

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 121-My Mate Saw Me In Someone Else's Arms

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Helanie:

"Tell me, was it Lamar?" Gavin yelled, and that's when others started to come out of the café. This was going very bad.

Lucy looked at them and then back at Gavin, pleading with her eyes not to expose their business in front of the crowd. She already hated Jenny because she believed Jenny had slept with her mate. Being exposed in front of her now would only make things worse.

However, now that Lucy knew Jenny wasn't the one who had slept with Gavin, I wasn't sure how she would behave with her.

"What?" Gavin glanced at the others, his face hardening. He turned to Lamar and yelled, "You're the asshole who slept with my mate!" Lamar shook his head in disapproval.

"I'm not feeling well," I murmured, placing a hand on my forehead and beginning to walk away. It was a weird sensation—I felt like I wanted to throw up, not just casually but violently, as if I wanted to empty my guts.

"Look, man, she didn't do anything," Lamar said, stepping forward to defend Lucy. "She was drunk, and I was drunk too."

"She fucking confessed to making out with you afterward!" Gavin screamed, charging toward him. Despite my nausea, I moved quickly to push them apart.

As I did so, I tripped and face-planted.

"Ugh!" I groaned, feeling a sharp pain in my stomach. Instead of getting up, I remained sitting, wrapping my arms tightly around myself.

"Are you guys insane?" Jenny screamed, rushing over with her brother to help me.

But Gavin didn't hear her or notice anything else. He grabbed Lamar by the collar.

"Please stop, it was my fault," Lucy whispered to herself, barely audible.

"Get your hands off me! It's not like you didn't push her to cheat on you," Lamar yelled, freeing himself from Gavin's grasp.

"She knows I didn't cheat on her! you took advantage of our situation, and that mate of mine didn't even remember that you're the same man who tried to kill our friend!" Gavin shouted.

The argument escalated, their voices becoming a blur. All I could hear was everyone accusing each other, and it made my head spin.

"Let's take her home. She's on her period, and she's usually in a lot of pain this time of the month," Jenny lied to her brother.

Penn didn't hesitate. He scooped me up in his arms and carried me to his car.

"What about them?" Jenny asked, climbing into the backseat with me.

"They can figure it out themselves. They've got enough energy to argue all night," Penn replied, starting the engine.

I didn't want to leave them like that—Lucy was upset, Gavin was heartbroken, and Lamar was taking blame he didn't entirely deserve. But Penn had already begun driving us back to the hostel.

Jenny gently caressed my hair, and within a few minutes, I fell asleep in her lap.

However, I woke up to the siblings talking in whispers. They weren't loud, so I could only catch bits and pieces of their conversation, especially since I wasn't fully awake.

"What's up with your friend? Why is she so weak?" I heard Penn ask.

"She barely eats. I don't think she likes the food at the hostel. Besides, she's not used to living among so many people," Jenny replied, her words mixed with a little truth.

"Oh, that's because she's a rogue. I get it. But shouldn't a rogue be strong? I mean, she survived all by herself in the woods—how come she looks so timid?" Penn questioned.

"Brother, sometimes it's easier to live alone than among people who are bitter and toxic," Jenny replied, her tone laced with honesty.

"Anyway, I hope today's drama taught you some lessons too. You see, Lucy thought her mate was cheating on her, but he wasn't," Penn said. I could tell he was indirectly referencing Jenny's own trauma.

"The pain I felt that night was different, Penn. Besides, it's funny how you're using Lucy's pain as an example and not Gavin's. Gavin felt the pain, and it turned out to be

true, didn't it?" Jenny countered quickly. It was sad to hear her brother dismiss her experience and take her mate's side.

"Unless he admits to what he did, you can't fully blame him. The pain could've been from anything. You know mates feel each other's pain when their wolves are active. Anyway, did you congratulate him for passing the recent tests?" Penn tried to steer the conversation away, urging her to focus on mending the relationship.

"I didn't. I'll do it when I feel like it," Jenny snapped, her voice turning harsh. After that, the two fell into silence.

Soon, we arrived at the hostel, and I began to wake up fully. I wasn't feeling as sick anymore, though the dull pain lingered.

"It's okay, I can walk on my own from here," I whispered to Penn as he opened the door to the backseat, ready to carry me.

"You're barely able to move. Come on now," Penn said, rolling his eyes. Jenny stood behind him, worry etched across her face as she watched me.

I wanted to resist, but I feared that if I took even one more step, I'd fall flat on my face.

After a few seconds, Penn scooped me up in his arms. I was nervous about being seen by any of the seniors or top seniors—they'd bully me mercilessly if they caught sight of us.

But in my anxiety over the potential bullying, Lucy and Gavin's situation, and the seniors, I completely forgot about one person: my mate, Kaye.

The moment Penn carried me out of the car, my eyes locked directly with Kaye's. He was walking out of the hostel, dressed in black pants, a black shirt, and a black jacket.

His steps froze, and a look of shock crossed his face as his gaze landed on me.

In that instant, even though Kaye and I weren't officially committed, I felt as though I'd betrayed him. His expression only confirmed my suspicions.

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

Chapter 122-The Jealous One

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Kaye:

"Kaye, may I have a word with you?"

As I was preparing to leave the mansion to check on Helanie and see how she was doing, Norman called out to me. It was as if he instinctively knew where I was headed.

We hadn't mentioned Helanie again, but it had only been a few days. Somehow, my brothers always found a way to bring her up, which inevitably soured my mood. It wasn't just Norman and Maximus, who openly disapproved of her— even when Emmet showed too much care for her, it worried me.

"Yes, sure," I said, sneaking a quick fix of my hair while slipping my hands into my pockets as I turned to face him.

"Where are you headed?" he asked, tilting his head slightly, his fingers meticulously unbuttoning his sleeves.

"I was thinking of heading to the hostel to remind the juniors to prepare for my class— prioritizing herbs and poisons first instead of combat," I replied, watching as Norman's expression contorted at my decision.

"And you switch the classes without consulting me first?" His smile was disarming, but I wasn't fooled by the subtle edge in his tone.

"I was actually planning to discuss it with you, but then I heard Dad wants you to accompany him to the meeting with Mom, so I figured you'd appreciate my help," I said, keeping my voice steady, even as I chose my words carefully.

I'd always be ready to help Norman out—anything for the brother who had always been there for us. But this time, I wasn't doing it just for him. I was doing it for Helanie. I didn't want to tell her directly, but I knew she wasn't ready for combat classes.

I feared that if I wasn't around, Norman wouldn't step in to stop anyone from pushing her too hard. Combat was about strength, and no one would ask their opponent to punch or kick gently—it wasn't the nature of the academy. Everyone here was training for serious roles—protecting their packs and defending their people.

But I was shamelessly biased. I knew Helanie needed more time before she was ready to join any combat sessions.

"That's thoughtful of you. Fine, go ahead, but make sure you check on Maximus later," Norman said, thankfully not pressing further. He patted me on the back, dismissing me.

I quickly rushed out, eager to see Helanie before anyone else could interrupt— especially Emmet.

He barely did anything around the mansion, so he had all the time in the world to visit her and, worse, possibly win her heart. I just hoped he only saw her as his stepsister.

As I settled into the car and began driving to the hostel, I couldn't help but think about the bracelet Emmet had given her. Helanie had been quick to return it to him once she realized it was made of real diamonds.

"It was all for show. Don't forget she took it back immediately too," my wolf murmured in my head.

I rolled my eyes at him, brushing off his words.

"Don't just give me the silent treatment. Don't forget what Norman says about her," Ye continued. I knew he wouldn't stop until I addressed it.

"You two don't even know her. Besides, Emmet is her professor, so she didn't want to upset him," I replied, aware of Ye's attempts to manipulate me.

I wasn't a fool. I didn't need anyone's judgment to know Helanie was nothing like her mother or anyone else.

She was so different, so deep.

There was a unique kind of shine in her eyes, as if she didn't belong to this world. Nothing seemed to intrigue her, and that in itself intrigued me.

"So let Emmet take care of her. He's her stepbrother as well," Ye retorted, clearly trying to rattle me with the title.

"As if that's the only connection we have with her. And as for Emmet—the brother who needs days off to recover after every full moon? He can't take care of her. He should focus on his health first," I snapped, annoyance creeping into my voice. Emmet's constant attempts to impress Helanie were getting on my nerves.

He barely did anything else in his life.

"So, just out of curiosity—your brothers bullying her or the brother trying to impress her to win her heart. Which one bothers you more?" Ye's question left me momentarily speechless.

Straightening my back, I thought about it, and both options seemed equally terrible.

I chose silence for the rest of the drive and soon arrived at the hostel. After parking, I went inside and sat down with the warden.

"Agrona," I greeted her with a nod. She returned my gesture with a small smile as we both took our seats.

I glanced around her small office, noting the bed tucked in the corner and the walls adorned with photos of former elite students. A very curated list, but who was I to judge?

"How is everyone here? I hope the bullying has lessened," I said, my tone neutral.

Agrona's sharp eyes briefly wandered to mine before she lowered them, a small smile playing on her lips.

"Young future rogue king—bullying is part of the academy, not the hostel. At least not when I'm around. There can only be one bully at a time," she said, her mismatched red and blue eyes glinting with an odd charm.

I'd always wanted to ask Agrona what had happened in her past, but ever since I was a kid, Dad had told me not to ask such questions.

"Anyway, I'd like you to make an announcement to the juniors that the scavenging for herbs will start next Monday," I said quickly as I got up. We had just finished discussing how the juniors had either gone to take naps or left the hostel for other errands.

I couldn't bring myself to ask her directly about Helanie—it would draw too much attention. And, as Agrona herself had said, there was only room for one big bad bully in the hostel.

And that was Agrona.

"Sure!" she replied, her rough voice coated with a sweetness I could tell was fake. I'd always felt that her niceness was just a front, something she put on because of the position she held.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, little lover couldn't even get a glimpse of his mate," Ye taunted, but I ignored him, keeping my head straight as I walked out of the hostel.

That's when I saw something that made Ye add to his earlier jab.

"Oh, look! Our journey wasn't entirely wasted. We found your mate—with her new lover—carrying her bridal style, off to what is probably their first night together," Ye sneered, his voice dripping with mockery.

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

Chapter 123-Too Much Comfort From My Mate

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Helanie:

I was horrified by the sight of Kaye watching me being carried in the arms of Penn. I knew it looked bad, but why would it bother me? It shouldn't, right?

But it did.

The hurt in his eyes made me feel like dying in that moment. Oh, wait—I would die from the pain.

Penn only gave Kaye a brief nod before rushing past him to take me upstairs. I couldn't do anything; the pain was too much. Kaye, on the other hand, seemed frozen in place, as if he wasn't one for grand gestures anyway.

I closed my eyes because, at this point, I didn't even want to see what was going on around me anymore. I didn't want anyone to see me either.

But that was inevitable—we were spotted before we could even reach the elevator.

"Wait!"

A loud, gruff voice stopped us.

I opened my eyes and wriggled my legs, signaling Penn to put me down. The moment my feet touched the floor, I dropped to my knees, wrapping my arms tightly around my stomach.

The warden stood tall with her hands clasped behind her back. The silence was enough of a warning—I needed to raise my head and give her my full attention, or she'd just keep staring.

So I did, though I had little energy left and was wracked with pain.

"What's going on here? Is this some kind of romantic suite where lovers carry their mates around in their arms—?" Before the warden could draw the wrong conclusion, I quickly tried to correct her.

My first mistake.

"He's not my lover," I said in a meek voice. Even I was shocked by how low and feeble I sounded.

Her expression changed instantly, and now I wanted to know what I'd done wrong. Was she upset because she'd assumed incorrectly?

"How dare you!" she roared. "Take your words back and don't speak until I've finished talking, or I'll pluck your tongue from your throat and feed it to the animals!"

She lunged at me suddenly, backing me against the wall. My spine straightened instantly, and my eyes widened in fear.

I was terrified—this was the first time I'd seen another woman this up close. That's when I noticed something unsettling: she had two different-colored eyes. But it didn't look genetic. One of her eyes was blood-red, riddled with wiry veins that covered her cornea.

I bet she noticed how scared I was. My heart was pounding so hard, it felt like it might burst out of my chest.

"Why don't you have a wolf's scent?" she demanded, sniffing me like a dog.

I kept my body rigid, pressed as tightly against the wall as I could. My breaths were uneven and erratic. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed giggling. A quick glance confirmed it—Sydney and Salem, along with their little entourage, were poking their heads out from the staircase, watching me get scolded.

"Agrona, thank you for taking care of the students, but I'll take it from here," said a familiar voice.

Kaye's arrival was shocking—he looked like he'd been stabbed in the chest. I thought he would've left by now.

But I was wrong.

Agrona didn't step away from me. Instead, she turned her head to bring Kaye into my line of sight. He looked so determined, his eyes fixed on her as he raised an eyebrow. He didn't move a muscle or make any gestures.

She then looked back at me, and I caught a smirk of acknowledgement on her face.

"Go, little wolfless creature. You've been spared—" she whispered. But just as she moved away, she added, "for now."

Agrona stepped aside before turning her attention to Penn and Jenny. For someone like Jenny, I always thought she'd be confident and arrogant. She came from a powerful

pack but was surprisingly meek, often sharing strange and contradictory stories about her experiences.

Penn, however, was steady and confident as he faced the warden.

"Let's make sure you kids don't repeat this kind of behavior," Agrona warned before walking away.

"You guys can go," Kaye said, and we all thought that was the end of it.

"Let's get you to your room," Penn said loudly, turning to Kaye with a polite nod. "Thank you, Professor Kaye."

"Actually," Kaye interjected, his gaze unwavering as he locked eyes with Penn. "Leave Helanie behind. I need to speak with her."

Penn glanced at me for confirmation, clearly searching my face for any sign of protest.

"I'll be fine," I said, giving them a small nod.

Penn and Jenny walked away toward the staircase, with Penn wrapping an arm around his sister's shoulders to comfort her. Now it was just me and Kaye.

"A minute outside?" Kaye asked, his tone leaving no room for refusal.

I followed him steadily, relieved that I wasn't feeling too weak anymore. The cool air outside hit my skin as Kaye turned to face me.

"What was going on?" he asked in a simple yet aggressive tone. "Why were you in his arms?"

His question was sharp, laced with a possessiveness that reminded me of how mates sometimes spoke to each other. I could have easily responded with sass, telling him to mind his own business. But I sympathized with him. I knew it hurt to see your mate with someone else.

I didn't have a wolf, so I couldn't fully understand the depth of such feelings. But I'd seen my friends suffer, and the thought of being the cause of someone's pain unsettled me.

I was ready to explain that there was absolutely nothing between me and Penn when Kaye suddenly softened, adding, "Did you get hurt?"

However, his simple addition shifted something inside me—softened me, just a little bit.

"I actually did. I fell and hurt my knee," I said, using a scratch from earlier as evidence.

"What were you doing? You need to be a lot more careful, especially for my class," he said, his tone laced with concern.

He began to kneel down, reaching to inspect my torn baggy jeans. The fall had been bad in many ways—I'd lost yet another pair of pants. But I wasn't going to discard them; I couldn't afford to replace them.

As for Kaye, I quickly stepped back, not wanting to make it too obvious that something unusual was going on between us. Someone might notice, and the last thing I needed was more attention.

"Your class?" I asked, confused. What had happened to the combat one?

"Yeah, I've switched classes, Helanie," he said, his voice so comforting as he gave me the news.

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

Chapter 124-A Terrifying Night Ahead

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Helanie:

After Kaye checked on me, he noticed that the seniors and nosy juniors had started coming out, probably to see why a professor was talking to a student alone without involving others.

"Take care and apply something on it. I'll ask you to send me a picture of this injury in a few hours," he warned me, gesturing slightly with his finger as he pointed at me.

Just as he was about to turn around and walk away, someone called out to him.

"Professor Kaye!"

I stepped aside to let her pass as she came running like a headless chicken. It was the senior, Sage.

She approached with a prideful expression on her face, wearing her best attire—a new tracksuit and headphones—as if she were all set for a fun run.

"Yes?" Kaye asked. He already seemed to know her. I mean, she was a top senior, so he definitely knew of her.

"I, um—wanted to—ask for a favor," she said, her tone far gentler than it usually was when she spoke to Kaye.

"Go ahead," Kaye replied, and she stretched out her hand to give him something.

"Can you give this to Professor Emmet for me?" she asked softly, trying to fake a gentle and kind tone.

It felt odd standing next to her. I probably should have left since I was done talking, but I didn't know what kept me there.

Kaye stared at the package and shook it lightly. I realized it wasn't just a piece of paper inside but something else moving too.

"It's a chocolate bar," she explained again. "I wanted to thank him for teaching us with so much passion."

She was trying so hard to sound cute as she asked Kaye to give her gift to his brother. I didn't even realize how intently I had been watching her until my eyes shifted to Kaye. I found him staring at me with intent.

He seemed a little lost or maybe just observing me—I couldn't tell.

"Sure. You're his favorite student, and I'm sure he'll be very happy to receive this," Kaye said, his tone changing as he agreed to her request.

She moved her shoulders happily, almost smugly. I didn't know she was Emmet's favorite student.

"I am?" she said, equally shocked, while Kaye nodded his head to confirm.

"Thank you so much, sir. It truly means a lot to me," she exclaimed. Of course, she was ecstatic, and why the heck was I so jealous?

I shouldn't be.

This wasn't what my life was going to revolve around.

"Make sure you finish your run before evening, Sage. No one is allowed to stay outside late tonight," I heard Kaye tell her.

"I'll leave now, sir," I said, giving him a faint nod before turning around and walking steadily back inside. I entered the elevator and pressed the button, but somehow, my eyes kept darting to the panel, hoping the tenth floor would appear magically.

"If it shows up, I'll send this Sage to the tenth floor," I hissed under my breath, almost like a brat, before catching myself and biting my tongue.

Once I got back to my room, I realized how lonely it was without Lamar and Lucy. Even though Lamar irritated the heck out of me, I'd been realizing he was a little less insufferable lately. But what about Lucy?

So many thoughts swirled in my mind as I tried to focus, even though I didn't want to. I hadn't eaten anything and was feeling incredibly sick. I managed to take a quick shower, but as soon as I got into bed, I couldn't resist the pull of exhaustion and fell asleep.

I jolted awake when the door opened.

"I'm so sorry for bothering you like this," Lamar said as he stepped in, noticing he had woken me up. He quickly apologized, but I couldn't help noticing dried blood on his face.

It instantly made me realize something was wrong. It wasn't long before memories of the tension between Gavin and Lucy came flooding back, and I sat upright.

"Where's Lucy?" I asked groggily, guilt bubbling up inside me for having fallen asleep while my friends were out dealing with so much.

"I don't know," Lamar replied, sitting down on the bed and pulling his bag out from underneath. He unzipped it, and my stomach churned when I saw what he was doing.

He had drugs in his bag.

"What the heck are you doing?" I nearly shouted, rushing over to lock the door. He was so reckless sometimes, and I felt immediate guilt for thinking he was "less insufferable" just a few minutes ago.

"I don't know shit, okay? Your friend Gavin tried to pick a fight with me, so we—" He paused before yelling, "And that other insecure friend of yours ran into the woods crying like a baby!"

His sudden change in tone and behavior stunned me. I instinctively stepped back, putting some distance between us.

This side of him—the unpredictable, erratic side—was startling, though not entirely unfamiliar. I had glimpsed it before, in the kitchen with Sydney that night. But this wasn't the same cocky demeanor. No, this version of Lamar looked genuinely bothered.

"Insecure?" I shook my head at him in disbelief as he injected himself with something from his bag.

"Screw you, Lamar!" I hissed, determined to go after Lucy and Gavin—whichever of them I could find first.

"You probably shouldn't go after them. You're not well yourself. Put yourself first for once, because no one else ever will—not even your mate. Look at what happened between the two of them," Lamar had the nerve to lecture me, his voice slurred and intoxicated as he lay sprawled on the bed.

I slammed the door shut behind me, ignoring his words. The fact that he had praised Lucy so much earlier but was now calling her insecure just proved how fake he was. And that fake person held my secret. I had to keep that in mind.

But for now, I was focused on finding my friends. It was getting dark, and the woods were no place for anyone—apart from the top seniors and alpha students who could defend themselves.

Just as I stepped out of the elevator, I spotted Gavin walking toward the staircase, alone and bloodied.

If he was here, where was Lucy?

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

Chapter 125-A Lycan On Full Moon

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Helanie:

"Tonight is a full moon, so I'll be chilling in my room and watching movies," I heard a student say as I was rushing after Gavin.

It was a full moon again? Oh is that why Kaye was asking Sage to remain inside.

Also, I needed to do something about my situation. It had already been so long, and I was acting like I wasn't carrying a child.

"Gavin!" He stopped when I called after him.

"If you're looking for someone who will accept your apology, I need time, Helanie. I can't even look at you right now," he murmured, refusing to turn around and face me.

"Umm, right! I'm sorry. I really am. But the night is upon us, and Lucy hasn't been to the Host—" I paused when he turned around abruptly, looking furious.

"You're asking me about her? Is this your way to hurt me more?" The hurt in his eyes made me look down instantly.

"I'm not saying you should look for her with me. I'm just asking—do you have any idea where I might find her?" I used a soft tone, trying to avoid direct eye contact.

"I can't believe this, Helanie. You, out of all people. I thought—well, I guess I was wrong. You're just too good for all of us. You choose your friends so carefully, always keeping your comfort in mind," he said bitterly. But it wasn't just his tone that hurt me; it was what he said.

"Gavin! I couldn't speak between you two—" I tried to explain, but he raised his hand to silence me and sped upstairs. I turned around and came face to face with Salem.

"Ouch!" she mouthed. "Trouble between friends? You can share it with me. I'm good at solving troubles." She folded her arms over her chest, giving me a peculiar look.

"And why would I trust you?" I scoffed, folding my arms across my chest. She noticed and didn't seem to like it because her sharp eyebrow arched as high as it could.

"I heard your friend is missing. What was her name again? Oh yeah, insecure Lucy!" she giggled to herself, and my jaw clenched.

"I can help you find her," she whispered, but I shook my head, refusing her offer.

"It's a full moon tonight, Helanie, and rumors say that whoever roams around the woods or the mountains during a full moon never returns to their friends," she whispered in the creepiest tone. Suddenly, a few wolf howls erupted, sending a shiver down my spine.

She laughed at my reaction and then shrugged. "I'm good at sniffing. I can sniff her out, but I'll need something in return."

She was swaying from side to side, her head tilting left and right every few seconds. It was odd talking to her directly. I used to think Sydney was weird.

Now I knew why Salem didn't talk much—she was creepy as hell.

"What do you need?" I asked. She glanced at something on my wrist without even unfolding her arms.

"My bracelet?" I inquired, and she nodded dramatically.

"You don't need to give her anything. I'll come with you," Jenny cut in, coming to the rescue.

I knew she was the daughter and sister of an Alpha, so she had to be strong and capable.

But it seemed to ruin Salem's plan as she stomped her foot and started walking away before muttering, "Maybe next time. But I want that on my wrist."

She mouthed the last part before storming off. I quickly pulled my sleeves down and gave Jenny a nod of appreciation for her help.

We rushed out together, the wind slowly picking up.

"Salem was lying about the rumors, right?" I asked Jenny as we began hiking down the trail to the woods near the mountains.

"Those are just rumors. If they were true, they wouldn't be called that," she replied, trying to sound positive, though I sensed a bit of hesitation in her tone.

I wasn't sure why she would endanger herself for Lucy, who had always shown disdain for her, but all help was appreciated.

"Anyway, thank you!" I said, and she smiled happily, holding my hand.

Jenny used her phone's flashlight while I kept trying to contact Lucy. But a few minutes into our walk, it started getting extremely chilly.

Not only that, but the silence was growing—almost as if the life outside, beyond closed doors and walls, was slowly retreating.

We both noticed it. I saw the goosebumps on her skin whenever the flashlight beam fell on her arms.

But neither of us talked about it out loud. It wasn't like we could go back without Lucy.

We made it to the edge of the woods and entered, greeted by an even eerier silence.

Once we were deep in the woods, we clung closer together than before.

"Lucy!" Jenny let out a faint cry, so quiet it was as if she feared someone—or something—dangerous might hear her.

I swallowed hard and straightened my posture. "LUCY!" I yelled louder.

As we began to walk forward, we started to realize just how unnervingly silent everything around us had become. Not even the wind was whooshing. It was a silence so absolute, it almost felt alive.

And then, a blood-curdling scream pierced the quiet. It came from the direction we were heading.

Both of us froze, exchanging a look that said everything—we recognized that voice.

Before we knew it, we were running toward the sound of Lucy's scream.

And then we heard the howls. They weren't normal wolf howls. They were wild, feral, the kind of howls that didn't belong to anything natural.

I had a sinking feeling in my chest. I almost knew what we were about to come face-to-face with.

As soon as we reached the spot where Lucy was, we both froze in place.

Before us stood a massive beast, towering and menacing.

He was unlike anything I had ever seen before.

"That's a lycan!" Jenny whispered in a shaky voice, confirming what we both feared.

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

Chapter 126-The Moon Goddess Has Lost Her Mind

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Helanie:

A beast-like creature that Jenny called a lycan not only existed but was now standing before us.

When living in packs, we only heard stories about such crazy creatures and monsters but never really believed in them.

We were taught about the monsters that were slain by brave pack members. But what existed beyond the borders was always dismissed as a myth.

That's why standing before this huge beast felt like a nightmare. What made it worse was that my friend was at the receiving end of the beast's claws.

Lucy was on the ground, her eyes fixed on the massive creature before her. She was so paralyzed with fear that I don't think she realized she could transition—either to fight back or run away.

"We need to do something," I whispered, unable to move a muscle, fearing that any movement might reveal us.

"I can't transition," Jenny whispered back, squeezing my hand. I didn't understand why until I noticed how cold her hand had become.

It was the lycan effect.

I had read about it before. Slowly, the myths about lycans came back to me—and none of it was good. A cursed wolf filled with so much rage that it would devour werewolves to quench its anger and thirst.

"Go get Lucy and make it to the hostel," I said, pushing Jenny away in a split second as I resolved to save Lucy.

If I could.

At least, I could buy them a few minutes to get a head start.

"HEY! Over here, asshole!" I shouted, raising both arms in the air and waving them. Jenny turned her head toward me, her face twisted in horror.

The lycan's snarl grew louder. Saliva dripped from its exposed canines as it turned its attention toward me, its new target.

"What are you doing?" Jenny yelled, but I had already turned around and started running.

"Just take Lucy and go!" I screamed, sprinting as fast as I could. Behind me, I could hear the heavy thud of footsteps.

Once the lycan effect wore off and we were in its presence for more than a few moments, the world around us became clear again. I heard the snapping of twigs and the sound of its breathing growing louder. It was much closer now.

Before I knew it, claws wrapped around me from behind, lifting me off the ground.

In that moment, something caught my attention. My thoughts went straight to my stomach—and my baby. It was an immediate instinct, a flash of fear for my child's life.

If he applied any more pressure, I would not only bleed, but I could lose my baby.

I had never thought like that before. Up until this moment, I had only hated this child and resented the fact that I was carrying it. I never thought of it as mine. But right now, fear gripped me so strongly that it was undeniable. As my legs dangled in the air for a few seconds, panic surged through me. Then, I felt solid ground beneath my feet again.

I wasn't thrown away but freed—something had attacked the lycan.

I crawled away quickly, hearing the wild howls and grunts behind me. Then I turned, still on the ground, to see a werewolf—half the size of the beast—fighting it.

The two were locked in a brutal battle. The lycan's snarls were so feral and intense that I couldn't help but wonder how I had survived.

Or had I survived at all?

Despite the werewolf's fast and relentless attacks, the lycan managed to claw it against a tree, wrapping its enormous hands around the werewolf's back and tossing it aside.

It all happened so quickly. I hadn't moved a muscle. I watched as if it were a horror movie, as if I were strapped to a chair, unable to leave or even close my eyes.

Once the lycan had thrown the werewolf away, it turned and rushed toward me again.

I scrambled backward, trying to crawl away, but it was moving faster than before.

Just as it reached me, I did the only thing I could think of—I grabbed my pendant. I wasn't sure if it would even work on a lycan. After all, it was more beast than man—a monster. But I took off my pendant anyway, hoping to confuse him with my scent.

He raised his claws to strike me but froze midair.

A strange silence engulfed us again, deeper and heavier than before.

This time, though, what happened next was far crazier than anything I could have anticipated.

I wanted to use this pause to get to my feet and run for safety, but I was stopped in my tracks.

I heard a voice—so unexpected and unfamiliar that I couldn't comprehend it at first.

"Mate!"

No!

Not a lycan!

How was this possible?

I felt like the world was collapsing around me. Was it the pendant? Should I wear it again?

I couldn't believe that simply taking off the pendant had done anything—or had it?

In a rush of uncertainty, I quickly put it back on while keeping my eyes fixed on the lycan. It was staring at me, almost as if it had felt something too.

"Helanie! Get away from him," Jenny's voice was mixed with the shouts of Lucy, both trying to bring me back to reality. But I couldn't focus on anything but the fact that the Moon Goddess had lost her mind.

But that didn't make sense. He's just a monster, without logic or reason—right?

Then, before I could think further, my vision started to blur.

I vaguely made out the shapes of two werewolves appearing again, both attacking the lycan together. One was the injured werewolf from before, and the other was someone new.

But I couldn't hold on long enough to make sense of what was happening. My body had reached its limit, and exhaustion claimed me.

I passed out.

The last thought I had was a fleeting one: I guess I'll wake up in heaven or hell, alongside the two werewolves who thought they could take on a lycan.

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

