

When they touch me (Shelagh Milano) #Chapter 91 – 100

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ARTEMISIA

My heart skips a beat and I feel the bed dip as Fynn moves to kneel next to my head.

I look up at him, and my eyes don't leave his as I grab his hard cock, and prop myself up to take it into my mouth.

He entangles his fingers into my hair, pulling me closer towards him to take him deeper.

While I'm held in place firmly by Fynn, Matthew turns me around, making me get up onto my knees.

Slowly, he pushes his cock into my pussy that is already screaming for a release again, enticed by Fynn fucking my mouth.

I moan around his hard cock as Matthew grabs onto my hips to thrust into me harder. Their pleasure groans fill the air, enhancing my desire to be fucked raw.

Matthew's fingers dig into my flesh and I feel his pace increasing as he must be close to getting his release.

Twisting my tongue, I let the tip glide along Fynn's shaft, increasing the pressure slightly, making him growl approvingly. "Fuck, babe!"

Grabbing at my hair, he pulls me off him, allowing Matthew to lift my hips higher. I bite into the pillow as he thrusts into me increasingly harder, his cock hitting a marvelous spot in this position.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" I scream, feeling like flying away as he makes me reach my orgasm in seconds.

"Oh, my Goddess," I breathe out, as Matthew lets himself slump over me with a groan, coming in me for a second time.

He presses his lips against my shoulder before I look up at Fynn. My heart skips a beat happily as I see him grin at his brother.

"Give me a second to catch my breath at least," I giggle exhaustedly, burying my face into the pillow.

"Sure, princess," Fynn whispers smokily, before wrapping his arms around me to pull me up. "But I know you will love this."

I gasp as he makes me sit into his lap, putting my knees down on each of his sides. "Oh, I love everything you do to me."

Matthew smiles as he crawls closer. He kisses my chest, letting his tongue glide over my breasts, and continues down to reach my belly button. "But you will end up killing me."

"Just relax, babe," Fynn chuckles, whispering into my ear.

I lean back into him as he pulls my hips closer to his, and close my eyes, enjoying Matthew's mouth on me.

"I know that you are not ready for a double pration, so we will get there slowly, okay?" he asks me, Matthew descending a little bit more, nearing my core.

I nod, feeling fire expand in my body. "Yes, but be gentle, please."

"Of course, my love," he says, kissing my cheek.

His hands grab my ass, spreading it for him, and I press my lips together as he positions himself at my entrance and slowly starts prating me anally.

Breathing in harshly, I claw down on his arms, trying to breathe slowly.

"Am I your first, love?" Fynn asks in a whisper, and I can sense the entitled grin on his face.

Nodding as my voice gets strangled by a strange feeling rising into my throat, I make him groan. "This is fantastic!"

After gloating for another bit, letting me adjust to his pration, he wraps his arms around me, pushing me down another bit.

I moan, and he kisses my neck. "Relax, babe. Matthew is going to lick you. You will see that you will like it so much, you will get addicted to it."

"Oh, fuck," I whimper, as I look down at Matthew who has now reached my throbbing pussy.

My heart beats into my throat as he meets my gaze before he lets his tongue slide over my clit, making me moan loudly.

Fynn collects my hair to scoot it over my right shoulder, exposing my other side to him. He showers me with featherlight kisses while he keeps pushing further into me.

My mind regulates the mixture of pain with the amazing feeling of Matthew pleasuring me with his tongue.

"Good girl," he growls into my ear, his hands moving onto my sides and between my thighs to spread me wider for Matthew.

I scream as he pushes me down fully, Matthew sucking my nub between his lips, making my body shiver in pleasure.

Matthew increases his licks and sucking as Fynn starts moving. My brain goes into complete overdrive as the pain of Fynn stretching me mixes with the pleasure of Matthew getting deeper and deeper between my folds.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," Fynn says through clenched teeth, and I shake my head.

"No. No, please don't stop!" I moan, my hand reaching out to grab Matthew's hair.

He pushes himself closer, his tongue flicking against my clit violently, making the uncomfortable sensation subside, leaving my body yearning for more.

Fynn grabs my legs right below my ass, lifting me slightly to pound into me harder while Matthew shifts to push a finger into my pussy as he keeps licking me out.

"Fuck, yes!" I let my head fall back against Fynn's shoulder, making him press his lips against my temple.

"Do you want it harder?" he asks, and I can feel a desire in his voice that makes my body burn up for him. "Oh, please let me give it to you harder."

I feel his cock twitch, inside of me and even if I'm not sure if I can't take it, I want it harder.

I want him to give me everything he wants to give me.

"Yes," I lick my lips as a moan leaves my mouth. "I need it harder, Fynn. Please!"

His eyes switch to a red twirl and he grins at me before telling Matthew to shift. I whimper as his mouth leaves me but I shudder in pleasant anticipation as I know just how much better it will get.

Without disconnecting from me, he

makes me shift onto all fours,

grabbing my hips to pull me into him as he knees behind me. Matthew lies on his back and is already

rubbing my clit with his fingers again

as Fynn starts moving.

He increases his pace slowly until he seems to go feral, fucking my ass as it has always belonged to him.

I claw onto the bed sheets, already trying hard to remain upright as my body gets wobbly. But it gets almost impossible as Matthew props himself up to continue licking and sucking at my clit.

I nearly feel embarrassed as I cum onto his face while Fynn is still fucking me steadily, seemingly far away from his release.

"Fucking perfect," Matthew groans

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as he shifts to lay his hips directly beneath me. I can sense him rummaging through the drawer my nightstand but I'm too concentrated on holding myself up in this absolute magnificent haze to ask myself what he might be doing.

As he lays back down, he strokes his cock a few times in front of my face before wrapping his hand around my throat, pulling me down to silence me with his cock.

I moan as his tip hits the back of my throat and he groans.

Suddenly, I feel my folds being spread by his fingers and after caressing my clit softly, he whispers. "Still so fucking wet, babe? Do you want more?"

I have barely moaned around his dick approvingly as a vibration invades my system. I scream, my mouth letting go of his cock and he reacts

immediately.

"Ah, ah, ah," he tsks, taking away the vibrator from my clit. "If you stop, I'm going to stop as well."

Fynn chuckles, his cock still stretching my asshole and I roll my eyes, wrapping my lips around Matthew's cock again.

"Yes, just like this, baby. Take him deeper," he instructs me, and I comply, making him groan.

I'm just about to lose my patience as he pushes the toy back to my folds, activating the vibration again.

Becoming a moaning mess, I suck him harder, getting him to curse again. With our pleasurable play, we seem to entice Fynn as well as he increases

his thrust drastically pushing me further onto Matthew's cock.

I bury Matthew's dick in my throat and stop moving as Fynn thrusts into me harder, chasing his sweet release, Matthew seems to like it as he starts wiggling the toy from one side to the other, making it hit the perfect spot deeper, and making me cum hard, and loud.

My moan vibrates along my cock as he continues to press the toy against me to make me enjoy my orgasm to the fullest.

It doesn't take Fynn much longer to come, and he slides out of me to distribute his warm cum onto my back.

"Shit, this was heaven," he breathes out, holding onto my hips with his heaving chest as I pick up sucking off Matthew again.

With a groan, Matthew cums into my mouth, making me swallow his delicious release.

"Ah, fuck," he laughs, throwing his arms over his eyes.

As soon as I have let go of his dick, Fynn grabs me, pulling me back to his front. "So fucking perfect, princess. And next time you will be taking all of

us."

Chapter 92 ARTEMISIA

I'm still feeling wobbly on my feet as I watch the Omegas carry my things out of my quarters.

Sighing deeply, I have just accepted my fate and even if my body is revolting against it, I guess that as a Beta Female, it is only reasonable to stay in the Beta's quarters.

I have also decided against speaking to Cayden as I didn't want to be the usual crybaby. I guess that as soon as Logan has me by his side, he will calm down a bit and get rid of this possessive behaviour towards me.

Maybe he needs a night alone with me. When he is just like Fynn and wants to get even, maybe I can grant him just that.

"What is happening here?" A deep voice thunders through my quarters, making an Omega let fall the stuff she was carrying right next to me. She flinches, looking at me with an apologetic expression. "Oh, Missy, I'm so sorry."

"Don't worry, Berta. He just has this effect on people, does he?" I retort with a smile, making her giggle just as Cayden appears in my bedroom. "Missy?" he stares at the Omega who collects everything hastily, only to stop her at the door. "We have talked about the fact that you can't return home to your old pack."

Looking at Berta with a deadly glare, he growls, "You will put these things where you took them, right now."

"Yes, Alpha," she answers with a little curtsy before scurrying back into my wardrobe.

I take a sip from my tea as he spreads his arms at me questioningly.

"Logan..." I finally answer. "He is making me move into his quarters."

"Did I miss something?" he asks, raising a brow at me. "Was there a meeting? Didn't I get a memo?"

Two Omegas appear in the door, and Cayden turns to them with a growl, making them run back out.

"Everybody out!" he shouts, making a small army of Omegas run out of the various rooms to leave my quarters.

Closing the door behind him, he passes a hand over his face. "So?"

"No. There was no meeting and certainly no memo," I chuckle. "He told me he would let me move in after I came back, and I didn't want to fight, so... I'm moving."

"What did Fynn and Matthew say about this?"

I shrug, taking another sip, "Weren't excited about it, but I thought it might be best."

"Best for whom?" he raises his voice, making me take a step back.

"For the peace between brothers. It were a few difficult days for him, and I wanted to comfort him."

He glares at me for a heartbeat before turning around and opening the door. "This is ridiculous."

Summoning the Omegas, he gives them an entirely different order.

Poor things.

"You are going to get everything you moved back to this room and where you found it." He drives a hand through his hair. "I can't believe him. I will talk to that guy."

"Thank you," I smile at him, clinging my nails against the cup in my hands.

Fortunately, the Omegas had just begun to move everything, so they do not have to carry a lot of stuff back.

As the last piece is brought back, they leave the room with a low bow towards their Alpha.

"If he says something, send him to me," he growls, pointing his finger at me.

I chuckle, playing with my cup. "Sure."

"Good." He hesitates a moment before he takes a step towards the door. "I'll be out of your way then."

I flash him a tired smile, my heart beating painfully in my chest as I keep wondering if he will say anything about his confession now that we are alone.

But as he opens the door, I have to recognise that he is too much of a gentleman to push it again.

Maybe he thinks I'm not interested or that I don't like him.

Also, I'm the mate of his brothers.

I talked it out with Matthew last night as well. Fynn had long fallen asleep while we were still talking about all the options and my feelings until he had confirmed what he had already confirmed to me for the umpteenth time.

Namely to go for it, listen to my heart and become Luna of the pack.

But I guess that the best thing was that he was excited about the fact that as a Gamma his job was to protect the Luna, giving him the opportunity to spend more time with me.

Setting down my cup, I take a step forward, giving in to my brain screaming at me to say something and move to stop him. "Cayden?"

"Yes?" he asks, turning around with his hand still on the doorknob.

Biting the nail of my thumb instinctively, I feel stupid as I didn't plan on what to say.

But what can one say in such a situation?

Yes, Cayden. I want to be your Luna.

Cayden, I'm ready.

Make me your Luna, Cayden.

Take me, Cayden.

Make me yours...

He lifts a brow at me, tearing me out of my spiralling thoughts. "Missy?"

I open my mouth several times only to close it back again.

Closing the door back up, he stares at me as if I have gone completely insane, "What's wrong?"

His worried expression makes my heart squeeze painfully, and as I can't seem to find the right words, my mind just goes blank.

With a few fast steps, I reach him, his eyes widening slightly as he watches me come closer. I can observe the shift in his eyes as they darken as soon as I stand directly in front of him, and he inspects my movements confused but still taken aback about my vicinity.

"Missy?" he asks again, his voice now low and husky as I look up at him.

Gathering all the courage I can possibly figure, I wrap my fingers around his tie and pull him to me.

He doesn't fight against it, letting himself be pulled and getting his lips to crash against mine.

A guttural growl vibrates against my lips, prating into my mouth as I move my lips against his, rippling further through my entire body.

He moves his arms around me, pulling me closer against his frame, his hands holding me tightly as if I were to glide out of his hold at any moment.

My body feels like it is being awakened from a deep slumber, my nerves buzzing as the unmeasurable desire for this man is being satisfied while I feel my lungs slowly with his scent.

Cassy stirs for the first time after a long time, enhancing the effect his hands and his lips have on me.

With a swift movement, he has me lifted off the floor, making me wrap my legs around his waist as he turns to press me against the door. "Fuck," he growls as he finally breaks the kiss, moving his lips down my throat and onto my chest while leaving me gasping for air. Driving my hands through his hair, I claw onto him as if my life depended on it as he rips down my dress and bra, making my breasts spill free.

He attacks my breasts hungrily, sucking and nibbling on them as if they would grant him the shot for which he was waiting ages to get.

I knew that I wouldn't feel the sparks on my skin, like with my mates, but my breath hitches regularly in my throat as he triggers bolts of energy to shatter through me.

"Cayden," I whisper, tugging at his hair to get him off me.

My body screams, Cassy groaning something about letting him do as he pleases incoherently.

And the bed is so close.

Clearing my throat, I shake my head to free myself from my indecent intrusive thoughts, "Cayden, slow down!"

He halts in his movements, and I watch him cover my skin with featherlight kisses while I'm still trying to regain my composure by panting.

"Sorry," he flashes me an apologetic smile, making my heart flip in my chest. "I lost control for a second."

I shake my head with a laugh, "Don't worry. I really had to fight to come back to my senses as well."

He lets me down carefully, driving his hands through his hair to comb it back into place while I pull my dress back up.

Leaning back against the door, we

laugh awkwardly, and he puts his hands on each side next to my head, caging me in. "May I stay here for a second longer? It would be a bit troublesome for me to leave your quarters like this."

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He lets his eyes fall, gesturing to his groin and I chuckle. "Oh, my Goddess. Sure....."

His smile takes my breath away but

long not as much as him leaning in to kiss me softly. He takes his sweet time, tasting my lips fully before he separates again with a clearing of his throat. "So..."

"So?" I ask, smiling up at him.

He lowers his eyes shortly, taking a deep breath before he adds, "Can I take it as a yes, then?"

"A yes for what?" I squint my eyes, playing oblivious as he wets his lips with his tongue.

Oh, if I just could switch places with them.

"Missy," he groans, making a grin spread on my lips.

I hold his shirt at his sides, wanting to feel him close. "Yes, Cayden. I want to be your Luna."

I risk fainting as his smile reappears on his face, his happy expression making my heart turn in my chest. "Very much."

Chapter 93 ARTEMISIA

"You don't have to worry about making too much of a fuss. You would deserve it, but I respect your wish not to do so," Cayden says, leaning against the door.

I love how we just sat down, blocking the door to my bedroom while leaning against it.

"We could tell everybody at the ball," he offers, making me scrunch up my nose.

"How is that not making a fuss?"

He chuckles, caressing my thigh, "We have to announce it in a bit more spectacular way though. It's not like we can just make it happen and expect people to find out by themselves."

"I know," I sigh, leaning my head against his shoulder. "It's just a lot, and I still haven't talked to my parents properly about everything. And now I'm going to be a Luna."

Kissing my hair, he manages to make me feel protected already. "How about we invite them and we speak to them together? You have a lot of twins in your family. I'm sure they will understand. Maybe we can tell them that there will be a coronation and

marking ceremony soon which they will be invited to, and I'm sure they will be happy for you. I know how much they love you."

Closing my eyes, I smile, "Yeah, they do."

After a moment of silence, I finally get the question that was buzzing around in my head from my chest. "How is it going to work anyway? Is there some kind of protocol?"

"You are cute," he laughs, caressing my side as he lays his arm around me. "But there is no protocol. It's quite new for us too, so don't worry. We will go through everything together."

He clears his throat, shifting in his seating position to turn himself more towards me. "We will have a beautiful ceremony where you will be crowned Luna and we get the blessing of the Moon Goddess for your mating with all of us."

"We aren't going to do nasty things in front of everyone, right?" I ask, scrunching up my nose.

"No," he cracks up, the sound of his happy laughter making me smile. "No, darling. We will mark you and you us in a more private circle. And you get to choose who will be first, but the order doesn't really matter."

I nod, biting the inside of my cheek. "What about Fynn's mark?"

He sighs, leaning his head back against the door. "I will talk to Corvina about it to be sure, but maybe he should go last, in order for you to be already strengthened by our marks to withstand his."

"I can't wait!" I say, getting him to smile again.

Lifting his hand, he caresses a strand of hair out of my face. "Me too."

He leans in to kiss me softly, and I sigh happily as he breaks the kiss again.

This is just amazing.

"I know that you said that you want to stay with Logan tonight. But maybe you want to go out with me tomorrow evening, and stay with me for the night?" he asks, his forehead still leaning against mine.

I smile, keeping my eyes closed to enjoy the feeling of his kiss still lingering on my lips. "I'd love to."

"Awesome," he distances himself from me, starting to get up.

He offers me his hand to take and helps me up to my feet.

"Want to come to the venue for the ball with me? We could take a look at how the decorations are going."

"Oh, I would love that," I answer elated, my heart jumping in my chest as I think he just provided me with an excuse as he wants to spend another bit of time with me.

We take the limousine with the driver and reach the venue too fast in my opinion.

Because as soon as we are in the car, he pulls me close, kissing me as much as the short journey allows him to.

I love how he barely takes his hands

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off me while we get out of the car and into the venue. Even during our tour through the already partly decorated, venue, he always has his hands on me. It's mostly little gestures like laying his hand on the small of my back while following the banquet manager through the astonishing halls, but still. Every time he gets the chance to get close to me, he does, making me feel happier by the second.

He looks incredibly sexy when in work mode, and I know that he is a great Alpha by the way people are hanging onto his every word.

As we finish going through the plans with the decorator, we decide to go for lunch before returning home.

"How much do you really have to do?" I ask him, taking a bite of my food.

He clicks his tongue with a gorgeous smile. "A lot, actually. There is still this trial going, and the council is sending Hendrick back in a few days before they rule on the case.

Apparently, he is freaking everybody out

"Sounds like a fun guy," I chuckle, taking a sip from my soda.

Cayden sighs, leaning back in his seat with a grin, "One of his kind."

"I just thought that we could spend a bit of time together as you always work so much. We could grab an ice cream and eat it while taking a stroll back home," I suggest, making him lean in.

"Could it be that you don't want to go home?" he asks me in a whisper.

I shrug, playing with my food. "Maybe... Does that make me a bad person?"

"I wouldn't put it like that. You had a bad fight, it's only normal that you are anxious to face him. But you'll see that you two will make up fast." He takes my hand in his, caressing it with his thumb. "And I actually would love to skip work to spend a bit of time with you."

My heart skips a beat at his happy expression, and I lower my gaze back to my plate as I fear that I must be blushing horribly.

After finishing our lunch, we get our ice cream but instead of walking back home right away, we end up sitting at the river while eating ice cream, forgetting the concept of time.

ARTEMISIA

Returned to our floor back home, I wrap my arms around his waist as he hugs me close. "I'll see you tomorrow then."

"Mh-mhm," I nod with a smile, feeling tired.

"Have a good night, Missy." He leans in, kissing me gently.

"You too, Cayden."

He chuckles as he lets go of me, turning to walk into his quarters. "If I don't leave now, I'll never leave again."

I laugh, entering my quarters to pack up my things swiftly and go to Logan.

But as soon as I have closed my door behind me, I can already smell his scent lingering in the room.

He is standing by the balcony, looking outside.

"Logan," I ask, goosebumps spreading on my skin as a strange feeling creeps up my stomach.

"Cayden stopped your moving in with me. Did you talk to him?" he simply asks, not turning to look at me.

Setting down my purse, I step closer to him. "No. I didn't tell him anything. I was about to move, but he stopped the Omegas and told them to put everything back."

"Hmmm," he says, finally turning to look at me. "And then you went to eat ice cream with him."

"Well, we ate ice cream after lunch. We were out for work. He knew that I would spend tonight with you," I retort, trying to sound as confident as possible.

Logan seems pissed as he turns around, his eyes scan the room, and I take another step forward. "I just wanted to collect a few things to come find you."

He sighs, and as he takes a step forward, I don't know why but I take a step back, making him look at me enraged. "Scared?"

"No, just tired, I'm sorry," I answer, gulping down the lump in my throat.

A sly grin spreads on his face before he moves. In the blink of an eye, he stands in front of me, and I fight the urge to scream. "Maybe that's a mistake."

"What?" I ask, clearing my throat but he ignores me as he is already tilting his head, his eyes running along the neckline of my dress.

Shifting his fingers into claws, he lets them glide over my skin before he loops them under the thin straps of my dress.

My reflexes just kick in in time to clasp my dress to keep it from falling down to the floor, but that doesn't amuse him at all.

"Let it fall," he snarls, leaning in.

I take a few short breaths, panic expanding in my chest before I let go of my dress, getting it to fall onto the floor.

With another fast movement, I find myself getting pushed into my mattress, my breath hitching in my throat.

He cages me in, fixating me effortlessly beneath him. "Logan, wait."

I try struggling against his hold, but it's in vain.

"For what?" he growls, making me shake my head.

I probably should just swallow my fears and my worries as he is clearly pissed only because I neglected him. Taking a deep breath, I stop

struggling, closing my eyes to

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concentrate on the thought that I do

love him, so I should stop acting up.

But I just can't shake off this stupid feeling.

"I can still smell him on you," he hisses, as he grazes with his lips down my neck, making my heartbeat accelerate. "It makes me sick."

"Get off me then. And let me take

shower." try to push against his chest, but he just takes them into his, pinning them against the mattress.

"Logan, I'm serious. Get off me," I say a little louder, arching my back off my bed to push him at least a bit away from me.

My heart starts beating even harder

as he just ignores me, increasing his hold while passing his lips over the crook of my neck. He slides his tongue over the spot where he's supposed to mark me, making me panic even more.

"Logan, please!" I push again, squirming beneath him.

A shrill ringing takes over in my head as I feel him hovering over the spot, and I sense him shift.

"What are you doing?" I scream, fighting to pull my hands out of his increasingly painful grip.

His fangs graze my skin, while my panic grows. "Logan, no!"

"Shut up!" he growls but I can't, not like this.

"Let me go! You are hurting me!" I continue screaming, kicking around but he remains unmoved.

With another annoyed growl, he moves swiftly, making me still immediately as I feel him sink his teeth into my shoulder.

No!

ARTEMISIA

My mother had told me so many things to prepare me for my mark.

She told me about how wonderful it was as my father finally marked her, and she became officially his.

She told me how happy she was, and how it had stung a bit but that the butterflies erupting in her stomach covered every pain she would feel.

I was prepared.

I was looking forward to it.

Or so I thought.

Because as Logan's fangs sank into my flesh, all I did was feel pain.

Excruciating pain.

And being marked while screaming my lungs out in pain and fear certainly wasn't on my bucket list.

I feel like he is injecting venom through his canines, poisoning me slowly as the burning substance wanders down my shoulder and right to my heart, making it still in my chest.

I remember my mother telling me that it was important for me to be relaxed when it would happen.

That a mate would see to make you feel at ease, so it could be as pleasant as possible.

I'm already starting to lose my senses as his teeth sink deeper, and I hear someone charging against my front door before bursting through it to reach

me.

But it is too late anyway.

As various voices fill my room, they already seem so far away.

Logan doesn't seem to be bothered by them as he finally lets go of me, passing his tongue on his mark now burning on my shoulder to seal it.

I can still feel the grin in his voice as he presses his lips against my ear, growling lowly, "Mine."

Just before being torn away from me.

The first thing I see as I finally get my eyes to open is Fynn.

He is sitting in a chair next to my hospital bed, his head buried in his hands.

Blinking my heavy eyelids slowly, I turn my head to find Matthew with his head laid down next to my legs. His eyes are closed, and I smile tiredly, as I lift my hand to pass it through his hair.

He sighs, making Fynn lift his head. "You are awake."

"Yes," I distort my face as my raspy voice fights her way out of my throat painfully. "How long was I out?"

"Two days," he answers, getting up to stand next to me. "Cayden just left. He wanted to change... I made him go take a break, he felt horrible because he didn't hear your cries until it was already too late."

I push out a shaky breath. "It's not his fault. Logan... he..."

"Yeah... He is in the dungeons. Don't worry. Apparently, as soon as he had marked you, he came back to his senses. He says he was like in a movie... Didn't you tell me he acted strange lately?"

My brain totally ignores his questions as I push myself up, my fingers running over the mark on my shoulder.

Panicky, I look up at Fynn, as my hand claws down on the mark. "Oh, my Goddess. He marked me! Does that mean...?"

My voice fails me before I can finish the question, desperation creeping into my bones, and he leans in,

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cupping my face soothingly. "No,, princess. Him marking you was a dick move, but it won't take us from you. It just means that we will have to hold our marking ceremony a bit earlier. But that's not exactly bad, right?"

"We thought that maybe Cayden should mark you in the next few days so that you wear the mark of an Alpha. And it will make Logan's mark took less random," Matthew rubs his eyes, his tired voice getting me to look at him.

"We will decide that as soon as you feel better, don't worry about it now," Fynn adds, making me nod.

"Can you mind-link Cayden, please, and tell him that I'm okay?" I ask Fynn.

He caresses my hair, smiling at me. "Sure."

It seems like only a second has passed from the moment Fynn's eyes glaze over to when Cayden barges into the room.

"Missy," he breathes out, as he steps next to my bed. Leaning over me, his eyes roam my face as if looking for any little tell of any bit of pain or sadness.

But I'm just feeling too exhausted to feel anything of that kind.

"I'm fine, Cayden," I chuckle, causing me to cough.

Matthew gets up, squeezing my leg. "I'll get you something to drink."

"And I'll get Dr. Davies, now that you are awake." Fynn flashes us a sad smile before walking out of the room after Matthew.

I let myself fall back into the bed, closing my eyes with a sigh.

"How are you feeling?" Cayden asks me, leaning in to caress my face.

"I'm fine," I say with a small smile. "Just exhausted."

He distorts his face, regret flashing over his face. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart. I didn't even notice what was happening until it was already too late." "Don't be! I'm fine and it's not your fault!" I say, caressing a curl out of his face. "It all happened so fast."

He remains silent, studying my face and I see his eyes fall onto my mark.

"You need to sleep." I say softly, wanting to get his eyes back on me. "When was the last time in the past two days that you had a break?"

He shakes his head, capturing my hand to press a kiss on my palm. "How can I sleep when I wasn't able to protect you?!"

My heart breaks as I see him like

this and scoot over to the edge of my small bed. Tapping the mattress next to me, I finally get him to smile genuinely. "Come. I'll help you fall asleep."

After looking over his shoulder, he gets into the hospital bed, making me giggle as his tall and bulky frame nearly doesn't fit in it.

Wrapping his arms around me, he pulls me close, burying his head in the crook of my neck.

I let him breathe me in, feeling him relax against my frame.

"Would you please mark me?" I ask lowly, making him push out a deep sigh.

"Not now, my love. You are still weak, but I will make sure that I can mark you as soon as I can."

I lean my head against his head as he snuggles in closer against my chest.

"Thank you," I whisper and hear him snore softly shortly after.

I caress his back gently and giggle lowly as Dr. Davies pops in his head, grimacing before fleeing the scene again. "I'll check on you later."

Matthew hands me the glass of water, and I sip it slowly through a straw, careful about not to wake Cayden up.

Fynn and Matthew let themselves fall into their respective chairs with exhausted sighs and soon enough, surrounded by my mates, I fall back asleep.

Chapter 96 ARTEMISIA

Descending the cold steps slowly, I can feel my heartbeat pick up with every step I take.

I start regretting having persisted towards Cayden that I wanted to face him all by myself.

Well, I guess I won't be alone as there are guards around.

I pass the tunnel and come to a halt as I reach Logan's cell.

He is sitting on a bench, leaning against a wall as he looks at me with a void look.

His face is bloody and swollen, his clothes tattered. Dried blood is sticking onto his clothes, enhancing the wounds that are decorating his chest, shining through his ripped white shirt.

A shudder passes through me, and I hug myself as if wanting to brace myself against the cold.

"Why isn't your wolf healing you?" I ask him, concerned about seeing him like this.

He scoffs, tearing his eyes away from me. "Fynn injected me with wolfsbane before beating me up. Ethan is gone for the moment."

"Goddess... I'm sorry about that," I say, making him look back at me.

He seems angered, but I could bet that it's not about me. "How can you be sorry after what I have done to you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" I ask, crossing my arms and lowering my gaze. "I love you, it's only normal that I don't want to see you hurt."

Throwing his head back against the wall, he chuckles sarcastically, "Don't say that! I fucking marked you against your will. And took away the joy of the marking ceremony you were looking forward to. Now Cayden will have to mark you to cover up my mistake. How can you still..."

He closes his eyes, clenching his hands together, seemingly not wanting to finish his own thought.

I observe him for a moment, but he falls silent, his void stare taking over once again.

"Is that all you have to say?" I finally ask, squinting my eyes. "That the way I'm reacting is the wrong one?"

His eyes regain a bit of light, moving to inspect my face. "I don't know what else to say."

"Okay," I breathe out, pressing my tongue to my upper teeth. "I'll leave you to it then."

I'm about to turn around to leave as he skyrockets out of his seat, leaving me astonished about how fast he is even without his wolf.

In the blink of an eye, he is at the bars, grabbing me through the gaps.

I can't help the fear taking over my body, and I hate it.

"Babe, no. Wait!" He shouts desperately, jerking me back to him. "Please forgive me! I don't know what got into me. My wolf was getting crazy because everyone got more of your attention than me. I've been stupid and I'm so sorry. I just wanted to be with you!"

Wanting to get out of this uncomfortable hold, I try clawing his fingers off me. "Logan, you are hurting me. Again."

"I'm sorry," he sighs, letting go of me instantaneously. "I'm so, so sorry!"

Rubbing my wrist, I watch him lean his forehead against the silver bars, and I'm glad his wolf is already sedated.

As it triggers me anyway, I reach through the bars to touch his cheek gently, making him look up at me, separating him from the bars. He looks at me wide-eyed before he lays his hand on mine, turning his head to kiss my palm.

His touch feels unsurprisingly amazing, the mark on my shoulder buzzing pleasantly as if it were happy about us finally connecting.

"It's okay. I was just sad because of the ceremony, and the fact that you hurt me. But I'm not sad about the fact that I wear your mark. We will get through it."

"Oh, Goddess, thank you," he breaths out, lowering his gaze as he lets go of me to bury his fingers into my dress. "Thank you. Thank you!"

"Will you promise me that you won't freak out again when I will be wearing Cayden's mark as well in a few days?" I tilt my head, hoping to get him to look up at me, but his eyes remain fixated on the floor.

"Yes! Of course! I will never hurt you ever again," he promises, and I feel bad as something just doesn't sit right with me.

Clearing my throat, I keep myself from stepping backwards to get out of his grip. "Cayden wants to keep you down here until the ball. Maybe I can talk to him about letting you out sooner, but I guess he is afraid of you bursting into his room while he is marking me. Do you think I can vouch for you that it won't be awkward to have you freed for the ball?"

"Are you going to go to the ball with Cayden officially?" He asks, his eyes darkening slightly.

I shake my head, inhaling exhaustedly, "Logan..."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he says, taking a step back and lifting his arms in a defensive way. "I was just asking so I can already adjust to that."

My heart hurts at the fact that I feel a bit relieved at him letting go of me and I take a step back as well. "No, I'll go to the ball with Fynn. He asked me before we went on the trip with the pups."

"Did he ask you? Or is he forcing you?" he snarls, making me roll my eyes. "Did he threaten you?"

"He asked me."

"Of course," he scoffs, angering me. "That's why you were hurt and frightened after the night with him."

I open my mouth, feeling speechless for a second. "Well, then he just follows family tradition, doesn't he?"

"What?" Logan looks at me wide-eyed as I take another step backwards.

"What would have been your next

step if no one would have kicked in the door? Or torn you off me?" I shrug, my throat tightening. "You had me lying there practically naked

because you had ripped m

off me... So? What would have been your next move? Would you have listened to my pleading screams after you had marked me?"

His face transforms into a grimace shortly before he catches himself. Lifting my hands lightly, I let them slump back against my thighs. "That's what I thought."

Passing my hand through my hair, I push out a shaky breath. "I need to get out of here, forgive me!"

"No, babe, wait! Please!"

I ignore his calls and pleadings as I turn back around and run the stairs back up. My mark stings more with every further step I take and I cuss myself out for not having been able to recognise the danger of the situation earlier to prevent such an outcome.

Hugging myself, I let my feet bring me to the warrior's quarter.

I push myself through the crowd of men hanging out in the wide hallways and finally burst into the room in which I know that Fynn has his bunk bed

in.

Sighing, I wonder if he could send away all the guys in the room like the last time to grant us a second of privacy.

Such an idiot, living in a dorm room with so many other men!

As I reach his bed that is supposed to be his, I find myself looking into the eyes of a young man, who looks up at me questioningly.

I was so immersed in my thoughts, that I didn't even notice that everyone in the room was looking at me with the same look.

What do you want from me? I have to talk to my mate somehow.

"Erm... Can I help you?" the young man asks, getting my attention back on him.

"Yeah," I answer unconvinced. "I am looking for Fynn."

He smiles at me, and with a nod he makes me feel like I'm the most stupid being he has ever encountered. "Just the room at the end of the hallway."

"What?"

"His quarters," he repeats patiently. "All the way down the hallway."

I shake my head, pointing to the bed, feeling like I'm about to go crazy. "Isn't this his 'quarters'?"

The men laugh, making me feel even

more uncomfortable. "The higher in command have separate rooms, and Fynn surely wouldn't share his

room with us. He has his own quarters all the way down the hallway."

"You can't miss it," another man chimes in, as if he feared I wouldn't get it otherwise.

"Oh," I say, still confused. "Thank you!"

Hurrying out of the room without looking at anyone, I storm down the hallway.

I can understand what they meant by 'you can't miss it' as the hallway transforms the further down I go.

The interior gets more luxurious, the colours darker, until I find myself standing in front of huge double doors at the end of the hallway.

It is indeed hard to miss.

Rolling back my shoulders, I am just about to knock as the door opens and I get startled by a blonde glaring at me.

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"Harper?" I ask, taken aback at finding her coming out from what is supposed to be Fynn's quarters.

"I hope you get happy together. You certainly deserve each other!" she shoots me an angry look before walking away and out through the long hallway.

What the...

"Thank you!" I shout after her, in a sarcastic tone.

I shake myself back to reality, opening the door further to step into the quarters which are supposed to belong to Fynn.

Walking through wide doors and dark interiors, I reach the bedroom with a huge four-poster bed standing in its middle.

"I told you to fucking leave before..." Fynn's deep voice has me jerking up, and I look at him, seeing him halt in his tracks as he is getting out of the en-suite bathroom.

"She just left," I say, pointing to the entrance. "Do you want me to call her back?"

His angry expression morphs and a grin spreads on his lips before he moves quickly, reaching me in an instant. Wrapping his arms around me, he lifts me up, covering my face and shoulders in featherlight kisses. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to visit you and your little bunk bed," I answer, making him laugh. "What is this?"

"Sorry, babe. I wanted to make you feel as much uncomfortable as I could when I was still trying to convince myself that I didn't need you."

I nod absent-mindedly, propping my arms onto his shoulders. "Uh-huh. Are you going to tell me what Harper was doing in your quarters just a moment ago?"

"Sure," he chuckles, letting me back down to my feet. "She wanted to talk to me about... well, her and me... Not that there is anything to talk about." "So, what did you talk about?" I ask, crossing my arms on my chest.

He grabs my wrists, loosening my grip to wrap my arms around his neck. "Don't sulk, princess. I told her nicely that I just used her to make you jealous, got a boring lecture about integrity and that's it."

"That's it?" I ask, making him grin even more.

He leans in to kiss me before nodding slightly. "As I said. Boring."

"You are so mean. She obviously liked you," I say, shaking my head, but he just shrugs.

"As if I cared."

He pulls down the collar of his shirt with a crazily happy expression. "Also, I wear a mark already."

I laugh, my finger grazing his to pull at the material even more to expose a small mark of reddened skin. "I'm surprised that it is still there."

"Because it's important," he beams at me with a proud expression. "Drake doesn't want it healed as well."

Straightening his spine, he pulls me closer to him. "But let's talk about you. I felt you were a bit troubled a few moments ago. Didn't your talk go well?"

"No. No. It was just a bit awkward, but it was alright." I clear my throat, feeling like a traitor at harbouring these silly thoughts of fear, and decide to want it off my chest.

Fynn always made me feel comfortable enough to talk.

"To be honest, I felt like something wasn't right."

"What do you mean?" He tilts his head, looking at me questioningly.

Shrugging, I purse my lips. "I don't know. He apologised and I had the impression that he was genuinely feeling bad for what he did."

I take a moment to sort my thoughts out, before continuing, "On the other hand, I had a very bad sensation when it comes to him freaking out when tell him that I'll spend time with someone else. I'm a bit worried about how he will take Cayden's mark on me."

"I'm sure that he just feels guilty about what he did. It will be alright," he tries to calm me, but I can feel his emotions being a bit out of place as well.

With a deep sigh, I lean my forehead against his chest. "You are right. I'm still feeling so agitated that I don't seem to be able to think clearly."

"It will be alright soon," he whispers, pressing a kiss on top of my head.

Looking back up at him, I pout, "He thinks you threatened me into going to the ball with you. I told him that it wasn't like this, but he wouldn't believe me. He is still convinced that you hurt me on our first night

together because you took me by force. Can't we do anything about it?"

"Why should we?" he grins down at me, before leaning in to kiss me. "He can think what he wants."

I groan, wanting to get out of his grip, but he holds me back, making my heart flip in my chest. "You are so cruel, Why can't we tell him how you asked me out, and I'm going to the ball because you asked me nicely."

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"They think I'm forcing you and I loved it, honestly. Please, let me have my fun, princess." He grins down at me, making me roll my eyes.

"I don't know..." I bite my bottom lip, and he lifts his hand to free it with his thumb.

He caresses my lip with his thumb gently while we lose each other in our eyes.

Lifting my chin gently with his hand, he captures my lips with his. I wrap my hands around his neck, feeling all my sorrows glide off me slowly.

"Let me distract you a bit. You need to relax after all this stress," he says between kisses, his tone mockingly mischievous.

"Uh-huh," I answer against his lips, my core pulsating longingly.

He drives his hand into my hair, pulling me closer as his tongue invades my mouth, tasting every inch of me greedily.

Breaking the kiss, he holds me in place as he travels down, inspecting my jawline, neck and chest with his lips.

"Do you want me to call Cayden and Matty?" he asks me, making my heart skip a beat.

"Huh?" I whisper, getting him to look at me with a smug expression.

"Do you want me to call them?" he asks huskily, his eyes burning into mine.

The little voice trapped in my mind is already screaming at me to do it as I gulp. "Logan would feel everything. That wouldn't be fair..."

A sly grin spreads on his lips as he grabs me. I squeal as he lifts me into his arms, only to throw me onto his bed.

"Will serve him right, after what he has done. Let's call it shock therapy," he chuckles, and I can't believe how much fun he is having at this.

But before I can even form a coherent sentence in my mind to answer him, my mind gets lost in its own haze as he slips his t-shirt off and gets into the bed on his knees.

"Your dress, babe. Lose it."

I'm still observing him come closer with my heart beating into my throat, as I take off my dress and bra. His fingers glide onto my skin teasingly before he pulls my panties off me.

He starts kissing my legs, travelling further up to my belly, over my stomach and breasts, and I stretch myself beneath him, enjoying every little friction he leaves on my skin.

After circling my nipples with his tongue, making them go even harder, he sucks them gently before moving further up.

He pushes me to the mattress with his hungry kisses as I hear the door fall back into his lock.

I can't even wonder for too long who just came in as Cayden's mouthwatering scent already invades his bedroom.

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Fynn continues to kiss me as I feel Cayden's burning gaze on us.

Breaking the kiss, he moves back down to my breasts, biting into my nipple gently.

He continues to massage my breasts with his hand while playing with my other one with his mouth. I moan lowly, turning my head to see Cayden standing next to his bed, watching us with darkened eyes.

"Why don't you join us?" I ask in a whisper, getting a gorgeous grin to appear on his face.

He starts undressing himself while I force myself to keep my eyes open to not miss a moment of this wonderful sight.

As he stands there, his naked toned body on display for me, he starts stroking his hard cock slowly, making me bite my bottom lip automatically as my body already screams for him.

Fynn continues to explore my body with his mouth while he moves further down to my core. He kisses my wet folds gently, my pussy throbbing painfully in pleasant anticipation.

A gasp escapes my lips as Fynn's tongue moves between my folds slowly, and he traces my pussy up to my clit, circling it in relish.

I keep my eyes on Cayden who is watching me hungrily as Fynn repeats the pleasurable tease, causing me to moan louder.

Moving my arm over the bed, I hold my arm out towards Cayden before clawing down onto the sheet as Fynn sucks in my pulsating clit, turning it gently between his teeth.

"Oh, my Goddess," I breathe out as my back arches off the mattress.

Cayden finally gets onto the bed, and while I'm trying not to go crazy at Fynn eating me out, I fight to keep my eyes on him, watching him crawl closer.

He kisses me, and I wet my lips as he gets on his knees, and, while my sight is nearly obstructed by his big hard cock in front of my face, grabs my chin. His thumb caresses my lips before he pushes it between my lips, pressing onto my tongue to make me open my mouth.

He invades my mouth, getting me to stick out my tongue to rub and slap his cock against it.

As Fynn pushes two fingers into me, increasing his licking pace, Cayden takes advantage of my eyes rolling to the back of my head and silences my loud moan by pushing his dick into my mouth.

"Fuck," he growls, his finger grabbing my hair to stabilise our connection.

I look up into his gorgeous face distorted by pleasure, making me even wetter. He moves his dick in and out of me slowly, while playing with my breasts.

My body goes into complete overdrive and as I spread my legs into the air to make Fynn's tongue reach deeper, I follow Cayden's darkened gazes as he observes my movements.

I moan around his cock, asking myself if he is going to be a gentle lover as he keeps moving slowly, not forcing me to take him all.

I'd like to take him deeper, but he is holding me fixated for him, and I'm just thinking about saying something as he flashes me a sly grin, making my heart stop.

"Turn her around. I want to fuck her mouth properly," he orders huskily, making Fynn chuckle.

Fuck, yes!

Fynn spins me around, making me get on all fours, pulling my hips up to him. As he positions himself to slam into me, Cayden kneels before me, jerking my head up by my hair to make me take his cock into my mouth.

I release a bit of spit onto it before he pushes himself into my mouth, hitting my throat with his tip.

As he seems to have me positioned perfectly, Fynn starts fucking me, making me bob up and down on his big dick automatically.

My moans vibrate along his cock as I keep taking him deeper by the hard thrusts carried out by Fynn, their pleasure groans fueling my lust, making me feel my juices run down my thighs.

Fynn grabs my hips, positioning me better for him, Cayden lowering to sit on his heels to have Fynn pounding into me fiercely.

My screams are muffled by his cock as Fynn keeps hitting my perfect spot making me cum on his cock in seconds.

He slows down his pace for a few thrusts, getting me to ride out my earth-shattering orgasm fully before he picks up his pace again.

His fingers dig into my hips and I can feel him nearing his own release as he buries himself into me with a loud groan. "Fuck."

He wiggles inside of me, and I start moving my head, running my tongue along Cayden's cock as Fynn chuckles. "Just in time, Matty."

As Matthew undresses as fast as he can, and plots what they want to do next with Fynn, I concentrate on pleasuring my Alpha who is watching me giving him head with half-closed eyes.

I hold one hand on his shaft, moving it with the movements of my head.

"Let's make her wet again," Fynn says as Matthew sits down laying his head on the bed beneath my core. "So, she will feel comfortable taking us both."

My clit throbs in anticipation, a moan of mine running along Cayden's cock as Fynn grabs me, wrapping his arms around me. He presses his hard cock against my ass and moves his hands down to let his fingers run along my thighs. Looping his hands around them, he spreads me, making me Tower onto Matthew's face.

I groan, wanting to protest as Matthew's tongue is still too far away, and he does only get to lick me teasingly.

"Don't worry, princess," he hisses, and Matthew chuckles as he lets the tip of his tongue flick over my dripping folds, gracing my clit lightly.

I feel Fynn moving against my ass, positioning himself as he nods towards Cayden. "Hold her if you don't want her off your cock."

Oh, my Goddess.

Cayden tightens his grip on my hair, grinning slyly and just as Matthew sticks out his tongue again, Fynn thrusts into me fiercely, pushing my exposed clit onto Matthew's expecting mouth.

Now I understand what he meant because I would have arched off him at this amazing feeling. I scream out in pleasure, Cayden pulling at my hair to keep me

moving up and down his dick while

Fynn pounds into me.

I would fear about Matthew's air supply but he seems to be doing just fine as he eats me out eagerly. My senses seem to be slipping out of my control as I keep having waves of pure lust rippling through me.

Gulping, I take Cayden deeper, making him groan loudly as I cum hard. He releases me, pulling me off him, getting me to scream my orgasm out freely.

"Oh, fuck," I breathe out, feeling like blacking out as I can't seem to catch my breath.

"Are you okay, beautiful?" Cayden asks huskily, making me nod with a smile.

"Ah, yes!"

He chuckles, caressing my face as he moves beneath me, Matthew slipping down from under me without making Fynn disconnect from me.

As I perceive what they are about to do, I claw down on Cayden's arms. My face must be filled with panic evidently, because Cayden grabs my chin smiling at me. "We stop when you tell us to. Relax, let's try it okay?"

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Biting my bottom lip, I nod slowly, feeling heat creep up my cheeks.

"Good girl," he whispers, kissing me.

Chapter 99 ARTEMISIA

Fynn pushes into me, steering my core to hover over Cayden's hip. Cayden is holding his cock perfectly for Fynn to make me impale myself on him. Wrapping my arms around Fynn's neck behind me, I scream in pleasure as they fill me.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck," I scream as Fynn starts lifting me up and down on his brother's cock while moving in and out of me as well.

My chest squeezes, my throat getting stuffed as a strange feeling expands from my core, spreading through my body.

They allow me to adjust to them perfectly by moving slowly and I fight the urge to beg for them to go faster as I know that I would regret it.

"You'll get it harder as soon as you are ready for it, babe," Fynn chuckles, making my heart flip in my chest.

My brain is already giving up its service as I can't even form a coherent answer, concentrating on the overwhelmingly fabulous feeling of them pleasuring me.

Matthew gets on the bed as well, standing up, wrapping his hand around the back of my neck gently, getting me to look at him. He makes me let go of my hold on Fynn, and I put my hands on Cayden's shoulders, who is propped up on his elbows.

I look up at him as he grins at me, and I lift my hand to grab his cock, forming a good amount of spit to spread onto his tip. "Goddess, this makes me go fucking crazy," Cayden growls, throwing his head into his neck as I lower my mouth onto Matthew's cock.

After a few sucks, Cayden sits up, fixating with his fingers burying into my hip. "Take him deeper, love."

I do as I'm told with a smile, gulping to have him glide into my mouth with a groan.

Just as his tip hits my throat, making my pussy clamp down on Cayden's cock, he growls in pleasure and starts fucking me faster from beneath. Fynn slowly increases his pace as well, adjusting to his pace until they get to the speed my body was yearning for.

I soon can't move my head to continue to pleasure Matthew as I lose control over my body at them pounding into me fiercely.

Screaming, I sink my nails into Cayden's shoulder, making him hiss.

"You feel fantastic, Artemisia," he compliments me, taking my breast into his mouth.

His husky whisper makes my heart squeeze, my nipples hurting at how hard they are getting.

"Fuck, this time I can't hold it back anymore," Fynn growls and after a slap on my ass, Matthew moves away from me, allowing Cayden to pull me down with him.

While I'm still sitting on his cock, he has my ass exposed to Fynn fully, and the fire whirling in my chest is all I need to know.

"Get it then," Cayden says with a grin, pressing a kiss onto my hair.

I gasp, Cayden keeping me fixated down as Fynn starts fucking my ass like he owns it.

And as it feels so good, he fucking does.

My pleasure mixes with pain, getting an incredible high to build up in my body.

"Matt!" Cayden summons his brother, and as if he knew exactly what I need, he slips his hand between our sweaty bodies, reaching my clit to massage it fastly, matching Fynn's pace.

I open my mouth for a silent scream, my voice failing me as my eyes roll back at my orgasm that explodes in me, shooting shards of my detonating heart all across my chest.

Slumping onto Cayden, I feel Matthew retreat his hand as Fynn continues to fuck my shivering frame.

With a last thrust, he empties himself into me with a thundering groan. "Fuuuck."

As they let me go, slipping out of me, I let myself roll onto the cool mattress, my body feeling totally overheated. I laugh as I move the back of my hand over my forehead, and Cayden turns to me, kissing me softly.

"Are you feeling good enough to have Matt have his turn as well?" he asks me, looking up to his brother and I follow his gaze, finding Matthew looking down at us with pleading eyes.

"Of course," I say breathlessly, smiling up at him, and love how he lights up.

I'm about to get up as Cayden pulls me back against his frame, turning to have me sitting in his lap with a squeal.

He presses his lips to my ear, my heart halting in my chest as he asks me in a husky whisper, "Do you think you can take my cock in your ass?"

I gulp, looking at his hard cock, standing up enticingly, long and broad. As soon as I nodded and uttered a low 'yes' I feel his smile on my skin as he presses a kiss onto my neck.

He lifts me, making me lower onto his cock slowly. I press my lips together, but can't hold back my moan from exploding from my lips.

Fynn watches us with a smug grin, and I tear my eyes off him to concentrate on Matthew who is kneeling between our legs, ready to take me.

My thoughts run wild, and I have

barely asked myself how he will fuck me in this position as he grabs my ankle, lifting my legs. Cayden moves his hands from my ass along my thighs to the back of my knees and with a smooth movement, he pulls my legs back, spreading my core to Matthew.

"So fucking hot," he whispers, as he strokes his cock, moving it to my entrance. As he sinks into me, pushing himself up onto his knees to bury himself to the hilt, I throw my head back with a long moan, enjoying him moving inside of me.

"Don't!" he growls, driving his fingers into my hair to pull my head back up.

I scream and as soon as he has fixated me for him, he starts fucking me harder, taking my breath away.

"Oh, my Goddess! Oh, my Goddess!" I moan, feeling another orgasm build back up already.

"Harder, Matt! Harder!" I scream, and he grins at me, complying with my wish, making me feel like flying away.

He starts rubbing my clit in sync with their thrusts, and suddenly, Fynn is back at my side.

Matthew removes his hand, making his brother take over pleasuring my clit as he pounds into me, risking splitting me.

I nearly lose my voice as I scream my throat out as he continues to fuck me raw, getting me through another orgasm. As soon as I have come squirting against his abs, he slows down, making me ride out my orgasm and bringing me back down tearth.

Matthew spreads my juices onto his toned abs and up to his chest as I watch him with heavy eyelids. He grins at me as he pulls at my hair again, getting me off the bed and to my knees. I smile up at them as they start to move their hands up and down their gorgeous dicks as I kiss and lick their tips alternately, until Fynn and Matthew cum all over me. They caress my face as I lick off their cum from my lips and I lose myself in their happy expressions, nearly missing that Cayden has yet to have his happy ending.

I reach out to wrap my hand around his delicious cock, but after a few strokes, he grabs me, pulling me back onto my feet.

Leaning against Matthew's and Fynn's shoulders, I position myself perfectly for him to fuck my pussy from behind. They caress my sides gently, leaving sparks on their way to increase my pleasure.

"Aaaah, fuck," I breathe out as he pushes into me increasingly faster and I lean forward faster, getting him to hit my perfect spot, making me become undone in seconds.

Fynn and Matthew stabilise me with a chuckle as Cayden executes his last strong thrusts, before coating my insides with his cum.

"Oh my Goddess," I moan, feeling his warm lips pressing against my back.

"Oh, yes," Cayden chuckles, wrapping his hand around my throat, pulling me back against his frame. "You are so fucking perfect!"

I breathe out a laugh, my head spinning as he kisses the spot beneath my ear, whispering smokily, "I can't wait to mark you tomorrow!"

Chapter 100 ARTEMISIA

"Finally," Lisa giggles as she walks towards me with spread arms. "Look at you!"

I blush, chuckling lowly as I turn from the reception desk, clasping my patient's clipboard to my side. "Oh, stop it."

"That white coat really suits you," she continues gushing, making me roll my eyes with an embarrassed giggle.

Cayden finally made me take up on Dr. Davies' offer, and today I had to because I was already making myself anxious about my little marking ceremony, but the Omegas wanting to prepare me and scrub me were driving me crazy.

Also, I feel so fantastically sore that I would like to prevent anyone from pulling at or pinching me as I'm gladly enjoying the memory of their touch still lingering on my skin.

"And today is the big day, isn't it?" Lisa gasps, as we start walking to my office.

She stares in awe as we step in, and I giggle, "Yes, and I'm pretty nervous."

"Argh, you will be fine!" She says, waving her hand dismissively. I push down a moan rising in my throat as we sit down and Lisa looks around agape. "This is awesome!"

I shift in my seat, trying to alleviate the pressure on my sore pussy. "They want me to be back at a certain hour to prepare me... I'm not sure what Daisy and Alberta want to do with me but I'm quite scared about what it might be."

"Well, I have something for you that will guarantee your night to be a success," she grins, putting a small boutique bag onto the table. I take it hesitantly as she pushes it over the table with a grin, and I risk a look into it.

"Oh, my Goddess," I blush, pushing it away from me. "I... I can't wear this..."

Lisa laughs, grabbing the bag to pull out a flimsy dress.

But what am I saying?

It's just a part of a dress... a really small part.

"Oh, he will want to devour you instantly when he is going to see you in this," she chuckles, lifting the lingerie up for me to see.

Covering my blushing face with my hands, I shake my head, "Do you want me to get killed?"

She is still holding it up with dancing eyebrows as the door opens and a nurse steps into the room.

All three of us freeze, staring at each other. The nurse lets her eyes jump back and forth between the two of us before her eyes fall on the piece of lingerie Lisa is holding before she clears her throat.

"We have a little patient waiting in 204 for you, doctor," she says before retreating with her eyes lowered to the floor.

Lisa cracks up, and I tear the dress out of her hands, "At least now everybody will know what I will be wearing for my night with my mate and can gossip about it happily."

"This is so exciting!" She squeals, clapping her hands and I laugh.

I can't believe I'm actually beginning to love living in this crazy cult.

As I get back to work, we say goodbye with a hug and I guess it'll be impossible to calm my racing heart now as she winks at me, wishing me good luck for tonight.

Goddess.

Luckily, my heartbeat calms down a bit as I enter the room with my new patient waiting in it.

"Luna," a slender and tall woman, stands up doing a little curtsy.

I recognise her from the pack house. She is one of the Omegas who work in the kitchen.

"Carol, right?" I say, gesturing to her to sit back down. "Please don't call me that. Missy is still the best way to go."

She smiles as she takes her seat next to the hospital bed of her little daughter.

"Well, who do we have here?" I ask the pale girl, probably not older than five or six years old.

"I'm Julie," she answers, beaming up at me.

"Such a pretty name," I say as I sanitise my hands. "I'm Missy, and I'm going to do a little check-up to see what made your belly hurt so much, is that alright?"

She nods repeatedly, as her mother sighs, "Thank you."

Closing her file back up, I sit down on a chair standing next to the entrance to roll up to her bed. "So, want to tell me what happened?"

She giggles cutely as she watches me. "I felt sick."

"Did you have to throw up?" I ask and she nods sadly.

"Oh! I'm sorry to hear that! Did you feel sick once or did it happen more than once?" I continue as I take out the thermometer to measure her fever. "Just once. My belly hurt a lot," she says lowly, making me look at her with a saddened expression. "But now it feels better already."

Taking her temperature swiftly, I notice that she still has a bit of temperature, but nothing alarming. "I'm so glad!"

After taking a few notes, I look up at her with a smile. "Do you remember what you were doing as your belly started hurting, sweetie?"

Her face falls immediately and she

starts kneading her fingers, looking at her mother with a scared expression. Her mother stares back at her with a stern look, making a gesture with her head as if wanting to tell her that she should spill the beans.

I wait patiently for the little girl to turn back to me, looking totally devastated. "I wanted to try the food."

She stops, risking another look at her mother as I lean forward, "What food?"

"The food that was prepared for you," she confesses, the corners of her mouth dropping. "I thought that it would be special because it was meant for a Luna, so I wanted to try it."

I blink, taken aback as I sit back up

straight as her mother lifts her hand towards me as if wanting to calm

me down "I can take her toate

during my shift on the days my mate and I don't have a nanny. And she has always been a good kid, I'm so sorry she did that."

to

"Oh, no! There is nothing to be sorry for," I force up a smile even if my heart drops to my stomach. "You just wanted to have a little bite. And I'm sorry that might have happened to you because of my food."

Looking down at the clipboard with

her file, I move it in my hands. "I'll run some tests, but I'm sure she will be alright. They spike my food with a

lot of supplements because of

a

potential baby. And I'm sure you will feel better in a heartbeat."

"Thank you so much," her mother sighs relieved while Julie flashes me a happy grin.

I reach out to tap her hand, "And next time you want something, just ask me. I'll be happy to share something with you that won't make you feel sick." Standing up, I hang her file back on the foot of her bed. "I'll be right back."

I exit the room, getting showered by another round of thank yous from her mother, and start walking down the hallway in the direction of the lab as I halt in my tracks.

My thoughts run wildly in my head before I turn around to walk directly into Dr. Davies' office.

"William, do you have a minute for me?" I ask, after having knocked at the door gently.

"Sure, come on in," he says, taking off his glasses.

Clearing my throat, I close the door behind me and step into the room to stand before his desk. "There is a little girl who was hospitalised with a stomach ache and nausea. It seems to be just an indigestion, but there is something bugging me."

"What is it?" he furrows his brows, and I sit down in one of the two chairs standing in front of his desk.

"They are giving me supplements. And there is a chance that the food she ate was spiked with that... So, maybe it was the meds that made her feel sick."

Pressing the end of his glasses' frame between his lips, he ponders over my words for a moment before murmuring, "Supplements aren't supposed to make anyone feel sick. The best they can do is generate expensive pee."

"That's what I'm worried about," I confess, shifting in my seat. "Do you think I should run a tox screen as well?"

He nods, sitting up and crossing his hand on the desk, "I certainly would. Have you been feeling sick lately?"

"No," I shake my head, sighing. "Not at all."

"Well, I guess we will find out after running the tests. Just be cautious, okay?" He smiles encouragingly as I get back up. "Maybe you want to prepare your food yourself for the next few days."

I chuckle nervously as I stand up, "Will do that! Thank you."

"Don't even mention it."

I'm already at the door as I turn around, squinting my eyes. "Cayden said he would send in something to have it tested. Have you had the time to run the tests already? Maybe that would be a hint of what to look for."

"He sent something into our labs?" He asks confusedly, making me nod. "I didn't get anything."

I take a step back, feeling my heart squeeze, as he checks his files again. "Oh, maybe he sent it for a test to a lab somewhere else."

"That could be. I would suppose that he would send something concerning his Luna to the best research lab specialising in toxins of the continent," he says encouragingly, but something tells me that he isn't as convinced as he should be.

"That will certainly be it," I say, turning around to leave the room.