

# **Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates**

## **Chapter 141-By His Side And I Am On The Wrong Side**

### **Chapter 141: 141-By His Side And I Am On The Wrong Side**

**Helanie:**

"The food they prepare is so good," Jenny said, elbowing me. On my right was Jenny, and on my left was Lucy. The others were also seated around the table having breakfast, while some were lounging on the couches and sofas.

All in all, it was a cozy little setting. Thankfully, Salem and Sydney were too busy impressing their minions with grand stories about their pack and father.

We were all dressed in tracksuits and had grabbed our bags for the first mission of the day. Kaye had informed us early in the morning to get ready for the search for herbs.

I was pretty excited. Not only for the first task but also to see him again. It was odd how he had managed to spark something in my heart with his consistent showcase of care and affection. The kiss we shared last night didn't make me regret anything. For the first time since that night, a touch didn't freak me out.

"If Professor Kaye asks you to make teams for the search, can you please pair me with Gavin?" Lucy asked, making me turn my head toward her. I noticed how little she had eaten during the meal. She kept staring at Gavin, her eyes filling with tears whenever her gaze lingered on him.

He seemed unbothered when he wasn't directly talking to her. But I couldn't blame him. The betrayal must have been too much for him.

"I will," I reassured her.

After breakfast, we all left the guesthouse and waited in the front garden for Kaye to arrive.

We didn't have to wait long; Kaye showed up shortly after us. He was wearing a black tracksuit with matching black joggers.

His hair had started growing to the length of his neck lately. They were wet, so I assumed he'd just taken a shower--or maybe he'd used gel.

"Good morning, everyone. I hope you all had a great sleep. Today, we're starting with an exciting mission: the search for a pink flower known as the 'Flower of Comfort.'

"It's said to have been used during the times of war when warriors returned to their tents, wounded and filled with despair from missing their mates and pups. The flower brought comfort to their agitated souls. Though the effect was temporary, it was enough to soothe their aching spirits," Kaye spoke passionately about the flower, and I couldn't help but smile at him.

He was becoming such a ray of hope in my life.

Maybe, if I could trust him, I could share my secrets with him.

However, the thought of my messy secrets instantly spoiled my mood. I looked down, trying to take a breather, when he called my name and stole my attention back.

"Helanie!"

I raised my head, noticing that everyone's necks had turned toward me.

"Since you've won a similar test in my brother's class, I expect you to show great results this time as well. Take these pictures and spread them around your group," Kaye explained, steadily reaching out to hand me the pictures. As he did, his hand gently brushed against the back of mine, and he smiled foolishly.

"Sydney, take the rest and give them to your group. We'll not only find these flowers but also use them today," he added, handing the remaining pictures to Sydney without even sparing her a glance before returning to his spot at the front of the class.

I had only just started distributing the papers when someone joined us. I didn't turn to greet her, though the students in the front row did.

It was his mother, dressed in a white tracksuit, her hair styled in a sleek bun. She still wore her signature red lipstick and bold eyeliner.

"Mom! What are you doing here?" Kaye's voice was filled with shock.

I kept side-eyeing their interaction. After everything Kaye had told me about his relationship with his mother, I couldn't help but feel bad for him.

I think when mates fail to save their relationship, they accuse their pups to avoid feeling too guilty themselves. They blame everyone around them except themselves.

"I heard about the task. It sounded intriguing to me," she said softly, shoving her hands into the pockets of the white jacket she wore over her tracksuit.

"Really?" Kaye asked, his skepticism clear.

"Yes! I wanted to be part of this search. I know I'm too old to be looking for flowers alongside these kids, but how about this: you and I have our own match? I want to find this flower and see how you use it. I want to be on my son's side today," her voice softened further, a stark contrast to the tone I remembered from yesterday.

Even I was shocked when she gently touched his cheek and caressed it.

But what was truly shocking was Kaye's reaction.

He was staring at her face as if he'd seen a ghost--or like how a toddler looks at their mother after she picks them up from daycare.

"But I thought you found my work useless," he said, sounding so helpless and vulnerable. He seemed to forget he was standing in front of his students and started complaining like a lost child.

"I didn't find your work useless. I just thought you were unable to make people respect it since you couldn't even defend it. But after last night, I was so proud of you when your students stood up for you. That's when I realized my son had achieved something remarkable," she said.

Her words, spoken in such an overly sweet tone, struck me as insincere--a façade, perhaps.

Or maybe it was just my own bias. Having never experienced love like that from either of my parents, I found it hard to believe in any parent's affection for their children.

Nonetheless, her words were enough for Kaye to happily accept her offer and allow her to tag along.

She made sure she was walking right beside him as we began our journey into the woods.

In fact, she kept talking to him the entire time, taking an interest in everything he did.

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

## **Chapter 142-Give Me Comfort**

**Chapter 142: 142-Give Me Comfort**

**Helanie:**

"His mom is so clingy," Jenny whispered in my ear as we took a break in the woods.

"We were upset with Kaye because his mom didn't give him enough appreciation. And now everyone is judging her for sticking too close to his side," I argued, raising my brow at her.

I was happy for Kaye. I guess he wanted his mother to recognize his worth and value all these years. Now that he was finally getting it, I didn't want anyone to judge them.

"I guess you're right. It's just that I don't believe people can change overnight," Jenny pouted, but then a bright smile spread across her lips as she pointed at a pink flower--the same one we had been searching for all this time.

One hour in, we realized that finding this flower was nothing like what Emmet had asked us to do before. The herb he had chosen earlier was easy to find, but this flower was different. So far, everyone's bag was empty. Now, however, Jenny had finally found one.

She walked over to the flower, plucked it from the stem, and turned to me, extending her hand to offer it.

"You're our leader and class monitor--you should have it," she said with a warm smile.

I shook my head instantly.

"Jenny, I can't accept your help all the time. You found it, so you should keep it," I replied firmly, trying to make her understand that she needed to do her best for her records as well.

It wasn't easy to get admission to this academy, and I wasn't okay with her giving up praise just for me.

"Now, let's keep looking. Make sure everyone on our team gets the flower so they can experience its effects too," I announced, glancing sideways at Lady Darcy and Kaye, who were nearby.

I noticed how Darcy had been engaging with him. It was true that Kaye seemed happy, but it was also true that he was supposed to be with his students. Instead, he was spending a lot of time with his mother.

When one of the students asked him a question, Lady Darcy immediately stepped forward, shielding her son and answering on his behalf. The proud look on Kaye's face made it clear he was happy his mother was taking an interest in his interactions. But it just rubbed everyone the wrong way.

After a few more hours, we had all found flowers. I was a bit distracted, still thinking about the previous night and how Kaye had accepted me. I was so captivated by his charm and comfort that I forgot how our acceptance might affect my mother's happiness.

In that sense, I was proving her fears right. She worried I'd ruin her relationship, and I had.

Finally, we were done and headed back to the garden where we had started. I could tell the students hadn't enjoyed the task too much.

"I was expecting Professor Kaye to come up to everyone one by one and share some exciting facts about the flower beyond its main effects," I overheard one of the girls saying to another.

"The seniors had so much fun taking his classes, but today, he was so dull--hiding behind his mother," the other girl responded sadly.

I was stunned to hear the conversation. Kaye had worked so hard for himself, and for everything to be overshadowed by this one class didn't sit well with me. But what could be done? Maybe it was because this was the first time his mother had appreciated his work, and he was a little overwhelmed by her presence. Maybe things would be back to normal tomorrow.

"It was an amazing find," Darcy clapped her hands, taking over instead of Kaye. I noticed some of the students rolling their eyes.

"So, now--" Darcy began speaking but paused, sharing a glance with Kaye first to ensure she was on the right track. With a proud nod from him, his arms folded across his chest, he confirmed she was heading in the right direction.

"Everyone will take a sniff of the flower after heading to their bedrooms and enjoy the comfort it provides," she announced loudly, her voice filled with admiration. The way she gestured with her arms and smiled widely made Kaye smile back at her.

Finally, after the whole day, his eyes landed on me. He squinted slightly, and this time, his happiness seemed on a different level. Even his smile had changed. It wasn't just the usual--it felt like he was at ease, no longer needing to show off his achievements to earn my praise.

"I'll do it too. I'm actually excited. It's a shame I never knew a flower like this existed before, but now that I have it, I'll definitely enjoy it," Darcy said, holding the flower in her hand and gently caressing its petals as she spoke.

"She's so faking it," Jenny muttered beside me. At this point, I couldn't help but think she might be right. Darcy did seem to be overdoing it.

"Anyway, everyone, please head back to your rooms," Kaye finally stepped up and addressed the students. The group, which had been silent and unimpressed with Darcy's speech, suddenly looked more engaged when hearing their professor's voice.

We all made our way back to our rooms, where lunch had already been set out for us. We were eating in our rooms today. After finishing our meals, we freshened up, showered, and changed into comfortable pajamas.

It was finally time to take a sniff of the flower we had found ourselves and experience its promised comfort.

"I'm going to feel so light after this," Lucy whispered, holding her flower while sneaking glances at Gavin, who was also ready to try it.

"I hope it eases my pain," Jenny added.

I sat in silence, holding the flower in my hands and wondering if it would work for me. My pain felt far too intense for a flower to resolve.

But then, after much anticipation, I took a deep sniff of the flower.

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

## **Chapter 143-The Flower Of Comfort**

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**Helanie:**

"Ugh! It hurts so much," I groaned, my bones aching as I sat on the couch and stared at the TV.

"Baby, watch some cartoons and drink this hot cocoa. It must be from playing in the rain," my mother said lovingly as she handed me the cocoa and put on my favorite cartoon movie.

"Nothing is helping," I whined, squirming as I complained. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but ever since I came here with my mom, I had been feeling so restless.

"Maybe you're missing the connection with the pack," she sighed, running her hand gently through my hair.

"I'm not missing anyone. I'm happy here," I replied, holding her hand and giving her a broken smile. But just then, a knock at the door jolted us out of our moment together.

"I'll go check the door. Drink this and keep yourself covered, okay?" she said, planting a kiss on my forehead before walking away.

"Ugh! I'm supposed to be at comfort," I groaned, twisting my elbows in an attempt to relieve the ache.

Suddenly, the pain was gone. I sighed in relief and smiled to myself, quickly taking a sip of the cocoa. I didn't remember feeling relief like that before, but today, I did. As I savored the moment, I noticed the atmosphere around me change. Even the place itself seemed to shift.

It was no longer the couch or the living room of my mother's new place. I was now at the underground station where I had been attacked. My heart started racing in my chest, tears welling up in my eyes as the fear of the alphas returning gripped me.

And then, I heard them--giggling and laughing. I froze on the spot, my steps stuck, and my knees shaking. I didn't want to go through all of that again. But as I stood there, paralyzed, I watched the alphas walk past me, ignoring me completely.

Relief washed over me as my body relaxed. My muscles unclenched, and for the first time in a long while, I felt comforted. They disappeared from sight, and I let out a huge sigh of relief.

"Nothing happened," I whispered, a wide smile spreading across my lips, a sense of ease settling into my heart.

Nothing bad had happened. I had finally escaped from those alphas.

And then, I found myself standing in front of the kitchen door where I had once witnessed Lamar and Sydney making out. But this time, when I opened the door, there was no one there.

The visions kept shifting. I found myself in so many different places, but eventually, the effects of the flower began to wear off. Too much time had passed.

I woke up in my bed with a smile on my lips and dried tears on my cheeks.

Stretching and yawning, I smiled like a fool.

"I really do feel so light," Lucy said as she got up, stretching her arms. Everyone else looked just as refreshed, as though they'd had the best nap of their lives.

To our surprise, when we checked the time, we realized we'd been sleeping for four hours.

Outside, the clouds were roaring and thundering as a storm set in.

"Now, let's go get some tea," Lamar suggested, getting off the couch, and we all followed him.

Lucy and Gavin were walking behind the group when I overheard their conversation.

"I have your favorite snack that you used to eat with tea," Gavin said softly to Lucy.

She took a moment before responding to him.

That must have been such a huge shock for Lucy.

"Really? You're talking to me?" The disbelief in her voice saddened me. She had done this to herself.

"After the pain was relieved, I realized I can get over it. I've punished you enough, but I really want to give us a chance, Lucy. I really want us to be together again," Gavin's request made me hug Jenny's arm happily.

I so badly wanted to jump up and down and celebrate their reunion, but since they'd been waiting for this moment for so long, I didn't want to interfere.

"Really? I promise I will never hurt you again. I will be the best girlfriend," Lucy responded, happily talking back to him as we made our way into the living room.

There was an incredible smell of tea and snacks. I guessed the food had arrived from the mansion.

Everyone was excited about the food because, after the relief, they were finally going to enjoy it. But for me, it was a little different--because of one person's presence.

"Norman, sir, we are so delighted to have you here," Lucy, extremely happy to be reunited with her mate, jumped in to greet the man who stood behind the kitchen counter with his sleeves rolled up, his hands on the counter, his body slightly hunched.

"Hey," he greeted her with a smile and a brief nod toward the others.

I didn't bow to him. He hadn't earned my respect.

"So, how did your team perform, Helanie?" he said my name, and my body shuddered. It was clear he wanted me to stay behind while the others sat down in the living room.



The kitchen was wide open to the living room, with a big window behind it. The flashes of thunder outside lit up the room, making Norman appear even more intimidating.

"They did great," I replied, awkwardly reaching for a plate. But he grabbed it for me and began filling it up.

"I can help you out, Miss Monitor," he said. I wasn't sure if he was trying to be sweet or funny, but it didn't help.

"How come you're serving me?" I kept my voice low, not wanting to attract unnecessary attention to us. But the way nobody seemed surprised at him speaking with me made me wonder if he'd already talked to Sydney about her team and had normalized his conversation with me.

"I'm not all bad, Hlenaie," he said with a forced smirk on his lips--a smile, but not a genuine one. "I heard what you did for my brother last night, and I thought I'd thank you..." Before I could even think that was sweet of him, he added, "...and warn you about my mother."

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

## **Chapter 144-Bowing To My Mother**

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**Kaye:**

"How was it?" I asked my mother after she had used the flower. She had taken a long nap and emerged now, around 6 PM. I guess she took even more time than expected.

"It was so good. I cannot believe I've been sleeping on something like this all my life. If only I had known about it years ago--" she trailed off, lowering her hand and sighing, her hands clasped together.

"I've done you wrong, my son," she said. I didn't expect her to bring up our dynamic so soon.

But it was a good start. She had no clue what it meant for me to spend the day with her. She was so refreshed today, here in the woods. Everything I said had her full attention. The way she told me she cared about me and wanted me to be happy gave me an idea.

If I could mend our relationship, I could tell her about Helanie.

"I was in a tough spot back then, and I blamed you for the wrong reasons," she began. "I had lost my mate in such a humiliating way-- and then you-- you were just not doing what I wanted you to do. I wanted you to be with me all the time, but then you'd go back to the mansion and be happy there. It was disturbing because you were always in so much pain when you came to my place," she said, caressing my cheek. Her words were shaky, as though she'd cry if she spoke another word.

I remembered that time. I was little back then, but the issue was that she expected all of this from me on the full moon. Every time Ursula sent me to my mother's place, it was a full moon.

"But still--you always remained my favorite son." It was like my mother had shaken the world from under my feet with one statement.

"You were, and you still are. I just know you're the only person who looks for my validation, who cares about me, and who wants to make me happy. You work so hard to earn my admiration and approval. So, I guess it's fair to say that you turned me into a brat," she said with a laugh before a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Mom, I didn't know," I said, instantly holding her hand and rubbing it between mine.

"Of course, you didn't. I never told you and let you spoil me," she chuckled at her own foolishness, but in my eyes, it was sweet.

"You've actually earned my heart and respect, and I guess you've achieved more than your other brothers," she said, her comments filling my heart with warmth.

I had longed for this day. I wanted to do better and to be better. I didn't hate my brothers--I loved them. But since I was a kid, I'd been told I wasn't good enough. So, I worked hard to become the best, and today, hearing her say that I was the best meant everything to me.

"Hence, I've decided to ask you to take my favorite human on a date. I want you and Kesha together," she said.

With just one wish, she ruined everything.

I stared at her face, and before I could express my discomfort, Kesha walked out of the side room wearing a black dress.

She came and sat beside my mother, shyly avoiding my gaze.

Kesha was adored by my mother far more than Jessica had ever been. Kesha always obeyed my mother, no matter what, and that made her special in my mother's eyes.

The sad part was that, during my teenage years, I had considered dating Kesha many times. Not because I was attracted to her, but because I knew she was regarded as the best she-wolf. Dating her would have meant that I was good enough for someone of her caliber.

I tried a few times to talk to my mother about Kesha, but she would always tell me that she had already thought of Maximus for her. I used to get so jealous.

But I grew out of that phase when my interactions with Kesha dwindled. I hadn't seen her for two years now, and I realized I had never truly liked her. I just wanted to prove myself worthy in my mother's eyes by being with someone special.

And today, my mother was asking me to date her. Kesha seemed to be on board, but I was not happy at all.

I didn't want Kesha.

She was nothing compared to Helanie. And even if Helanie was nothing, I would still want her. For the first time in my life, I didn't want to do something for someone else. I wanted something for myself--something my heart had chosen.

"What happened, Kaye? I've requested something of you," my mother said, smiling widely. "You know, I told Kesha my son would never humiliate me. That's why I had the confidence to ask you this question in front of her. And then I also told her how you wanted to date her for so long--" she added, smiling innocently, completely unaware of the storm brewing inside me.

"Umm, but I will need to speak to you privately about this date," I said. Even though I had wanted to say no immediately, I just couldn't.

I started beating around the bush, but even then, my mother's smile faded so quickly that I wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

"Oh!" Kesha stood up abruptly, stepping away from the couch.

"I'm not denying--" I began, feeling immense pressure as both women stared at me expectantly.

"It's okay. I'll go get ready for a dine in with your family," Kesha said, as if she hadn't already come out dressed to perfection. She gave us one last smile before walking back into the room.

Now it was just me and my mother, and I knew I had to tell her that I couldn't date Kesha.

"What happened? Why don't you look happy? Weren't you the one who had asked me to talk to her for you? I hope you're not going to make me feel small by suddenly changing your mind," my mother rattled off, not giving me a second to explain my side.

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

## Chapter 145-Giving Up!

### Chapter 145: 145-Giving Up!

**Kaye:**

"Not all of a sudden, Mom. It's been two years, and you kind of told me back then that you wanted her for Maximus," I said, keeping my voice soft and murmuring under my breath while forcing a smile.

Why was it so hard for me to talk to her?

"Oh! So you're going to say no?" Her tone shifted, terror and disbelief evident as she placed a hand on her chest. The shocked look on her face scared me.

"Kaye! I told her that you like her and that you'd go out on a date with her. If you deny it now, her father and she will think I did this to humiliate her," she said, her voice shaking. Disappointment was written all over her face.

"Mom--" I gulped hard, abandoning the idea of saying Helanie's name at that moment. My mom wasn't in the mood to understand. If she heard Helanie's name now, she'd hate her even more.

"No! It's fine. You proved everyone right today. I used to think I was being too harsh on you. But look at you--you've gotten me into so much trouble. Is this what it means to love you? You betrayed me," she muttered, raising her hand as if to tell me not to come closer.

"I've given you so many chances to prove yourself to me. Today, I even asked Kesha out for you, taking the opportunity from Maximus, and you ruined it all. And why? Why would you do that? Kesha is perfect--the one I always wanted for Maximus. But now that she's agreed to you--" She slapped her forehead so hard I could see a handprint forming on her skin.

At that moment, I felt like if I didn't act now, I'd forever be lost under my brother's shadow.

"I didn't say no," I blurted out. My mom fell silent, finally letting me speak. "I was saying--I don't know if I can arrange a perfect date for her in such a short time. I don't want to mess it up."

Guilt hit me like a tidal wave.

I could hear the echoes of Helanie's cries in my head. I had promised her so much, and now this was happening. But deep down, I had also wanted this chance for myself.

"Oh, you silly boy. You don't need to worry about anything!" Mom's tone changed as relief washed over her face. "Do you have any idea what all of this means? Her father is the Alpha King of the East, and she's an Alpha of her own pack. She'll soon become an Alpha Queen, and with that, you'll not only be an Alpha King but a Rogue King as well. Oh, my son! Big things are coming your way. All eyes will be on you in the next few months!"

My heart started skipping beats.

My parents had always told me they didn't care what I chose to do with my life. I had cried for years, craved their attention, and wondered if anyone would ever care about me finding a mate.

"And don't worry--I've already arranged a date night for you two," she said, caressing my cheek and smiling happily.

She rushed away, leaving me sitting frozen in my spot.

"Wow, look at you. You're going out on a date with the woman who will bring attention to us," Ye said sarcastically, as if we weren't already infamous enough.

"It's not about that, you dumbass. You'll finally be loved by your parents. Everyone will want to talk to you and include the son who holds multiple titles," Ye added, his tone biting.

I stayed silent. How could I be happy about it?

"I have a mate. Do you not feel anything for Helanie?" I asked Ye, who growled in response.

"You forced her upon us by accepting her. Even when she told you she wasn't even thinking about us. I guess it's safe to say that accepting her when she didn't want us, and we couldn't be with her, was the worst thing ever. The good part is that she doesn't have an active wolf, so neither she nor we feel the pain of the betrayal," Ye retorted.

He wasn't wrong, but who was talking about betraying Helanie?

"I'm not leaving Helanie for Kesha," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Oh! So you're taking Helanie out on this date? I thought it was Kesha. My bad," Ye taunted, hitting the mark perfectly.

"No, you're right. I'm going to wreck this date, and then Mom can say whatever she wants. I'm not going to stop pursuing Helanie," I declared, firm in my resolve.

That's when my phone rang, yanking me back to the grim reality of my messed-up situation.

It was my dad calling. That was a shocker.

I just stared at the screen in utter surprise. Dad never usually called me unless I was the one calling him.

"Hello?" I said cautiously, unsure if it was really him. What if someone had stolen his phone or something?

He had been upset with me a few days ago and hadn't even checked my last message. Now, out of the blue, he was calling me.

"My son, I heard about you and Kesha. Is it true?" His voice was unusually jolly. I hadn't heard him call me "my son" like that in a long time.

"Oh, Goddess! I didn't know you were doing such great things. I should have kept a closer check on you. By the way, her father called, and they're talking about hosting a party and a council meeting to discuss your role in herbs and medicines. They've been praising how you've done great things for the pack members even while living as a rogue. I guess you'll be able to convince them to start a herb center in every pack now," he said excitedly.

My heart sank when he mentioned the herb center.

I had wanted that so badly. Even though the packs were using my products, they hadn't been keen on letting me expand my branches into their territories. Maybe it was because I was a rogue--or because everyone knew my parents didn't care about me, so no one else did either.

"So, you're going out with Kesha tonight?" Dad asked again.

I realized how quickly everything had changed just from the rumor of me going out with Kesha.

"Yes, you heard it right, Dad," I replied, feeling like a coward as I resigned myself to my fate.

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

## Chapter 146-He Wants To Meet With Me

### Chapter 146: 146-He Wants To Meet With Me

**Helanie:**

"Excuse me? Is that a threat?" I asked in a low murmur, turning my head back to watch my friends. They were busy celebrating the good news they had received from Gavin and Lucy.

"Why would you think of me as that evil person who only threatens you?" he tilted his head, his giant shoulders looking even more imposing from this angle.

"I'm just warning you. Your decision to stand up for my brother might not have been received well by my mother. So whatever you do, make sure you don't get yourself into trouble with her," he said, holding the plate out for me, his voice dropping with caution.

"And why would you warn me?" I questioned, genuinely confused.

"Because my brother cares too much about you. It's not that I don't hate you--I still do. You're pretty hateful. However, my hatred shouldn't be the reason my brother gets hurt. So, whatever your plans are for him--" My heart skipped a beat when he mentioned Kaye and me like that.

What did he mean by that?

Did he know anything about us?

"I have no intentions. He is my trainer and my stepbrother, and that's all," I lied, hoping to save Kaye from his brother's wrath for accepting me.

There was definitely something going on between us. But I couldn't admit it to him, especially when I hadn't even admitted anything to Kaye yet.

"Okay, I hope you're not lying this time," Norman said, making me clench my jaw. When had I ever lied to him?

"You know what--" With a huge smile on my lips, I turned to face my classmates. "Sir Norman is so funny. He wants to sing a song for us!"

The minute I announced that, I heard him grind his teeth from behind me. I knew he'd get angry with me, but I didn't care. He had needled me way too many times, so now it was my turn.

"You will regret messing with me, Helanie," I heard him grunt behind me.

"No! She's just being funny. Anyway, enjoy your meal, everyone," he said quickly.

He wasted no time grabbing his coat and walking past me, but as he did, he slowed down slightly to whisper, "You're really getting under my skin, Helanie. You don't want to know what happens to those who mess with me or my brothers."

With that, he stared at my face. Our eyes connected briefly before I noticed his gaze drop to my lips. It was a quick two-second glance before he looked away and hissed at himself, then sped out of the guesthouse.

"Helanie, come join us," Lucy called out eagerly. She was all over the place, and I didn't blame her. She was finally happy.

Before I could join them, my phone rang, and I had to step away. Seeing that it was Kaye calling, I felt compelled to check on him. With Norman showing up here and warning me about his mother's threats, I felt it was necessary to talk to him.

Maybe he was going to tell me the same thing--that his mother was angry with me?

"Hey," I answered, steadily putting the plate down. I remembered the way he had accepted me. After so long, I had found a little happiness in my life.

But I couldn't cherish it fully. I had promised the moon goddess--challenged her.

"Can we meet?" His voice wasn't as cheery or flirtatious as it usually was, and that instantly concerned me.

"Right now? Is everything alright?" I asked in a worried tone.

"I need to have a talk with you. It is very important, Helanie. It's important for us," he rephrased, causing goosebumps to spread across my skin.

"Sure, let me get them distracted," I uttered as I watched my friends waiting for me to join them.

"Umm, you can come after midnight. It's fine. I'll wait for you at our spot," he said, his voice so low and dull that it alarmed me.



I didn't want him to be hurt or to hurt me.

But why did I feel like something wasn't right?

What could it be that he wanted to talk about?

Or was it just that he wanted to spend time with me, like he had last night? I cut the call and joined my friends.

"You're so silent," Jenny elbowed me, whispering as I sat beside her.

"I'm just still feeling too relaxed," I lied.

"I've got a few flowers left. I guess I'll mix them with some herbs and make something amazing," Lamar joked in a low murmur, making all of us stare at him with disapproving looks.

"You guys are no fun," he commented, rolling his eyes.

"Maybe you should join our group, then, Lamar," Salem chimed in unexpectedly. I straightened my back to see what her group was up to.

Sydney stood by the window next to the bookshelf, her minions gathered around her. She was watching her sister talk to Lamar, and I felt like maybe she had asked Salem to invite Lamar to their team.

"No, thank you. He is our friend," Jenny quickly dismissed Salem's offer.

"Your friend? I can understand that, but why are you friends with such omegas and rogues? Shouldn't you be hanging around with people of higher ranks?" Salem continued, clearly trying to provoke us.

I wasn't in the mood to hear her argue with us over Lamar. My mind was preoccupied with what Kaye might want to say to me tonight.

"Look at your brother--he isn't even sitting with you because of your friends," Salem added smugly.

"What is your problem, Salem? Don't you have enough minions? Do you think we'll become your servants? I'm happy where I am," Jenny shot back with a sharp response, instantly souring Salem's mood.

Salem rolled her eyes and stomped her foot. But before she walked away, she made deep, awkward eye contact with me. Then she pointed at her wrist, her eyes fixed on my bracelet.

She was referring to the bracelet on my wrist.

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

## **Chapter 147-Such A Tough Choice.**

### **Chapter 147: 147-Such A Tough Choice.**

#### **Helanie:**

Everyone had fallen asleep after a fulfilling dinner. It was just our first task of the day, yet everyone was so tired. Some of the fellows even acted as if they had achieved everything.

I mean, it was indeed a big deal, but I had a feeling this was not at all what Kaye meant when he said we would be staying here for intense lectures.

I hugged the blanket he gave me tightly, using it as my comfort as I lay in bed. Jenny had asked me where the blanket came from, and I lied to her, claiming I had found it in the cupboard of the second floor's storeroom.

The cozy white blanket felt like a soft cloud as I held it tightly. My eyes stayed on the wall clock, waiting for midnight so I could go and speak to Kaye.

It wasn't that I had forgotten about my revenge, but a little comfort on the side didn't hurt. And who knows? If I could share my pain with Kaye, he might even help me get justice.

Once I was certain everyone was asleep, I snuck out with the blanket wrapped around my body. I figured we would need to sit and talk comfortably. But since Norman was staying over for the night, I felt a bit concerned about him catching us together. That would have been a disaster.

Thinking about that, I quickly went back to the room and put the blanket back, even going so far as to place a pillow under it to mimic my presence. But tonight, I grabbed my old purple sweater before leaving. It was cold outside, and I didn't even know how many hours we would be sitting and talking about life.

After exiting through the back door, I reached the tree to find Kaye standing in place. He looked distraught, and I was instantly alarmed.

"I'm sorry. I took a little time," I murmured, excusing the delay. The whole act of going back and disguising myself with the blanket took a few minutes.

"It's okay. Ahem," he cleared his throat but then fell silent.

"You look distressed. Is everything okay?" I asked in a worried tone.

He wasn't even wearing a blanket or offering for us to sit down tonight.

"I'm going to ask you something," he finally said, lifting his head. That's when I noticed the redness in his eyes. I was right—he was distressed, and whatever was on his mind had clearly been bothering him deeply.

"Sure, what is it?" I questioned, trying not to gulp. Deep down, I was afraid. What if one of his brothers had said something about me, and he wanted to confirm whether it was true?

"Are you ready to accept me?" he asked, and my body felt a wave of relief—though not entirely, because now we had to talk once again about the fact that I wasn't ready.

"I don't have a wolf. Even if I accept you, I can't mark you," I replied softly. He nodded, understanding but still holding onto the question lingering between us.

"Then are you ready to marry me?" he threw another shocking question my way, leaving me utterly speechless.

"Kaye!" I exclaimed, but he silenced me with a gesture of his hand.

"I don't want to stay here anymore. I want to marry you and take you with me to the East so that I can start a rogue community there as a rogue king. So tell me, are you ready to come with me?" he extended his hand, and my body felt numb.

Going with him would never have been a hard decision to make—

But only in an ideal world, where I'd have no objections to leaving everything behind.

"What about my academy?" I asked. He took a deep breath.

"I know it's a huge deal for you, but... I'm also leaving a big part of my life behind by moving away with you. I'll be starting from scratch without any help. I have a lot of savings, so that won't be a problem, but I'll have no parents, no siblings, and no pack's support. I'll even be rejecting a huge offer they made to me," he said cryptically, and I couldn't understand what had gone wrong in the past few hours to make him want me to leave with him.

"What offer?" I asked. He shook his head.

"Helanie, if you leave with me, you'll have to give up your dreams of being a part of this academy. And I'll give up my dream of building herb centers. It's a risk and a sacrifice we'll both make. But I'm ready for it. Are you?" he asked, extending his hand again as if reminding me that he'd been waiting for me to take it.

"Kaye! I hope you understand when I say this, but this academy is important to me. I cannot completely cut ties with the world here," I bit my tongue after saying that, watching as his hand slowly lowered.

"You said you would wait," I quickly reminded him of the conversation we had the other night.

"I wanted to. But now... I'm being cornered, and I don't think I can look my mother in the eye and deny her request. So I'm telling you—" he began, but I cut him off mid-sentence.

"You want me to run away with you? Why? Can't you accept me in front of everyone?" The realization hit me like a wave, and his immediate guilt spoke volumes.

"They will accept you," he replied sternly. "Besides, you don't even want to be accepted in front of everyone else."

"So you knew I would say no? Then why did you come here to ask me that question?" I felt betrayed, like he'd played me. "Oh!" The truth struck me again. "You knew I would say no. You just wanted me to be the reason we both moved on from each other."

As I murmured those words, tears started forming in my eyes.

"Helanie! That is not true. I am... lost right now. I just want to know if you ever plan to accept me. Because what I'll be giving up for you is huge—" he tried to step closer, but I raised my palm to stop him in his tracks.

"I cannot accept you until I've figured my life out, Kaye. You told me you would wait. If you don't want to wait anymore, I won't blame you."

I said it with a harsh yet confident tone, making it clear where I

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

## **Chapter 148-The Angry And Unpredictable Stepbrothers**

## Chapter 148: 148-The Angry And Unpredictable Stepbrothers

**Helanie:**

"Fine." He was so quick to give up tonight, confirming my suspicions. He really wanted me to be the reason he stopped pursuing me.

"I think by the time we wait, we'll be free. Then, once you've figured out whatever you want from your life, I'll ask you that question again. Until then, we're both free."

I frowned at his choice of words.

What was he even trying to say?

"Huh?" I raised my head, watching him closely, waiting for him to explain himself.

"You don't even want to say that you'll accept me in the future. And what future? When? I know nothing. So by the time you're ready to accept me, I'll wait, but I won't—" He abruptly stopped, gulping hard.

So I helped him finish his sentence. "You won't stay single?" I let out a laugh and shook my head at myself.

I mean, he wasn't wrong.

He had every right to date whoever he wanted. It's not like I'd ever told him I liked him or that I would accept him.

If anything, I'd promised the Moon Goddess that I would never accept what she chose for me.

"You're taking it the wrong way. I'm very conflicted. I'm stuck between two paths, Helanie. One is where I want to be, but I don't even know if that path will ever open for me. And then there's the path I've always wanted to take. That path is open now and inviting me," he murmured under his breath, gulping frequently—either to moisten his throat or to hide the guilt he felt for leading me on.

I didn't even know if he was in the wrong or if I was.

But we were both hurting.

"You should pick that path, Kaye. You're right, I don't even know if I'm ever going to accept you." I kept my tone honest, my posture straight, and my eyes focused on his face.

I did it so it would be easier for him to make a decision. He wasn't at fault for thinking about himself. And even though it would hurt, I was ready to face the truth. I couldn't drag him along.

But I thanked myself for keeping my secret.

What if I had told him everything?

"You were never going to accept me?" he asked again, and I shrugged.

"I don't know, Kaye. I've always told you that I don't know when I'll be ready." I was being honest, but looking into his eyes was so difficult.

"You should go accept the deal," I said softly, turning around to leave. My steps were slow, but my intention was clear—I aimed to leave. Yet, somewhere deep down, I had a feeling he would step forward and hold my hand to stop me from walking away.

But he didn't.

He stayed out as if he really wasn't sure whether he wanted me to stay. So, with that, I walked back to the guesthouse. But instead of going inside, I lingered around and wandered into the front yard, hugging myself as I took slow, steady steps into the garden.

"What's going on between you and him?" someone called out behind me. I instantly turned to see Maximus approaching.

It was shocking—and a little frightening—the way he came toward me.

"Hey!" I yelled, thrusting my hand out to press against his chest, keeping a safe distance between us.

"I just saw you coming out from the backyard, and my brother was walking out from the same path. You two were together? Why?" he demanded, his breaths huffing out of his nostrils like a bull ready to charge.

"Go ask him," I muttered, unwilling to take his accusations. He couldn't just appear and interrogate me. Why should I have to answer him?

"Did you hurt him? Did you say something mean to him? Or maybe try to cause a rift between him and our mother?" His voice grew louder, his words right in my face, forcing me to lean back to put more space between us.

"Maximus!" another voice cut through, sharp and authoritative. Norman appeared, taking long strides toward us. He was dressed in just a white T-shirt and black shorts, his cheeks and lips flushed red from the cold.

"Back off," Norman hissed, shoving Maximus away from me.

"They were together—I saw her and Kaye coming out from behind the same tree!" Maximus yelled, pointing accusingly.

Norman clenched his jaw, raising a finger to his lips to silence him.

"Kaye must have asked her to talk about—" Norman closed his eyes, clearly improvising a response. "—about our mother. She disrespected him the other night, and Helanie took a stand for him."

He ended up using the truth, but I couldn't understand why he didn't let his brother corner me or threaten me. Norman wasn't usually the type to defend me.

"That's not what Mom told me," Maximus protested. "She said Helanie was making fun of Kaye—when—" His voice trailed off as his own words seemed to catch up to him.

The look on Norman's face must have made it clear to him that their mother had lied.

"It was the other way around," Norman said firmly, his hands on his hips. "Now, go back inside." Then, turning to me, he pointed toward the guesthouse.

I glanced at their faces before I started to walk away. Maximus looked utterly stunned, realization dawning on him as Norman revealed their mother's deception.

That moment gave me a clear picture of how wicked their mother truly was. Not to mention, I had completely forgotten about focusing on the deal Kaye was talking about.

Or maybe he wasn't ready to discuss it in detail, which was why he dodged the question.

I returned to my bed and slid under the blanket. But it no longer provided the comfort it once did. I didn't even know what the point was in keeping his blanket with me anymore.

But the blanket wasn't the only thing troubling me. He had actually accepted me.

What were we going to do about that?

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

# Chapter 149-The Broken Bond Cannot Be Fixed

## Chapter 149: 149-The Broken Bond Cannot Be Fixed

**Helanie:**

I can't even remember how I spent the night. I was in and out of sleep the whole time. It felt like I had lost something.

Even though I hadn't entirely fallen for Kaye and had resisted the urge to be with him, his constant reminders of his love for me made me believe he was going to wait for me no matter what.

Which was kind of selfish of me. I'm not sure what kind of troubles and hurdles he was facing in his personal life.

Just like I wouldn't let him in, he wasn't letting me in either.

And then there was the fact that I never shared the truth with him. I kept so much from him, so it was only fair that I didn't judge him for not wanting to wait. In fact, he did say he would wait, but he also made it clear that he wouldn't just sit and do nothing while waiting for me.

But with dating, there's always a chance of falling in love and moving on from the one you are waiting for. That's why I told him to move on. I didn't want to believe someone was waiting for me.

I had been hurt enough times, so it was better to take out the poison before it hurt me even more.

"Good morning," Jenny finally walked out of the bathroom wearing a purple dress.

It felt more like a chill day for us. We were only supposed to do some research on the herbs Kaye had mentioned in the class group text.

"You look good, Lucy!" Gavin, who had been all handsy with Lucy since morning as the two shared a bed and cuddled while doing research, said loudly. "Why don't you wear something like that?"

Lamar had finally gotten a separate bed, where he was lying on his stomach with a piece of paper in front of him and searching for herbs online.

Jenny and I were now sharing a bed. But that wasn't the problem. The problem was the way Gavin mentioned Jenny's dress.



It was just a simple compliment, but why say it in front of your mate? He knew this wasn't Lucy's style. And he had always admired her style more, but suddenly, he wanted her to wear dresses.

Lucy forced an awkward smile and replied, "I'll see if I can find a dress."

"Or you can borrow from me. In return, you just have to be my friend," Jenny added with a playful hint in her words.

I had been trying so hard to focus on the task at hand, but the conversation I had with Kaye kept repeating in my head.

I wondered if I should have said more or asked more.

What if the conversation didn't end on a good note? Or a satisfying one?

"Ugh!" I put the notebook down and sighed loudly enough to get everyone's attention.

"You can get a dress too," Jenny joked at my outburst.

"No! It's not that. I just have a headache," I lied, rubbing my temples.

I hated how distracted I was. This is why I didn't want to accept any mate. My entire focus should have been on punishing those assholes, and not getting hurt in the process by my mate.

Or mates.

"Do you want coffee?" Lamar sat up, his legs folded under his body.

Gavin and Lamar still hadn't started talking, and I guess they never would. The two were completely different individuals. We never really forced them to act like friends either.

"Do you think we can get it?" I asked, and he nodded.

"There's a café down the road. We can get it from there. They have amazing croissants as well. If you're too cold, I can go fetch them for you," Lamar said softly, more seriously than he usually did when talking to others.

I noticed Jenny raise her brow and then wink at me. In response, I shook my head at her. There was nothing going on between me and Lamar, and there never would be.

He was more like a brother--a brother I would fight with rather than get along with.

"No, I'll come with you. I want to get some fresh air," I insisted, and he nodded, putting his pen and paper down.

"While you guys are at it, can you get us a chocolate fudge? The thing is, Lucy over here is being feisty, so I guess we'll use it in our smexy time," Gavin said, his tone making me feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"Hey!" Lucy awkwardly complained.

"What? They're friends," Gavin shrugged as though he didn't realize Lucy might have shared that desire with him in private.

This wasn't how Gavin used to act before. He used to respect her choices and privacy so much more. Now, he was being so bold with her.

Was it because they were trying to rekindle their relationship? Or were they even trying to rekindle it at all?

Since I had too many of my own worries, I decided not to focus on them for now and walked out with Lamar.

"Are you coming with us?" I inquired, noticing Jenny had walked up to the door but stopped as her phone beeped.

Her smile faded as quickly as it had formed.

The sadness in her eyes confirmed that the text had to be from her mate, or someone talking about her mate, or giving her information about him.

"Yeah, please take me with you," she said, her tone almost a cry for help. Lamar and I exchanged a glance before giving her a nod.

She began walking behind us, her steps slow as she kept using her phone.

"Do you think she's going to break up with him?" Lamar's question shocked me. I didn't know he was aware of her mate situation.

"How do you know?" I asked, raising my brow and clenching my jaw to warn him not to push further.

"I've heard things. She was talking with her brother, and they mentioned how she was being cold to her mate and all, so I figured something was up," he shrugged, making it sound so casual.

"That Gavin isn't being genuine anymore, though," he added. However, what he said really made me worried.

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

## Chapter 150-Without Her Everything Is Dull

### Chapter 150: 150-Without Her Everything Is Dull

**Kaye:**

It was unlike anything I had experienced before. I woke up to my mom bringing me bed tea.

It felt strange. The whole morning, Mom kept asking me about my plans for my herbs business.

The attention they gave me was unreal, but I was more happy that I was finally visible. However, the pain in my heart from watching Helanie hurt last night lingered.

The fact that she had been so honest when talking about her plans for the future also made me recall that I was the one who had convinced her I would wait for her.

I had been so wrong about this--leading her on and then acting impatient.

I had done her dirty, and that guilt had been eating me up the entire time.

"Kaye! A word--" Norman said, snapping his fingers in front of my face to get my attention as we all sat together for breakfast. He didn't stop or look at anyone else; he just proceeded to walk out of the mansion.

My mom, Kesha, and Maximus were having a conversation when Norman did that, and it suddenly paused everyone's activity.

I gave them a quick nod to excuse myself and rushed out to hear Norman out. He was waiting on the front porch, wearing a white suit and adjusting his cufflinks.

"Yes?" I joined him, adjusting my black shirt while wondering what he wanted to talk to me about.

"I heard about you and Kesha," he started, his eyes wandering into the distance. The gardeners had arrived early this morning. They were going to trim the grass and the big trees. It was going to look so fresh. Everything would be perfect by the end of the day.

But if that was true, why did I feel so empty inside?

"Did Mom coerce you into making this decision?" The way my brother asked made me wonder if he knew more than he was letting on.

"Tell me, Kaye. Did Mom make you take this decision? Because I know you're no longer interested in Kesha." It wasn't a shock that he was talking about my previous interest in her.

I wanted attention and thought she would make a perfect mate and rogue queen. Besides, I liked her before because my mom did too. And I knew instantly that if I accepted her, my mom would accept me as her favorite son.

"You not answering me isn't helping," Norman said.

"What if I tell you I like someone else, and it's true that I'm only taking this step because it gives me what I've wanted all my life?" I murmured in a shattered tone. My demeanor and confidence had been shaken ever since I was offered this deal.

Norman kept watching my face before he nodded steadily, almost as if he were trying to consider something.

"Then I will do anything to make it happen for you." His tone was stern, but there was just a slight pause before he added, "With the one that you like," he finished.

It was like a different kind of relief hit me when he said that.

"But you will need to promise to wait for me to fix things first. I have to make sure some things are dealt with, because it could get messy between us brothers if--" He stopped talking, but his response had intrigued me.

What did he mean by that?

Wait, did he know that I liked Helanie?

"Because--my brothers would like to know about it too. They would like to know who their brother's mate is, and also, that you defying Mom would change a few dynamics," he quickly added when he noticed I looked slightly shocked. Good thing he didn't know about Helanie.

But--sadly, things were already over.

I had asked Helanie, and she had told me straight up that she hadn't even considered me yet.

"Forget about it. I was just testing you. I'm happy with the decision." I gave him a fake comforting smile, but he only narrowed his eyes at me.

"Kaye, you don't need to do it if you don't want to. You know you can come to me to resolve your issues, and I won't betray you." He placed his hand on my shoulder, using a comforting tone.

That meant so much to me.

I had been so upset since the decision was made, so Norman having this talk with me meant everything.

"I know. But trust me, I'm fine." I gave him a nod, and he finally bobbed his head in understanding.

"So, a date tonight, huh?" Norman asked with a smile.

He had always been the one I could count on. He never judged me or my brothers. It was just sometimes weird to me that he didn't have a life of his own.

Even when Jessica was desperately trying to be with him, he would focus more on us. That made him earn so much respect in my eyes, but I did want him to live his life to the fullest as well.

But well, now that he had broken things off with Jessica, there was a little discourse going around. The packs and council weren't happy that a rogue had broken the engagement with a pack rank holder.

Did Norman care?

Nope!

I didn't see him sweat at all.

"Yeah, quite nervous I am," I ran my palms together, pretending to be excited, and my brother knew I was pretending.

"Don't ask weird questions," he joked, shaking his head while pouting.

"Just a few, I'm courteous about women," I lied, and he started laughing. I knew everything about Kesha and her previous relationships,

But for fun's sake, if I were going on a date with Helanie, I would have asked her so many questions. It would have been so much fun.

"Good luck!" My brother patted me on the back, and I gave him a tired smile.

"After this date, um, I'll need that monster in a cage. I'm stepping up the notch for the students. They should know they're not here on a picnic," I had made so many fun plans before. But now, even talking about them sounded so boring.

What was upsetting me so much?

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

## **Chapter 151-So Much Booze And Noise**

### **Chapter 151: 151-So Much Booze And Noise**

**Helanie:**

"The coffee was so good," Jenny's mood had changed after going out with us. I felt a little better as well, but still upset because of the way things had escalated and ended with Kaye.

It was so short-lived.

"Anyway, what should we do today? We're free the whole day, and nighttime is the best! We should check out some cool restaurants," Jenny said, jumping up and down like a child the whole time.

She was so full of life.

I wondered why her mate had thought about cheating on her. She was kind and understanding too.

"Or maybe we should do something that suits our age. You know, they have bars and crazy nightclubs?" Lamar intervened, turning around to face us as we were walking into the guesthouse.

"Umm, just because we're now eighteen doesn't mean we should start drinking and losing control when we're on a trip from the academy," Jenny scoffed at him, folding her arms across her chest.

I noticed Lamar rolling his eyes at us before he turned around and entered the guesthouse. The living room was packed with Sydney and her friends.

They had music playing, and Sydney was dancing on the countertop of the kitchen. Salem sat on the couch in the corner, watching everyone.

She was weird.

That silent kid who would judge you hard, and whenever she opened her mouth, she would let you know exactly why she stayed silent all the time.

"Is that Gavin and Lucy?" Jenny pointed in the distance, making me squint my eyes to focus on them. Meanwhile, Lamar joined the dancing party, doing some dirty dance moves and dry-humping the girls who flirted with him.

The girls were so happy for him to join. As always, Penn was absent.

And just as Jenny had pointed out, it was indeed Gavin and Lucy standing in the corner. Some of the girls were trying to drag Gavin away from Lucy to join the crazy party, but she had her arm wrapped tightly around his, stopping him from leaving her.

I felt bad for her.

Gavin was showing a huge change, and I bet Lucy was just trying to match his pace because she was in the era of trying to win his heart again.

"Ew, it smells awful in here," Jenny covered her nose as the strong alcohol smell hit her. Yep, they had alcohol in here.

I'm not even sure if they had asked permission before planning all this.

"Okay, I need to have a talk with Sydney," I muttered as I hastily made my way through the crowd to get her attention.

"Sydney! Come down!" I yelled. She rolled her eyes and bent down.

"Why don't you join me too?"

Her voice was shaky and stuttering. She was heavily drunk.

Who the heck got them this much alcohol?

"Sydney, if you don't want me to drag you down myself, come down," I hissed, pointing at the floor, and she finally let out a sigh of exhaustion and jumped down.

She wore a small white top with a deep cleavage and a little red skirt. Her butt cheeks were hanging out.

"What is it? Why are you ruining the mood?" she inquired, tipsy as hell.

"Did you ask Kaye or Lady Darcy before throwing a party and getting booze at her place?" I questioned. I had to yell to even make my voice reach her ears. The music was that loud here.

"Yeah, yeah, I did," she nodded, dismissing me with a hand gesture.

"Can you show it to me?" I asked, leaning over to her ear.

"Oh, your breath is fresh. You need to drink some of the good stuff to enjoy the party," she quickly assessed and offered me the bottle she was holding in her hand.

"No, thank you. Can you show me the written permission letter?" I insisted again. I knew I was being a party pooper, but being part of this academy meant a lot to me.

And I didn't want to mess it up over some booze or a party thrown by an amateur.

I knew my status and position in the academy. If things went south, she would get off easily while I would be burdened with questions.

Lady Darcy would purposely accuse me of being irresponsible while giving Sydney a free pass.

"Ummm--," Sydney looked away, scratching her chin.

"Please tell me you have a permit letter," I said, feeling so exhausted as I looked at her clueless expression.

"I have it. I just don't know where it is," she leaned over me, fanning her alcoholic breath all over my face and yelling.

"Oh, I remember--" she then extended her entire arm toward Salem on the couch, "she has it. Go ask her."

She then wiggled her fingers, asking me to leave and bother her sister.

I followed her finger and walked over to Salem, while Jenny hurried after me.

"My brother is outside waiting for me. He wants to go shopping. I'll be with him. Do you want to come with us?" she whispered in my ear, offering a way to exit. But I had to stay here and make sure the drunk people didn't cause more issues than they already had.

"You go enjoy. I'll be with Gavin and Lucy," I responded in her ear, feeling so nauseated by the air.

Jenny left while I reached Salem, who only raised her brow to show me that I had her attention.



"Sydney said you have the permit letter from Darcy to throw this party and bring alcohol here," I didn't have to yell too loudly here. This corner was much quieter.

She had her leg crossed over the other as she shook it.

"Yeah, what about it? You wanna see it?" she asked, straight to the point.

"Yeah, I do. Can you show it to me?" I insisted, and she got up, acting like I had asked her to perform a dance for me.

She led me to her room on the second floor, which was at the end of the hallway. I entered the room with her, but before I could even watch her grab anything, she snatched my phone out of my hand and pushed me onto the bed, running toward the door and slamming it shut.

"What the fuck!" I yelled, terror hitting me when I heard her lock the door from outside.

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

## **Chapter 152-My Stepbrother Wants To Catch Me**

### **Chapter 152: 152-My Stepbrother Wants To Catch Me**

**Helanie:**

I should have known not to trust Salem. I had been shouting and knocking on the door for a while, and nobody seemed to have remembered me. I bet no one noticed. Gavin and Lucy had been busy together, and with Jenny leaving the guesthouse, I bet even if Lucy had noticed my arrival, she might have thought I left with Jenny.

I was growing impatient, getting angrier with every passing minute. If I had a wolf, I would have jumped out of the window by now.

"You know what, I'm going to do it," that was it. I wouldn't sit around and do nothing. The fact that Salem didn't even consider me confronting her when I got released made me understand they were taking me too lightly.

They really thought they could do anything to me and not face the consequences.

I opened the window and took a deep breath as I walked out onto the balcony. Their rooms had beautiful balconies, but jumping off such a balcony would definitely cause some damage to my legs.

The cold wind brushing against my skin didn't help either. I tucked my body in, shaking from the cold, while I looked over the railing. There was a small pattern on the walls of the guesthouse that I thought about utilizing when climbing down.

My heart was pounding so hard in my chest as I adjusted my feet on the design and then my hands to stay in the air.

However, after a few seconds of hanging on the wall, I realized it was a bad idea. I could not move a muscle. I had never been the type to go out and exercise my strength or take any combat classes. Everyone rejected my attempts to get stronger back when I was in a pack.

My teachers would force me to take cooking classes, saying this was what I could do in the future. Since I didn't have a wolf, they didn't consider me doing anything besides baking, cooking, or becoming a housewife mate of some omega.

"Okay, I am so, so stupid," I hissed at myself, shaking while pulling my body closer to the wall and refusing to look down.

The cold wind had started to stab me as fear mixed with the air.

"And I thought you couldn't be weirder," I heard someone's voice from below, but I was too scared to lift my face from the wall. My forehead was touching the cold surface.

"Which one of the brothers are you?" I asked, knowing damn well from the voice that it was Maximus.

"Really? As if you don't know. You know, I had been thinking about how you hadn't messed up again. I guess I was wrong," he said in a good mood, not in that crazy mood where he makes weird threats or scares me by swinging the axe in the air.

"Okay, I admit I'm weird and everything you're saying. But can you help me climb down? I kind of feel like I'm stuck--" I stuttered, almost losing my grip on the pattern and slipping down before I grabbed onto another design and saved myself.

But I could tell my knee had been scratched.

"And why would I do that?" he inquired. There was playfulness in his tone, but I wasn't playing. I was hanging on for my life, and that little slip had given me a real-life death experience. Not that I hadn't had one before--too many times by now--but I was going to worry about the one in the moment.

"Because I don't want to die," I replied in a shaky tone.

I don't know why he was taking so long. Did he really want me to die or what?

"And you wanting something should be my wish as well?" he retorted, making me even more impatient.

"Look, if it's too hard for you to watch me survive, you can call someone else to help me. But I'm kind of in a rush, and my hands are getting colder. I might not be able to hold on for too long," I said, now pleading. My voice left my mouth with much difficulty.

"Okay, you have another option. If you want, I can ask him to come here and help you," he stated from below, sounding so casual even when he could see I was struggling to stay still.

"Okay, please hurry up," I begged, my eyes closed.

"You're not going to ask me who I'm bringing to help you?" At this point, I wondered if he would keep talking about useless things even as I was falling.

"Who?" I played along, knowing he was my best help in the moment. And in my case, hanging onto his conversation.

"Norman. Do you want me to bring him here for you?" Hearing his name almost made me lose my grip.

"No! He'd make sure I fall and get killed," I was so frustrated that I couldn't hide the truth about Norman's image in my mind.

"My brother is not that bad," he sounded defensive. Great, I'd probably pissed him off.

"Ugh! Fine. I'll help you. Lose your grip and let go, I'll catch you," he suggested with confidence, causing me to frown and grunt under my breath. Was he for real?

"Huh? I'll die!" I complained, my voice louder this time.

"You're second-guessing my strength? Little troublemaker, just jump," he yelled, making me shake my head.

But what could I do then? I had to listen to him. I could no longer stick to the wall, and I didn't believe anyone else was coming.

So, I did what he asked of me and loosened my grip, letting go. My eyes were tightly shut as my body floated in the air.

It lasted only a few seconds, but I was so frightened that not a single scream escaped my lips.

As I landed, I felt two strong arms catch me. It was safe to say I had landed straight into the arms of my stepbrother.

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

## **Chapter 153-My Stepbrother Wants A Kiss**

### **Chapter 153: 153-My Stepbrother Wants A Kiss**

**Helanie:**

"I didn't drop you; you are perfectly fine in my arms," I heard him whisper as I slowly opened my eyes. He was smiling at me, his eyes shining in the daylight.

I didn't even utter a word, and he didn't set me down either. He just kept staring and smiling.

Then, he gave a little jump, making me fly and land back in his arms. It was so he could make me listen to him: "You like being in the comfort of my arms, don't you? If you don't want me to let go, I have the strength in my arms to carry you around all day. Or how about—" He shocked me by saying that so nonchalantly.

"How about I take you to my room?" The moment he said that, I jumped out of his arms and landed on my feet.

However, he started laughing, enjoying the misery his words had caused me.

"Don't you feel ashamed?" I hugged myself, turning my face away.

"I am shameless, little sister. I can take off my pants, flip out my soldier, do a whole fan thing, and not feel shy or embarrassed," he shrugged, making me look back at him.

As I tilted my head and narrowed my eyes at him, I saw a frown form on his forehead.

"You were pretty upset when I swung a punch at you," the minute I reminded him of that day, I saw his smirk disappear.

"You were hurt like a baby, and now you're talking all big. Or maybe it's your male ego," I didn't know why I was still talking when I should have shut up already. He didn't seem too happy about the mention of that day.

"And you think your punch was the reason I was so disoriented?" He stepped closer, making me unfold my arms from around my chest and step back. I showed clear fear as he moved in my direction, so he stopped.

"Then—then what was it?" I stuttered, failing to keep my composure.

"You know what it was—" He tilted his head, his eyes holding me accountable. Was he referring to my pendant? I bet he felt weird, but he wouldn't have put two and two together.

"Anyway, why were you hanging off the wall? Is this your way of getting attention now?" His voice returned to normal, with a playful, hissing undertone.

"Salem locked me in her room," I sighed as I delivered the news to him.

"Umm, you're still getting bullied?" He rolled his eyes, making me squint at him.

"As if you guys have done anything to stop the bullying. Your academy literally encourages people with high power and rank to bully the weak," I argued, and in return, he smirked even harder.

"Why do you keep smirking at random topics, weirdo?" The instant I called him that, his breath became shallow.

I knew I had messed up and offended him, but just like earlier, he was quick to overcome his anger.

"Why did Salem lock you up in her room?" he asked.

"They are—oh yes! They are having a party and have alcohol—" I shut up the moment I remembered that Lucy and Gavin were at the party too.

"They're having a party in there?" He raised his brow.

"Music and a little dance," I awkwardly shrugged to make it seem like less of a crazy party. I mean, we could hear the music outside, but he didn't have to go inside and see the alcohol bottles. The fact that Salem locked me in meant they hadn't gotten any permit.

"Helanie! You know you suck at it," he whispered. "You suck at saving anyone."

Before I could even be happy that he was talking about me not being able to lie, he added, just to piss me off, "Anyway, you don't have to save their asses. You think I don't know they have drugs and alcohol in there?" His comment shook the world from under my feet.

"And the look on your face tells me your friends are also in there. So you were the only one not wanting to be a part of it, and they locked you up in here?" He pointed at the room, making me follow his finger to the top.

I then noticed him taking long strides, probably to go in there and confront the troublemakers. That wasn't good. Lucy and Gavin would get into so much trouble, and Lucy had a habit of getting too anxious.

I know I was being biased, but I swear I could tell Lucy didn't want to be part of this party. She was only there because she didn't want to spoil Gavin's mood.

"No! You are not going in there!" Like a stupid person who holds any authority, I spread my arms to stop him from getting inside.

"Huh?" His eyes held a challenge for me, or maybe a warning that I needed to step out of his way before I pissed him off even more.

"Please!" I pleaded, still holding my arms out.

"Are you requesting or ordering me?" He commented on my gestures and then my tone. The contradiction between the two was pretty obvious.

"Why? Why can't you just let it slide this once?" I begged, moving sideways when he tried to sidestep and walk past me.

"Helanie! You're acting like a child. You think you can request, and I'll listen? Of all the people in the world, I will go against you in a heartbeat." Although his statement was hurtful, I knew it was true as well.

Besides, I didn't have to be hurt by someone's statement who barely knew me, or whom I barely knew.

"I know," I replied in a murmur that was barely audible.

However, the silence from his side and no attempt to pass me made me lift my head to watch him. He was staring at me with no smirk or expression on his face.

"Fine. I'll let it slide this once, but—on one condition," he thankfully agreed, but what was that condition?

"What is it?" I inquired, steadily lowering my arms.

"You have to kiss me."

That came like a flying dagger, hitting me in the chest.

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

## Chapter 154-So, Here Is A Deal

### Chapter 154: 154-So, Here Is A Deal

**Helanie:**

"Sorry, say that again? I guess the wind distorted your words, and I heard something ridiculous," I said, refusing to believe what I'd just heard. It had to be the wind.

"Do you want me to spell it out for you?" he asked, a smirk plastered across his face. "K-I-S-S me."

In that moment, I realized he wasn't lying when he said he was shameless. He was as bold as they come.

"You—you're being—" I stuttered, trying to avoid his gaze. How could he say something like that so casually, with not even a hint of shame?

"Me, what?" he teased, forcing me to glance at him for a brief second before looking away again.

"I'm serious, Helanie. Either you do that, or—" his voice dropped, turning colder, "I'll expel all these students for disrespecting my mother by using her guesthouse as a club."

His words hit me like a punch, and I quickly turned to face him, my fear evident.

"Do you not remember that I'm your stepsister, and—" I paused, grasping for another valid reason to highlight how inappropriate this was, "and your student?"

I let out a frustrated grunt as I kept shifting my gaze, refusing to meet his eyes.

"None of that matters in your case," he replied nonchalantly with a shrug, his confidence sending a chill down my spine.

"Why?" I raised an eyebrow, scrutinizing him.

If it were someone like Kaye or Emmet, I could understand why they'd say something like this, but him?

"As if you don't know," he muttered, his piercing gaze locked on mine.

"I don't. You need to tell me why you think the rules—or even basic decency—don't apply in my case," I demanded, my frustration bubbling to the surface.

"Listen, there's no such rule that says a trainer can't be intimate with his students—as long as it's after their academy time is over," he stated, his tone dripping with arrogance. "And as for you being my stepsister? Who's to say my father won't drop your mother after a few years of 'fun'?"

His smirk was infuriating, his words even more so. They painted a horrid picture, one I didn't want to imagine.

"Well, even if that is the case, why do you think I'd want to be intimate with you?" My voice was steady now, though my mind was racing.

I couldn't let him go into the party. If he caught the students, it would mean trouble for everyone—except a handful of us, including Penn, Jenny, and me.

"If you don't," he said, gesturing towards the door, "I'll go in there and—"

Before he could finish, I jumped into his path, blocking his way.

"Do you believe in forcing someone to kiss you?" I asked, my voice low as my eyes darted away. The tension between us was suffocating.

"Fine," he scoffed, shaking his head in annoyance.

"You're so irritating and controlling, Helanie," he hissed under his breath before stepping back, his hands now resting on his hips.

"Go in there and warn them to stop this party, and also—" he suddenly started taking deep breaths, as if trying to calm himself down. He probably didn't like the fact that I won the argument, but I didn't think he was being forceful. He just wanted to make a point—or maybe make his stance clear.

"Bring Salem to me," he added, and I almost turned to leave when I heard Salem's name. I stopped.

"Why her?" I inquired.



"Why? Are you jealous I'll be talking to her?" He was shamelessly flirting with me. I didn't know what was wrong with him.

Wait a minute... What if his mother set him up for this game so he could prove a point—that I'm just playing around with all the brothers?

"Don't worry. I have to punish her for locking you in that room. Just go and do what I said. I'm not going to explain every step to you, Helanie." He leaned forward, his eyes narrowed, and he put pressure on my name.

"And you have only five minutes to stop the madness going on inside. If you don't do it in five minutes, I will arrive, and whoever is in there will get punished." His words made my heart start thumping loudly.

"So go, your time starts now." He started the timer on his phone, making me hurry up.

"Okay," I replied, then started sprinting toward the front to enter the guesthouse and warn everyone.

As I ran, I already had a plan. Since Sydney and Salem had been so mean to me, I decided to give them a taste of their own medicine. A little punishment wouldn't hurt them.

I knew Maximus was exaggerating when he said he would expel everyone. But imagine him yelling at the class monitor? Sydney would deserve it.

The minute I walked in, I looked around for my friends. Gavin was sitting on the kitchen counter, talking to none other than Salem, while Lucy stood close by, her arms folded over her chest with a very pissed-off look on her face. It seemed like a group conversation, but it wasn't. Lucy was only there because she had no choice.

Shit!

I didn't want to be in Salem's sight. Sydney was now way too drunk to notice anything, so I had to be discreet.

I looked around again, this time spotting Lamar. He was drinking and sitting on the couch while some girl from our class was giving him a lap dance. There were three other girls standing next to them, looking extremely pissed.

"Hey, it's our turn. Lamar, come on," one of the girls almost yelled loudly enough to be heard over all the music.

Wow. He was really popular with the girls. In a weird way.

"Hey," I said, approaching him, then pushing the girl off of him.

"Woah, blonde, back off. It's my turn," the girl said, grabbing my arm to pull me away from Lamar.

Oh, I knew these girls. They were Sydney's friends and always so mean to everyone else.

"Lamar!" I uttered as she began pulling me away from him. At this point, I was scared I might not even leave the guesthouse before the time runs out.

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

## **Chapter 155-They Say I Am Evil**

### **Chapter 155: 155-They Say I Am Evil**

**Helanie:**

"Lamar!" I called for him again, and finally, he opened his eyes. This dude didn't even care who was sitting on his lap. The way he could barely blink made me feel bad for him. He was so drunk, and the girls around him were in full control of their senses.

"Hey, don't drag my friend away," Lamar complained, but his voice was barely audible.

"She was anyway leaving," the girl lied, but I shrugged her arm off and pushed her away. Now that I knew he was so wasted that he couldn't consent, I felt sick to my stomach.

"He can't even allow you on his lap," I hissed at her, and she acted like I had said something completely out of the blue.

"Did he push me away? No! So it means consent," she placed her hands on her hips and argued. Of course, she did. That was typical of her. I would've expected such a defense from her. She was Sydney's friend—they don't really care about people around them or their rights.

"You fucking psycho, you touch my friend again and I'll kill you," I muttered, giving her a little push.

Her eyes bugged out in shock as I continued, "He is too drunk to consent. So fucking stay away from him."

I couldn't believe that girls were behaving this way without showing any realization that a man has rights too. But I knew how it felt when somebody touches you without your will.

"He likes girls' attention. He'll even do it with me in the morning," she folded her arms over her chest and argued while I reached Lamar.

"Then do it tomorrow when you both can consent. Just because he sleeps with women doesn't mean he's an open invitation now and has no right," I muttered, shaking my head in disbelief.

If everyone starts respecting the other's space and dignity, we can make a heaven on this earth. But if wishes were horses, beggars would ride.

"Come on, Lamar, let's leave." I put his arm around my shoulder and helped him up.

"You are a bad, bad woman—" While walking with me, Lamar hissed at the girl, making her act shocked once again. As we made our way out of the guesthouse, I heard someone come after us.

I didn't have to turn around to know who it was because she had already made some noise and made herself known to me.

"Helanie, what's going on?" Lucy stopped after me and quickly put Lamar's other arm over her shoulder. The minute he got support, that jerk lifted his legs and bent them, trying to swing.

"Yooooo!" he yelled like a child, making us instantly hunch over to relieve some pressure.

"Oh great, Jenny is here," I muttered as I raised my head.

Penn narrowed his eyes at us, holding his sunglasses in one hand and his phone and wallet in the other.

"What's going on?" Jenny asked as she rushed toward us. Penn took a second but then managed to help Lamar into the car.

"We need to get Gavin out of here, and we have only two minutes left," I checked the time on Jenny's watch and announced, making the two girls stare at me in confusion.

"He's not going to leave," Lucy sighed tiredly, not realizing how urgent it was.

"Okay then, Lucy, go inside and bring out the others. Leave the troublemakers behind—Sydney and Salem included. And Jenny, your task is to bring Gavin out," I felt a little

ashamed of myself when I handed the task of getting Gavin to Jenny. It was obvious I believed he would listen to her more than Lucy.

Lucy did a double take but then rushed away. I guess I'll be questioned about this later.

I couldn't go back inside myself because I didn't want Salem to see me. If she did, she would realize something was wrong. How the hell did I escape the second floor?

"May I ask what's going on?" After Penn had laid Lamar down in the backseat of his car, he approached me to question what was happening.

"They're drinking in the guesthouse, and I've been given five minutes by Professor Maximus to get everyone out. Or whoever stays in will be punished," I explained, and he narrowed his eyes at me, probably trying to process my words.

"So why aren't you going in there to announce it? Why just send two people in and bring them out one by one?" he asked, his hands on his hips.

"Because—I don't want everyone to come out. Some people deserve punishment," I watched him squint at my words before he clicked his tongue.

"You're so evil. For someone who's endured bullying, you're no saint either. Why would you want your classmates to be punished?" he hissed. "I'll go announce it to everyone that they need to leave." He nodded his head, shocking me with his comment.

I didn't stop him because I knew it was almost time. I turned around and saw some students running out while Gavin walked toward me briskly with Jenny. Even Lucy had come out.

"All set," Lucy said, smirking until she saw Gavin and then stared at Jenny.

Penn couldn't even make it to the front porch of the guesthouse before Maximus came out from the back. Penn stopped dead in his tracks, as he wasn't stupid enough to get in trouble for a bunch of strangers.

He watched Maximus enter the house and then turned to stare me in the eye. And when Norman showed up from the back, that's when we all really started to worry about what would happen next.

"They're all doomed," Jenny whispered, shrugging when her brother's eyes fell on her.

"It serves them right," I replied, folding my arms over my chest without breaking eye contact with Penn.

I didn't care what he thought of me. He wasn't there when I got bullied or tortured, so he had no right or place to judge me or advise me.

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

## Chapter 156-Accused Of Using Drugs

### Chapter 156: 156-Accused Of Using Drugs

**Helanie:**

"Did you know about the timer? Why didn't you announce it to everyone?" Penn yelled at his sister.

"Beca—," Lucy tried to respond, but he raised his palm to silence her.

"I'm not talking to you. I'm speaking with my sister," he shouted at Lucy before turning back to Jenny. We had already reached the car to keep an eye on the heavily drunk Lamar.

"Why do you want to be a part of this politics? You had to work extra hard to get into this academy, and now you're throwing it all away by getting involved in petty drama that isn't even your problem?" The way he was shouting at her made my blood boil.

I had a stepbrother back home. Living with Sullivan had been such a task. He was a bully, end of story. There wasn't much else to say. He hated my guts, just like my so-called parents. So, Penn yelling at Jenny reminded me of those days, and it was exhausting.

"Here," Lucy whispered as she handed me my phone. "I saw it on the kitchen counter and thought you might have left it there by accident."

"I'll tell you exactly what happened and how it ended up on the kitchen counter," I whispered back to her before our attention returned to the siblings.

"She's my friend. I'm not going against her," Jenny finally spoke, and I guess she shocked her brother with the tone she used.

"Look at you. Spending time with them has changed your tone and mannerisms," Penn hissed, taunting us for being from a lower rank.

"Huh, you'd rather I befriend Sydney and Salem? Do you even know the kind of crazy shit they do?" Jenny fired back with so much confidence that I felt proud of her.

Our group, along with half the class, was now sitting in the garden. They had found out about the timer Maximus had given us, so they didn't argue when running out of the guesthouse.

"Don't befriend them for the wrong reasons. But their group, with the higher-rank girls, isn't so bad either," he argued again.

Did he really want her to join Sydney's team? Or was it because he thought they were the winning side?

At this point, I could tell from the number of people outside that only Sydney, Salem, their minions, and a few guys were left inside—the same guys they often used to harass and bully others.

"Those girls... are bad," Lamar managed to sit up. "Imagine—they almost sexually assaulted me. Me! I would've done it with them if they'd asked nicely—when I wasn't drunk."

The minute he said that, I watched Penn's expression turn guilty.

"Somebody get him some water," Lucy whispered, and I noticed Gavin glaring at her with an unsettling intensity.

"Why did you punish Salem? She never did anything to you."

The weird part was, the question came straight from none other than Gavin. It made us all turn to look at him in shock.

"I guess because if she told Salem, she would've told her sister and those awful she-wolves," Penn, who had been taking their side for the past five minutes, suddenly switched sides.

However, my phone started ringing, and seeing Professor Maximus' name on the screen made my heart skip a beat. I began to wonder what had happened.

Were they going to confront me in front of everyone—the girls and the boys?

I gestured with my hand to signal I needed a moment, stepping away to answer the call. I put the phone to my ear.

"Yes, sir?" I asked, but there was no response.

However, the line wasn't silent. I could hear conversations happening in the background. That's when I realized he'd called me so I could hear what was going on.

"Sir, we didn't do it," Salem was speaking in a strange, innocent tone.

"Really? But you girls are here," Norman's voice was sharp with anger. "Or maybe it was your clones?"

I could hear the venom in his voice as he yelled at her.

"It was that weird girl!" Salem blurted out, her tone suddenly defensive. "She and her friends mixed something into our drinks."

Hearing her outrageous lie, I turned to my group of friends. They had all been watching me silently, clearly wondering why I wasn't speaking into the phone. Without saying a word, I rushed back and stood among them, switching the phone to speaker mode.

"Who is—" Penn started to ask, but Jenny quickly hushed him. I assumed he wanted to know who was on the call.

"What weird girl?" Maximus demanded, his tone as sharp as ever.

"That Helanie and her friends!" Salem doubled down on her lie. "It was them! That Lamar guy brought the alcohol but told us it was non-alcoholic beer. And those other friends of hers—"

Salem's words were so absurd that everyone listening had their jaws practically on the floor.

"So you didn't know about the alcohol bottles?" Maximus questioned, his voice heavy with disbelief.

"Give me your phone," I suddenly heard Norman grunt, followed by a loud noise, as if he'd snatched the phone from someone's hand.

"So, Lamar brought the booze? Firstly, Lamar wasn't even on the property the whole time. And even if he arrived with the booze, what about these text messages?" Norman's tone was biting, each word landing like a punch.

I felt a chill run down my spine as goosebumps spread across my arms.

Jenny, standing close beside me, gently placed her hand on my back. She was always so observant.

"Your sister Sydney is having a conversation with one of your guy friends who are present here, asking him when he'll be bringing the alcohol," Norman stated, his voice laced with certainty.

Relief washed over me as he mentioned actual evidence—text messages.

"Umm, well—" Salem's facade was beginning to crack, her voice faltering.

But just when I thought she'd given up, she shocked me.

"Then Helanie should be punished as well!" she exclaimed, a desperate edge to her voice. "She's in our bedroom, waiting for one of us to bring her drugs."

I froze. My heart stopped for a moment as her blatant, audacious lie hung in the air.

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

## Chapter 157-I Won This Time

### Chapter 157: 157-I Won This Time

#### Helanie:

"What is she talking about?" Lucy whispered to me. I had already muted the call and even changed Maximus' caller ID to something random before putting the phone on speaker.

Everyone frowned, their foreheads creasing in confusion.

"Twins! Helanie has an evil twin!" Lamar stood up again, yelling in his drunken state. We all hushed him, and he bit his tongue before lying back down.

"Really? So if you go upstairs now, you'll bring her down and make her stand before us?" Maximus continued, his playful tone evident. He was clearly enjoying this.

Because he knew I wasn't there.

Oh, this was going to be so much fun when Salem walked in and realized I was gone.

Now the call had turned even more interesting. We all listened with curiosity and anticipation.

"Yes, I can bring her down. She'll walk downstairs with me in just a minute," Salem excitedly explained. "But I want to go there myself."

Of course, she insisted on going alone so she wouldn't have to explain why the door was locked from the outside.

The sound of her rushing footsteps was so loud through the phone that we all started laughing quietly.



Gavin looked surprised, probably because he had believed Salem to be an innocent little kitten. I made a mental note to ask him later why he suddenly took her side.

"Is it true? Helanie is upstairs?" I heard Norman whisper, likely to his brother.

"Nah! She's not. Just wait and watch," Maximus replied.

A strange energy coursed through my body at the thought of Salem's impending exposure.

I had been wrong many times in my life, and it usually took some time before others met their karma. This time, I had jumped out of the window, and karma was about to walk through the front door to confront Salem in the most brutal and humiliating way.

She would be caught lying twice. It would be so much fun to witness.

A few seconds later, we heard noises again.

"Where is she?" Sydney asked, her voice still sounding drunk but alert enough to want to see me in trouble.

"I—I swear she was in there," Salem stuttered.

"Really? Then where is she now?" Maximus asked confidently.

"I don't know. The window to the balcony is open; she must have run out of there," she quickly explained, trying to account for my absence.

"Are you sure? How would we know she was really in there? You don't have any proof," Maximus pressed, his tone challenging.

"Oh! Her phone was left on the counter. She was so drunk—that she—" Salem trailed off, presumably running to check for my phone.

"The phone isn't here either," Maximus added smoothly.

"What is going on? Are you lying just to drag her down with you?" Norman yelled, clearly upset.

It was obvious he didn't appreciate being lied to.

Because Maximus sounded way calmer than Norman, who was like a raging bull.

"But I am not lying. I swear she was in there," Salem continued, desperately trying to convince them.

"She was at the party, though. I saw her," added the same girl who had been trying to force a lap dance on Lamar earlier.

I rolled my eyes, recalling that ridiculous incident.

"Then where is she now?" Maximus asked again, his voice steady but firm.

"Wait a minute. You're saying she was downstairs, and Salem is saying she was upstairs. So who's telling the truth? Why would she jump out of the window, just to get back inside, and then jump out of the window again?" Norman bellowed, his voice so loud that even we felt a shiver.

The rest of the group had sobered up just enough to quietly back away, trying to avoid the brewing chaos. Thankfully, Norman was so angry that he hadn't noticed much else when storming into the guesthouse.

"She was in the room. She was locked in there!" Salem shouted in frustration.

"Are you sure? She was downstairs—," Salem's friend started to question her. Their conflicting stories were falling apart. Salem, clearly at her wit's end, screamed in frustration, but her final outburst exposed her completely.

"Of course, I'm not lying! I locked her in there and took her phone, leaving it on the counter so she wouldn't bother us about not having a permit to party—" Salem abruptly stopped, realizing too late what she'd just admitted.

She clammed up, but it was over.

"Ohhh! Yes! She even asked me if I had a permit, blah blah blah. That's why I sent her to you, sis—I knew you'd handle her," Sydney hiccupped, spilling the last bit of incriminating information.

"Great," Norman clapped, and we all jumped at the sound. I could only imagine how terrified the others must have felt in there if he could scare us so easily.

"I guess it's safe to say Helanie warned you all, and you locked her in there so you could keep breaking the rules," Maximus stated, his tone sharp and confrontational.

What I didn't understand was why he let me off the hook. Why didn't he break the deal and bring his brother in before time ran out?

These brothers were so weird and unpredictable. I could never figure out what went on in their thick skulls.

"You all, get your asses to my mansion. As for the others, give them a day off before they start their hard tasks," Norman commanded Maximus. Then, we had to run after the car, careful not to be seen by anyone.

But just before Maximus could end the call, I heard Salem say something that I knew would come back to haunt me.

"So Helanie escaped and called the brothers on us?"

And that's when the call got cut off.

"Ugh, now I know why you didn't want to help them," Penn muttered, sounding guilty. But he quickly looked away, probably because apologizing for yelling at and accusing me was too much for his ego.

"Are you okay, Gavin?" Lucy asked, drawing our attention to him.

Somehow, instead of looking relieved to have survived the punishment, Gavin looked heartbroken.

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

## **Chapter 158-So Kesha Is Why He Left Me?**

### **Chapter 158: 158-So Kesha Is Why He Left Me?**

#### **Helanie:**

Gavin had excused himself and left for a walk while we all made our way back into the guesthouse, now that the whole mess was over. We gave it twenty minutes, just in case, before returning.

"Guys, we're not supposed to clean anything. I just got a text from Professor Maximus. He doesn't want us to clean up; we're supposed to head straight to our rooms," I said, standing in the living room and wrinkling my nose at the disgusting smell of booze and drugs.

Penn was helping Lamar, who was in much better condition now.

"Everyone, just go back to your rooms," I announced. They all nodded in agreement. Penn took Lamar upstairs, while a small group of other students walked up to me.

"Thank you so much for saving us. We'll remember this and try not to mess things up because of that stupid girl again. We'll follow your lead," one of the girls said, and the others nodded behind her in appreciation.

"It's alright. We all make mistakes. But next time, make sure to ask for a permit—don't just trust someone's word," I warned them. They seemed to understand and left quietly.

Now, the only ones left on the ground floor were Lucy and me.

"What's bothering you?" I asked, noticing how quiet she was.

"Why did you ask Jenny to go after him? Why didn't you think he would come with me?" she asked softly, her voice low and hesitant.

"Because you said yourself that he wouldn't come out. As for Jenny, she's just his friend—a friend he's not mad at for cheating on him," I answered honestly, trying to address the issue directly. Lucy had been pretending like nothing was wrong, but I couldn't ignore it.

"Huh? That was over and already dealt with. Why are you bringing it up again?" she sniffled, trying to hold back tears. I instantly felt guilty.

"You think it's all over? Lucy, don't you see the change in him? I don't think he's forgotten anything," I argued gently, not wanting to upset her further. But she still didn't seem to understand.

"Would you forget so easily if your mate cheated on you? No! He's giving me a chance to fix things between us," she said, caught up in her own delusions.

For now, I gave up. She turned and left the guesthouse, clearly heading after Gavin.

I followed her quickly, but stopped in my tracks when Maximus suddenly appeared. Lucy also stopped and turned to listen to him.

"Are you two heading somewhere?" he asked. It was around 6 p.m., and the whole day had been such a disaster that we hadn't even touched our assignment. We only had until morning to submit it.

"Yeah, we're meeting Gavin—" I mumbled the rest of the lie under my breath. The truth was, we didn't know where he was.

"Okay," Maximus replied, glancing at Lucy before straightening up and focusing on me again.

"The others will be staying in the servant quarters until the trip is over. They've received their punishment, and their parents have been informed. For the next few days, they will

serve as everyone's servants, especially their fellow students. Tomorrow morning, they'll come back to clean the entire guesthouse. Tonight, they'll be cleaning the mansion. Their punishment will continue until we decide to call it off," he announced. He sounded a bit exhausted—not his usual cheerful self from earlier.

"Okay," I nodded, my hands gripping the edge of my sweater in tight fists.

"A word, Helanie?" Maximus finally asked, not waiting for Lucy to leave, though he noticed she intended to stay.

"Okay," I said, turning to Lucy. "Stay here. Don't go anywhere without me." I reassured her before stepping away with Maximus.

We stopped in the garden, just far enough so that Lucy wouldn't overhear us.

"Thank you for giving me a chance to let the others escape," I said to him before he could start speaking.

"It's fine. It was proven that you were innocent anyway," he replied, scratching his neck nervously. He seemed to hesitate before continuing, "This is all the information about the next task. I believe you'll deliver it well to your group in the morning. Make sure they understand it properly. Helanie, this task could lead to serious injuries, so be prepared." His gaze shifted away awkwardly as he added a note of caution.

I was taken aback—not by his words, but by the fact that Kaye hadn't shown up to deliver the list himself. I'd heard so much about how well Kaye managed these trips, yet this time, he seemed absent. It was as though his mother's demands were taking up all his attention. He didn't seem to realize that he still had a duty to us, the students he'd brought here.

But I digress. It wasn't as if he'd entirely changed just because his mother finally decided to show him affection.

"Okay, I'll deliver the information and make sure they understand the rules and details of the task," I said, taking the file from Maximus.

"Go see what your friend wants to do," he replied abruptly, acting strangely detached. Without waiting for me to say another word, he walked away.

I returned to Lucy, who now looked visibly agitated.

"He's not picking up my calls. Why is he so upset? What happened?" she demanded, as if I had all the answers.

"I think we should go back inside and wait for him," I suggested. It wasn't a full moon, so I was confident he was fine—especially since he had responded to one of her calls by cutting it off. But Lucy didn't want to acknowledge that, so I didn't bring it up again.

"What if it's a test? What if he wants to see if I'll go after him?" she asked, shocking me with how delusional she was acting.

There was no way Gavin would be waiting for her like that.

"Lucy—" I began, stepping closer to her when I saw a car drive past the main entrance toward the back of the main mansion.

It wasn't the car itself that surprised me—it was who was inside it that shocked me.

It was Kaye and Kesha.

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

## **- Chapter 159-Drugs And Helanie**

### **Chapter 159-Drugs And Helanie**

#### **Chapter 159: 159-Drugs And Helanie**

##### **Helanie:**

I couldn't focus on Lucy anymore. My eyes were glued to Kaye and Kesha in the car together, and from the looks of it, they seemed pretty dressed up. A weird kind of coldness crept over my body—a coldness no embrace could wash away now.

"I'm going back inside," I whispered, not even raising my head anymore.

"Are you okay? Did I upset you?" Lucy asked. I stopped dead in my tracks. When I turned around, I saw her eyes widen, doubling in size as if she already knew I was about to be blunt with her.

"Stop worrying about what others think of you, Lucy. You can't live like that," I said, my tone harsh, my voice breaking under the sudden wave of pain and betrayal.

"It's easy for you to say that. Your life is perfect, Helanie. You've got everything—looks, luck, and people who just like you. Look at you! You survived as a rogue, lived through the woods without a wolf, and then got admission into the academy with the most dramatic entry ever—punching the trainer. You instantly made friends. Nobody hates

you. You're so loved. There's literally no trauma in your life except for that one time when Lamar and Sydney attacked you. And even then, you got your revenge. It's like you're the Moon Goddess's favorite. And the brothers' favorite too," she added, the last part barely a whisper.

I just stared at her face, her words replaying in my mind like a reel of the torture I'd endured my entire life.

"You're so pretty and clean. You'll probably lose your virginity to your mate who will love you forever. I don't think you understand how much I feel, Helanie. I'm impure. I cheated on my mate. My family has such high expectations of me. My mother calls me every day, asking what I'm doing, what I did the night before. Their affection suffocates me. And the one person whose affection I want most is avoiding me," she continued, tears streaming down her face.

I didn't know what to say, except that I would love to be in her shoes. I would love to have a family who cared enough to call me every day—even just to bother me. I would cherish it so much.

It was shocking how angry and upset we both were with our lives. But I never thought she envied me.

"What makes you think I have the best life, Lucy?" I asked, desperate to know what she was seeing that I couldn't.

"Lamar, Jenny, me, Gavin, Professor Kaye, Professor Emmet—literally everyone likes you," she said with a bittersweet smile as tears rolled down her cheeks. "In fact, when you were attacked by a Lycan, the boys acted like they were on a mission."

I had to cut her off at this point, or else I would start breaking down.

"Enough. That's all you see in my life?" I asked, my voice trembling. "Lucy, the brothers don't like me. My parents kicked me out of their lives. You're lucky to have someone who cares about you. As for Gavin, you need to give him time. I know you messed up, but that doesn't mean you have to lower yourself so much that he walks all over you. You need to know when to stop chasing someone," I advised in a broken tone.

I've done that too. The moment Kaye started second-guessing our relationship, I stepped back. I wouldn't beg him to stay. I wouldn't tell him he had betrayed or hurt me. If he couldn't see it himself, he didn't deserve to hear it from me. It wouldn't change anything.

"I just don't know what to do," Lucy sobbed as she ran to hug me, crying into my arms.

I patted her back while my thoughts drifted to Kaye and Kesha together. So that's why he was pulling away from me—he had found someone better. Someone who would help elevate his status. And of course, his mother liked her.

I wasn't a fool; I could see what was happening. I had noticed the way Lady Darcy looked at Kesha. She adored her.

"Let's head inside now," I said, breaking the hug and leading Lucy back into the dorm.

Jenny was already in bed, fast asleep, exhausted from the day. Lucy went straight to bed, and soon enough, I could hear her soft snores.

I, however, couldn't sleep. It was in those weak moments that I felt the desperate need to do something to ease the overwhelming pressure. It had been a rough day, and I needed relief. I don't share my pain with anyone, so sometimes, I have to find my own way to cope.

Quietly, I got out of bed and crouched near Lamar's bed, carefully pulling out his bag. I unzipped it with cautious, deliberate movements, trying not to make a sound.

Lamar was fast asleep; Penn had brought him back earlier. Gavin still wasn't home, but I'd sent him a text, and he'd replied saying he was at a nearby bar, so I knew he was fine.

I knew nothing about drugs, but I grabbed a small plastic bag of powder I found inside Lamar's bag and tucked it into my sweater. Then, I slid the bag back where it was and sneaked out of the room.

The rooftop was my destination—a quiet place where no one would find me.

When I reached it, I was struck by how peaceful yet eerie the night felt. The view from up there was beautiful, but the cold air only emphasized the storm inside me. My body, under so much pressure, felt warm despite the chill.

I sat down on a chair, placing the plastic bag in my lap. I stared at it, debating whether to open it, when I suddenly heard footsteps behind me.

"Drugs and Helanie should never be in the same sentence—or in Helanie's lap," a voice said, stern and disapproving.

My heart sank at the sound. I turned around and saw him standing there, shaking his head at me in disappointment.

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



## Chapter 160-Oh Wolf!

### Chapter 160: 160-Oh Wolf!

**Helanie:**

"What are you doing, Helanie, with my stash?" Lamar asked as he sat down in the chair next to mine, his body hunched over so our faces were on the same level.

"Oh, it's drugs?" I attempted the worst acting ever.

"What else did you think it was?" he replied with a small smile, probably thinking how stupid and naïve I was.

"I thought it was some sort of candy powder," I said, barely finishing my sentence before he snorted out a laugh. I almost punched him for laughing at me.

"You're so adorable, Helanie. But nope! Don't do that," he said, snatching the bag out of my lap. His sudden compliment caught me off guard.

"But—" I started to protest, only to stop when he raised a finger, silencing me.

"Do you even know what kind of drug this is? And you've never had drugs before. So you decided to try an unknown drug for the first time on a rooftop? Where did all your brains go?" he scolded, his tone sharp but strangely gentle. Unlike my brother back home, his words weren't filled with judgment—just concern.

"I know what you did for me today," Lamar said, tucking the drugs into his jacket pocket. "You saved me."

"I know it sounds ridiculous when a guy says this. People usually assume, 'Oh well, so what if he was drunk? He probably enjoyed it, and men don't really care.' But it's not true. It's actually pretty sad because we do care. Everyone cares. Taking away someone's choice to say no—" He paused, shoving his hands deeper into his pockets and straightening his back in the chair, turning his head away.

"It's awful when people do that."

His tone, his words, the way he was acting—it all felt too personal, too close to him. I couldn't stop myself from asking.

"Do you have a trauma like that?"

He slowly turned his head back to me, a faint smile on his lips. "You know, I promised myself I'd never talk about it. But after how you stood up for me today, I just can't hide it from you. I believe everyone deserves someone who will listen to them without judgment or the fear of being blackmailed later," he said. His voice carried so much weight, and every word was filled with meaning.

"You're right," I replied softly, lowering my head.

"I knew someone who was taken advantage of," Lamar said, and I quickly looked up to stare into his eyes.

"And trust me, the culprit got away just fine."

Even though he kept a small smile on his lips, his eyes betrayed him. They held anger—the kind of anger I'd seen in my own reflection when I first looked in the mirror after everything I'd been through.

"They'll get punished," I muttered.

"You believe in karma?" he asked, and I shook my head.

"I am karma, Lamar. I think you should be too."

There was an odd silence after I made that comment. I was sure he understood what I was trying to say but kept his questions to himself, perhaps because I wasn't ready to explain it outright.

"That guy Gavin—he's been taking too much interest in Salem," Lamar said suddenly, breaking the quiet. "I've noticed them making eye contact or sneaking away to talk. I don't know why he asked Lucy out again when it seems like he's not fully there. He's interested in Salem."

He tried to use a comforting tone, but his words still managed to pull the ground out from under me. My mouth felt dry.

"What? But he found out how evil she is today. Do you think—" I stopped mid-sentence, remembering how upset he was after Salem's truth was revealed.

"Why would he ask Lucy out if he wants to be with Salem? And why Salem?" I asked, my voice laced with disgust and anger.

"I guess, in his head, he thinks he's doing nothing wrong. His mate cheated on him, so now he wants to do the same," Lamar said with a shrug.

I wanted to be understanding. I've always been about giving people what they deserve, but Lucy is my friend. My loyalty made me biased.

"I'm not going to let him play with her," I declared firmly.

"I know. There's no way you'd betray your friends," Lamar said with a small smile. The compliment warmed my heart, reassuring me that I'd chosen my friends wisely—and that giving Lamar a chance was the right decision.

"You know what?" Lamar said suddenly. "Take this and relax for the night."

He handed me a flower, and I realized he might have picked up on the fact that I had been through something. Or maybe he thought Sydney's attack had left me traumatized.

"I have plenty of these flowers of comfort," he added, and I smiled as I accepted it.

"Well, would you look at that? Helanie is accepting a flower from me. Who would've thought—" he paused, his cheerful demeanor fading as he looked at me more closely.

"Whoa! Are you okay?" he asked, frowning.

I felt tired, with pain in my body, but I assumed it was just the fever I'd been fighting. My body was warm; I knew that much.

"How do you know I'm not well?" I asked.

"Your nose—it's bleeding, Helanie," he pointed out, quickly grabbing a napkin from his pocket. He stood, leaning my head back and placing the napkin under my nose.

I thought that would be it—that the nosebleed would stop, and I'd feel better. But I was wrong.

"You have such a high fever—" Lamar's voice started to fade as an excruciating pain surged through my body.

This was new. I'd had fevers before, but this pain—this was something else entirely. My elbows and ankles felt like they were being crushed.

"Helanie! Is your—wolf waking up?" Lamar's voice sharpened with urgency.

The moment he said that, I straightened my back, looking at him with fear and shock.

"No—why would you say that—ahhh!" I cried out as pain shot through my elbow. It felt like it snapped, the bone cracking right before our eyes.

Lamar was right. Something was happening to my body.

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

