

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

## **Chapter 2 - 2-The Runaway Teen.**

**Helanie:**

Every inch of my existence was battered. My body throbbed, and my eyes were now dry from crying.

When I woke up, I found myself beside an abandoned building of the dead pack.

It took me a few minutes to even force my eyes completely open. But I still hadn't managed to move much since then.

Quiet whimpers slipped from my lips whenever I tried to call for help.

It wasn't even the physical pain that weighed me down—it was the crushing of my spirit and the violation of my body that left me paralyzed.

"Ugh!" A sorrowful groan escaped as I tried to push myself to my feet, only to collapse once again.

Those Alphas showed me no mercy, even when I wore the pendant that was supposed to keep them from losing control.

I barely had any clothing left. My undergarments were ripped away, and the dress I wore was torn apart from the shoulders down.

But it was still enough to cover at least part of my body.

I started my journey home on foot with much difficulty. By the time I reached the pack, it was broad daylight.

1

"Isn't she the girl who lures wolves with her indecent scent? Where do you think she was the entire night? And look at her—Oh My! Did she lose her virginity?"

1

The loud gasp of a woman reminded me that I had reached the omega neighborhood. I crossed my arms over my body, trying to shield myself as much as I could.

I kept my eyes down, unable to bear the judgmental stares of those who passed by.

"Nile's daughter. I told that old man to keep her chained up in the basement. He never listened. Thought he could prevent something like this with that pendant."

The voices continued, but my steps never faltered. It was unbelievable that no one offered me even a sheet to cover myself, yet they had already spread the news to my home.

Before I even arrived, my father was standing at the top of the stairs. The neighbors trailed behind me, beside me, taunting and sneering.

Once I reached the bottom of the steps, they stopped following.

With my gaze fixed on the ground, I climbed the stairs in silence and entered the house. My father didn't say a word until the door slammed shut.

That's when I felt the sting of a slap against my cheek, the burn searing my skin as I clutched the wall to keep from falling.

"You did this on purpose, didn't you? You wanted us punished for neglecting you all these years, and this is how you made yourself known to us and everyone else!" my stepmother, Larissa, shouted, pointing her finger at me. She wore her usual heavy eyeliner, glossy red lipstick, fake nails, and a golden dress.

3

My father couldn't afford my college fee, but she sure had money for her endless salon visits.

"I told you to marry her off to some old widower. Wasting money on her education, and this is how she repays us!" my stepbrother, nineteen and full of contempt, hissed as he punched his palm and paced the room.

Our house was small and very dark. During the daytime, we didn't turn on any lights because the electricity bill was too high.

We were really struggling with money, but I was the only one who had to sacrifice her desires.

I stood with my hand on my cheek, wondering if any of them would ever come to give me a hug. I was beyond shattered. My existence had been questioned.

3

My body ached, feeling as though it had been nothing but a gutter for those Alphas last night, and that thought alone made me want to burn the entire pack to the ground.

"I'm going to marry you off to the omega next door!" my father growled, grabbing a fistful of my hair and dragging me toward the pantry on the other side of the house, which we now used to store old blankets.

"No! Wait—" I planted my hands on the doorframe, forcing my body to stay outside. Afraid of the dark and confined spaces, I begged through hiccups for him not to do this to me. I needed attention for my wounds and injuries.

"Ask her why she wasn't at her friend's house like she said she would be," Sullivan, my stepbrother, sneered. He wasn't the typical sibling—he despised his sisters, me, and my little stepsister. He always claimed we'd be the reason they'd hang their heads in shame one day.

That's when I realized—they didn't know the whole truth about last night. They only saw the blood between my legs and my torn clothes and assumed I'd lost my virginity.

Even though my condition should have told them I was forced.

"I was meeting Alpha Altan, my boyfriend," I blurted out, my voice trembling. The moment I said it, my father's grip on my back softened.

He let go of me, and I turned around to watch them exchange glances.

"What did you say?" Larissa stepped toward me, her heels clicking against the floorboards.

"I've been dating Alpha Altan for some time now," I stammered through hiccups. However, I noticed my father's eyes light up with a sudden gleam.

"Did he—take your virginity?" There was a hidden excitement in my father's voice, as though he was already planning to trap Alpha Altan into marrying me.

"No!" I had to shatter their twisted hopes. "I was gang rap\*d, and he ran away like a coward." I broke down, collapsing to the ground as gasps filled the room.

1

"AUGH! This is why—I've been telling you to get rid of her!" Sullivan bellowed, his voice booming through the house.

"Wait, wait! If what she's saying is true, I can speak to Alpha Diaz. If his son was really dating Helanie, I can convince them to either accept her or provide us with some aid," my father murmured, his mind already calculating his next move in this dangerous game.

"But before that, I want her gone," Sullivan growled, unable to contain his rage any longer. He lunged toward me, gripping my hair in his fist as he dragged me toward the pantry.

I was still on my knees, too weak to resist. I couldn't balance myself or fight back. I fell into the pantry, and the door slammed shut in my face.

Pain rushed back into my body as the darkness swallowed me whole. Trapped in the suffocating space, I relived every nightmare—every harsh treatment from childhood to the horrors of the previous night. It was all too much, and I lifted my head in despair, questioning the Moon Goddess.

"Where were you when your alphas tore apart my dignity and self-esteem?" I whispered, tears spilling silently down my face.

"Huh? Where were you when I walked home naked? Do you only care about alphas, gammas, and betas? What about omegas? Why did you create us if you never intended for your royals to accept us into their packs?" I hiccuped, covering my face with my hands as sobs wracked my body.

Shaking my head, I uncovered my face and muttered, "I will never forgive you for not coming to my rescue. If you can't save me, you have no right to decide anything for me. I swear, I will defy you at every turn. I promise you, I will not accept the mate you have chosen for me. And I will punish your alphas."

2

I broke down again, the weight of it all crashing over me. I had begged her for a mate who could take me away from this toxic pack and its cruel people. She never listened. Instead, she cursed me with these pheromones that made me a target.

1

I had only just dozed off when the door creaked open, jolting me awake. I quickly held my breath and straightened my posture, only to find my stepmother standing before me with a tray of food. The pantry was so cramped that only one person could sit in it. She knelt down and placed the tray on the floor, her head turned to the side.

"Eat, or else you'll starve to death," she said, her voice carrying an unexpected hint of care. But she didn't linger; she left swiftly, slamming the door shut behind her.

1

The darkness returned, but the small candle on the tray provided some light. I had just grabbed the loaf of bread when the door opened again, this time with more secrecy.

"Helanie! Oh my Goddess, are you okay?" It was Vani, my fourteen-year-old stepsister. Unlike Sullivan and Larissa, we had a strong bond. Though her mother didn't allow her to spend much time with me, Vani always found ways to be around.

"I heard what happened. I don't know how to ease your pain, but—" she stammered, reaching out to take the tray from me. Her action was unexpected. I thought she would be happy that at least I had food.

My lips were so dry I couldn't ask her why she had taken the food. But she began speaking before I could.

"Dad went to Alpha Diaz to talk about you. His son—Alpha Altan—denied ever dating or having feelings for you. He claimed you are lying," she whispered softly, lowering her head. I wasn't surprised; I had expected this. The man who failed to defend me last night wouldn't admit to our relationship.

1

"His father was furious. He said you must have wanted the attention of the alphas to secure a chosen mate for yourself and that you brought this upon yourself," Vani said, her eyes filled with guilt and sadness.

"It is not true," I whimpered.

"I know. I believe you, Helanie. But everyone else is siding with Alpha Diaz, and he offered Dad a large sum to get rid of you," she said, her words making my heart stop.

"It's poisoned. Alpha Diaz must have known there's some truth to your accusations. He wants you gone before his son's official crowning. Helanie! This home is no longer safe for you," she spoke urgently, her voice trembling with fear.

2

"I've packed a bag for you. You need to run away because if you're found dead in this pantry by morning, Dad will kill you with his bare hands." Each of her words sent shivers down my spine.

2

"Come on. We don't have much time. Dad and Sullivan are asleep, and so is Mom. They want to wake up and find you dead. It's dark outside, so it is a perfect time for you to escape," she urged, holding my hand and pulling me out of the pantry. She handed me a dress to wear over my old clothes.

"But where would I go? I don't know any other place," I pleaded, realizing I was begging a child who was doing her best to keep me alive.

1

"Go to the woods. Your biological mother is in the rogue community. You'll find her if you head toward the Great Mountains. Just please go. These people will kill you," Vani insisted, her desperation clear. I quickly donned the dress, grabbed my bag, and followed her instructions.