

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

## **Chapter 6 - 6-Getting Rid Of Me**

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**Helanie:**

"Say that again?" Maximus asked Charlotte with a commanding tone in his voice.

"Why? Didn't anyone tell you?" she pouted, but she knew why they hadn't been informed. With the storm approaching, it had been decided that there were far more pressing issues than my introduction.

"Are you freaking serious?" His voice grew even deeper, and anger was evident in his eyes.

"I am sorry, but that is the truth. She came to stay," Charlotte kept one eye on me, almost as if she took pleasure in Maximus's reaction.

What she didn't realize was that his reaction stemmed more from the fact that he had said all those things to his supposed stepsister.

"Charlotte—guide the others; they are messing up the baskets," a shirtless man appeared with a frown on his forehead.

With a striking presence, he stood at an impressive 6 feet 6 inches, his figure commanding attention effortlessly. His hair was a mesmerizing blend of two-toned brown and silver-blond. Long, thick eyelashes and perfectly arched eyebrows allured his emerald-green eyes, making them seem almost hypnotic.

A distinctive tattoo of a sword marked at the back of his hand as well. His sharp jawline and high, sculpted cheekbones created a striking contrast that highlighted his impeccable facial features. Without a shirt, his well-defined abs drew the eye irresistibly, the low-slung pants enhancing his confidence at the same time.

"Kaye! I was just telling—" I didn't know what was wrong with Charlotte, but she wouldn't stop talking. However, it was comforting when the man gave her a stern look, and she immediately zipped her lips.

"I will go guide the maids," she said, now that her task here was done, and she hurried away. But that didn't change the fact that I was now under the scrutiny of two men.

"Who is she?" Kaye asked his brother as Maximus continued to breathe heavily and glare at me.

"Meet our little sister, brother," Maximus muttered sarcastically. I had learned their names from Charlotte earlier that morning.

Norman was 25 years old, Maximus was 22, and Kaye was 20. And the brother that I hadn't seen around was 23 years old.

"What?" Kaye asked, his eyes quickly scanning me.

"I am Helanie. I am Ursula's daughter—" I began, thinking they would ask me more, but Maximus's loud, gruff interruption cut me off.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me that you are my stepsister? Why did you stand here listening to me talk to you?" He stepped closer, his towering form looming over me, causing me to glance at Kaye for support.

"What did you say to her?" There was a strange hostility in Kaye's voice. He seemed very intense.

His body remained mostly still, and he kept his gestures minimal. He used only his eyes to track a person, without moving his head.

"Nothing—I was just assigning her tasks," Maximus replied to his brother but continued to stare at me, clenching his jaw. He looked so intimidating standing so close to me.

"You!" Kaye said, and Maximus stepped aside, visibly disturbed. It wasn't like I enjoyed hearing him speak poorly about me.

But I wasn't going to react because, no matter what, I had to stay here for my own good.

"I don't know why you showed up suddenly, but you won't be staying here for long. After the storm is over, I want you out of my sight and my mansion," Kaye said, barely moving, his finger pointing to his chest each time he mentioned the mansion that belonged to him.

"I can't believe this," Maximus continued to mutter under his breath.

"Don't take it too seriously. I'll get rid of her after the storm," Kaye said, showing little emotion. He patted his brother on the shoulder and turned to leave.

I hated being alone with Maximus now because I knew he was ready to confront me.

"Why didn't you fucking say anything when I was—" He closed his eyes, his face showing disgust at the thought of seeing his stepsister in that light. "And you were checking me out. Why the hell did you look at—"

He was delving into the wrong conversation. I hadn't checked him out; my eyes had briefly wandered because he forgot to wear a damn underwear. Why was he walking around with such a noticeable bulge?

"I didn't check you out. I was looking at the ground," I hesitantly lied, but he continued to hiss through his nostrils.

"Do you have any idea if anyone has heard or seen us?" He paused, his gaze lingering on the reminder of my hand near his bulge. "It would have been the end for both of us. I'm not sure what kind of messed-up things pack members do, but here, we don't cross boundaries. And whoever does gets punished and kicked out to live in the wild," he said, waving his finger in my face, causing me to gulp.

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I was relieved that Charlotte hadn't seen us.

Now that I knew how seriously relationships were regarded in the rogue community, I decided to stay far away from these men I hadn't even known before. They were young men, and I had a tendency to attract men. I would be in trouble if I released any pheromones and accidentally attracted any one of them. I shook my head quickly to avoid thinking about such an inappropriate thing.

"Nothing happened. You're my stepbrother, and I know my boundaries," I said. Apart from my scent and my body going into heat, I had promised not to engage in any sexual activity until I had punished those who had used my body as if they had every right to it.

"Fuck off!" he waved his hand to dismiss me. "Go join the others, and if I hear you telling anyone about me hitting on the workers or the rogue community she-wolves, I will become your worst nightmare. Did you hear me?" He warned me one last time before stepping out of my way and heading straight to the main ground, where Kaye was splitting wood again.

I watched as the maids stared at Kaye and giggled together. Every time he lifted the axe, the girls bit their lips.

I walked closer to Charlotte and grabbed the apples to clean them. "What happened? Did they lash out at you?" she asked with much enthusiasm.

"No," I lied. I wouldn't give her that satisfaction.

"Oh! Well, they look pretty mad about your arrival. Anyway, leave this work and go bring in buckets of water. You've been granted a good life, so it's better you pay with your hard work," she said. Now that she knew she wouldn't get any gossip from me, she dismissed me angrily.

It felt like walking on fire. I was exhausted and starving, and they made me carry almost fifteen buckets. Even when the brothers saw that I was tired, they kept pushing me and making demands. I could tell they were doing it out of spite because they were so caring towards the others.

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They didn't let any maid overwork except for me. By the time I arrived back at the mansion with Charlotte, I had calluses on my hands.

I didn't stick around, and since I wasn't welcome at the dining table, I stayed in the room and was given a loaf of bread. I devoured it as if my life depended on it.

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After that, I lay down early and dozed off before Charlotte even came into the room. I didn't like being around people anymore. Any gaze on me reminded me of the stares of the alphas when they stripped me naked and examined every inch of my body like hungry eagles.

As I drifted into a deep slumber, the door opening woke me up. I thought it was Charlotte until a man appeared in my view. It was the same tall alpha who had initiated the torture that night.

"What are you doing here—" I tried to get up, but he quickly got on top of me and covered my mouth with his hand.

"Your stepbrothers invited me over to let you know that you are not safe here, my little toy," he said. The minute he uttered those words, terror engulfed me. I couldn't believe they were willing to go as far as finding that alpha and bringing him here to get rid of me.

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