

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 7 - 7-Found My Fated Mate.

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Helanie:

"Noooo!" I screamed the moment I felt like he had penetrated me again. My whole body got covered in goosebumps, while my feet felt this pain that was similar to that night. It was like reliving the same night of torture.

"Helanie! Are you seriously doing this right now?" A loud, ear-splitting groan full of frustration made me force my eyes open and stare at the ceiling. I realized I might have been screaming in my sleep again.

"I'm sorry—" I began, steadily getting off the mattress to calm my racing breaths before trying to go back to sleep, but Charlotte was not having it. She was glaring at me from her bed, causing me considerable distress. I wanted to be left alone, or at least not be seen at that moment.

"Get out of my room and only come back when you're sure you won't wake up again," she threw her pillow at me, making me quickly leave the room before she could hurl anything else in my direction.

1

It was a rather cold night. The storm might be approaching in a day or so, but the wind had already started to pick up. I didn't want to go back into the mansion since the chance of encountering someone awake and getting into trouble seemed high. Instead, I walked out into the exterior walkway, an open corridor with a railing on both sides.

I quickly held my hair as the wind started blowing it into my face, but it was unbearable. However, the view from both sides was so captivating that I hesitated to go inside. The full moon, with its red streaks, looked otherworldly.

I placed my hands on the railing and continued gazing at the moon until I felt I wasn't alone. The sensation of someone's presence grew stronger, and I stepped back from the railing to turn to my right.

My eyes caught sight of a tall man in the distance. He was wearing a black suit, but his tie and white shirt were visibly disheveled. He had something sparkling in his hand—alcohol, I presumed.

Hesitantly, I moved away from the wall as he began to pace in my direction. I wondered if he had seen me in the dark, but a flash of lightning illuminated the corridor, revealing

that he was looking directly at me. As his rapid steps approached, I started moving backward to distance myself from him. I didn't know who he was, but the intensity of his presence made me fear he might harm me.

"I was just going back—" For all I knew, he could be a dangerous intruder wandering the mansion's corridors, thinking he wouldn't be caught.

When he got too close, I spun around to run back, but I tripped and fell onto my back, heading towards the small railing. However, instead of falling over the railing and injuring myself, I found myself suspended in midair.

I had been rescued by this stranger, who made me feel tiny in comparison. His strong arms could easily grip my slender waist and break it if he applied pressure. The wind blew my hair onto his striking face, obscuring his features for a few seconds before my hair finally settled away.

The gray in his eyes gleamed, drawing me deeper into his gaze. Despite my past trauma, being held close by such a handsome and tall man made me feel oddly comfortable with this stranger.

3

He had long, light brown hair that were roughly tied in the back, complemented by gray eyes and thick, black eyebrows. Standing at 6 feet 7 inches, he looked like a giant. There was a tattoo on the left side of his neck, but his intensely intimidating gaze made it difficult for me to focus on its details. His deep-set eyes, combined with full lips and a sharp nose, created a striking and well-suited appearance.

I couldn't tear my gaze away from him until my heart began to race. I frowned, realizing how intently he was observing me, and then it hit me—I wasn't wearing my pendant.

6

The moment that thought settled in, I began to wriggle to escape from him. By now, my pheromones must have driven him wild. The sudden understanding of why he had been looking at me with such intense interest unsettled me deeply. It wasn't affection or admiration but unmistakably pure lust.

"Hey!" I struggled more, and he held me by my arms, pulling me upright with a complaint.

That's when everything around us fell silent. Our eyes locked, piercing into each other's. As the world seemed to fade away, I saw myself in a red dress, running alongside a tall, handsome man in a black suit. The weather was beautiful, and the scenery was breathtaking. It was incredibly serene.

After running for a while, we stopped, exhausted, and faced each other. That's when I heard a soft whimper from both myself and him.

"Mate!"

I gasped, wrenching my hands free and stepping back from him, breaking the mate-bond trance. I was back in reality, but it was too late. I had already glimpsed a possible future with him as my mate, and I was certain he had too. That's how it works.

But why?

I stepped back further, leaving the stunned man behind. He began to falter but shook his head, trying to clear his mind. He was drunk, clearly intoxicated, but I was fully aware of what had just happened.

"What is your name—" he finally managed to ask, but his voice faded as I hurriedly retreated into the mansion.

I didn't dare look back to see if he had followed me inside. I was furious. It felt as though the Moon Goddess was toying with me. She couldn't come to my rescue but was quick to provide me with a mate who was a complete stranger, especially when I was apprehensive about men.

I entered my room to find Charlotte sitting in bed, reading a book. So why had she asked me to leave?

"Where did you go?" she asked casually as I tried to catch my breath.

"I— I was in the corridor outside—" I sat on my bed, hiding my face in my hands and trying to calm my breathing.

"Outside? Oh! You should never go to that corridor at night. Your stepbrother—the second one—is known to drink and wander around there. You should avoid crossing paths with him. He is unpredictable and very moody most of the time," her every word about my stepbrother sent shockwaves through me.

"My stepbrother?" I swallowed hard.

"Yes, Emmet McQuoid. He's not only a trainer at the academy but also a professor of war history. That corridor is basically his," she confirmed my suspicions, making my heart race even more.

The Moon Goddess had indeed played another trick on me. The man I felt the mate bond with was none other than my stepbrother.

