up to my hips, ripping my panties off me effortlessly.

Without disconnecting my lips from his, I start opening his pants, lowering the waistband of his boxer briefs.

I moan as I finally feel his dick in my hand and start to stroke him slowly.

"Fuck," he growls, jerking my head back to nibble at the skin of my throat.

Moving his hand around my leg, he gropes my ass in relish, pushing me up, before gliding his fingers between my legs. I gasp as he sinks

a finger into my wet folds, making me press further against his chest.

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"How are you so wet already?" he asks with a smirk, circling my clit with his finger.

I moan, clasping his t-shirt, "Oh, shut up!"

His smirk just gets broader, and he lets go of my hair, moving his other hand under my dress as well.

"Get this off," he growls, and I comply hurriedly, pulling my sundress over my head.

I unclasp my bra, making it follow the dress as I let it fall on the floor, and my heart skips a beat as I see his eyes darken, the red flecks getting more prominent.

As he continues to play with my pussy, his other hand moves up, getting me to lean back slightly, exposing myself even more to him. His fingers travel up between my breasts, wrapping around my neck, the sparks igniting on my skin, making me even wetter.

Removing his hand from around my body, he pushes them into me slowly. His grip on my neck intensifies as he adds another finger, increasing my pleasure.

He observes me with a burning gaze as I enjoy him fingerfucking me in relish, my brain going into overdrive as I can only imagine that he is preparing me for his huge cock.

I gasp, my hand darting to clutch his forearm as he adds another finger.

"Relax for me, babe," he whispers huskily, his thumb caressing my throat. "I need you relaxed if you want it to be pleasurable."

Whimpering, I take a deep breath, relaxing around his fingers, making him prate me deeper. He grins satisfied, his tongue darting out to lick his lips, "Good girl."

"Oh, my Goddess," I moan, my pussy reacting to him most awesomely.

Slowly, he slides his fingers out of me and pulls me back to him. I watch him sucking my juices off his fingers in a haze, causing my pussy to throb painfully with desire. As he finishes with a smile, he pulls me in for a kiss, making me taste myself on his tongue.

He shifts unsuspectingly as he is still clouding my senses with his kiss. I feel him grab onto my hips to get me to lower myself onto him gently, and as his dick starts stretching me, I hold onto him as if my life depended on it.

As he buries himself to the hilt, I throw my head back, screaming in pleasure. He lets me adjust to the pration, leading me to move my hips in a circular motion above him.

"Tell me if it gets too much," he breathes out, his eyes now fully black.

I shake my head, my voice failing me several times before I get to moan out a "never!"

He laughs, his hands now moving back up my body, to pull me onto him even further. Kissing the side of my head, he loosens his grip slightly as he growls, "Move, little mate."

Clasping the back of the armchair with one hand, I hold onto his shoulder with the other as I start moving up and down along his cock slowly. He leans back into the chair, enjoying me riding him at its fullest.

His lust-filled eyes and his pleasurable groans make my body burn up with more desire, getting my pussy to clamp down on him.

"Oh, fuck," he growls, his finger sinking into my skin, increasing his grip on my hips.

My pussy adjusts to his cock, making me take him better and better, allowing me to move increasingly faster.

"You feel so good, beautiful," he hisses, making my heart flip in my chest. "So fucking tight."

I giggle, using up almost all my air. Rolling my head into my neck, I moan. "I can't imagine you ever having someone that wasn't tight for you."

"Yeah," he grins, grabbing my hair to get my eyes back on him. He pushes his hips up slightly, increasing the pration. I moan loudly as presses his lips to my ear. "But no one ever felt so fucking "

I gulp as he moves back away, but holds me down firmly. "Do you want me to give you more, mate?"

His hands move around my legs expectantly, as he positions them beneath my thighs. My voice fails me anew as I get hypnotised by the red flecks playing in his eyes.

I want nothing more than him to fuck me raw, my mind screaming at me to let me get consumed by him completely. There is no way I could ever not accept him as my mate, as I have already fallen too deeply for this arrogant idiot.

Slowly, I let my tongue dart out to wet my lips, my skin begging to get to feel his again.

As soon as I have nodded, he takes

my breath away by lifting me up. Even before I can realise what is happening around me, I am already getting pressed against the wall next to the armchair we were sitting in just seconds ago. S

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Taking a deep breath, I claw onto his shoulders, fearing to lose my balance, even if I know that he has me in his arms securely.

"You have to stop me if it gets too much," he pushes again, and now I nod, even though I know that I will never stop him.

As it is now, I would let him split me in half without any hesitation, enjoying every rip and tear like the love-drunk idiot I am.

His smile takes my breath away even before he starts moving. He starts out gently, the twitches of the corners of his lips showing me that he is forcing himself to do sofor my own good.

My legs are spread widely over his arms propped onto the wall, his body making me open myself to him fully, as he glides in and out of me.

"Harder, Fynn," I breathe out, making him clench his jaw. "Please, I need it."

He groans, increasing his pace, and I plead him further until he finally lets himself lose his resolve.

I scream in pleasure, my lungs burning as he trusts into me mercilessly, fucking me raw against the wall.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" I shout, wrapping my arms around his neck as I cum hard.

Clasping his hair, he makes me lose my voice again as he continues to fuck me savagely, chasing his own release.

I bury my teeth into his neck as he loses his sanity, his animalistic side taking over completely.

Another high builds into me ruthlessly, transforming me into a moaning mess.

With a last hard thrust, he slams into me, emptying himself with a loud growl.

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I remain clung onto him desperately as he moves his arms to sling them around my body, making me close my legs slightly and wrap them around his waist.

"Damn, princess," he pushes out, his chest heaving.

After staying like this for a second, allowing our heartbeats to sync with each other, he pushes himself off the wall and carries me to the bed.

He lays me down gently, pulling his t-shirt over his head and letting it fall to the ground along with his pants. I watch him with my bottom lip between my teeth, making him groan as he comes back to lie above me. "This will get you in trouble, sweetheart."

I laugh, my heart filling with all the pet names he is showering me with lovingly, as if I were an addict, finally getting the long-awaited shot.

Taking my head into his hands, he smiles at me, making my heart sing. "Are you feeling alright?"

"More than alright," I chuckle, making him smile even brighter. "Do you think we could do it once more?"

He cracks up, shaking his head. "Oh, you are going to be the death of me."

Leaning down, he kisses me softly before whispering, "But I was hoping for you to ask."

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My body screams for me for a break, but at the same time, it makes me beg for more.

Fynn is kissing my skin and nibbling at my breasts as I'm catching my breath, climbing down from yet another high.

Seeing how he is enjoying tasting me, I'm surprised that he isn't fed up with me yet, after all these rounds.

Smiling satisfied, I move my hands over my head, stretching beneath him.

He chuckles, letting his tongue glide between my breasts, making me moan.

"So?" he asks, looking up at me as he keeps kissing my stomach.

"So what?" I ask, my mind unable to grasp a thought while enjoying the sparks sizzling on my skin.

"Do you want to be my mate, or not?" his voice vibrates over my skin, making my nerves buzz.

I laugh, shaking my head, "I thought we had that sorted out as you just fucked me raw for hours straight."

"I need you to say it," he grins, and I gulp.

"Yes," I finally say, making him growl. "Yes, I want to be your mate."

"Are you sure? After everything I have told you?" he inquires further. "I won't take it personally if you want to think about it. There is no way of turning back if you give in to me now."

Gasping lowly, I shake my head. "I don't want to turn back. You are my mate, and I don't care what you will say to scare me off."

He presses his lips against my skin, his deep chuckle creating another friction on it. I see how he transforms one of his fingers into a claw, and hold my breath as he rips my skin open, making a little cut. I moan, clenching my teeth as I feel blood running down my skin. He catches it with his tongue, before sliding it over the cut. The cut closes as I'm watching it and heals immediately, probably because of his healing attributes as my mate.

Crawling further up, he presses his head against the side of mine, taking a deep breath before he growls, "Mine."

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Waking up in the middle of the night, I find Fynn sitting on the side of the bed.

"Fynn," I ask confused, rubbing my eyes. "Is something wrong?"

He hums, turning around slightly, laying his hand on my side. "Drake won't make me sleep. He is giving me an earful because I haven't marked you yet."

"But you drank my blood, you said that would appease him as it already binds me to you while we wait with the marking until you can do it together with your brothers." I sit up, I holding the blanket to my chest, and he sighs. "And I did mark you... a little bit."

He mirrors my smile with one of his as he chuckles, "Yeah, you did scrape my skin with your pretty little teeth."

My squeal transforms into a giggle as he gets on me, pinning me back down onto the mattress.

"Fynn! No," I plead him between laughter as he covers my shoulder, neck and face with kisses. "Stop it!"

He props himself up with a sly grin, looking at me. His eyes are changing colours back and forth swiftly, signalling to me that his wolf is fighting him for dominance.

Turning my head to the side with a sigh, I bare my neck to him. "Go ahead, I am ready."

He caresses my hair out of the way, making a shiver run through my body as Drake's growl ripples through me, "You shouldn't be so encouraging. Seeing how much you risk by it. You should tell him that you are afraid and that you need time to-"

Putting my hand on his mouth, I get him to shut up. "But I'm not afraid, Fynn. I know that he will be able to keep whatever this thing is in check."

I smile encouragingly, and he closes his eyes. Grabbing my wrist, he presses my palm closer to his lips, kissing it. "Do you already feel a bit different since you got bound to me?"

With a swift movement, he

untangles himself from me, lying on me to nibble at the skin of my neck. moan, enjoying him kissing me while his hands roam along my body creating an electric overcharge nearly too much to bear for my heart.

Lifting himself off me slightly, he lets his finger glide up the side of my breasts before moving it back down over my breast, circling my nipple. The sparks get increasingly intense, sinking into my skin to wrap around my heart.

"I can feel how your body burns up under my touch, how your desire grows, and you're practically screaming for me," he smiles as he follows his finger with his hungry eyes.

My heart flips in my chest, and I laugh. "You are cheating, because I know that you felt all that before."

"Hmmm..." he says pensively, still concentrating on his fingers that now move to squeeze my breast gently. "But not as strongly as I feel it now."

Moving his hand up to my throat, he wraps his fingers behind my neck, before pressing his mouth against my neck. I gasp as I feel him sucking and biting on my skin and look at him with wide eyes as he detaches himself from me.

"That wasn't a mark, was it?"

He grins, shaking his head. "A love bite. But that has to suffice for the moment."

"Oh, I can't believe you," I breathe out, pouting and he laughs.

"Don't worry, princess. You will see that it will be worth the wait."

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The next day I wake up in an empty bed.

Passing my hand over the now cold bedsheets, I sigh deeply.

He must have gotten away from me as soon as he could.

I know that he struggled at the fact of not marking me, but he was just too set on doing it with his brothers as their marks would help me to withstand his.

Especially Cayden's.

Getting up groggily, I moan lowly as the fantastic feeling of soreness between my legs gets my body to scream at me to lay back down, but I ignore it with a smile.

I collect Fynn's t-shirt off the floor and pull it over my head, letting it envelop me with his scent.

Taking a deep breath, I wrap my arms around me, clutching the fabric to my skin.

Perfect, now I'm a creep.

Just as I'm about to walk to the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee, the door of the lodge swings open, and Lisa barges into the house. "Oh, my Goddess! Missy!"



I jump, turning around with a startled expression as she scurries towards me with Daisy following her. "We were waiting for you and saw that Fynn had left. Are you okay?"

"Erm..." I say confused, looking around lost. "Yeah... I guess."

Daisy is still looking around in awe as Lisa hugs me. "Oh, I was so worried about you! Are you sure you are alright? You seem a bit pale."

'Act like it,' Drake growls, confusing me even more.

'What are you trying to tell me?' I ask back, making him grumble.

'Let her think you are hurt!'

'But I'm not. Won't that be bad for Fynn? I'm-' I try to argue, but he interrupts me with another growl.

'Just do it, mate!'

"I'm- I'm..." I stutter, making Daisy look at me with a sad expression as well.

Lisa grabs onto my forearms, making me mirror her hold as if she were stabilising me.

Sorry, Fynn.

Lowering my voice, I lick my lips, the words burning in my throat. "It's nothing... really..."

"Missy! What did he do?" Lisa is so convinced that he hurt me that she pushes further. "You can tell us."

I let my eyes roam over the room before I finally get the words out that are stuck in my throat.

"He cut my skin," I whisper, making her eyes widen. "And I think something... you know... down there..."

Taking a breath, I shake my head, "It feels like it ripped."

She gasps, and I grimace, surprised that she believes the bullshit that I'm telling her.

My heart beats wildly, and I can't understand why I should make something like this up. She is my friend. Shouldn't I share with her how happy I am? Daisy throws her hands in front of her face, whimpering, and I shake my head again. "Oh no, but please don't tell anyone. I'm okay, really. That is what I wanted."

"Is that what he told you to say to us?" Lisa asks, showing me that I hit the right tone for my act.

Remembering Logan's words, I sink my claws into her forearms. "No, no! I swear! Please don't tell anyone. He would kill me."

"Oh, dear," Daisy hiccups, and Lisa steers me to sit on the bed.

"I'll make you a cup of tea," she says, letting go of me.

Daisy sits next to me silently, laying my hand on mine to squeeze it soothingly.

I cringe internally, but my heart jumps as Drake laughs, 'This is perfect!'

Even before Lisa turns around with the tray with three cups in her hand, the hair in the back of my hair stands up. "Here you go, honey." "Thank you," I say lowly, taking the cup from her.

'Don't drink what she serves you!' Drake growls, making me halt in my movements.

What the hell?!

Sniffing at the beverage instinctively, I make Lisa lift her brow. "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no!" I gulp, jerking up. "I was just asking myself what it might be."

"Ah, normal camomile, hun. Don't be too disappointed because I don't have my special ingredient with me," she giggles, winking at me. "Before I forget," Daisy rummages through her bag, taking out a colourful pillbox. "Your supplements."

'Don't drink it,' Drake warns me, but I just distort my face.

Overwhelmingness gets the best of me as I try to keep my breath even while Drake's voice booms through my head, "I don't want to take them,

Daisy!"

"But you have to," her voice gets a little bit more high-pitched as she smiles at me, the colourful pills spread on her palm.

I gulp, shaking my head again. "I really don't feel like taking them."

"Just take them," Lisa presses too, crossing her arms with a worried expression. "It's exactly what you need right now. Vitamins will help you heal."

I scrunch up my nose, my heartbeat

regulating slowly as suddenly Fynn's voice invades my mind, 'I'll be there in a second, babe. Keep rejecting what they give you!'

Gasping lowly, my shock must be written all over my face as Lisa tilts her head. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, yes! Just exhausted." I nod, taking one little pill off Daisy's palm, moving slowly, waiting for Fynn to reach us.

Or did I just imagine his voice out of sheer desperation?

It can't possibly be as he didn't mark me.

And how long could it actually take him to just cross a small park?

"Come on now, drink!" Lisa tears me out of my trance, and I shake my head, thinking I must be too exhausted for my own good and I take a big gulp of the tea she made for me.

I'm just about to lay the small colourful pill on my tongue as the door to my love nest opens with a bang crashing into the prettily decorated wall.

Fynn stands at the entrance, his chest heaving, rage written all over his face.

Lisa and Daisy jump out of their skin, facing him with a shocked expression while I clasp my cup as if my life depended on it.

"What the fuck are you doing?" he growls, and I squint my eyes at him as I notice that he is talking to me. I think he is talking about me drinking the tea he told me not to drink, but apparently, I got it all wrong.

"Everybody is out getting ready to leave and you are here drinking tea? Get moving!"

Are you fucking kidding me?

## Chapter 87 ARTEMISIA

"Didn't I fucking tell you to hurry up?" His shouting crawls right into my veins, reaching my heart feeling like a stab.

"I- I am sorry," I say, standing up, but he just clicks his tongue.

My heart flutters still in total bliss despite his deadly expression as I watch him come closer.

"I told you to pack and hurry up packing. What are you doing?" His eyes turn black as he gets close to me and he eyes me up, snarling, "Is that my t- shirt?"

Standing there agape, I can't even figure out how to get out a sound, as he groans, ripping the cup I'm holding out of my hands.

"Fuck," he growls, as the cup shatters against the wall, bursting into a thousand pieces.

I close my eyes instinctively, nearly missing Fynn who moves in front of me, shielding me from the shards being catapulted back at us.

He leans in, his warm breath fanning my lips, "I told you to stop taking my things. What are you? Some creepy stalker?"

"I'm sorry..." I whisper, keeping my eyes low. "I just needed to put on something swiftly because Lisa came in..."

He hums, and I follow his gaze as he looks at Lisa, who distanced herself from me to stare at us terrified. "What are you two still doing here? Don't you have things to do?"

Daisy runs off right away, while Lisa still seems to be torn between leaving me with a monster and becoming his lunch herself.

In the end, we all knew what was going to win and she scurries away with a low, "I'll help Astrid with the pups."

My breathing pattern gets heavier as I watch her closing the door behind her, and I refocus on Fynn who turns around to me slowly.

He waits for another heartbeat before he whispers, "Are you okay?"

I gasp, before I hit him on his chest with my fist. "What the fuck, Fynn?"

"Sorry," he grimaces, "but I figured that something was strange. And I didn't want them to see through your act."

I shake my head, rubbing my sweaty palms on the t-shirt. "What happened?"

"I don't know," he sighs. "We sensed a few rogues outside of the camp and Jake and I went to clear the situation while Gregorius stayed in the camp. But as soon as we were out there, they just seemed to want to waste time, and suddenly, I got an awful feeling."

Looking up at him worried, I can't believe what he is trying to tell me. "You mean... They planned this to be alone with me? Them?"

"What other explanation could there be?" he asks me, raising a brow.

I scoff, passing him. "I'm going to ask them."

"What the fuck, Missy." Getting hold of my wrist, he pulls me back into him. "Are you insane? We can't risk letting them know we suspect something." "Sure, so you prefer going around making me act like I'm being abused by the brute."

He shrugs, making me roll my eyes. "Come on, babe. This is our best shot. And I'm actually used to being the asshole. I'm surprised if they are not thinking of our relationship this way anyway."

"You have to be kidding me," I breathe out, leaning my forehead against his chest.

"Happy honeymoon," he jokes, making me laugh.

Grabbing my chin, he steers my head to look at him gently, "That's much better."

I stand on my tiptoes, kissing him. "What are we doing now?"

"Let's pack," he sighs sadly. "At least we have the entire car drive to figure out what our next move should be."

"Okay," I pout, and he wraps his arms around me.

After leaning in to kiss me again, he captures my gaze with his, his expression turning serious again. "I'm sorry that I screamed at you."

"Don't worry," scrunch up my nose,

hitting his strong arms lightly. "I actually don't mind because I get the feeling that getting emotional like this gets you to rip the clothes off my body to fuck me senseless."

I watch his eyes changing, my heart jumping excitedly. Lowering my voice, I trace his skin with my finger. "And I like that."

Not even registering him moving, I'm already caged in while lying on the bed.

"Fynn! No!" I say between laughter as he grins at me, and leans in to capture my lips with his.

"We should get going," I whisper between one kiss and another, but he ignores me.

Spreading his knees, he gets me to open my legs for him, and I arch my back off the bed, enabling him to move up the t-shirt that I'm wearing, tracing my sizzling skin with his fingertips.

I moan lowly, and I open my eyes to look at him.

Seeing his eyes widen with a smile, I chuckle, "What is it?"

"Your eyes... There was like a sparkle in it," he states, tilting his head to observe my irises closer.

"A sparkle?" I ask, gulping uncomfortably.

"Yeah," he answers, still absorbed by my eyes. "Did Cassy just react to me?"

My heart breaks at his resurfacing hope at my wolf reacting to him or his wolf.

"I don't know. It's a bit that she hasn't shown herself to me," I shrug, and he sulks.

Caressing a curl out of his face, I smile encouragingly. "Don't worry. She will come around."

He buries his head into the crook of my neck, wrapping his arms around me. "I know."

I caress his arms for a bit before I clear my throat.

"What colour was it?" I ask, in the hopes of getting a bit of tension out of the air.

He flashes me a happy smile, looking back and forth between my eyes. "Some kind of pink."

I laugh, watching his smile grow and I absolutely love it.

"Are you for real?" I ask, making him nod happily.

Suddenly, a thought crosses my mind and apparently, my smile falters as Fynn looks at me worriedly. "Everything alright?"

"Erm..." I scrunch up my nose,

wrapping my finger into the fabric of

his t-shirt. "I just realised why Ri...

Alpha Saviano used to call me

princess in pink."

He distorts his face, disgust prominent in his features as he snorts. "Idiot. And I'm sorry. I'll stop calling you that as a pet name." "Oh, no! Please don't!" I plead, laying my hands on his shoulders. "You know it's a difference when a real prince calls you princess." He chuckles and kisses me again, and I wrap my hands around his neck.

'I really love hearing your voice inside my head, by the way.' I mind-link him, making him groan against my lips.

ARTEMISIA

My heartbeat picks up as Fynn turns into the gravelled path leading to our home.

Even before we near the mansion, he takes his hand away from me, making me sigh sadly.

He chuckles, his eyes dancing to me shortly before he concentrates back on the road. "Don't worry, babe. I'll see to sneak into your bedroom tonight."

I shift in my seat, my skin buzzing in pleasant anticipation. "I can't wait."

As he parks the car, we stay seated, watching his brothers and a few Omegas stepping out of the main door to welcome us back home.

He sighs deeply, sparks erupting on my skin as he grabs my chin to turn my face, forcing me to look at him.

"Don't forget what we talked about," he warns lowly.

I close my eyes, pushing out a tired breath. "Don't act too affectionate towards you. Act disgusted and annoyed... Bla bla bla. Isn't that just too much? Why do we have to continue this theatre even at home?"

"I told you that something is strange. I don't want the person who is responsible for all that to lower his guard," he chuckles as he lets his thumb graze my bottom lip. "And please start acting bitchy against these stupid supplements. I will talk to Cayden, asking him to make Daisy stop because of some arrogant excuse."

I roll my eyes, failing to move out of his grip simply because I enjoy his touch. "Do you never get tired of playing the asshole?"

"No," he grins at me slyly, before he moves his eyes to the people still standing in front of the building patiently. Seemingly in thought, he adds, "Maybe I will tell him that it makes you taste strange."

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"You are impossible," I laugh, shaking my head and he tilts his head with a grin.

"I would love to kiss you, you know."

"Why don't you?" I ask, my voice getting lower.

His grin widens as he inhales deeply once again, "Because now you have to get out of the car, slam the door and walk up to the house as if I said something highly inappropriate."

"You are kidding, right," my eyes widen, as he mocks me with a chuckle.

"Give it your best, babe."

Leaning closer, he lets his lips grace over mine teasingly, before pushing me back. Turning in my seat, I open the door with a strong push and hop out of the car.

I halt in my tracks as he calls my name, making me freeze as I'm just about to slam the door close. "Say hello to Matty first, he had an awful time lately."

My heart flutters happily, but instead, I widen my eyes theatrically, gasping loudly.

"Well... Then... Then... Ah, fuck you, Fynn!" I shout, slamming the door close as he laughs.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I walk up to the house, resisting the urge to grin.

Omeegas run past me, wanting to reach the car to unload our suitcases and bags.

I am already climbing the stairs with fast steps as I hear the car's motor roar back to life again.

My eyes are set on Matthew who is standing at the edge of the top step, watching me worriedly.

"Are you alright?" he asks, making me nod.

Without saying anything more, I run up the remaining steps, hugging him. He seems to be frozen to the spot, confused about how he should react.

After clinging onto him for another heartbeat, I finally sense him move and wrap his arms around me. He breathes me in, releasing a deep sigh before hugging me closer. "I missed you, my love."

"I missed you too," I say, my voice muffled as I press my face into his shirt.

"Did everything go as planned?" Cayden asks, making me break the hug with Matthew slightly, to turn my head at him.

I nod, smiling at him shyly. I must be already blushing as I remember that this is the first conversation we are having after his confession. "Yes, everything alright."



Trying to force up a saddened

expression, I grimace slightly, triggering Logan, who is watching the Omegas bring our luggage into the house. "What were you arguing about just now?"

"Nothing," I clear my throat, feeling uncomfortable at the act that Fynn forces me to pull. "Nothing of any importance."

My heart squeezes as he crosses his arms over his chest, grimacing. "I don't like that he talks to you like this. Don't be his plaything." Wiggling out of Matthew's arms, I chuckle awkwardly. "I told you that it was nothing. Don't worry about things that don't concern you."

He takes a step forward, causing me to take one backwards instinctively. "What do you mean by 'that doesn't concern you'? You are my mate. Everything about you concerns me!"

His growl makes me gulp, and my eyes jump back and forth between his, observing his irides changing colour into a silver-blue swirl. "I just wanted you to stop worrying."

Grabbing my arm, he pulls me close, causing even Matthew to intervene. "Logan, don't freak out. It's not her fault."

What is not my fault?

My brain screams at me to talk, but I force my lips to stay clamped shut.

"Logan..." Cayden warns, staying in close proximity.

I keep my eyes on Logan as he clenches and unclenches his jaw.

"Logan. You are hurting me," I whisper, failing to get him to loosen his grip. "Would you please let me go now?"

He tilts his head, opening his mouth angered as a big bang resounds next to us, making us jump.

I get to stare at the shattered lounge furniture just for a second, the men getting into a fighting stance as I'm twirled around.

Gasping, I feel myself getting ripped out of Logan's hold as I'm pulled against a firm body.

My breathing regulates slowly as my senses get inebriated by Fynn's scent and I watch Logan, Matthew and Cayden relax with an annoyed expression.

"Ah, ah, ah," Fynn mocks his brother, who looks at him infuriated, his fists balled at his sides. "Be careful when managing my doll."

I can sense the stupid grin in Fynn's voice, and I close my eyes, remembering to act disgusted by his proximity.

"I don't like them scratched," Fynn provokes further, making Logan growl.

"This is enough," Cayden says, before turning to get into the house. I look after him sadly as Fynn increases his grip around me.

Matthew looks between us worried while Logan's eyes darken. "Don't fucking push your luck, Fynn."

"Or what?" He laughs, and I feel him press his lips into my hair, breathing me in.

I flinch, clawing onto his arms, my heart breaking as I act like I wanted to escape his grip.

'I'm sorry. I know it is hard. But it will be over soon,' his voice resounds in my head, making me whimper.

Turning my head to look into his

cold expression over my shoulders, I don't even notice Logan charging at Fynn. As Fynn is too worried about letting go of me in time to not get me hurt, he enables his brother to knock him off his feet.

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"Get your dirty hands off her, Finnegan," Logan shouts, making Fynn chuckle as he steps away from me to let himself fall to the floor tackled by his brother.

Logan swings again, punching Fynn right into his face, but doesn't get more than another laugh.

"Stop it!" I scream, trying to get Logan off Fynn. "Stop fighting. What are you doing?!"

My stomach churns at the sound of the repetitive hits, bile already rising in my throat.

Matthew pulls me out of the way gently and starts carrying me away from the two fighting.

"No!" I shriek, fighting against his hold. "Make them stop!"

My panic rises as I sense that Logan is just about to shift, and no one seems to want to intervene.

"Don't worry. They will be fine," Matthew says as he continues to carry me into the house. "They are always like that."

Letting my arms slump with a sob, I let him put me down on my feet just to pick me up again. I don't struggle against it anymore, feeling like a doll as I let myself sag into his arms.

He carries me silently to my quarters, letting me calm down by his scent and heartbeat.

At some point, we are passed by a few warriors who run down the stairs, and I guess that they are intervening at last.

Reaching my quarters, he carries me to the bathroom, setting me down on the marble sink. "You had a long journey. Are you hungry?" he asks me as he starts wiping the dried tears sticking to my cheeks from my face with a warm towel.

I nod, and he smiles. "I'll let someone bring you something tasty. That will cheer you up."

"Could you make sure it's without supplements, please?" I ask lowly, making him chuckle.

"Sure," he answers, continuing to wash my face gently. "I don't know what the purpose of those things is anyway."

I roll my eyes, watching him wash the towel before throwing it into the laundry bin. "They said it's for the baby."

"The baby?" My heart flips as his face lights up and he looks at me with sparking eyes.

Chuckling, I nod. "Yes. They want me to be ready when it happens."

"Oh, but we will be ready even without all that stinky brew," he says, caressing a strand of hair out of my face. "The pups will tell us what they need anyway."

"The pups?" I ask, and his grin widens.

"Yes, let's just assume the best possible scenario" he straightens back up, puffing his chest proudly.

I laugh out loud, my heart mending instantaneously by his loving nature.

"Why don't you lie down and rest for a bit? And I'll see that we get you something to eat. What do you think?" he asks, caressing my cheek, and I nod.

He helps me down the sink and follows me out of the bathroom as I drag myself to my bed, feeling totally exhausted.

I hope that we will figure out what is happening soon so that I can finally start enjoying my time in my new home with my mates fully.

My family is starting to ask all the wrong questions and I don't know how long I will be able to keep them unconcerned.

Looks like I will have to talk to Cayden about what I should communicate to my family soon.

As Matthew leaves my room, I cuddle in and even if I think that I will be too anxious to sleep, I'm out like a light as soon as my head hits my pillow.

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It seems to me like I just fell asleep as I'm woken back up gently.

I hear a sweet and melodic voice call my name, causing me to open my eyes.

"Gamma Matthew asked me to bring you something to eat," the Omega says, and I look up, staring into two big blue eyes.

Blinking repeatedly, I push myself up with a groan. "Thank you so much."

"Daisy has asked me to snuggle in some supplements, but the Gamma told me that we should let those be. So, I'm just leaving them here for you if you want to take them later," she explains, putting down a small plate with three colourful pills on my nightstand.

I smile, getting up as she proceeds to set my dinner on the table before leaving the room quietly.

She holds the door open for Logan, who steps into the room as she tells me that I'm up.

"How are you feeling?" He asks, and I sit down with a sigh.

"Exhausted," I confess, pushing the plate away from me. "And not hungry, apparently."

He closes the door behind him, reaching me with unhurried steps. "Lisa told me that you were... injured. Do you want me to call Dr. Davis?"

"No, that won't be necessary, but thank you," I smile at him tiredly, and he sits down in front of me.

"Artemisia..." he starts but I shake my head.

"Could we not talk about it please?" I ask, and he distorts his face.

With an exhale, he pushes my plate back to me. "Eat! It will make you feel better."

Pulling my plate closer, I start eating slowly while he continues to watch me. "Why don't you stay with me tonight? I really don't want you to be all alone."

I feel bad as I have already promised Fynn to wait for him. As my heart can't take much more of the guilt, I just decide to be honest.

"I've already promised the night to Fynn," I say lowly, avoiding his gaze while playing with my food.

"Didn't he get enough already?" he growls, making me scrunch up my nose.

"You tell me!" I answer with a scoff. "Weren't you involved when you guys decided to replace Matthew with him on the excursion?"

He laughs sardonically, getting my skin to cover in goosebumps. "Sure. We needed Drake to get you first."

"Wow." Slamming my spoon onto my plate, I get up to get back to my bedroom. "I can't believe you guys! Why didn't you simply talk to me?"

"You know exactly how this bothers me!" he snarls, following me.

Grabbing my wrist, he spins me around, pulling me against him. "It makes me sick. But we needed to do what is best for the pack. Also, we were afraid of you getting anxious or running away."

My jaw practically hits the floor.

"What's best for the Pack? What the

fuck, Logan. And for this, you just

sent me into this blindly? You all knew that he would end up fucking me, then? Do you know what risked? Did you even think about

how I was treated by him until we

left?"

"I know, Missy. But that's nothing we could have changed. I just wanted you to feel at ease. Imagine if you knew what we had planned before you

left."

Gasping, I start trying to pull my wrist out of his hold. "Let me go, Logan. You have to be fucking kidding me."

"Calm down, Missy!" he barks, but I just want to get away from him.

"Let me go!" I shriek, but he increases his hold, shaking me.

"Stop it!" he growls lowly, leaning into me and making me stop struggling against his hold.

I whimper, clenching his shirt as I look up to him defiantly. "What about Cayden, then?"

"What about him?" he asks, his eyes roaming my face.

"If you are so set on doing what's best for the pack... Would you let me accept his offer to become Luna?"

His eyes widen, and I force myself not to retreat, even if his gaze triggers fear to stream through my body. "I beg your fucking pardon?"

"He... He asked me to be his Luna." I

explain, gulping down the lump in my throat "If you want the best for the pack and you send me to bed with your brother for it, I can

certainly accept this offer. Or better,

I should do it at all costs, right?"

His eyes change colours immediately, and I don't even get the gasp out of my lungs as he has already moved.

Entangling his fingers into my hair, he balls his fist and jerks my head back. "Don't tell me you fell for the bastard as well!"

"Logan, you are hurting me!" I breathe out, fear blocking my throat as he leans closer.

He clenches his teeth, before pulling at my hair and letting go of me brusquely, making me stumble.

I look up at him wide-eyed as he crouches down slowly. My heart beats into my throat as he observes me with an angered expression.

It seems like an eternity until he

speaks again Go ahead. Accept his offer if you want. But I'll speak to Cayden and from tomorrow, I will have your things moved into my quarters, where you will stay when you are not scheduled for someone else. So, be a good girl, and tell Fynn about it when he shows up, will you?"

I nod, my voice failing me as I stare at him incredulously.

"Good girl," he grins at me, caressing my chin before getting back up.

His eyes fall on my nightstand where the Omega deposited my supplements and he takes them into his hands. Walking back to my dinner table, he crushes the pills in his hand effortlessly, making the produced dust fall onto my plate.

"Eat up!" he says, and I hug myself as he turns around to me one last time. "I'll ask the Omegas if you did."

## Chapter 90 ARTEMISIA

As Fynn sneaked into my room, I had already cried so much that I was feeling sick to my stomach.

He got into my bed, pulled me into him, and started to caress my back to comfort me.

When I finally calm down enough to tell him everything, I start sobbing again.

He doesn't even get time to feel anger, as he already has to comfort me again.

"He can't do this. We all are equally possessive towards you," he whispers as he lets his fingers slide up and down my side. "He doesn't get to call dibs."

Letting me cry against his chest, he hugs me closer. "Do you want me to talk to Cayden?"

"No," I shake my head, biting onto my shivering lips. "I think his wolf just needs me close, so maybe it's best this way until he calms down a bit."

He hums, pressing a kiss onto my forehead and I can sense that he isn't happy with it.

Squeezing his arm, I look up at him pouting. "Please don't worry about me, I'll talk it out with him and it will be alright."

"Yeah, it must be hard knowing I was first," he says mockingly, making him slap his arm with a gasp.

"Stop it already! You are so mean."

He hugs me tighter, sighing happily. "Let us cheer you up."

I throw my head back, lifting my brow. "Hmm?"

The questioning hum has barely left my lips as it knocks softly on the door, and Matthew pops in his head. "Everything okay?" he asks concerned as I look at him surprised while Fynn closes his eyes with a smile. "Missy needs to be comforted a little bit," he says nonchalantly, making me blush terribly.

"Fynn," I whisper, burying my face into his t-shirt. "You are such an idiot."

Matthew comes onto the bed and leans over me, wanting to look at me properly. "What happened?"

"Logan was a dick to her," Fynn answers dryly, making me hit his chest.

Clicking his tongue, Matthew lays down behind me, wrapping his arm around my waist. "Don't worry about him, Missy. I think he suffered the most knowing you were away for so long with Fynn."

He buries his face into my neck, causing goosebumps to rise on my skin as he breathes me in.

Fynn grins at me, making me shake my head. "Why are you so joyful when it comes to his pain? You really have to talk it out and get along."

"We are getting along," Fynn says lowly, wrapping his hand around my neck to pull me in for a kiss.

I sigh against his lips, sparks erupting on my skin as Matthew moves his hand down my body. He traces my skin slowly with his fingertips, slipping his fingers under the waistband of my panties.

Fynn's lips swallow my moan as Matthew's fingers trace my pussy teasingly before he lets them glide between my wet folds. He spreads my folds with his ring finger and index to caress my clit freely with his middle finger.

"Oh, my..." I breathe out, my voice getting stuck in my throat as he increases his pace.



Fynn recaptures my lips with a grin while Matthew presses himself against me, increasing the intensity of his strokes. His tongue glides over my shoulder and up my neck, making me shiver in pleasure.

I feel his hard dick against my ass and love how he shifts to press my hips against him even more as he remains steady, caressing my perfect spot to make me cum with a loud moan.

Clasping Fynn's t-shirt, I let my orgasm ripple through me, trying not to tear the entire house out of their sleep with my screams of pleasure.

Fynn chuckles as I'm catching my breath, caressing a strand of hair out of my face. With a kiss, he starts undressing me, sliding my panties and shorts off me. Matthew's eyes burn on my skin as he watches silently.

"Straddle him," Fynn says with a sly grin, making Matthew shake his head.

"No, let her be. She had an exhausting day. She doesn't have to do it if she doesn't want to."

Looking over my shoulder, I meet his eyes which are already showing his internal battle with his wolf.

"And what if I want to?" I ask, making his eyes darken.

Oh, my Goddess.

Before my heart can complete the flip, he has already pulled me to lie beneath him. He moves his hands up my sides, pushing up my top along with them. His lips capture my hardened nipple, and I drive my hands into his hair as he starts sucking and biting at my breasts.

"Time to lose your innocence, Matty," Fynn jokes, making Matthew growl.

"Why would you say something like that?!"

With a push, he has him rolling onto his back, making him pull me with him.

I laugh as he smiles up at me, and I move to pull down his pants, making him groan. "It's actually hot."

His irides get invaded by green flakes as he watches me wrap my hand around his thick cock, beginning to move it up and down slowly. After a few more strokes, I position myself and let myself sink onto his cock in relish.

"Fuck," he breathes out, driving his hands through his hair while pushing his hips up.

I bite my bottom lip to prevent another moan from falling from my mouth and start riding him, closing my eyes with my head thrown into my neck. Matthew grabs my thighs, holding onto me as I continue to move on top of him.

Our moans and groans fill the room while our orgasms build up. Fynn suddenly comes to sit behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist. I feel his dick against my ass while he kisses my neck up and down.

Panic bubbles up my chest for a second as I'm certainly not ready to take them both at the same time.

"Concentrate on him, princess. We

won't do anything you are not comfortable with," he whispers in my ear, making me calm down

again. His hands roam my body et

playing with my breasts before he lets one move back down to massage my clit while I continue to move up and down on Matthew's cock. After a few circles, he grins against my skin. "I'll do something for you."

He stands up, walks around the bed, and gets back into the bed behind Matthew. Grabbing his hands and pulling his arms from me, he makes Matthew growl, but he just continues to grin. "You'll thank me later for this."

As he continues to hold Matthew's hands over his head, he instructs me to move faster.

Matthew's eyes darken, the green flecks taking over as he continues to observe me hungrily, fueling my lust.

Increasing my pace, I enjoy their eyes on me that make my skin sizzle pleasantly. I move my hand between my legs to play with my clit, making them growl approvingly and my chest squeezes as I'm close to reaching my orgasm.

Matthew's approving growl vibrating through me is the last thing that my body needed to pushing me over the edge.

I cum with a loud moan that bursts

free from my chest and catch

myself by putting my hands on Matthew's hard abs as I shudder at the after waves ripping through me. Pushing my hair back, I look back up finding Matthew staring at me and Fynn grins. "Ready?"

I nod without even knowing what he really means, but my brain is still so hazed that it wouldn't care anyway Fynn lets go of Matthew's arms, and I discover what he meant right away as he skyrockets up immediately, throwing me onto my back.

His eyes are now fully changed as he gets on me, pushing me into the mattress. Matthew spreads my legs with his, pushing back into me with a rough slam.

I scream in pleasure, clawing onto the bed sheets as he pushes further, burying himself into me to the hilt.

"Oh, Fuck," I moan, making him grin down at me.

He leans in, increasing the pressure on his pration, making me go crazy. "Now you are mine," he growls, making a shiver run down my spine.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I scream, getting a low chuckle from him.

Grabbing my thighs, he moves out of me slowly only to pound back into me violently.

My heart stops, another moan exploding from me as he repeats it with a smug grin on his face.

"You feel so fucking good," he whispers huskily while he takes my breath away.

Oh, my Goddess!

After repeating it for the third time, he finally starts thrusting into me mercilessly.

I risk losing my voice as he fucks me raw. Lifting my legs to wrap them around his waist, I open myself up even more to him, causing him to prate

me deeper, hitting all the right points.

My eyes roll into the back of my head as he pushes me to the edge of a fantastic high, even if it means that he will split me in the process.

Goddess, I must have lost my mind.

I cum hard and with a long moan, my earth-shattering orgasm tearing through me like a massive shockwave.

As soon as my pussy clamps down on his cock, he follows me, coating my insides with his release.

"Fuck," he shouts, before pressing his lips against my chest.

I can feel his canines elongate, his wolf probably pushing through to make him mark me.

"Breathe," Fynn tells him. "Think of the marking ceremony she deserves. Don't ruin it for her."

I don't care.

I want to say, as a primary desire bubbles up in me, but my voice fails me, my body too concentrated on regaining my senses back fully.

My breath hitches in my throat as his fangs grace my skin, he looks up at me and as our eyes meet, I can see that his wolf has practically taken over.

"Matthew?" I ask in a whisper.

A grin spreads on his face, and he moves up to kiss me. "Mine!"