

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

## **Chapter 5 - 5-Accidentally Touching His Bulge**

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**Helanie:**

"Great, Lord McQuoid said you'll be staying in my room," Charlotte remarked, sounding more irritated than ever. I had always admired her, even though she was only a year older than me. But seeing her now made me realize how luxury can change a person.

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She paced around the room, scoffing and clenching her fists in frustration, unable to calm down.

"Charlotte, it's only temporary. Soon, she'll be gone, and you can have your room back," her mother reassured her, gently patting her on the back to soothe her. I felt like such a burden sitting on the mattress they had hastily laid out for me.

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"But there are so many other bedrooms," Charlotte grumbled.

"If she gets her own room, it means she's staying here permanently. Try to understand, we don't want that, right?" Aunt Emma muttered under her breath, running her fingers through Charlotte's hair as though she was trying to be discreet.

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I didn't respond to anything they said. All I wanted was to lie down and drift off to sleep. I hadn't eaten all day—just an apple, which a maid handed me when everyone left for dinner, abandoning me in Charlotte's room.

"Fine. But not for more than a week," Charlotte snapped before climbing into her bed and turning off the bedside lamp.

Aunt Emma shot me one last glare before leaving the room. Finally, I could lie down and rest. But that wasn't the case. Sleep wouldn't come easily, and when it did, it brought the same nightmare—where I was pinned to the cold ground and those alphas were crawling over me.

"No, get off me," I screamed, feeling their hands on my body. I was repulsed. I wanted to tear at their skin, break their fingers, and throw them into boiling oil.

"Get off me!" I shouted again, this time thrashing violently. A blow struck me hard, jolting me awake.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Shut up and go back to sleep," Charlotte growled, having woken me from the nightmare.

I was drenched in sweat, gasping for breath, but realizing it had all been a dream brought a brief sense of relief.

"Dammit, if you're going to wake me up every night crying over your nightmares, you better ask for a new room," she muttered, already back in bed and sounding thoroughly annoyed.

I didn't blame her. I would have been terrified too if I woke up to someone screaming like that.

After calming my breaths, I eventually drifted off again. But that didn't mean the torturous nightmares stayed away. By the time morning arrived, I was awakened by the sound of murmurs around me. Charlotte and her mother were already in the room, getting Charlotte ready.

A deadly storm was expected in two days, and the weather was predicted to turn dangerously cold. Every single student at the academy, along with the staff at the mansion, was busy preparing for it.

My two brothers, whom I was meeting for the first time, were out in the woods, gathering firewood. I was told to get ready quickly, as everyone would be working together to secure the mansion and academy from the storm and also pick the fruits from the trees before the storm destroys them.

I'd never seen anything like this in the packs. The rogues had a very different way of living. I didn't have a suitable outfit for this kind of work. While Charlotte was dressed in black pants and a white top, I had to make do with an old blue dress.

We marched alongside the other maids to the woods to join the stepbrothers and share the load. We stopped when we approached two men. The one stepping forward was a tanned, handsome man—tall, broad, with a slim waist, and wearing a dirty white sleeveless shirt over black shorts. He held an axe in his hand, effortlessly splitting wood with a single throw.

"That's Maximus. He's Lord McQuoid's third son. Isn't he cute?" Charlotte whispered in my ear before smirking and straightening her posture.

His blond curls framed his chiseled face, the golden strands catching the light in a way that made his piercing blue eyes even more striking. A thin scar traced just beneath his full, tempting lips, drawing attention to them, giving his face a rugged, almost dangerous allure. The tattoo on the back of his hand—a sword, distinct from his brother's—only added to his handsomeness. His body was a masterpiece of lean, sculpted muscle, effortlessly powerful.

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"Oh, sorry, I forgot—he's your stepbrother. You can't look at him that way," she teased dramatically in whispers, pouting as she glanced back at Maximus, who was now heading toward us.

"You all know why we're gathered here," he began, his voice strong. "The storm will be arriving soon, and we must prepare as we always do. So get to your assigned duties and—" He paused abruptly when his eyes landed on me in the crowd. I gulped and looked down, my hands clasped tightly in front of me.

I remembered how Norman had reacted to me, and I feared Maximus would humiliate me in front of everyone too.

"And you," he pointed directly at me, causing me to look up swiftly, "come with me. I'll assign you some work."

That was odd. He didn't say anything else.

Everyone else had left, but I had to follow him. He led me deep into the woods and stopped near a river. There were empty buckets placed on the side, so I assumed my task was to bring water to the main area, where they would be washing the fruits the maids were collecting before the storm.

"I've never seen you before," he said before I could even step up and grab the bucket. I turned to him and saw him standing tall, one leg on the ground and the other propped on a large rock beside him.

"I'm... Helanie," I replied, hesitating. I wasn't sure if I should mention my relationship with their stepfather. The brothers seemed hostile, so I decided to stay silent and wait for Lord McQuoid to introduce me to his sons. I felt more at ease in my stepfather's presence.

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"Sweet name!" he said, tilting his head slightly as his eyes roamed over my body, ogling every inch of me.

I started to wonder if I should tell him who I was before he said something that would make things awkward between us later.

"I'm Maximus A. McQuoid," he introduced himself, clicking his tongue and strolling in my direction. I held my breath, trying to remain composed.

"Should I carry these buckets to the main ground?" I asked, attempting to break the uncomfortable silence. However, I couldn't stop my eyes from drifting down to his pants. He was packed tightly in them, and I hated that I had even looked.

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"What's the rush?" he shocked me by stopping right in front of me, hunching down slightly.

"You got quite a body. You know, I don't discriminate. Anyone who can please me is welcome in my bed," he said in a husky voice, lowering his face until our eyes met.

I wanted to scream inside. Hearing that from my stepbrother was the last thing I wanted.

"I should go. The others are already working, and I don't want to—" I tried to flee, but he stepped in my way, his smirk deepening.

"Don't act like you don't know I caught you staring at the bulge in my pants. And trust me, it's growing," he said, grabbing my hand and placing it on his bulge. Sure enough, I could feel it moving.

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I gasped, horrified, and immediately pulled away. Just then, Charlotte appeared, thankfully interrupting the moment.

"Oh! You two have met already?" she said. I jumped back from him, rubbing my face with my hands, while Maximus didn't seem the least bit shy about what had just happened.

"Huh?" Maximus turned to Charlotte, his smirk fading as she continued.

"I'm saying, have you met your stepsister? She's Helanie. She's staying with us for a week." The minute she made the introduction, the seductive grin on Maximus' face vanished, replaced by a look of sheer horror.

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It was equally horrifying for both of us as we stood there, cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

