

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

- Chapter 511-Want To Be Her Hero

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Darius:

We had been sitting together in my room, drinking and talking about the trial and Helanie. If I needed to get Helanie away from her protectors, I had to separate her from those rogue brothers.

She was their stepsister for only a year—I'm sure they can't be that attached to her.

But why the heck did Norman marry her? There's no way he felt the mate bond with her that night specifically. They planned it.

"We can manipulate Emmet against Helanie," I suggested, watching Romeo shake his head almost instantly.

"That will be nearly impossible. Emmet doesn't really let others influence him. He only believes what he sees and his own judgment. I lived with the brothers for a while when I was little. My mother used to leave me with them during vacations. If anything, Emmet was the hardest one to fool. He wouldn't believe a word coming from someone else."

That was frustrating.

"What about Maximus and Kaye?" I watched him zone out, like he was trying to remember what they were like.

"Maximus can be manipulated. But you'd have to use love against him. And we don't even know who the love of his life is right now."

He sounded so annoyed when talking about Maximus. I'd noticed it in his body language—he always got super competitive whenever it came to Maximus.

"But he has a mate now—Charlotte," I reminded him, and only then did he nod, though something told me he already knew about her.

"That innocent one? I wonder what she saw in him," he scoffed.

"Umm, the mate bond?" I raised my eyebrow, then my glass to toast with him.

"Ugh, why would the Moon Goddess give her to him as a mate? She's too good for him. Besides, I know his secrets. There's no way he could've felt a mate bond with her or anyone on full moon night."

Romeo was a little too talkative today, so I tried to get as much info out of him as possible.

Usually, he would hide all the gossip about his family from me, and it always bothered me.

We were friends. Friends who had committed crimes together. Why couldn't he share his cousin's secrets with me?

"Hmm, what about Kaye?" I watched him nod.

"Only his mother can manipulate him. He's got mommy issues," he laughed, and I laughed with him.

"Okay, here's the thing—my sister is hurting. She's not even talking to me, and you know that's the only thing that really gets to me. I can make anyone cry, but not Jessica. So I need to fix this somehow."

I'd been in pain ever since my sweet sister decided she wouldn't even look at me.

No matter how many times Darcy told her that Helanie was the problem, my sister wouldn't believe her. She said none of it made sense. Helanie didn't ask to marry any alpha, nor did she come forward claiming we gang-raped her for fame or to ruin our names. My sister didn't find any logical motive behind her accusation.

So I had to tell her that Helanie loved having sex and was getting money in exchange for it, but she got caught—and then had to lie about the rape just to save herself from punishment.

However, I didn't know if my sister believed me or not, because she hadn't spoken to me since then.

"I would've asked you to convince her to find someone else, but leaving Norman—even I would've been devastated if someone like him broke my heart. I think she could've had a perfect life with him. No fear of cheating—nothing," Romeo was actually praising his cousin, and I had to remind him that Norman wasn't some kind of saint.

"Except he did. He married someone else. So much for being a saint. And now my sister's gonna marry three burdens along with him. But she doesn't see it that way. So I

need to find a way for her to win Norman back. She deserves to be happy," I said honestly.

She meant the whole world to me. But I noticed Romeo narrowing his eyes at me like he was trying to figure out what I was planning.

"And you definitely have a plan," he nodded when I did.

"I'll marry Helanie next full moon," I shrugged, but my mood dipped when Romeo started laughing like crazy—so much that he spilled his wine.

"I'm so sorry. I just need to confirm I heard you right—you'll marry her?" He put his glass down and slid to the edge of his seat.

"What's so funny about it? Norman will reject her, and I'll say, 'We can meet in the middle, I'll marry her.' The Council will see me as a hero, stepping up to give a lustful woman a home," I added.

"No, you don't understand what you're saying. Helanie would die before marrying any of us. Anyone who has ever wronged her is dead. Zellu died. Have you even looked her in the eyes? She holds so much hate for us. It's better to keep her at arm's length. And besides, Norman wouldn't let you marry her," Romeo was really pushing my buttons with this.

"And why not? Helanie had more of a connection with me than anyone else. The minute I get her, I know she'll fall in love with me. Then she'll be all about serving her husband," I scoffed, a little too sharply, making Romeo tilt his head at me.

"Ah, do you like her or what? I remember that night too—you were so fixated on spending time alone with her. Don't tell me you've fallen for her?" The way he looked so shocked and drained actually made my chest ache.

Here I was, trying to fix everything—and he was just brushing off my ideas.

"I haven't. I'm just thinking—how would it feel to have her under me again? I just want to sleep with her one more time to understand what I really feel," I replied, keeping my tone calm and steady. But Romeo looked terrified at the thought.

"You're crazy. I'm already regretting the last time, and you want to sleep with her again?" he hissed, then lowered his voice.

"I am. In fact, I will marry her next full moon—you'll see."

Romeo knew that when I made a deal, I followed through.

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

Chapter 512-Slut Shaming Much?

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Helanie:

"But that wouldn't change anything. She won't receive any special treatment. It's not even my decision—Helanie wants to stay in the hostel during weekdays and finish her academy like everyone else, under the same rules," Norman had given a whole speech about the mistrial and how he felt the mate bond with me.

I could tell the students were shocked and in disbelief. It's not every day that a student marries their professor—especially an RVS professor. But he said it was important to be open about it, because it wasn't something taboo.

"Now, just because she won't be receiving any extra favors doesn't mean any of you get to pick on her," Maximus added, his eyes landing on Sydney.

I hadn't looked her way since I arrived. I knew she was looking for a moment alone with me.

"Now, please head back to your classes. Emmet will be taking the juniors, and I'll meet the seniors at the training ground in a minute," Norman then announced the schedule for the day, and everyone started to scatter.

My friends and I had briefly met before we were called to the ground. Penn had been awfully quiet—and he was actually the one I hadn't seen since morning. But now we were all heading to the breakfast hall together.

"So, you married Norman—the one who wasn't your mate?" Lamar elbowed me, laughing a little while I pouted.

"Norman—he's so big and like, beastly. How was the first night?" Salem joined in from the other side, walking beside me and giggling until she told me what she imagined our relationship was like.

"Umm, no—we're not married like that," I turned to her and whispered. The other students walked ahead while our group stayed behind.

"You must've planned this before the wedding day. Is that why you were so chill about marrying Kaidon? Because you knew you wouldn't actually end up with him?"

Penn gently pushed Lamar and Gavin aside to come stand right in front of me.

Oh shoot!

I forgot I had told them I had a plan.

"No, we had... someone else in mind. But then that someone just ghosted," I shut up quickly, feeling weird talking about Emmet like he was some stranger.

But I couldn't tell Penn about me being mated to all the rogue brothers—not yet.

Or maybe I will. But the others shouldn't know. I can't deal with Charlotte and Kesha right now.

"But Norman was supposed to marry Jessica. I heard she took pills the moment she found out he married you, and they had to pump her stomach," Penn said, and my jaw hit the floor.

I couldn't believe she tried to end her life—and the moment she was okay, she ran to check on us and didn't even tell us what she'd been through.

"That's not a problem. I had a talk with her—she's cool. She understands I had no other choice. Besides, I told her I'll reject her groom next full moon," I shrugged, feeling way more relaxed knowing I'd cleared things up with Jessica.

Thank goodness I told her the truth—that the marriage was only to keep me safe.

"So, you and Norman are not—" Penn continued to bombard me with questions, but Lamar finally caught on and realized he was making me uncomfortable.

"Hey, let's not interrogate her. We're her friends—we should try to understand why she made that choice. Anyway, let's go have breakfast. We've got our Helanie back," Lamar said, hugging me from the side. Gavin joined in from the other side, and Salem wrapped her arms around all of us with difficulty. Penn finally gave in and hugged us too.

As we entered the café together, I knew right away that the troublemaker was waiting for me.

Not everyone—just Sydney.

She stood with her arms folded, and the moment she saw me, she sprinted in my direction. Her sister stepped ahead to block her, but Sydney pointed at her, signaling for her to move.

"Not today, Salem. And it's really sad that you're standing with her when your sister is heartbroken," she pointed at her chest, tears starting to build in her eyes.

Salem slowly stepped to the side, but I still had Gavin and Lamar by my side—and Penn looked ready to jump in if Sydney tried anything.

But I would defend myself.

Even if I didn't have my wolf, I could still fight. I've taken combat classes, and with more training—and maybe if I force my wolf to awaken—I might just get lucky and beat Darius.

I have to.

"Is it true? Did you and my mate—?" Her voice trembled, tears brimming in her eyes.

"Yeah. I didn't know you were dating him or that you were mates," I replied honestly, and the look on her face was intense—anger, betrayal, her breathing all over the place.

"Did you two... fuck?" she asked, and I stared her down.

"No. Your coward of an alpha mate left me at the subway for those beast alphas to steal my first time," I snapped, and a crowd began to gather around us.

"Oh please—don't give me that bullshit. I know about your pheromones. You must've used them to seduce my Altan. And if not him, how many mates are you planning to steal before you settle down?"

She had those wild eyes—the kind that told me she wouldn't rest until she hurt me in a way I couldn't recover from.

"Everyone—" she stepped back, spreading her arms to get everyone's attention, "this slut Helanie right here not only tried to steal my mate, but she's the reason Professor Norman's wedding got canceled. I bet she used her pheromones—or begged him to save her—but at the end of the day, she ruined someone else's perfect day."

As she hissed her words, the crowd gasped, hands flying to mouths in shock.

That's when Lamar took a deep breath and stepped forward.

"Does your alpha mate know you've been fucking me and the others behind his back? So, who exactly is the slut here?"

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

Chapter 513-Nobody Hates Her

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Sydney:

My heart stopped beating when Lamar exposed our secret affair. That was something that happened in the beginning. I later stopped seeing him because every time I approached him, he would push me away, so I changed my mind about him. And later, I was glad I did because he had started this journey of trying to get close to Helanie.

"He is lying—" I tried to keep my posture intact, but his confidence was making everyone look at me differently.

"Really? Why else do you guys think we tried to kill Helanie?" I noticed the way Lamar looked so guilty.

What the heck!

I looked around and saw everyone glaring at me with anger and disgust.

"That is disgusting, and the fact that you are going to come at Helanie instead of apologizing to her for giving her such a rough time when she was going through so much just proves which side you're on," Hans, who had a good influence on the whole class, was suddenly going against me.

This is not what I imagined my confrontation with Helanie going like.

I turned to look at everyone and found them nodding their heads.

"As for your alpha mate—he tricked Helanie. Why not go ask him instead of hurting Helanie?" one of the other girls spoke up, making me turn to her and glare at her. But she stood her ground, not even looking scared from my harsh stare.

"That's not true. Helanie loves attention—look how she stole the professor!" I yelled, hoping they would listen if I raised my voice.

"Really? Is it her fault that every man wants her? As for Professor Norman, he's a grown man, he stepped up and chose her. She didn't ask him to do so, and even if she did, it was his choice in the end. Did you not hear the 'he gave'?" Hans was turning everyone to Helanie's side. I knew why.

He was buttering her up because he had a little crush on Jenny.

That good-for-nothing, sick she-wolf.

"Fine, you all are not listening to me today, but one day—you'll realize I was right. Helanie is evil—" I didn't finish my sentence because everyone stepped toward me, the threat clear in their eyes.

I couldn't stay among them and not feel suffocated.

I ran out of the hall and straight toward the exit. I kept tearing up and feeling lonely.

"Hey, you okay?" The only one who followed me was Lucy.

But she looked so casual that it irked me.

"Why didn't you step up to say something about Helanie's character?" I yelled at her, and she slumped down, stopping a little farther away from where I was.

"And embarrass myself just like you did? Come on, Sydney, let's just admit you were wrong. Your alpha mate was a cheater, not Helanie. I mean, somewhere, we all want attention. We're just angry because Helanie is getting it," the audacity of her to shrug and side with Helanie when all these months, I've tolerated her poor attitude, angered me even more.

"Oh, is that so? I would love to see how you survive without me," I didn't even respond to her statement and changed the subject, threatening her with a steady stare.

"Huh? How did you go from talking about Helanie to threatening me? Is it because you want me to follow you blindly? Well, in that case, you're wrong. I'm not going to let anyone control me. I've survived a fatal fall, I'm sure I can survive living without you. You're messy these days anyway," she shrugged again and turned around, walking away.

That's when my eyes moved to the groups of seniors. But there were a few in sight that I kept staring at.

"Rudy! Wasn't he interested in Helanie as well? I want to see what he will do now," I began to plot already.

I'm not going to let Helanie win.

Me: Altan, do you know what happened today? Helanie is so happy that she married her professor. It seems like the woman you cheated on me with had other options too. Let me tell you about them: Penn, Rudy, Lamar, Gavin, and Hans. She's sleeping with everyone in the academy.

I sent the message and groaned, watching him read it and start typing. Wow, so he wanted to ignore me all these days, but the minute I mention Helanie, he wants to respond.

But his response only angered me.

Altan: Do you ever feel shame? Spreading rumors as if I don't know Helanie. I've known her all my life, and I'm sorry, but you can't even be half as decent as her. I messed up, Sydney. Accuse me, spread rumors about me. Leave her alone. We've all done enough damage to her already.

If there was the slightest hope I'd get someone's support, it was now gone too.

Everyone was under Helanie's pheromone-like seduction. Everyone but me. I will find a way to dig her grave and lay her to rest in it.

I put my phone back and sighed. I've only met disappointment when contacting everyone I thought could side with me.

Jessica's message to me was already fresh in my memory.

Jessica: Mind your own business. If you can't sympathize with Helanie, at least don't spread rumors about her. Don't feel sorry for me, I'm not mad at Helanie, and I surely have no problem with her. And if you text me again or I hear you're texting others about Helanie marrying Norman and all, I will show you what not minding your own business can lead to.

I shook my head before calling the ones I knew would listen.

"Sydney Coombs, what's the special occasion that you're calling me?" he asked, a slight mockery in his tone.

"I know you have feelings for Helanie, but she will never accept you until you do something heroic. I want to extend my hand for a handshake," at this point, I was even wondering if he would shut me down too and side with Helanie.

But of course, the chances of that were slim.

"You have my full attention." he uttered, showing immediate interest.

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

Chapter 514-Everybody Wants A Piece Of Helanie Niles

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Helanie:

"That will be it for today. Thank you for taking my class," Emmet announced, sounding drained. He had been so distant all day that I couldn't help but worry about him.

But then, every time our eyes met—which was quite a few times—I remembered how my eyes had been glued to the door that night, and he never came.

Emmet grabbed his stuff but didn't walk out. Instead, he stayed behind, one arm stretched over the podium, watching everyone leave.

"Helanie, a word!" As my friends and I were nearing the door, he called for me.

I stopped while my friends walked ahead, leaving us alone. Now, it was just the two of us in the big, empty classroom.

"Is there a chance we can—ever work things out?" he asked, his eyes not breaking the eye contact. He had put his stuff back onto the podium again.

"Emmet—you have no idea what you did. You left me—ghosted me—I could've been married to any one of those men I was afraid of being in a room with. What then?" I complained, getting frustrated every time I thought about that night.

"I get it. And I'm not trying to put blame on my memory issues—but trust me, I don't remember anything. I'm just sorry that somehow I forgot about you—," he couldn't finish because I started talking.

"And remembered Azura. Aren't you supposed to forget about people when they're not in front of you or around you? But she hasn't been around you for years, Emmet. There's still love—in your heart for her. And I know it's logical that you still do, but you're not ready to accept someone else even when you think you are," I said, my emotions showing in my eyes with tears.

"That's not true. I know my heart, and I know I'm ready to accept you. I have no clue what might have happened for me to think about her that night—" he put a lot of pressure on himself, struggling to say her name in front of me, but the damage had already been done.

"I don't know. It doesn't seem like that. The truth is, you ghosted me when I needed you the most. Just because you forget doesn't mean it can explain or excuse anything. What makes sense is that you remembered Azura. It helped me realize you will always choose her memories over me," I put a hand to my chest, and tears started spilling down my face again.

"No, don't cry—" He came from behind the podium, but I stepped back to create some distance between us.

"Emmet—I'm so sorry, but I don't think I can do that again. To be in love with you—" As I was talking, I heard him gasp, and my words faded from my mouth.

"You don't love me anymore?" The way he asked that question made me regret it.

If I didn't love him, I wouldn't be hurting so much. But he doesn't love me, and no matter how many times I say that to him, he refuses to accept it. Even when his actions made it clear that even his dead ex is his priority over me.

"I will stop loving you, I've made up my mind," I cleared my throat and saw him look away.

"Okay, well, I have nothing else to say then," he started rubbing his face with his hands as I turned and walked past him, then out of the room.

After I left, I couldn't focus on anything anymore. I had been consumed by memories of Emmet until we were supposed to go home.

It was the weekend, so I'd be returning to the mansion since that was the deal for the married ones.

But I still had some time before I went home because I had to train. Norman was finishing his combat class with the others, so I was sitting next to the trail with Maximus and Kaye. I heard Emmet had left for home already.

Maximus was standing a little farther from me, with one leg on a big rock and holding some grass that he kept shedding.

And then there was Kaye, walking back and forth.

"Hey, sir, may I have a minute with her?" That's when surprise hit us as Sage and Rudy ran straight to us.

Now that they knew I had married Norman, I didn't think they would be weirded out by me spending more time alone with the brothers.

"Sure," Maximus raised his brow, saying it in a very casual way.

I got up and walked away because I didn't want the brothers to hear us. I had a feeling Rudy would also express his disappointment, and he did.

"Hey," he said, a soft smile on his lips.

"Hi," I replied awkwardly. It was my first time meeting them after my whole truth had been made public.

"I'm so sorry for what you went through. You should have told us, we would have always been on your side," Sage said, and I gave her a nod.

I didn't doubt them ever. They were always very straightforward and kind to me. But telling my secret to them was not something I had ever thought about.

"Anyway, I heard about your marriage. Helanie—there's no way you felt the mate bond with Professor Norman that night specifically. You've lived with the brothers, so there's no way that full moon was the only time you felt the mate bond." However, the minute Rudy started talking about the mate bond issue, my body began to feel goosebumps.

Why the heck was everyone so busy trying to prove the mate bond story wrong?

"But I did—" I tried to argue in the softest tone, but neither of them looked convinced.

"Helanie, the mate bond is not something that is created later. You are born with your mate already decided. So whenever you get in touch with your mate on a full moon, you feel the mate bond. So please, tell him the truth. He has been so restless ever since he found out you're married. There's no way you don't know that he has feelings for you." Safe stepped forward to defend her friend with the confession of love that he found hard to make now that I was married.

Another one who wanted to marry me?

Was Sydney right that I was just a horrible person trying to steal everyone? Was it some hidden effect of my pheromones?

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

Chapter 515-My Husband Is A Jerk

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Helanie:

"It happened, I'm just not sure why," I felt so cornered that I regretted walking away with them. If I had stayed with the brothers, Rudy would have been more careful with his words.

"Okay, let's just give her some space," finally, Sage noticed how uncomfortable I looked.

"Oh yeah, no, I didn't mean to make you uneasy," Rudy stepped back as well. "I'm so stupid. I don't know what got into me and why I acted like this—" he started laughing and then added, "anyway, the point is, it won't change our friendship, right? You're not going to cut me off, right?"

I never thought Rudy would be so interested in me. I mean, I knew he was, but not to the point that he'd look so miserable. That was new.

"Of course not," I gave him an understanding smile.

"You know, our session is ending soon. We'll be done with the academy this fall. I'll be going back home to become the Alpha of the pack soon and before that—we're having a feast—more like a carnival, but I want to invite you to it. Please come with all your friends, it'll be a fun getaway," he seemed genuinely excited for me to be there at his pack. He even pulled out the tickets and handed them to me.

"Your friends are welcome. Special seats and special treatment, my word," Rudy smiled, looking so bright and happy when I accepted the tickets.

"Thank you," he smiled again, stepping back and paying so little attention to his steps that he almost tripped on a rock.

"Be careful," I called out, and he nodded.

I guess me not being able to confidently tell him that I had felt the mate bond with Norman gave him the idea that he was right. That we lied just to save me from marrying someone else.

I mean, the council wouldn't be able to do anything about it even if someone told them that we lied about the mate bond.

They can't prove it.

"Please come, it starts next Thursday," he smiled, still stepping back until Sage hit him on the back of his head and the two started pushing each other playfully. I had no clue he'd be so devastated that a simple response from me would lift his mood. And then I heard his true intentions.

"I need to stop sulking and step up my game if I don't want to lose her to anyone else."

He was talking with Sage as the two walked away.

I went back to where the brothers were and found Norman waiting with them for me this time.

"What did they say?" Maximus asked, while Norman narrowed his eyes at my hands.

"What is that?" he asked, stepping closer and reaching his hand out.

"Tickets to the carnival," I replied, handing him the tickets. "You want to go? Are you sure? I mean, the culprits are still out and not under any restraints."

Norman was pouting while checking the tickets, and then he handed them back to me.

"If you want, we can accompany you," he said while looking around, almost like he wasn't trying to be too concerned for me.

"No, it'll be fine. Actually, I'll have my friends with me," as soon as I said that, Maximus scoffed.

"As if they could match my strength," there was a little jealous tone he used.

"Well, we better get started with the training. We'll leave that to when it's time," Norman pointed at the tickets before he turned and started walking away, and I followed him along with the others.

For the next few hours, we trained—and when I say we trained, Norman was going all beast mode on me. He would toss me around whenever I tried attacking him.

On the other hand, Maximus and Kaye let me beat the crap out of them. Not really!

But I did land some good punches and kicks on them.

They praised me a lot while Norman sat on the side with his knees up and bent, elbows resting on them, and a very dissatisfied look on his face.

"Wow, she's good," Kaye said as he stepped out of the red circle Norman had drawn. Whenever one of them entered the circle, we'd battle.

"I can't keep up," Maximus sighed heavily, taking a deep breath as he placed his hand on his chest.

"Yayy," I jumped up and down, celebrating my victory until I saw Norman get up again. He was grunting and huffing as he strode toward the circle again.

The minute he stepped in and I tried throwing a punch, he very casually held my hand, bent down, and then tossed me over his shoulder to the ground.

I landed on my back, staring up at him standing next to my head with his hands on his waist.

"Get up," he ordered, then stepped away.

Maximus ran into the circle and gave me his hand, helping me up.

"What was that for?" I hissed, complaining because I thought I'd already won.

"Let's go home, it's getting late," Norman groaned, not even turning to us.

As we walked toward the car, Maximus kept showing me how I could give a better punch, and Kaye agreed with him. Norman was walking ahead of us, his big back facing us.

Once in the car, as expected, he stayed silent until he spotted a café.

"Kaye, go inside and get her some food," he stopped the car and told his little brother, who rushed out in a hurry.

"My regular for me!" Maximus yelled after him.

After he returned, we ate in the car. I noticed Norman didn't eat anything, even when his brothers offered.

I was sitting in the back with Maximus, and Norman had adjusted the rearview mirror so he could keep an eye on me.

Once we got home, Maximus and Kaye left for their rooms while I followed Norman to his.

Walking past Emma and Charlotte, as they watched me bitterly, was such a treat to my eyes.

Every time they were annoyed, I celebrated.

"How did I do at the training ground?" Once we had walked into his room and he had locked the door, I asked him.

He turned around with a look of disappointment on his face, and I knew it wasn't going to be good news.

"You're going to get beat up so bad at the battle."

His words rang through my head like a curse.

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

Chapter 516-Kiss Or Slap?

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Helanie:

"Helanie, please open the door," he had been calling out for me while I cried in the bathroom.

Ever since he told me I would lose, I had locked myself in—but not before I cried loudly in front of him. I don't do that in front of anyone.

But I don't know why I get so comfortable with him. Or maybe... I love showing him that he's the reason I'm so hurt.

But a person would only do that when they know the person they're crying in front of would care.

Did I, deep down, know Norman cared?

I mean—more than what he showed?

"Helanie, I just meant—look—"

He shut up when I opened the door and faced him. He instantly stepped back, fixing his white shirt.

"What? What do I need to look at? Show me," I said with my whole chest, challenging him—and as I kept moving forward, he kept stepping back from me with a weird look on his face.

"I meant—you couldn't even land a punch on my face today," he muttered, trying to look away because I kept glaring at him.

"Exactly. Why? Because you didn't let me," I yelled, and he sighed, placing his hands inside his gray pants' pockets.

"Because that would not be realistic?" he complained.

"Huh, look at Maximus and Kaye—they let me beat them up. And you—you didn't even let me slap you," I stomped my foot, and he narrowed his eyes at me like he was in disbelief over what I was saying.

"You wanted to slap me?" he asked.

I nodded aggressively.

"But you're such a bad person. You only think about yourself and your face—" I scoffed, turning away and folding my arms over my chest.

"Okay. Slap me."

I heard him say it, and my posture shattered.

My arms slowly started to unfold and drop down from my body, and when I turned around, I found him standing behind me—body hunched slightly, his face turned to the side, ready for a slap.

"You're allowing me to slap you?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yeah, since you so badly wanted to do it," he said, hands still in his pockets.

'Norman is asking me to slap him?'

Since when did Norman start to bow before someone?

"Come on. If that's what will make you stop crying, do it," he insisted.

I tied my hands behind my back.

I remembered how he came to save me when I was being married off. I remembered how he defended me every time I was in trouble.

The man who used to hate my guts was now taking care of me.

Did he really deserve a slap?

I stared at his face, and my body started to feel this weird kind of itch. I gulped as I looked at his cheek next.

An urge to get on my tiptoes and kiss him on the cheek rose in my chest. He had done a lot for me. I mean... I could thank him, right?

So I did get on my tiptoes and was just about to kiss him—when his phone beeped.

He quickly turned his face, probably to check if I was going to slap him, and that's when our faces met.

Not met, but... almost.

We breathed on each other's lips briefly before I stepped back in a panic.

"What were you doing—?" he asked, eyes wide.

"Nothing," I groaned, yelling like I just got caught doing something I shouldn't.

"No, you were doing something. You were on your tippy toes," he pointed at my feet.

"What were you doing?" he asked again.

He was so annoying. Why was he like that?

"You said I could slap you," I said, planting my fists on my waist, glaring at him.

"You were slapping me with your face?" he said—then paused, probably realizing how dumb that sounded, and looked down at his phone to avoid eye contact.

I was so embarrassed.

And this giant didn't help either. He wasn't the type to let something go. He'd dig and poke until the other person admitted it and fully drowned in shame.

What a beast.

I should've just slapped him instead.

He stared at his screen and sighed.

I instantly knew who it was.

"Jessica, what is it?"

As he answered her call, I remembered what I'd found out about Jessica. She had tried to end her life.

"Shit, shit, shit. I'm such an idiot. I shouldn't even be doing—"

I shut myself up. I didn't even know what I did.

I was just glad I didn't go through with the kiss on the cheek.

I'll keep my distance from him—for Jessica's sake.

After Norman returned, I had changed my whole mood and behavior.

"She was just asking about the deal we've been working on together. The files are over there, you can take a look," Norman said, placing his phone on the stand—with their chat still open.

"Take a look."

I shook my head.

"You don't need to show me anything. I'm your wife until next full moon. I'm not going to call you out or anything. You can continue your relationship with Jessica, no need to act all loyal," I said with a dry laugh, trying to play it off.

"I'll go change and then rest," I added, and quickly ran into the bathroom again.

After I showered and came out, I found Norman sitting on the couch in black shorts and a gray shirt.

"You can sleep in the bed," I offered, and he shook his head.

"Norman, I don't move much in my sleep. And you don't either, since you can literally sleep while sitting, so it'll be fine. We can make a barrier in the middle," I said, starting to place pillows down.

"It's okay though. I don't really sleep like that," he mumbled, making me glance at him from the bed.

But then, he slowly got up and came to the bed.

"But thanks," he added quietly.

Then he lay down on his side, back facing me.

I wanted to ask him so many things... but he seemed so down, I let it go.

Within minutes, I was asleep.

I woke up to my hand hurting and someone groaning loudly.

Rubbing my eyes, I saw Norman standing tall next to his side of the bed, holding a pillow.

As soon as he noticed I was awake, he started complaining,

"So much for 'I don't move in my sleep'—you freaking went all commando on me! You punched me, kicked me—"

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

Chapter 517-Somebody's Watching Me

Chapter 517: 517-Somebody's Watching Me

Helanie:

"Ugh, I did? I am so sorry," I said sleepily, grabbing my ankle and then trying to massage my body. I was in so much pain.

"You okay?" he asked, and I started kicking the air while sitting straight up in bed.

"That combat lesson—my body hurts," I whimpered, complaining like a child. I had no idea what made me act so careless in front of him.

I couldn't even handle body aches in front of him.

"Oh, shoot, why didn't I think about it? Of course your body would ache. You haven't worked out in a while," he muttered under his breath and then put his pillow down, slowly reaching for an oil bottle.

"Lie down, I'll massage your feet," he offered. As soon as he said that, I pulled my legs back into my body and pouted.

"No," the way I said it was enough for him to roll his eyes.

"Helanie, it's just a foot massage. Nothing weird about it. I'll be decent," he mumbled, even when he didn't have to.

I could be naked in front of him and he wouldn't do anything. In fact, a thousand women could be naked in front of him and he would still come out untouched.

"Fine," I lied down, watching him sit by my feet and then rub the oil between his palms before placing them on my foot.

I must say, he should be a masseuse. The way he massaged my feet and then my legs up to the knees, I felt like I was in heaven.

"You are so good at it," I complimented, and he groaned.

"You know, I was meaning to ask you, how did Jessica ever convince you to have sex with her?" I asked and noticed him stopping his hands.

"That is so inappropriate," he said right away, and I bit my tongue. Then he added, "Don't feel bad. It's not that inappropriate. But I won't answer that question. Besides, I don't do that stuff."

I sat up straight, pulling my legs back from him again and staring into his eyes.

"Please don't tell me you're a virgin," I gasped, and he frowned.

"Helanie, do you want me to help you with the pain or not?" he grunted loudly, his eyes showing I needed to shut up now.

I gave him my arm and stubbornly demanded, "My arms ache too."

He was so cute when he was massaging my arm. He made sure his hands stayed in place, not touching anything other than just my arms.

He even avoided looking into my eyes.

After about an hour, I began to feel sleepy again. But Norman got up from the bed and snapped his fingers in front of my face to get my attention.

"Not yet. I'll bring you some warm milk and something to eat. You have to take medicine too. You're having a light fever from the workout, so let's deal with it first, okay?"

He fixed the sheet over my body and then fluffed the pillow behind me as I sat in the bed.

"Till then—," he looked around and then picked up his laptop, doing something on it, "watch a movie."

He placed the laptop on a soft pillow in my lap before he left the room. For a moment, I sat frozen.

How the hell did a man who looked so evil in the beginning turn out to be so caring?

There were moments when I wondered if he was being nice to me only because of his brothers.

But now, only a fool would believe that.

I had a feeling that he genuinely saw me as family.

After he left, I put the laptop away and got out of the bed to follow him to the kitchen.

While walking downstairs, I began to notice something through the windows of the staircase.

Someone was outside in the passage. Not just anyone—I knew exactly who it was.

I started staring at the path that followed the kitchen and the way that led to the passage.

As much as I wanted to go to the passage, I kept remembering the way things had ended between us.

I did tell him that I would be getting him out of my head and heart.

As I stood next to the window and kept watching him drink himself into oblivion, I didn't realize someone else had joined me.

"You can go check up on him," I turned my head to Norman, who was carrying a tray in his hands.

"It's okay," I said, turning to leave when he said something that made me stop and rethink my decision.

"I know he hurt you. But it was unintentional. And now he's hurting.

He has stopped showing up at family dinners or gatherings. He's drowning himself in alcohol again.

If you can just check up on him—give him closure in a way that it doesn't hurt him. But at the end of the day, it's your choice only," Norman said in the calmest tone and walked past me.

I stayed standing in my spot, staring at Emmet without thinking about anything else, when I heard a little voice that confused me.

'That is not fair.'

Huh?

I jumped, looking around in panic. "Who are you?"

I called out, turning my head repeatedly to make sure no outsider had broken in.

'You should go check on him.'

I heard it again. It was the most gentle and soft voice ever, almost like someone was humming a melody.

"Who is it?" I groaned, my breathing turning erratic and the pain in my body increasing.

"Ugh!"

And then—I could no longer think about Emmet or anyone.

My body was in so much pain that I knelt down and wrapped my arms around my stomach.

"Norman—," I let out a cry, looking up at the stairs.

It would be a hassle to walk up all these stairs when I couldn't even get up from the ground.

"Emmet—," and then I cried again, looking outside the window while my body was shaking.

Emmet, who had his bottle up to his mouth, suddenly dropped it and looked around until his eyes landed on the window.

And all I could do was mouth the words to him: "Help me."

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

Chapter 518-A Really Good One

Chapter 518: 518-A Really Good One

Helanie:

He had soon arrived, and I was in his arms in the next few minutes. He was carrying me upstairs to my bedroom.

He stormed inside to find Norman sitting on the couch with the tray on the table.

"Helanie? What happened to her?" Norman jumped to his feet, reaching Emmet, but he didn't hand me over to him.

"I found her sitting on the stairs and crying in pain. What is going on with her? Her body is heating up," Emmet told his brother, sounding slightly drunk, but he was able to form a full sentence and even navigate me to the bedroom without tripping once.

But I was in bad shape.

"It hurts so much," I cried loudly, shaking in pain. Every inch of my body seemed to be on fire. No amount of massage or medicine would help.

"We should take her to the doctor—" Norman was about to suggest when something suddenly silenced both of them.

They froze for a brief moment.

That something was none other than the crack of my elbow joint.

And then—right before my eyes, and theirs too—my bones started breaking and shifting.

"Ughhhh—" I bit my bottom lip to stop myself from screaming, but I still heard Emmet loud and clear when he said,

"She is transitioning."

That was all I heard before Norman tried to carry me again.

However, Emmet jumped in his way and took me from him, leading the way.

The two of them were now rushing me downstairs while I whimpered against Emmet's chest.

"Take her to the woods," Norman suggested, and Emmet rushed faster.

The next few minutes were so painful for me.

I was hearing all sorts of weird noises—everything from far away as well.

More specifically, the sounds of animals.

There were times when I thought I would pass out, but I didn't.

Because flashes of all the torture I had faced and all the pain I had been through in my life started rushing back to me.

It felt like a walk down memory lane.

All the things—from when I was a child to when I became an adult—every happy and sad moment came rushing back, making the pain even worse.

And then—we reached a safe place.

It had only been a few minutes of running for Emmet as he tried his best to cover as much distance as possible in a little time, but it felt like hours to me.

Once he put me down, Norman stationed himself opposite from his brother.

The two now stood in front of me and behind me, ready to help in whatever way they could.

"Okay, now listen to my voice. The pain is just a hint of something bigger. Let your wolf take over. Let your body relax," Norman started saying, and I dropped on my knees.

"Helanie, let your wolf take over your body," Emmet repeated the same thing.

But I didn't know how to do that.

"Your wolf is not your enemy. She won't hurt your body like others. Your body will be safer in her hands. Trust her," Norman said, and as he spoke, I realized what had been stopping me from transitioning all this time.

My control over my body after I had been raped was so strong that even when my wolf tried waking up, I would shut her down without even meaning to.

I had grown so defensive of my body that I didn't even let my wolf take over.

As I relaxed and started breathing comfortably, not focusing on my body and letting myself loosen up, I heard my wolf speak.

'I will never hurt you.'

With that, I watched my hands start to change. Norman and Emmet shared a glance before they turned their backs to me.

I was finally transitioning.

I cried as my wolf took over.

And soon, I was no longer in control of my body—just a sense in the background.

We didn't communicate with words during that time. We just changed and ran around, laughing together.

Norman and Emmet stayed running around me in their human forms to keep a check on me.

My wolf was pretty smart and full of energy.

I thought she would be weak like I was.

But the way she covered miles in minutes and howled the loudest, I felt powerful.

Soon, it had come to an end—like every good thing.

I began to transition back again.

My body was tired from running the whole night.

I arrived at the place where I had first changed and found clothes left for me.

After I changed, I slowly lay down on the ground and closed my eyes.

I wanted to drift off to sleep, and I knew I would be safe because the two who had been guarding me were still nearby.

I knew they would carry me back home, safe and sound.

It was then that I realized—being mates or lovers shouldn't be such a hassle.

One should be able to close their eyes during a war because they know their mate is there to protect them.

That amount of safety... that is what true love is.

And just like I had expected, soon I was in Emmet's arms.

They were taking me back home.

Although I wasn't fully awake, I wasn't fully asleep either.

So, I got to hear them talking about my wolf.

"What are we going to do now?" Norman asked Emmet.

"I always had a feeling there was something special about her wolf. But to this extent..." Emmet responded.

"Hmm. Is it odd that I'm beginning to wonder if it was her wolf forcing her to fight Darius? Her wolf must know how different she is. I'm starting to believe... there is hope that Helanie will win."

Those words brought a smile to my lips, and I felt Emmet give me a little shake in his arms.

My body jumped slightly and landed back in his arms.

"She's happy to hear us talk about her being strong and powerful," Emmet said very coldly, but I could tell he was trying to be playful.

"She's awake?" Norman questioned, and I believed Emmet nodded.

"Well, Helanie, you got yourself a really good wolf," Norman said as he walked ahead of us.

Was it true?

Was my wolf truly that different?

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

Chapter 519-It's Getting Good.

Chapter 519: 519-It's Getting Good.

Helanie:

"Can I see it again?" I asked for the fifth time after watching the same clip with a huge smile on my lips. Kaye nodded and handed Emmet's phone to me.

I held it in my hands and smiled once more. Watching my beautiful wolf run was the confidence I needed.

The fact that it had two powerful eye colors — pink and blue — and had dual-toned fur... I was seeing what others had been telling me.

"Why is her wolf so different from the others?" Maximus asked, shifting in the bed. The two had come after Norman informed them about my transition.

We had ordered so much food to celebrate my wolf.

Although everyone was here, all four of them, Emmet remained slightly distant. He barely spoke, only answered with small head nods.

The spark he used to show before was fading, and I was getting worried for him.

"Because she isn't like the others. There is definitely some story behind her two-toned colors. We have different wolves, but they are nothing like hers," Norman explained, holding a book in his hand.

Emmet sat on the chair far away from the bed, his foot tapping on the ground anxiously, and his eyes fixated on the wall ahead.

"And why didn't you two call us when she started transitioning? We would have loved to run beside her," Maximus complained.

Since it wasn't a full moon, Maximus' wolf would have been just a normal one — powerful but not a lycan.

"We didn't think about you two, sorry," Norman complained as he continued to check my wolf's condition.

"Well, Emmet, was it crazy? Did you at any point want to shift and run beside her?" Maximus, who had been keeping one eye on his big brother, finally said his name to involve him in the conversation.

Even Kaye seemed worried about Emmet too.

"Ah?" Emmet shook himself back from whatever thoughts he was lost in and turned his attention to us.

"You know Emmet was a big help. If he hadn't seen her on the stairs—" As Norman started to praise him, Emmet cleared his throat, which cut the sentence short.

"Then Norman would have. I'm sure when she hadn't returned to the room, Norman would have gone out to look for her," Emmet intervened, refusing to take the credit.

"Anyway kids, I'll be heading back to my room now," he got up and, without sparing me a glance, started walking out of the room.

"Brother, stay a little longer, can you?" Maximus' voice was filled with so much worry as he requested his brother to stay.

Silence lingered for a few seconds before Emmet turned around and his gaze finally fell on me.

"It is late," he said while looking straight into my eyes, and then walked away.

"Umm, he's not wrong though. Helanie hadn't rested the whole night. How about we let her rest and then later we can try the combat classes?" Kaye got out of the bed as well, fixing his pants.

"And this time — be serious. I know you two want to impress her, but brothers, Darius wouldn't be lenient on her. We need to perfect her every move — every attack," Norman reminded them about the last day, and the two scratched the back of their necks, looking guilty for giving me the idea that I was beating them up.

Well, I kind of knew they were letting me kick their asses.

After they too walked out, I smiled and laid down on the bed.

"I am so happy," I muttered to myself and then slowly closed my eyes to rest.

While I slept through, Norman silently tried looking for answers. When I woke up, he told me there was nothing helpful in the books.

So maybe I was a rare case?

Could be.

But my attention shifted to Lord McQuoid, who had asked me to come for lunch. I assumed he would remind me what a horrible person I am for ruining their chance at happiness and all that. But to my surprise, there seemed to be a lot of dishes in honor of my marriage to his son, decorated on the table.

Emma and Charlotte had a sour look on their faces. They hadn't filled their plates like they used to.

So, every time they sat at the table, they wouldn't wait for others to arrive and would start eating.

This time, they seemed to have been asked to wait. I joined the table, sitting between Lord McQuoid and Norman, wearing a black shirt and blue jeans.

"I know I've been missing out on the traditions because of the shock factor. But let me make it up to you," Lord McQuoid started by pouring me a glass of drink and then to his son.

"Happy marriage — I hope you two grow old together and achieve all that you have in mind." His sweetness was overflowing, but it was my mother who I had my eyes glued to.

She looked so red, almost like blushing. There was also a smile she seemed to be holding back.

Was she happy?

How the hell did she allow Lord McQuoid to throw us a lunch?

"Thank you," I said to Lord McQuoid, avoiding the eyes of Kaye and Maximus, who seemed to disagree with me and Norman growing old together. Well, I did too.

I looked around to get a full glance at the table, my eyes searching for a specific someone when Norman whispered in my ear, "He's sleeping."

I nodded, hiding a sigh. I didn't want Emmet to lose touch with everyone once again. It was like how he was when I first arrived at the mansion.

He would always keep to himself, yet help me whenever he could. And even though I was grateful to that Emmet, I was still not happy that he was acting that way.

"Let us have a feast, and then we can go to the council together." As soon as Lord McQuoid said that, my smile faded away.

"Why?" I asked in a whisper.

"Because of the Zellu thing. You know they are saying Zellu is dead but since his body isn't found yet, the rest of the investigation will be conducted later. For now, the reason is the confessional video. They want to meet you," he said. "I think they will ask you about the case. If you want to reopen it or not."

That was a big success after having success with my wolf last night. Things were finally falling into place where they should be.

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

Chapter 520-He Is Not So Scary, Just A Delusional Alpha

Chapter 520: 520-He Is Not So Scary, Just A Delusional Alpha

Helanie:

Norman and the others had to walk away to have a word with the council's head before I joined them.

I was sitting outside the court on the bench, staring at the pleasant weather when a few cars started pulling up.

I knew who they were.

Romeo and Darius walked out of their cars in suits as if they were headed to their weddings. That's when their eyes landed on me, and Darius stopped dead in his tracks.

I tried avoiding direct eye contact, but it seemed like he was beginning to walk in my direction. I squeezed my legs together, turning my face to the other side, yet he kept coming.

"Dude, no," I heard Romeo call after him and stop him, but Darius kept going until he came straight to me. Now I couldn't avoid him.

"How are you, Helanie? Are you doing okay? Getting married to the man who's been seen as your stepbrother must have been such a blow to your dreams," Darius said, sitting down on the bench beside me. I quickly slid away from him, keeping my head straight, but I kept my eyes to the side, ready if he dared try closing the distance between us.

"Anyway, I am really upset for you. That whole nightmare you've made up in your mind about that night — I do believe it's a psychological issue. You must have dreamed about it," he angered me with the calmness in his voice.

And the fact that he was saying this when we were alone made me wonder if he thought it would be that easy for him to manipulate me.

"Really? Let me guess, you're some saint, and I'm the monster?" I turned to him, and as I hissed at him, a smile started to form on his lips.

Almost like he found himself victorious for getting a reaction out of me.

"You look so adorable even when you're angry. But that's not what I'm trying to say. I'm not a saint. I've done many wrong things in my life. The biggest — one being not being able to help a wounded soul. I should have paid attention to your mental health and done something about it," his tone was sharp but with a hint of sincerity.

The fact that he was saying all that with his chest out was giving off arrogant vibes. That's what it was. No wonder he had no regard for my freedom and stole everything from me that night. In his head, he can twist the words and narratives, and he will be heard.

"Anyway, I haven't come here to call you names or anything. I'm going to make a huge decision for you today," he confused me. He placed a hand to his heart and sighed when saying those words.

That didn't make sense to me.

Why would he think so highly of himself when he knew I had seen the evil in him that night?

"People call me DID, the devil in disguise, for a reason, Helanie." It was then that he whispered under his breath, so low that others could not have heard him no matter what.

But I did.

"Oh, well, Darius, you're not as charming as you think," I commented, and then I started nodding and smiling.

The look on his face when watching me smile was worth watching. It was almost like a shock had hit him.

I bet he had imagined me to be completely broken.

"Don't be like that. You'll think I'm charming too when I save you," he continued, causing me to raise an eyebrow.

He had definitely come here with a plan.

"A beautiful she-wolf like you doesn't have to deal with so much alone. I'll be there for you," he continued, "No more cries. I'll give you your life back. You'll get to live again, laugh again and even—" As he continued with his fake calm and soft tone, I couldn't take it anymore and let out a loud laugh.

The way his face fell and he turned his neck to the side to look up at Romeo said it all.

He was lost on how I could laugh.

"You'll give me my life back? I've been living my life for a year. You thought just because you all traumatized me, I stopped living? You thought, after what you all did to me, I would need a man to make me learn to laugh or live again?" I scoffed at him, using a tone that would hurt his ego in a way that he wouldn't be able to recover from.

"Of course I lived my life and continued to live it way better than before. It wasn't because of a man, but there were men who made me understand that not everyone is a horrible son of a bitch like you guys," my words caused his cheeks to turn red. It was that easy for a woman to bruise his ego.

"I'll see how you speak to me after our marriage," it was then that his big plan escaped his lips.

"Huh? You really thought that would happen?" I let out a sigh, getting up from the bench and covering my mouth with my hand to express shock.

Romeo instantly stepped away as if I were some devil he didn't want to cross.

"Well, you can say all you want. But marriage with me will guarantee you your lost image, respect, and love. You'll be able to live the life of dreams you once had. And I'll forgive you then for speaking like this with me," he smiled, getting up to face me.

"Oh Darius, you're so naive and stupid that I feel pity for you. Let's go and share the ideas we have in our minds in regard to each other in front of the council, shall we?" I gave him a closed-lip smile as I started to walk away.

That's when Kaye had come out to look for me. He swiftly made his way towards us, ready to charge at Darius, but I placed my hand on Kaye's chest to stop him.

"It's okay. He cannot harm me again," I said loudly, causing Romeo and Darius to share a glance of

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