

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 101-The Man With No Wolf

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Helanie:

"And everyone who is an Omega shall get a yellow star on their red bands," Emmet stated as he pulled out a bag full of bands. The red plain ribbons were for alphas, the brown for royal warriors, green stars on the red ribbon were for royal beta, black for other important posts in a pack and silver was for the alpha king status but only alphas in senior posts can get it after they have proven themselves to be able to fight for the alpha king status. Today's lecture was just as good as always. However, I was slightly distracted, and I bet Emmet noticed it too.

He kept raising his head and pausing every time he saw me zoning out. I felt bad because I wanted to be a good student.

He gave a nod to the first person sitting in the front row, and she stood up to walk over to him, holding out her hand for him to tie the wristband.

"Professor Emmet! If you're okay with it, I can help with the students in this row," Sydney, ever the self-proclaimed master of the room, stood up to offer her assistance. I had noticed this before—her relentless efforts to become the class monitor. Salem was quick to nod her head in agreement. The twins were always busy supporting each other.

Emmet shook his head and pointed at her with his finger, silently instructing her to sit down.

"Helanie!" Hearing him say my name made me straighten my spine and look his way. Everyone turned to follow his gaze, curious to see who 'Helanie' was.

I had been doing my best to stay low-key for a while now. It's been a week since I found out about my pregnancy, and I still hadn't processed the news. I didn't even know what to do.

Gavin and Lucy were a mess themselves—they would argue and then take long, tense walks. Jenny had been busy trying to befriend me, but Lucy always dragged me away from her. I didn't protest because I didn't want to make Lucy uncomfortable. Although, I was grateful for the help Jenny was offering me.

"Helanie!" Emmet called me again, snapping me out of my thoughts. "Please help with this row."

He gently pushed some of the bands to the side on the podium for me to grab. I was shocked he asked me, especially since Sydney had already offered to help.

I got up while Sydney and a few others glared at me harshly. Reaching the podium, I grabbed the bands and moved toward the right side of the classroom—the side where my friends and I usually sat.

I began wrapping the bands around everyone's wrists. Each band had a name written on the back. Then I reached Penn. I hadn't interacted much with him before, but I'd heard from Gavin that Penn preferred to keep to himself.

"Alpha!" I said as I checked his band. He nodded, shook his leg slightly, and then rolled up his sleeves, extending his hand toward me.

I tied the band around his wrist, and as I did so, my fingertips brushed casually against his skin. I swear, I saw goosebumps appear on his arm.

It was odd.

"It's alright, I'll fix it myself," he said abruptly, pulling his hand back and adjusting the band on his own.

After I finished handing out bands to everyone, I returned to my seat, completely forgetting about my own band.

"If everyone has received their bands, you're free for the day," Emmet announced.

Due to the heavy rain and storms over the past few days, they hadn't been able to distribute the bands earlier. Many students were falling sick, and some of the wolves seemed to be affected in strange ways.

"Class is dismissed," Emmet said, finally raising his head and shutting the book he had forgotten to close earlier.

He was so weirdly attractive. Everything he did seemed to draw everyone's attention. I'd noticed Salem eyeing him a lot, too.

"And Helanie, come here for your band," Emmet said, resting his elbows on the podium, tilting his head, and narrowing his eyes at me.

My body reacted strangely around him, and I didn't like it. I respected him, and the idea of thirsting over him—when he was my professor, stepbrother, and I was pregnant—felt entirely wrong.

But he was my mate.

And so was Kaye.

I nodded and grabbed my bag, walking toward him. The classroom began to empty as I stood there, waiting for him to hand me my band. However, he seemed to be taking his time, rummaging through his bag to retrieve it.

Why was my band in his personal belongings?

Once the classroom was empty, he finally turned to me.

"What kept you occupied today? Don't tell me I bored you," he asked, his tone laced with playful flirtation.

"No, you never do. We like your teaching style a lot," I replied shyly, my fingers fidgeting nervously as I tried to meet his gaze.

"I'm not asking about 'we.' I'm asking about you," he said, folding his arms over the podium and leaning closer to me. His question felt deliberate, as if he already knew the answer.

"I like your teaching style," I repeated, extending my hand toward him.

He brought out my band and held it in his hands, sighing at it, "I want the star to change once you get your wolf."

"I don't think me finding a wolf would make much difference," I said with a little laugh, mocking myself. The girl who couldn't get a wolf would certainly never receive one with a higher status. If anything, I'd end up with a weak Omega wolf.

"You never know. In fact, do you know about Soren Vaughn?" he asked, his tone casual, but the name left me dumbfounded. I began to wonder if this was a test of my knowledge or just a regular mention somehow related to my situation.

"You can answer without overthinking," he added, a sweet smile forming on his lips as he spoke to me.

"Who is Soren Vaughn?" I inquired. "Is it someone mentioned in the books?" I tried to recall if I'd ever come across that name in our reading material.

"Not really," he replied. "But there's a book written about him. It didn't make many sales because it was banned in most packs. But that's beside the point. Soren was a man who didn't have a wolf, and everyone assumed that if he ever got one, it would be a weak Omega wolf."

He paused, his gaze steady as he waited for my reaction. Every time someone without a wolf was mentioned, I couldn't help but be all ears.

"And did he?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

Emmet leaned forward, resting his arms on the podium, and shook his head.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 102-He Loves Giving Gifts

Chapter 102: 102-He Loves Giving Gifts

Helanie:

His answer broke my hopes. I thought it was going to be a motivational story but it turned out to be worse of a kind. However, before I could feel disheartened, he added, "He received the most powerful wolf—and it made him immortal."

My heart sank at the thought of how incredibly lucky Soren Vaughn must have been.

"Immortal? How is that possible?" I asked, lost in thought but deeply impressed by this man's luck.

"Everything is possible in our world, Helanie. There are creatures different from us. And he was better than most," Emmet replied. The past tense he used made me question the so-called immortality Soren Vaughn had received.

"He's no longer alive?" I raised an eyebrow.

Emmet let out such an adorable laugh that I felt my cheeks flush with warmth.

"He couldn't age—he stayed young and was seen by so many people over the years. But eventually, he disappeared. Immortality doesn't mean someone can't be killed by a specific weapon or in a certain way. I mean, if you behead someone or take their heart out, they're going to die," he said so casually it was as if he'd witnessed it firsthand. I wouldn't be surprised if he had done extensive research on Soren Vaughn.

"So someone killed him?" I asked, leaning in slightly.

"I like how you ask questions, Helanie. It shows how attentively you're listening," Emmet remarked with a soft smile before continuing. "As for your question, since no one has

seen him in years, it's assumed he was either killed or ended his own life. Who would want to live for over 100 years, only to watch their loved ones grow old and die, right?"

He spoke with such understanding that I couldn't help but nod in agreement.

He was right. Poor Soren—he was given a gift he couldn't fully cherish.

"So, Helanie, there's a chance you might get lucky too. You just need to stay positive about it," Emmet said, his words filled with genuine encouragement.

"Thank you for believing in me," I said with a warm smile, giving him a small bow of respect.

He wrapped the band around my wrist, the yellow star glinting on it. His fingers brushed against my skin, and he suddenly frowned.

"You have a fever, Helanie," he said, his voice shifting to a more serious, almost aggressive tone. "May I?"

The change in his demeanor was striking.

I nodded, and he placed his hand on my forehead, shaking his head in disbelief.

"That's why you were so distracted. Why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well?" he asked, looking exasperated.

"I didn't know I wasn't feeling well," I replied honestly. I genuinely hadn't realized—I thought it was just because of my pregnancy.

"Come to my office with me. I'll give you some medicine, and I also want to speak with you about the class monitor position," he said, gathering his things.

I was shocked by his words. "You mean to say you want my advice on who should be the class monitor?" I guessed, though he didn't stop to clarify and instead continued leading me toward his office.

The corridors were emptying as the students headed back to the hostel, likely getting ready for lunch. The warden was notoriously strict, but thankfully, I hadn't had any confrontations with her yet.

Once inside his office, he shut the door and pointed to a chair. I sat down, expecting him to take the seat across from me at the desk. Instead, he dragged his chair close to mine and sat down next to me.

Hunched forward with his elbows resting on his thighs, he looked directly into my eyes. "I want you to be my class monitor."

"Me?" I asked, pointing a finger at my chest in disbelief.

"Why not? Helanie, I see how determined you are, how stubborn you can be when it comes to accomplishing things. I think you'd make the perfect class monitor," he said, leaning back in his chair.

He couldn't have been more wrong. He had no idea that I was the complete opposite of what he described. I wasn't strong at all—I couldn't even decide what to do about my pregnancy.

"I think the Alphas will be upset," I replied quietly. "Besides, I really just want to lay low."

I looked down quickly, not wanting to see the disappointment in his expression.

"Helanie, you didn't come here to lay low, and I'm going to push you, no matter what you say," he said with a casual shrug, walking over to a shelf to grab something.

"I got you this—" he began, holding out a small box.

I let it drop onto my lap and quickly tied my hands behind my back, refusing to accept any more gifts.

"I don't want any gifts. I think I've already overused your kindness, and I haven't been able to repay you for anything," I said, my voice trembling.

I didn't know what came over me, but a sudden wave of emotion hit, leaving me teary-eyed. Even he seemed startled by the intensity of my reaction.

"I'm sorry, I'm just very emotional," I immediately excused myself, feeling his eyes on me.

"It's the fever," he said gently. "Besides, it's a bracelet—not just any bracelet, though. It has an alarm system. Whenever you're in trouble, you press this button here, and I'll get an alert and your location."

He bent down slightly to show me the small red button on the beautiful purple bracelet.

"Why? Do you think I'll be in trouble? If I'm so weak, why make me a class monitor?" I blurted out. This wasn't how I wanted to respond—not when someone was being so thoughtful toward me. But I was a mess.

I didn't understand why I was acting so rude, mean, or overly emotional. Just last night, I cried while watching a cartoon with Lucy.

A cartoon!

I couldn't make sense of it. The girl who had once stopped crying altogether, even when thinking about 'that night,' was now sobbing over a cartoon?

"Yeah," Emmet replied softly, his voice full of understanding. "You'll probably get yourself into trouble, and I want to be there for you. As for being class monitor—those are two separate things."

He didn't even give me the chance to apologize for my behavior. Instead, he waved the bracelet in front of me, brushing past my reluctance.

I realized I didn't really have a choice.

So, I reluctantly pulled my other hand out, and he gently slipped the beautiful bracelet onto my wrist.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 103-My Brother And My Mate

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Kaye:

"This is the best pizza ever," Maximus mumbled with his mouth full, still praising the food. He had no choice but to act as though he was utterly thrilled by the pizza—it had been a hard-earned treat after his rigorous workouts.

"And how is your training going, Maximus?" Norman asked, since he always kept a close eye on our training and whereabouts.

"It's tough, but I guess I'm doing much better this time. The weapons are working wonders too," Maximus joked, referring to taking his own weapons with him into the deep woods.

"Be careful playing around with those things, though," Emmet commented before lowering his head to focus on his food.

"I'm not an amateur like you, Emmet. I know how to control my emotions and my weapons," I noticed Emmet pause before continuing to eat. Maximus always made remarks about Emmet, criticizing him for not acting like a brother who should be more responsible, like Norman. But Emmet almost never argued with Maximus, and I guess

that upset Maximus most of the time. He wanted Emmet to fight back and explain that we mean a lot to him.

"No need to be snarky, Maximus. He takes care of the academy and business with me," Norman jumped in, as he always did, to settle his brother's issues.

"We do too," Maximus scoffed, shrugging his shoulders. "It's just that we don't hide behind alcohol for most of it."

I sighed, watching Maximus keep targeting Emmet. If Emmet didn't want to be an elder brother to us and look after us, that was fine. We weren't kids, but I agreed that there were times when we needed each other's support and help.

"Anyway, this pizza is really good," I said, steering the conversation back to the food. You can never go wrong with food.

Now, however, Maximus was preparing to leave for another round of training in the deep woods, where he would only eat whatever he could forage from the trees—if he was lucky enough to find anything.

"I agree," Emmet said, wiping his mouth clean with a napkin. We were seated on the rooftop of our mansion, enjoying a brotherhood meeting.

"Emmet—" Norman interrupted, hastily swallowing the large bite of pizza he had just taken.

"I've found a spot where some unique herbs are growing." Meanwhile, Maximus turned to me.

"That's great. I could take the students there to show them that place," I replied. However, my attention shifted back to Norman and Emmet, whose conversation had taken a far more intriguing turn.

"I heard you bought a purple diamond bracelet. Please tell me you've already found a mate," Norman said, his voice brimming with excitement. I was ready to celebrate my brother's good fortune—until I heard Emmet's response.

"Oh, that was for Helanie."

My body tensed. The bite of pizza in my mouth suddenly felt impossible to swallow. The pizza lost its taste. Hearing my brother take her name was already too much for me and then his response shook the world from underneath my feet.

I didn't understand how Emmet could think such a statement would go unnoticed. The rest of us froze, and at that moment, he was the only one still eating.

"Helanie?" Norman asked, echoing the question burning in all our minds. "You bought a diamond bracelet for Helanie? Purple diamonds, no less?"

His voice carried the shock and disbelief we all felt. How was Emmet so comfortable buying gifts for someone? I thought he was void of any emotions and feelings. Just doing the right thing was his motto.

A burning sensation spread through my veins, as if someone had poured acid into them. My gaze lingered on Emmet's face, and anger bubbled up inside me, threatening to spill over.

Why would he buy such an expensive gift for my mate? Did Helanie accept it?

Should I have done something like that, too?

Questions swirled in my mind, each more troubling than the last. And yet, Emmet seemed to be the only one who could answer them.

"She's not safe out there. She'll become a target—" Emmet began, raising his head from his food to respond, but Maximus cleared his throat, stepping in before he could finish.

"If she's too weak. She shouldn't even be in the academy," Maximus said, his tone sharp. He was probably still bitter about the fact that Helanie had punched him in front of everyone.

"But I guess Emmet isn't entirely wrong. She's a student now, and it's obvious she could be an easy target. If students aren't safe in our academy, everyone will question our leadership and also our academy's reputation," I explained, though I hated every moment they spent implying that Helanie didn't belong here. Technically, she was an owner of the academy.

'Yeah, because she's the owner's mate?' my wolf, Ye, shot back, still sulking. He had been caught in a lie once before and was lucky Helanie didn't yet have an active wolf. If she did, the mate bond would have driven him crazy by now. I tried to avoid Ye because I was still upset with him about lying and also disrespecting Helanie many times. She did not deserve all this. She was just an innocent and very pure girl.

"And maybe you are forgetting that the main part of our training is bullying. Seniors give juniors a hard time to prepare them for difficult situations," Norman argued, bringing up the rules we have all made together.

"But that doesn't mean killing anyone," Emmet shot back immediately. However, there were still some heavy questions that Emmet needed to answer.

"But how does a diamond bracelet keep her safe? Wouldn't it make others question where she's getting the money for something like that?" Norman narrowed his eyes at Emmet, his pointed words making me clench my fists.

Every time they brought up the bracelet, jealousy flared in my chest. I should have been the one to do that. To give her something so meaningful. So expensive.

"There's a tracker in the bracelet," Emmet said casually, the words slipping from his lips as if they were no big deal. Another wave of shock hit me.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 104-Teasing Helanie

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Kaye:

We were watching Emmet's face in shock. But he didn't seem too concerned about our looks as if putting a tracker in someone's bracelet wasn't a big deal.

"A tracker, Emmet?" My voice rose sharply as I finally lost my composure. I slammed the half-eaten slice of pizza back onto my plate, drawing everyone's attention to my face. "Are you tracking her now?"

"She knows—" Emmet rolled his eyes, his casual demeanor only fueling my anger.

"And she 'let' you give her that bracelet?" I asked, my frustration mounting. We were having a full-blown debate, and Emmet barely seemed bothered enough to respond.

Maximus waited for him to answer the question, and Emmet finally seemed to realize that our anxiety was growing by the second.

"I told her it's a gift with a tracker, just in case something happens. She asked all the same questions you guys are asking now. Besides, she has no idea it's not a diamond bracelet. I just didn't want her to—"

Norman scoffed and cut him off. However, I knew if she knew it was really diamonds, she would have never accepted the gift. Not that it would have been her fault to accept it.

"Then you should have given her something mediocre, like something from the mall with a tracker in it. Why give her diamonds? And, of course, I figured she wouldn't know the truth about the diamonds—she might have never seen one before," Norman's words made me clench my jaw. He was so hateful towards her that sometimes he didn't realize the words he was using for her. And I wondered,

Why was he always belittling my mate like that?

"Your love for material goods isn't good, brother. When we first left the pack life, we were broke too. So, it's pretty petty that you're using words like that about Helanie—someone who's been nothing but a victim of everything and everyone around her," I couldn't just sit there quietly while my brother talked this way about my mate and his future sister-in-law.

"Kaye! Are you okay?" Maximus patted my shoulder to check on me, while Norman just stared at me, his expression hurt.

"You think I love material goods?" he asked, his voice filled with hurt, and I could feel it pierce my heart.

"I'm just saying... your comment is too harsh. But you know what, I'm sorry!" I closed my eyes and spoke softly, feeling guilty. What was happening to me? My world now revolved around Helanie.

But there was something I was worried about.

How would my mother react to this?

"As her professor and stepbrother, I think I did nothing wrong. And if it reaches the point where I have to make an announcement about her being my stepsister, I'll do it. That will surely keep her out of danger." Emmet hissed with every word.

It was a good thing he was calling her his stepsister, but it made me wonder—how would I ever be able to marry her if my father kept her mother with him?

One of us would have to step back, and I wouldn't be the one to do it.

But what if Emmet was using the term "stepsister" to throw us off, all while secretly trying to impress her?

"Then there is a way to help her," I cleared my throat, trying to get their attention.

"And what exactly is that?" Norman sighed. I could tell he knew I wasn't as opposed to Helanie as he and Maximus were.

"Why can't we ask her to move back into the mansion?" My words made Maximus and Norman exchange a glance, but they weren't very subtle about it.

"Maybe you're forgetting that all students must stay in the academy's hostel for the same kind of treatment," Norman smirked as he delivered his piece of mind.

"Actually—Kaye might be onto something. She can stay in the academy for a few weeks and then move back in. It's not like we stay in the hostel. We're the owners, and as our stepsister, she has the power to decide where she wants to stay," Emmet said, looking so pleased with himself that my heart skipped a beat.

Did I do the right thing by suggesting that?

What if it made it easier for him to be close to her?

"And rob her of the experience of the hostel? I think that's too much. Let's not raise eyebrows. She'll become an object of hate if she receives any more privileges," Maximus rolled his eyes, his tone dripping with bitterness.

Will he still hate her when he finds out she's my mate?

"But she can come over on holidays and weekends," Emmet continued, and by now, I had silenced myself. I didn't want to bring her to the mansion anymore—at least, not unless I'd won her heart and made her stay, knowing she would accept me.

"I'll go, guys. I'm tired," I said, shutting down the topic. For once, I saw Maximus and Norman look relieved. They didn't want to talk about it either.

"Goodnight," Norman smiled at me, making me smile back. He always does that. His one smile can bring comfort to us anytime.

I lay down on my bed with my phone in my hands, taking a picture of my chest. My veiny hand slid into the shot as I bit my bottom lip, smirking at the thought of teasing Helanie.

'Don't do it. Since when did you become so desperate?' Ye questioned my intentions.

I just wanted to tease her.

'I can imagine her cheeks turning red, her beautiful eyebrows slanting in anger. I wish I could see it live,' I sighed as I clicked send to her phone.

Only a few seconds later, I saw that she had read the message.

Curiosity and excitement hit me as another idea popped into my head. I quickly began typing.

Me: Sorry, I was sending that to someone else.

I guess I should remind her of how much she feels for me—make her feel jealous, so she sees me as more than just her stepbrother.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 105-Lying To A Friend.

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Helanie:

"If I had a wolf right now, I would be talking to her instead of myself," I groaned under my breath.

"I just wish I had you with me," I sighed sadly.

I had been staring at the bracelet until Lucy arrived, and I had to quickly roll down my sweater's sleeves.

"What's going on? How was the walk?" I asked Lucy, who looked a little lost. It was almost like she was guilt-ridden.

"Helanie! What do I do now?" She sat down on the bed, her eyes full of tears.

"What happened? Did Gavin say something?" I was worried for the two of them. After she had cheated on him, she expected Gavin to bring up the pain of the mate bond shaking, but when he didn't, she was confused as to why.

But tonight, I guess she was finally realizing she jumped to conclusions when she should have given him a chance to explain himself.

"He talked about it," she said, and I already knew what she meant.

"Oh! And what did you say?" I mumbled, my heart skipping several beats.

"He said he felt the most pain that night—so much so that he couldn't even take a step forward. He felt an urge to transition too, but couldn't because of the extreme pain." She held my hand, speaking softly as if she were scared the walls would hear her.

"Helanie! That is not how I felt. So does that mean I was wrong?" Her lips turned dry, so she had to lick them to moisten them before responding.

"I don't know. What did you say to him?" I questioned, and she started shaking her head.

"I told him I was with you that night, so he might ask you—" My eyes widened when she pulled me into this mess.

"Lucy—" Before I could complain, she held my arms and shook me a little.

"You have to save me. I don't want him to find out. He'll leave me, Helanie. I've seen him grow distant after that night. Even when he was trying not to question me, I could see the coldness in his eyes," she sniffled as she rambled.

"As much as I want to be on your side, you need to understand that he is my friend too. And even if he wasn't my friend, I would still suggest being honest with him," I uttered softly.

Although I had not been in an intense relationship like the two had, I was once dating someone. I remember how he used to go missing for days and I would hear the gossip about him being with other girls, but he would always get so defensive whenever I asked him any questions. Then a time came that I lost my mind and started to trust him entirely. It was mainly because he was good at spinning blames and narratives. And then his sweetest words would sway me away.

I was a girl who grew up in a household where no one loved me. Whenever my little sister tried to come sit with me, she would be snatched away by my stepmother. So when Altan showed me love, I took it seriously and vowed to never lose it.

Well, I can see how that turned out.

"But your friend wants to save her relationship with your other friend," she uttered.

"But I cannot lie to a friend," I tried to make her understand that we both can't betray him. It's one thing to find out your mate cheated on you, but imagine knowing that even your friend lied to you.

"Then what? Are you going to tell him the truth if he confronts you about it?" She let go of my hands, her voice changing from anxious to defeated.

"I'm not sure what I will do, but I cannot lie to him. I can say you were in the room," I uttered anxiously.

"But don't mention Lamar," she requested, putting me in a tough spot. However, the minute she spoke of the devil, he arrived. The door opened, and Lamar walked inside, slamming it shut while managing the bags in one hand.

He acknowledged us staring at him so he raised his brow before minding his own business.

"You!" Lucy's grunt at him caught his attention once again. He raised his head, his eyes wide with confusion, and watched me first, then Lucy.

"Yeah, I stay here, don't I?" he raised his eyebrow, walking over to his bed to put the food bags down. Did he sneak in so much food for the night?

How much is he going to eat?

I understand that he had been waiting for a weekend off, which we were supposed to have—the first weekend with the families. But due to heavy rain, it was called off. But that didn't mean he should bring in so much food and get us in trouble.

If the warden smelled all this food here, she would come for our throats.

"You always come in and bring problems for us," Lucy muttered, walking over to him.

He looked at her, then leaned away from her, steadily pointing his finger at her. "Is she okay?"

He asked me instead.

I mean, Lucy wasn't wrong about that but it is not like she was not equally involved in that night's sex. Now she was blaming him entirely.

"Because of you, my mate might leave me now," she stomped her foot and argued with him. It wasn't fair that she was accusing him when it was her fault for jumping into his bed.

"But—" he scratched the back of his neck, not saying the words he wanted to say.

"You're like a curse. First, you try to kill Helanie, and then my relationship—" The minute she brought me up, Lamar narrowed his eyes on her. I knew she had pressed the wrong buttons.

"Just because I'm silent doesn't mean you can keep going on and on. I'm apologetic for what I did to Helanie. I should have known that a person without a wolf can die from such wounds. As for you— I'm keeping my mouth shut because I don't want to piss off Helanie," his tone was harsh as he pointed his finger at her and kept yelling through a muffled tone.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 106-There Are Freaks Everywhere

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Helanie:

I was shocked when he made it seem like he was only controlling his anger because of me. Why would he care?

"Huh, you want me to believe you even care?" Lucy said what I wanted to say.

"Of course I do, because she's the only sensible person around me," he grinned, complimenting me. I rolled my eyes because I did not believe he truly thought of me in that light.

"Is that why you tried to kill her? Because you hate sensible people?" Lucy taunted him.

If I didn't know these two, I would have thought they were lovers. The two argued endlessly and also weirdly enough, the two had sex the last time they were annoyed with each other. Even the thought of that sight made me nauseous.

"Hah! You're just taking advantage of the fact that I'm not responding to you in the same tone. You're saying whatever you think suits you while I'm being a gentleman and holding back my anger," he replied, perhaps giving himself a little too much credit.

The two started muttering at each other when my phone beeped. With a frown on my forehead, I stared at the caller ID.

I had saved some numbers, as the academy told us to. One of them was Kaye's number. So why was it that Kaye was messaging me at this hour of the night?

While the two argued, I checked the message, and my mouth dropped. It was a half-picture of him, from his chin down to his chest. His black shirt was only partially opened, but it was his hand with a tattoo on the back of it sliding into the shirt that made me gasp. His Adam's apple looked so appetizing. His strong and sharp collarbones seemed to call for me.

I stared at the image, feeling the heat rush to my cheeks. The strong, veiny hands with a black ring on his finger, and the tattooed hand sliding into the shirt— it was such a sight.

I felt my heart flutter for a moment.

"Right, Helanie?" Lucy calling my name made me realize I had been staring at my phone for way too long, and in the meantime, those two continued to argue.

I hadn't even listened to what they were saying. My eyes kept diverting to the image and then to Kaye typing something.

What was he going to say now? Was it a tease?

"Hmm," I simply nodded at Lucy, who frowned before turning back to argue with Lamar.

"See? She agrees too," Lucy hissed at him.

"You want me dead?" The pain in Lamar's voice made me realize what Lucy had probably said.

"No! I mean, don't drag me into your argument," I protested, more curious and focused on what Kaye was doing than on the two of them at that moment. I knew their argument could wait—I needed to check Kaye's message as soon as possible.

That's when Kaye's message popped up on the screen. I read it immediately, but what I saw was something I didn't expect.

Trainer Kaye: Sorry, it was meant to be for someone else.

It was as if he had slapped me through the phone. I just stared at the text, wondering why.

How could he send this to me and then say it was meant for someone else? And wait! Who was it for?

Didn't he say he remembered that we were mates and that he wanted to be with me? Was all that bullshit just for the show?

I was glaring at the screen in anger. I don't even know why I was so angry when I had rejected his advances and told him clearly to move on because I wasn't looking for a mate.

It had to be because he lied about trying to win me over.

I shook my head, unable to gather my thoughts and understand why I was so upset about all of this.

I grunted and typed a text in haste.

Me: Maybe check the caller ID well next time before you send an even riskier picture.

I hit the send button, and only after that did I realize the many typos. I was so angry that I created a mess of a text.

But it didn't matter. He would get the point that he should be careful.

Trainer Kaye: Why are you awake at this hour? Don't you have classes tomorrow?

I rolled my eyes at his audacity to ask me when he's being inappropriate and sending out images.

I don't know what got into me, but I decided to be a little petty myself.

Me: I was talking to Lamar and Lucy. We were discussing some plans for the weekend.

It was a lie, and I wanted him to know I had a guy I was talking to.

Trainer Kaye: Lamar? Are you friends with him now?

I smirked, like I had done something, and typed.

Me: Yeah! Pretty close.

However, his response really got on my nerves.

Trainer Kaye: hahahahahaha

What was that? Was he making fun of me, or did he succeed in getting a heated response from me? I put my phone down when I realized the room had gone awfully silent. Actually, not silent, but there were weird noises that stole my attention. Noise of little smooching.

That's when I raised my head to see Lucy and Lamar making out.

"What the fuck, you guys?" I shouted, jumping off the bed to physically separate them. They had their tongues in each other's mouths and all that. Once I got between them and pushed them away, I glared at Lucy for answers.

"Seriously? What the heck is wrong with you two?" I yelled, my breath quickening and my heartbeat racing.

I take back my earlier thought of mistaking them for lovers. They were complete freaks.

"I'll go find Gavin," Lucy muttered anxiously before storming out of the room, leaving me alone with Lamar to deal with.

Of course, she fled the scene. But that didn't mean I wouldn't corner them for answers—starting with Lamar.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 107-Cursed Like No One

Chapter 107: 107-Cursed Like No One

Helanie:

"What are you doing? Have you lost your mind or what?" I screamed at her in a muffled tone through my phone while Lamar stood behind me, waiting for me to confront him.

I had called her instantly after she left.

"Yeah, that's fine, Helanie. You can use my hairbrush. I'm sneaking out with Gavin for a transition. See you later," she said. The hesitation in her voice, as she acted like she had done nothing wrong while being around Gavin, made me roll my eyes hard at her.

Once she hung up the call, I realized she was so embarrassed that she couldn't even face me. But the guy behind me was shameless. He stood tall, his eyes on me as I turned to face him.

"Wanna eat some food? It's getting cold," he acted so nonchalantly, as if he hadn't been caught shoving his tongue down my friend's throat. How many times am I going to catch them together?

Was Lucy just looking for excuses to cheat on Gavin? At this point, it seemed like it.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked him, probably throwing my anger at the wrong person. He wasn't the one in a committed relationship; he wasn't the one who had a mate he was cheating on.

Sure, he was wrong, but the huge blame lay with Lucy. As a friend to Lucy and a Lamar hater, I was obviously taking my anger out on him instead.

"I don't know what happened. I was talking to her, and she suddenly got on her tiptoes and kissed me," he tried to sound nonchalant but came off as ignorant.

"It wasn't just a kiss. You two were checking out each other's tonsils," I muttered.

"That— I'm just a guy, a guy with needs. If a girl is going to throw herself at me, I'm not going to push her away. Besides, I believe in giving women pleasure," he sighed and sat down, not even bothering to look guilty this time.

At least he felt guilty last time.

"What happened to pleasuring Sydney?" I brought it up without fear. I remembered they had warned me not to ever talk about it, but screw it. If they dared try to hurt me now, I would scream so loud that I'd make the Moon Goddess sitting in heaven on her throne hear it and bleed from her ears.

"Well, you told Lucy about it," he frowned at me but I did not care. And yes! I have told Lucy and had also told her to not tell anyone that I told her but I guess when gets angry, she just spills whatever is in her mind and heart.

"Well, I did Sydney, didn't I? If she wants more, she'll ask for it. But I won't put her business out," he said, shaking his head and pretending to zip his lips with his fingers. That was probably a taunt at me for letting Lucy in on that secret.

"Come have some food," he added, pulling out fast food items and placing them on the bed, offering me to eat with him.

Suddenly, saliva started to form in my mouth. I was hungry, and I hated it, but I needed to eat for two. However, I had been avoiding food altogether.

I just didn't want to admit anything.

"No, thank you!" With a stomp of my foot, I returned to my bed and lay down. I didn't like lying in bed when the lights were on and there was someone in the dorm—especially Lamar.

But I hid under the blanket, my hand reaching for my belly.

What am I going to do? How am I going to deal with all this?

I was tired and exhausted, so I fell asleep.

I woke up to the sensation of something strange happening to me. It was a weird pain in my back, and I swear I could feel something wet between my legs.

I didn't understand it at all. So, I rushed to the bathroom in the dark, slamming the door shut and turning on the lights. That's when I saw it—water pooling between my legs.

"Huh?" I muttered. Then, I noticed my belly. It had grown so much that it left me in complete shock. I placed a trembling hand over it and frowned. This couldn't be happening. I had only found out about my pregnancy recently—maybe a week or two ago. So how could this be possible?

Tears began welling up in my eyes as panic consumed me. "How is this possible?" I whispered, fear and terror gripping me.

I quickly undressed from bottom down and sat down on the cold bathroom floor, gasping as the pain started tearing me apart from the inside.

"What is happening to me?" I groaned, clenching my fists and biting my tongue to stop myself from screaming. But the pain only grew worse, spreading through my body like fire.

I could feel something moving, forcing its way out of me. Then came the most unbearable pain I had ever experienced.

"Ahhhh!" I screamed in agony, not even realizing I had woken up the others in the dorm.

A knock on the door made me flinch, but my focus quickly returned to my body, writhing in pain.

"Helanie! Are you okay? What's going on?" Lucy yelled, banging hard on the door.

"Do you want me to break it down?" I heard Lamar ask her. I shook my head frantically, too overwhelmed to shout at them to stop.

Then—it happened. My worst fear came to life as I watched in horror. A baby slid out of me.

It was like a scene from a nightmare. The baby, crying loudly, was covered in blood and still attached to me by the umbilical cord.

"No!" I cried out, too shocked to even hold the baby. My mind reeled. This couldn't be real. How could it be?

I hadn't even been pregnant long enough for this to happen!

Just then, Lamar broke down the door and rushed inside, followed closely by Lucy. Their eyes widened in disbelief as they took in the sight before them—a baby, me, and the mess that none of us were prepared to face.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 108-My Stepbro Wants To Spank Me

Chapter 108: 108-My Stepbro Wants To Spank Me

Helanie:

"NOOOOO!" as I screamed, I woke myself up. I was sweating and breathing profusely.

Thankfully, it was just a nightmare but it opened my eyes. I needed to do something before it was too late. I checked the time and it was around 4 a.m., I noticed the lights were out, and both Lamar and Lucy were asleep in their beds. I had slept for many hours, so now I couldn't go back to sleep again.

I got out of bed and marched toward the balcony with a sweater in my hand. Once I was outside, I put on the sweater and socks and sat in the chair, facing the view.

There was a vast sky in my sight, and so many thoughts in my mind.

"What am I going to do about Kaye? What about this baby?" I closed my eyes as I uttered the scary thoughts to myself.

"Soon it will be combat class with Norman, and he'll surely exhaust me to death. How will I— even get anything done with this baby in my womb?" My heart was full of sorrow and worry. I was beginning to get tired of my life, but I had to keep going. I didn't want to face the alphas once again.

"Isn't it too cold here?" I rolled my eyes when Lamar's voice reached my ears.

"You again!" I scoffed under my breath.

"Yes, me again! You know what? You're the only one who looks so exhausted at the sight of me," he said, sitting on the chair next to mine.

"That's because I don't understand what these girls see in you," I commented with a side glance at him.

"That's cute. They seek comfort in me, Helanie," he hunched over and rested his elbows on his thighs. "Whenever they're upset, they go for a guy who can listen to them."

Before he could keep going, I interrupted him.

"And you do that by letting them shove their tongues so deep inside your mouth that they can literally speak to your lungs. I get it," I nodded sarcastically, but he started

laughing loudly, clapping and stomping his feet as if it was the best joke he had ever heard.

"Helanie, it's just a few minutes of talking, and they feel the comfort they didn't get from their mate, so they get way too comfortable. And as I just mentioned, I like giving comfort, I don't push them away. I don't want to make them uncomfortable," he explained, softening his tone after his antics.

"I get it that you probably will hate me till your last breath, and trust me, I understand that. But I really want to mend everything. I don't want us to be roommates and stay bitter," he had the nerve to suggest we resolve our issues when he was partially a problem that my friends might break up soon.

"And I won't make out with Lucy again, I promise," he instantly added, probably because of the side-eye I gave him, with a hand on his chest.

"I will see what the future holds for us," I mumbled before leaning back in the chair and resting my head.

He stayed watching my face for a while before he too leaned back, and we just stared at the view in silence.

Today was once again Emmet's class, but he was going to take us out to the mountains and show us the herbs and where most of them come from with finding the herbs.

I knew the usage of the herbs and the process of finding the rarest ones would be taught by Kaye himself. After a while, I got up and left to go inside. By the time I was in the bathroom, Lucy woke up.

There were no more words spoken between us while we prepared for school.

It was only after Lamar left ahead of us that Lucy gently nudged my arm to stop me from getting in the elevator.

"Please don't tell Gavin about it," she said. The minute she said that, I sighed and walked into the elevator. I wouldn't tell him anything. I didn't want to get between the two, but I wouldn't lie for her.

I won't tell him that I know she didn't cheat. I'll just say I don't know. And I guess I will be doing wrong with that too, but I had too much on my plate.

Everyone had gathered outside the academy, so I joined them too. Gavin looked pretty sad and gloomy, and I wondered if he had felt it last night too. Lucy stood with him, trying to make small talk. Meanwhile, I was standing next to Lucy, trying to avoid noticing them.

"Hey," I heard a little voice from the other side. "Are you excited for today? I can't believe we will be reaching the top of the mountains today," Jenny said excitedly, moving her shoulders happily.

"Yeah, I'm not really a hiker," I replied with a closed-lip smile. What was weird was that the minute Jenny started interacting with me, Lucy left Gavin alone to focus on us.

"We will hike together, okay?" Lucy intervened, holding my hand to remind me I wasn't allowed to go anywhere with Jenny.

Soon, Prof. Emmet arrived wearing a gray shirt with his hair open. He looked like he had jumped out of a comic book.

"I want to be spanked by him so bad," I turned my head to the owner of the voice, and as I expected, it was Salem.

"Desperate," I hissed at Salem, turning to find Emmet looking straight at me.

"So, everyone, we should start the hike. Stay together, and I will do the attendance when we reach the top," he said, sidestepping, his t-shirt showing off his muscles better today.

He always hides his body behind loose shirts and coats, so today everyone got blessed with the outline of his muscles.

"Helanie! You will come with me," he confidently pointed his finger at me in front of everyone, not shying away from giving me priority.

I nodded and steadily walked ahead of everyone to him when I saw Sydney and Salem glare at me before they started whispering in each other's ears.

"Come," Emmet said, gesturing at the others to form groups and start trekking.

"You look weak, have you been skipping meals?" he inquired, and I shook my head, lying to him.

"Don't make me spank you, Helanie!" His words shook me, making me recall Salem's wish. But it was the way he said it that made me feel the heat in my cheeks.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 109-So Comfortable

Chapter 109: 109-So Comfortable

Helanie:

After he made that comment, he continued walking alongside me on the trail until he stopped and placed his hands on his waist to check on me. We were headed to the same mountain I had visited a week ago, so it brought back such bad memories that kept my spirits low.

"What?" I asked, becoming self-conscious and fixing my hair. I didn't think I had done anything, so why did he stop like that?

"How about we rest here?" he suggested, walking over to a tree and sitting down in its shelter.

"You're doing this because you know I don't have a wolf and might get tired. I don't want you to babysit me, sir," I recalled our relationship at the academy and spoke accordingly.

"Really? No! Actually, I was tired," he shrugged, pulling out a protein bar to munch on.

I just watched his face for a moment before joining him. He offered me a bar, and I took it.

Although I had a feeling some students might have seen us sitting here. We were left behind because he was stalling a lot, and now I understand why. He wanted us to take breaks without anyone walking over us.

And it's not like I was any keen on going to the same mountain.

"I noticed you never ask about your mother," he said, bringing her up, and my muscles tensed.

When I first left my house, I hoped to find my mother. Somewhere along the line, I genuinely thought she would break into tears and hug me forever. I expected her to immediately understand everything I had been through. I wanted to be in her embrace and feel safe.

But then she just kicked me out.

On top of everything I had been through, my mother showing disdain at the sight of me really broke me. But that's when my journey began—when I decided to be my own savior, rather than waiting for someone to save me.

"There's nothing to ask about. She lives in a mansion full of luxuries, has stepsons, and her best friend with her," I said. Even though I wanted to sound indifferent, somewhere along the way, my voice broke into a little whisper.

"And you think that's all it takes for someone to be truly happy?" he inquired. I let out a laugh—not at his question, but at the fact that I could never be that someone.

"Trust me, for some people, it matters," I mumbled, staring into the distance.

"And what about you? What matters to you?" he asked in a tone so understanding it almost felt like I could share anything with him without fear of judgment.

"Growing up, all that mattered to me was finding a mate," I admitted before pausing, sensing he had more questions for me.

"It must have been hard after your wolf didn't awaken," he said softly, almost sadly.

"Do you think one can only be with their fated mate?" I asked, turning the question back on him.

"No! I definitely don't believe that," he replied firmly. "I truly and wholly believe you can make anyone your mate if your heart belongs to them. Chosen mates are a real thing, you know. There are books written about them," he added with a teasing smile, running a hand through his hair to keep the wind from blowing it everywhere.

"Then I guess I believed in chosen mates at one point too," I said, my voice cracking at the memory of Altan. He had fooled me so perfectly. I couldn't believe I had trusted him to protect me.

That night, when I left my home, I did it because he promised he'd take me back safely. I was so naive, blindly following him wherever he wanted to go.

He didn't tell me he planned to take my virginity. He said he wanted to celebrate my birthday by cutting a cake together. But there was no cake that night. There was only me, and my self-worth, which was shredded and left to bleed until nothing was left behind.

I shuddered as the memories flooded back. If it hadn't been for those Alphas that night—those monsters who raped me—Altan might have done it himself. He had been so forceful. Even when I told him I wasn't comfortable, he kept pushing. He even took off my pendant. As the thought crossed my mind, my hand instinctively flew to the pendant, and I touched it briefly. It had become a constant reminder of my pain.

I couldn't stop wondering—if the Alphas hadn't arrived, would he have raped me too? And why didn't he come back with his guards to save me? Was he so ashamed of being associated with me that he preferred to let me fall into the hands of devils?

"Were you ever in love before?" he asked, breaking the silence. His eyes were fixed on me, probably catching the tears welling up. But I wasn't ready to share that part of my life—not with him, not with anyone. It would take me time to trust anyone ever again. He watched me intently, as if trying to uncover my deepest, darkest secrets.

"No," I said, deflecting. "I just always missed my mother." Once again, I shifted the topic back to her.

"Anyway, I'm sure she's fine now that I'm gone," I wanted to roll my eyes so badly, but he was my professor, and I didn't want to seem like a brat in front of him.

"She asked about you, though," he said, causing me to shift and look at his face in confusion.

"When you were attacked, she got the news. She asked me who it was, and even though I'm not very good at judging people by their expressions or body language, I noticed that she looked worried—," he paused deeply before adding, "for you."

"I'm done resting, though. We should continue. If we stay behind too long, others will get ideas," I said, looking at his face again. I got up, and he followed me. We silently reached the top, hoping to have fun looking for herbs when we found Sydney and Salem yelling at everyone.

"What did I tell you all, huh? Stand in one fucking line!" Sydney screamed at the top of her lungs again, growing furious when everyone rolled their eyes at her and instead sat far away.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 110-They Found It

Chapter 110: 110-They Found It

Helanie:

"Ugh! Where has everyone come from? The fucking woods or what?" she continued to scream, while her sister was cussing out too.

"Sydney! Settle down, you are not the class monitor," Emmet cleared his throat to step up, causing the screaming twins to shut up and obediently tie their hands behind their backs.

"Prof Emmet, I think it's time we chose a monitor, or two—," Sydney suggested with a smile on her lips as she looked at her sister.

The two were so full of themselves.

"Why would we need two?" Emmet stood before them, tilting his head.

While Sydney was talking to Emmet, I saw Salem staring right at his gray shorts. And not just at his shorts; I could tell exactly where her eyes were. His bulge was noticeable, even though I could tell he was wearing underwear and wasn't even excited. But that was enough to excite Salem. She even stared at the Calvin Klein underwear showing when he lifted his hands to gesture for everyone to gather in one spot.

"These are all here for big missions, so they need full attention," Sydney didn't want to outright admit that the two sisters wanted the same position.

"Okay then—I will choose the class monitors myself. You don't need to tire yourself out," he spoke roughly to her before turning to the class.

"You see this picture here? It's a very well-known herb used for healing. I will make four teams, and whichever two teams find the most of these in the next two hours will choose one member from their team to be the class monitor," Emmet shocked us when he introduced our first task.

It was quite windy here, so I was more focused on my health than any of the tasks. I didn't want to be the class monitor either, so I wasn't really bothered.

"Team A shall have Lucy, Gavin, Jenny, Penn, Roi, Mirret, and Helanie," he finished and stared at me before moving on to Team B.

"Team B, Sydney, Salem—Lamar—" I didn't hear the rest because Lucy came close to me and whispered in my ear.

"The devils are paired together. At least it means only one monitor will be from their team."

She was right. Both the sisters being class monitors would have been the deadliest combination for all of our peace.

"Now come, get started," he clapped his hands after giving us a paper with a drawing of the herb.

Emmet started wandering around while we began to look for the herb with tiny yellow leaves on top of a round green stigma.

"We have to make sure we have the most of these herbs," Lucy kept yammering while looking for the herbs. She was also constantly reminding everyone that we needed to win so that one of the class monitors would be from our team.

We found a decent amount, and then we had to walk into the deeper part of the mountains, among the trees.

I watched Salem and Sydney go crazy too.

However, Lamar was everywhere. One second, he was next to us, and the next minute, he was far away. I could tell his basket was full of herbs too. He was really good at it, but I wondered if he wanted to become the class monitor or if he was doing this to make Sydney or Salem the class monitor.

We continued our search before I heard some commotion.

There were girls gathered around one spot, laughing a lot. Since Jenny was kept close to her brother due to Lucy's hostile behavior towards us, it was just the three of us looking for herbs together.

Gavin was helpful, but he had been very distant and silent, as if he wasn't entirely here.

"What are they laughing at now?" Lucy commented with a taunting tone.

"Let them be. Let's focus on—," I started to say, but I only tapped her arm to make her turn around and come with me when I heard Sydney make a comment that made me feel a little weird.

"Imagine the life of a single mother."

The hair on the back of my neck stood up, and I turned to look at them. They weren't looking my way, but they were constantly laughing over something.

"We have only five minutes. Let's go back to the spot and meet up with our other teammates," Lucy brought me back to reality. I nodded and followed her, still wondering why Sydney made that comment. It just sounded too personal.

We made it to the ground where Emmet had been waiting for us, and everyone stood in groups.

Sydney's team arrived late, and they still seemed to be laughing their asses off for some reason.

Emmet had been doing push-ups and other workouts while waiting. So, when everyone arrived, his muscles were pretty pumped up. The cuts in his shoulders were crazy, and I couldn't help but notice his hard abs when his shirt blew up a little from the wind.

But there was a frown on his forehead that I could tell came from the way Sydney's team was laughing.

"Sorry, sir. Actually, we found something that made us giggle a little," Sydney quickly explained after noticing Emmet's harsh glare.

"What did you find?" Emmet asked with a bored expression and tone, knowing she wouldn't stop until someone asked her.

"We found out that someone's pregnant." My heart skipped a beat, and everything around me turned cold when Sydney said that.

For a moment, I thought everyone was looking at me. My body began to feel cold, and my ears were ringing with a beeping noise.

I felt like I was going to collapse from fear and embarrassment.

"Huh?" Emmet scoffed loudly to get everyone's attention back on him.

I noticed how everyone was laughing in the corners of their mouths. Was it really that funny?

I lowered my head and closed my eyes, my arms wrapped around my belly while she added, "We found a pregnancy

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.