

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

## **Chapter 3 - 3-No Home For Me.**

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**Helanie:**

The woods inside the pack were intimidating, but the forest beyond the pack's borders was far more treacherous. I tightened my grip on my bag strap and took a cautious step forward.

I despised this feeling of homelessness. The sense of security I once believed was mine to cherish had now become an illusion.

I couldn't even bear to think about Altan and how he abandoned me at the subway that night. If only he had fought to protect me, I wouldn't be fleeing like a rogue now.

Every growl in the distance sent a chill through my body.

"There's only one place I can go," I muttered under my breath, biting my bottom lip as the thought of meeting my biological mother after so many years crossed my mind.

She was the only one I could turn to now. My father said the rest of the family despised me because I reminded them of her.

It was unfair, considering it wasn't like my mother had chosen to leave my father. She had no choice—especially when he came home with his second mate and children. The betrayal had been too much for her, his fated mate.

But I still remember what she said to me the last time we met.

"The betrayal of your father is nothing compared to you choosing to live with the man who hurt me. You let me down, Nie!"

3

I closed my eyes, swallowing back tears, and pressed on, fear gnawing at my heart. I avoided the open roads, knowing I didn't want to be spotted by creatures who weren't bound by any rules or restrictions.

I'd be an easy target for them.

I'd heard my mother had moved in with the rogue king a few years ago, and it wasn't a secret where his mansion was.

He was the wealthiest rogue and had established his own academy, where he trained warriors and alphas for high-ranking battles.

He'd been living in the mountains with his four sons—and my mother—all this time. The trek was exhausting.

I don't know how I managed not to get robbed or attacked while wandering through the wilderness, but I suppose the Moon Goddess had finally taken pity on me.

After hours of walking, just as my knees were about to give out, I looked ahead and saw the peak of the mountain and a massive building coming into view.

"Mom will be so broken when she sees me like this," I whispered in a broken voice, my existence shaken to the core, as I forced myself to continue up the trail toward the mountain's summit.

2

When I finally reached the top, panting and exhausted, I found an entirely new world awaiting me. The building before me was the academy, but beyond it, down the trail on the other side of the mountain, stood the grand mansion, towering over everything.

I could see people from where I stood.

"Excuse me, who are you? You cannot trespass on this land," a guard's voice startled me as he approached. Ever since that night, anyone getting too close felt like a threat to me.

"I'm here to meet my mother," I whispered so softly that he had to narrow his eyes and lean in to hear. "My mother. I'm her guest."

He pulled back, frowning. "Your mother lives here?"

He gestured toward the academy, and I quickly shook my head. Through the windows and open hallways on the second floor of the academy, I saw a few students watching curiously. They were probably wondering who I was—someone so frail and disheveled, a sight they likely hadn't seen before.

"My mother lives with the rogue king. She's his mate," I explained quietly.

The moment I said that, the guard's eyes widened in surprise. I had heard remarkable things about the rogue king, but seeing the respect his guards had for him in person was something else entirely.

"Come with me," the guard commanded, motioning for me to follow him. He led me to his SUV, and thankfully, the rest of the journey wasn't on foot. My legs were already killing me, and I hadn't eaten anything since the incident.

I wasn't even sure how I had made it this far, but perhaps the will to survive had awakened something deep within me.

The mansion behind the mountains was enormous, standing proudly amidst lush greenery, towering trees, and the dense forest behind it.

The mansion resembled a black castle, with open hallways on each floor and black stone towers flanking both sides. The guard stopped the car and helped me out, guiding me toward the main gate.

"Inform Lady Ursula that her daughter is here," the guard instructed the warrior stationed at the grand entrance.

2

I took the opportunity to glance around and noticed how fresh the air was in this part of the land. A gentle breeze stirred the trees, making them sway rhythmically, and the birds chirped joyfully. In one of the many gardens, a stunning fountain caught my eye—a sight I hadn't expected.

I had always believed rogues lived like savages—that's what my father used to say. Even when the academy gained fame, rumors persisted that these people were nothing like civilized werewolves.

The guard who had brought me here left in his SUV, leaving me standing outside the gate, waiting for a glimpse of my mother.

After a few minutes, the front door opened, and there she was. The driveway was long, and she walked briskly toward me, her white high heels clicking against the ground. Yet, she carried herself with such grace that she didn't stumble even once.

Her golden hair was now a slightly darker shade, as if she had been dyeing it, but it was styled impeccably, just barely grazing her neck. The white dress she wore was elegant, made from what looked like luxurious silk.

I forced a shaky smile, ready to collapse into her arms and tell her everything I had endured in that cruel pack.

"Mom—" I had barely taken a step toward her when she raised her hand, signaling me to stop.

"Why the hell are you here now? Huh? What happened, did your father shut you out too? Is that why you've come crawling back?" The bitterness in her voice left me speechless. A deep frown marred her face as she looked at me with disdain. She waved a dismissive hand at me, continuing, "Get the f\*\*\* out of here."

1

She didn't even curse loudly, muting herself when saying the harsh word. It was clear—she was playing the role of the rogue king's sophisticated new mate.

"But I have nowhere else to go," my voice trembled as I spoke, and it felt like my heart shattered into a million tiny pieces. The shakiness in my tone revealed the pain I had endured, yet it did nothing to disturb her composed demeanor.

"Go ask your father to find you a place. You and I—we are nothing to each other. We stopped being each other's everything the moment you chose him over me," she spat, her eyes filled with so much anger that I began to wonder if this door had truly been closed for me forever.

5

"I can't go back to him. I don't want to—" I broke down, standing before my mother, sobbing into my hands.

"Well, then I suppose you're on your own, just as I was. Now go, it's time for my son's arrival—" Her eyes lit up as she noticed someone behind me. A car pulled up, but instead of driving up the long driveway, it stopped beside us.

My mother glanced at me briefly, gesturing with her hands for me to step aside, but I couldn't move. I needed shelter, a roof over my head.

A tall man in black sunglasses and a sleek black suit emerged from the car. His towering presence, probably over 6 feet 6 inches, made me instinctively step aside. His veiny hands sported an expensive watch, and one of his broad fingers bore a blue ring and a tattoo of a sword in the storm on the back of his left hand.

"My son, Norman!" my mother exclaimed, faking a smile as she hurried over to greet him. She didn't even welcome her own child with such enthusiasm, yet here she was, eager to please her mate's son.

"How many times do I have to remind you not to call me your son?" His voice was so deep it sent chills down my spine.

"I'm sorry, I must've forgotten. Seeing you excites me so much," she replied, trying desperately to win his favor. All I needed was one smile from her, and I would have fallen to my knees in gratitude.

"Who's this?" Norman asked, barely giving me a glance. His cologne was sweet and mysterious.

"I am—" I barely got the words out before my mother silenced me with her harsh response.

"She's here for a maid's position," she said, and my heart shattered, the words cutting deeper than any blade. My own mother was ashamed to call me her daughter?

"We don't need any more maids. Dismiss her and send her on her way," Norman waved his hand dismissively before stepping into his car and driving up the long driveway.

My mother quickly grabbed my arm, shaking me as she hissed, "You heard him. Now go away!"

She covered my mouth with her hand, muffling any response I might have had. Without another word, she spun on her heel and hurried after her 'son.'

I stared down at the spot where she had touched me, my arm still tingling from the roughness of her grip. A flood of tears escaped my eyes. What had happened to her touch? It used to be so gentle, so full of love.

Even after she disappeared, I stood frozen, unsure of where to go. I had no place to return to, nowhere to seek refuge.

"HONK!"

Startled, my body jolted, and I turned to see another car pulling up behind me. This time, an older man stepped out. He removed his sunglasses, studying me intently.

"What are you doing just standing there? Bow before the rogue king!" a guard hissed at me from behind the older man.

I quickly lowered my head in respect, clasping my hands nervously in front of me.

"Who are you?" the man asked, his voice calm but commanding.

"I'm your mate's daughter, but don't worry, I'll be leaving now," I replied, ready to turn and go when he surprised me with his response.

"You don't need to leave."