

# Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

## Chapter 161-The Wounded Helanie

### Chapter 161: 161-The Wounded Helanie

**Norman:**

Kaye had returned while we were having dinner with our mom. I could take just one look at Kaye's face and tell he wasn't happy, though he was trying so hard to appear so.

Why couldn't he just back down?

But I couldn't force him. However, if he came to me asking for help, I wouldn't be able to deny him.

Even though I hate Helanie to my core.

If only that girl would just leave us alone and get out of our lives.

"It was an amazing night. Kaye gifted me this bracelet," Kesha said as she sat down, showing our mother the diamond bracelet Kaye had given her. It was picked by my mother, and she used Kaye's card to pay for it.

Kaye's only contribution was showing up for the date.

"Aw! My son has great taste," Mom said, faking her enthusiasm as she did her little shoulder dance. But the moment she complimented Kaye, his face lit up.

He even looked around to make sure we were all paying attention. Maximus rolled his eyes, pouting at me. We all knew how much our mother's approval meant to Kaye.

Why couldn't she just truly love him? Why did she have to fake it?

And I couldn't even call her out because it would hurt Kaye, and on the next full moon, he would suffer so much that his pain might even kill me.

"Brother, you seem tired. You should rest," I said to Kaye, who seemed to have been waiting for someone to open the exit door for him.

"I'll also go rest now," Kesha said happily, getting up and extending her hand for Kaye to hold. Of course, she was going to cling to him.

I didn't mind. She was a good person, but if my brother didn't like her, he shouldn't be with her. Yet who am I to decide that, especially when he had told me himself that he wants to be with her?

Once Kaye and Kesha were out of our sight, my mother's fake smile faded away. She turned her attention to Maximus and then to me.

"When is Emmet coming here?" she asked. I leaned back in my chair while Maximus let out a sigh of exhaustion.

"He doesn't want to come here. Get over it, Mom," Maximus groaned in annoyance, clearly tired of her constantly bringing up Emmet.

Kaye and Maximus weren't really fans of Emmet anymore because of how peacefully he sleeps during full moon nights—and afterward, too—when he should be with his brothers.

They used to be very close to him growing up. While I was acting like their dad and mom at once, Emmet was the brother they could play around with.

Until everything changed, and we lost Emmet.

The guy we live with today is nothing like our brother. He cares about nothing and no one.

I still love him, but Maximus and Kaye have lost their interest in even speaking his name since Emmet changed.

"But why? Why does he hate us so much?" my mom's voice cracked, and this time, she wasn't faking it.

"Mom, you know him," I murmured.

"Is it still because of that rogue girl? Why the heck did your father even let her into our mansion? Look at my son now. Look what she did to him," my mom broke down, covering her face in her hands.

Maximus widened his eyes and bit his tongue, awkwardly getting up to comfort her. He bent down over her chair and gave her a side hug, clearly unsure of how to handle the situation.

"Please don't cry," he said in the most awkward tone.

"Mom, he's fine," I reassured her from afar. I just couldn't bring myself to get too close to her. I had to stay here for the sake of my brothers. I cannot leave, or I would have done so a long time ago.

As for that girl, I never liked her. So, I understood what my mother was saying.

"Anyway, when are our little siblings coming back home?" Maximus inquired excitedly.

"They're in the boarding house right now. They'll be coming back in two weeks," Mom replied.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at her. She wanted kids so desperately, yet she sent them away to a boarding house. Such little kids living in a boarding house while she sits here, controlling everyone's lives.

"Oh! I just got an idea," she exclaimed, her mood changing so quickly. She lifted her head, and Maximus stepped back slightly, folding his arms but still watching her. His expression was so dramatic.

"You're going to ask Emmet to come here to see his twin siblings. He needs to come," she said, smiling widely, as if Emmet would ever agree to do that.

I didn't think he hated kids. It was just that kids have high energy, and Emmet didn't like loud sounds or overly talkative people. He preferred staying in his safe zone, keeping to himself.

"Haven't you tried that way too many times already?" I sighed, rubbing my temple with my index finger.

"Huh, this time I'm going to do something more," she replied with a smirk. Even though I wanted to tell her not to play any more games with my siblings, I gave her a pass when it came to Emmet.

He needed to get out of whatever stress and depression he was drowning himself in.

"I'm going to make him babysit the twins. And for that, I'm going to allow your father to see my babies," she added.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She was so damn ready to do anything to get what she wanted.

The babies she had fought so hard to keep away from my father—she was now willing to use them for her schemes.

But I was done listening to this conversation. Especially when I started receiving a phone call from Lamar, the student who had attacked Helanie previously.

"Wait a minute," I excused myself, getting up and rushing to the side.

"Yes?" I answered, surprised. No one usually dared to call me or bother me.

"Umm, Helanie is not well, and none of the other trainers are answering their phones," Lamar said hastily.

I glanced over at Maximus. His phone had run out of battery again?

But what happened to Helanie?

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

## **Chapter 162-He Chose A Mate And His Brother Is Taking Care Of Me**

### **Chapter 162: 162-He Chose A Mate And His Brother Is Taking Care Of Me**

#### **Helanie:**

"Lamar—stop calling them. I don't want their help," I begged him to stop, but he wouldn't listen. He was freaking out, and I could tell why.

My nose was bleeding so much.

After the initial arm cracking, it had gone back to its place, but the fever was so high that I was seeing things at this point.

I guess his call was finally answered because he stepped away, running his hands through his hair. His sight seemed blurred.

I wasn't even able to speak anymore. My tongue kept rolling back in my mouth, and my eyes were unfocused, rolling in my head.

"Okay—and—he's—coming—," I could only catch bits and pieces of what Lamar was saying.

I closed my eyes briefly—or so I thought—but when I opened them again, I saw someone else standing beside Lamar.

"Huh? Ugh, I'm seeing devils now. I guess my fever has reached my head," I muttered fearfully, pointing at Norman's hallucination.

I had been seeing things—faces—and now this demon was standing in front of me.

"Helanie!" Lamar hissed under his breath, gesturing something to me, while Norman, of course, looked angry. When doesn't he look angry?

"I'm sorry, but I swear I'm seeing that demon of a man in front of me. Do something—my fever—," I kept yapping until Norman's loud grunt silenced me.

"That 'demon' is here to help you," he said, and I forced my eyes open to look at him.

"Professor Norman has come here to help you," Lamar corrected me, giving me a look that practically screamed for me to shut up or come up with a lie to save myself.

"Oh, I'm not talking about him. I'm talking about the demon behind him," I blurted. I had no idea what was wrong with me, but it felt like I'd sniffed the deadliest poison or drug ever.

Except I hadn't, which made the whole situation even more unsettling.

"Oh, look, sir, she wasn't talking about you," Lamar added quickly, trying to help me out.

"I know. She's so sweet, isn't she?" Norman remarked sarcastically, his tone dripping with irony. Lamar shrugged.

"If you say so. She can be pretty mean to me. I think you're her favorite professor," Lamar replied in one breath. Norman rolled his eyes, taking off his white coat and handing it to Lamar without even looking at him.

Norman then walked closer to me, rolling up his sleeves and crouching down to my level. He placed his fingertips on my eyelids to check my eyes, peering straight into them. Then, he placed the back of his hand on my forehead.

His hand was cold but so big.

"You do have a very high fever. That's why she was hallucinating earlier," he commented, his minty fresh breath fanning over my face.

"I'll do some cold sponging and take care of her. You go ahead and get some rest. You still smell of that alcohol you had at the party earlier," he said without turning to Lamar.

Both Lamar and I exchanged a guilty, awkward look at that comment.

He knew Lamar had been part of the party. Maximus definitely didn't tell him that he had given me five minutes to save the people I wanted to save from the punishment.

"Okay," Lamar reluctantly walked away, while I looked like a sad puppy.

"Don't act like I'll eat you alive. I don't have a death wish; you'd claw my insides out if I dared to try," Norman muttered, his tone almost teasing.

I didn't know what he thought of me—I wasn't that tough at all.

"Come on, let's take you downstairs," he cleared his throat, his arms reaching for me before he pulled them back.

I guess he was debating whether he should carry me or not. I knew he hated me, so it must have been hard for him to decide.

"I can walk on my own," I said, feeling slightly more coherent. That happened every few minutes—I'd feel better before the dizziness and weakness returned.

"Good," he replied quickly, clearly relieved.

He stayed close as I started walking, ready to catch me if I fell. I took my time on the stairs, careful not to tumble and hurt myself. By the time I reached the second floor, the familiar dizziness washed over me again. I sat down on the floor, breathing heavily.

"Hey, if you can't walk, we can rest in one of these rooms," he said, pointing at the empty rooms that used to belong to the mischievous servants who wouldn't be using them anymore.

"Okay," I mumbled. I managed to get up and walk into one of the rooms, but as soon as I reached the bed, I threw myself onto it.

Staying on my feet wasn't easy anymore.

Once I was lying down, Norman grabbed the blanket from under me. He wasn't exactly gentle as he pulled it out, but he tucked it over me afterward.

I let him wander around while I rested. When I opened my eyes, I felt a cold sponge on my forehead and saw him sitting beside me on a chair that barely accommodated his frame.

"Did you feel anything tonight?" he asked immediately, noticing my eyes were open.

"No, just a headache," I lied.

I knew, as a trainer, he was trying to understand my condition. But until I completed a full transition, I didn't plan on telling anyone that I felt my bones crack earlier.

Still, just the thought of my wolf waking up made me feel so damn relieved.

"Are you sure?" he asked again, his eyes narrowing slightly.

I nodded firmly.

"Hmmm. You don't hate Lamar anymore? He tried to kill you," Norman said casually as he replaced the cold sponge on my forehead.

"I don't believe in second chances. But here, I had no choice. He was right in front of me, and he showed he had redeemed himself," I replied, recalling how I'd never thought I'd be friends with Lamar again.

"Hmm." Norman leaned back, lowering his head. After a pause, he said, "My brother is dating Kesha now. She'll be his chosen mate."

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

## **Chapter 163-All Eyes On Me**

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#### **Helanie:**

After he told me the devastating news that I guess I had already suspected, he gave me some medicine, and soon Gavin arrived, looking for me.

Norman said goodbye and left me in Gavin's care. Gavin took care of me and sat beside me in silence while I let the medicine do its magic. When I finally felt better, I knew it was time to confront Gavin.

"Don't play with Lucy," I said, and he frowned.

"What makes you think I am?" he replied, sounding unconvincing because he avoided eye contact.

"I know what you're doing, Gavin. Don't ruin everything. If you can't forgive her, just let her go. That will be her ultimate punishment. Don't stoop so low—" As I was speaking, his scoff and head shake interrupted my words.

"Did you say all that to her when she was cheating on me?" he asked. There was a sad and sarcastic smirk on his lips, as if to accuse me of being a hypocrite.

"Gavin, she didn't tell me before cheating on you. Besides, she was certain you had cheated on her, and while I think she's wrong, I just see her side. She was devastated.

Her punishment will be you leaving her." I didn't want them to end things on such a bad note, where there wouldn't even be a chance for them to be friends again.

"You should rest. I'm not playing here," he muttered and leaned back, closing his eyes. The rest of the night was peaceful. In fact, I woke up feeling so good, as if I had healed perfectly.

We returned to our room, where everyone was dressed up. Jenny wore a beautiful blue dress, while Lucy was in a pink dress. I guess she was really trying to impress Gavin.

"Are you okay?" Jenny asked me for the fifth time while Gavin attended the restroom to get ready for the day. We had been invited to join the royals in the mansion for some reason.

I was waiting for my turn to use the restroom and dress up.

"Helanie, why don't you try this dress on?" Lamar showed up, running inside wearing a black suit with a disheveled white shirt and black tie. He was always like that, and I guess it suited him.

"What?" I was shocked when he opened the cover to reveal a white dress. It was a brand-new white dress.

I noticed how red his hands were and how rosy his cheeks and nose were too. He had run out into the cold, just so he could grab me a dress?

Where did he even find an open shop? The shops must have been opening soon, so he must have persuaded them to open early.

"Lamar, why did you get me this dress?" I got up, speaking in utter disbelief.

"We are friends. And consider it a thanks for helping me last night," he smiled, showing his white teeth.

"Wow, Lamar is getting someone a gift," Lucy commented, giving me a wink. I remembered when she said I had so many people to take care of me.

"Now tell your friend to accept it and get ready," he turned to ask Lucy, who gave him a comforting smile and a nod.

"Come on, Helanie. We don't have time. Besides," Lucy bent over and whispered, "today, they'll be serving everyone food and drinks."

Oh, I know who she was referring to. It was crazy how everyone was looking forward to seeing the sisters serve them. It showed how much they despised them for making their lives miserable all these days.



After I got ready, we left for the mansion. That white dress made me feel some type of way. It was beautiful, with pearls and patterns that looked like a fairy walking from fairy tales. Jenny did my makeup and made me wear her pearl earrings and necklace, while Lucy did my hair in beautiful two braids from the front, tying them in the back with the rest of my hair in big curls, spread around openly. The loose strands all over my face, along with the freshly cut bangs, looked so well.

I never thought I could look this way.

We entered the mansion, and the first thing we saw was Sydney and Salem in black-and-white maid's costumes, holding trays and looking so grim.

"Wow," Jenny whispered, quickly holding my arm and pulling herself closer to me. The entire mansion was lit up with beautiful lights and had white flowers decorated everywhere.

"Kesha's father and Lord McQuoid are here," As soon as Gavin said that, I felt my confidence shake. But I had to constantly remind myself that I could never be with Kaye anyway.

As we reached the huge dining hall, I stopped in my tracks at the sight of Kaye and Kesha standing together with an old man—probably Kesha's father. And right beside them was Lord McQuoid.

So, it was official. They were really going to be each other's mates.

I kept staring at them like a robot before I snapped back to reality when Kaye's eyes landed on me. The look on his face, as his eyes traveled from my head to toe, was one of shock. Then, a little smile of satisfaction formed on his lips before it faded away quickly when Kesha unknowingly put her arm over his arm while talking to her father.

I looked away and straightened my back, turning my head to the other side to watch Norman stand with his mother. However, his eyes were on me, and there was a look of confusion on his face. His stare lingered on me before he shook his head and looked away. He then started to walk toward Kaye and his father, but his entire neck was turned toward me. I knew he was looking at me.

Maybe it was because of how quickly I had gotten rid of that fever. Whatever it was, it made him stare at me a little too long, to the point that he didn't see the small white rug and almost tripped as his shoe got caught in it.

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

# Chapter 164-Earth To The Angel

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**Helanie:**

"Hey, hey, watch your step, brother," Maximus arrived at the right time, wearing a black suit as he held his brother, who looked so bashful as he attempted to fix his posture.

"This rug—" he hissed, lowering his head but side-eyeing me.

"Was he checking you out?" I didn't know Jenny was watching us.

"I was sick last night, so probably that's why," I shrugged, looking away at Sydney and Salem. They didn't look happy at all. And the classmates were giving them a hard time—probably because that was the only time they could take their revenge on the "evil sisters."

Norman walked away and joined Kaye, while Maximus turned, and his eyes fell on me. As he had claimed before, he was truly shameless. He even smirked as he walked over to us.

"Jenny, did you ask the two to serve you the starters?" he asked her, pointing at Salem.

"No, I should go and do that," she rushed away, falling for his tricks.

When he looked back at me, he found my eyes narrowed at him. "And I thought angels only resided in heaven."

I was kind of showing him a sassy attitude until his comment made me awkwardly stare back at him.

"Why would you—why do you—" I stuttered, hissing under my breath and frowning, until I had so many lines drawn on my forehead.

"Keep stuttering, you look even cuter. As for me being me, I don't know. I was kind of stopping myself in the beginning—but then—I thought, who knows?" He made no sense. The way he was using codes to talk was only hurting my head.

"I don't even think you know what you want to say. Are you tasked to make me look bad by responding to your flirting?" I raised my brow, and he copied my gesture, making me sigh in exasperation.

He was so annoying.

"Tasked by who, and why would I be tasked to flirt with you?" He slipped his hands in his pants pockets and asked me.

I didn't want to say anything else, or he would put two and two together. I couldn't say his mom did it so that Kaye could think I flirt with everyone, which wouldn't make sense anymore because Kaye had already left me.

He didn't leave me—he gave me a hard choice that he knew I could not accept. Or did he? He didn't know about my revenge.

"Earth to the angel," Maximus snapped his fingers in front of my face to get my attention back on him.

"Everyone is here. Emmet didn't come?" I looked around, changing the topic.

"Nope! He doesn't come here," he replied in a much drier tone.

"My mom—she must not be allowed here," I questioned and answered it myself while nodding my head to myself as I concluded it.

"Yeah," he replied.

"Umm, your aunt and your cousin didn't come either. And the servants didn't have to because my mom has her own team of servers. Anyone else you want to talk about to avoid talking about me?" he murmured, making me turn my head to him and notice the smirk instantly form back on his face.

However, even while Maximus was talking, I couldn't help but remember a piece of information that I had been missing.

"Jenny is here. I will see you around," Maximus said as he stepped away. Jenny arrived with Sydney and Salem behind her.

"Come on, give her some fresh orange juice," Jenny asked Salem, who kept glaring at me as she shoved the tray in my face.

"Hey, behave!" Jenny almost hissed at her.

I grabbed the juice and dismissed Sydney with a wave of my hand, not feeling like consuming any food.

I had one thing—and only one thing—in my mind.

Kaye accepted me.

Previously, I hadn't seen it as a big deal because I didn't have a wolf, but now that I had a feeling my wolf was waking up, I was worried.

Everyone was enjoying breakfast, while the brothers and the royals sat separately at a table. The students sat at another table.

I sneakily typed a text for Kaye because I had to resolve this matter before my wolf wakes up and goes into heat. I didn't want to be connected to someone who was not mine.

Me: Can you meet after midnight?

I raised my head to notice how he reacted to my message. That's why I didn't want to be involved with anyone—especially not with the one the moon goddess had chosen for me. It was pretty obvious that the moon goddess's choice would hurt me.

I watched Kaye hold his phone, then put it under the table, typing something.

Professor Kaye: Sure.

When I thought that would be all, his message popped up again.

Professor Kaye: But try to come after you've changed. I don't think I can see you in this dress and not lose my control.

Blood and heat rushed to my cheeks, but I killed the feeling instantly. I am not a mate stealer.

I didn't respond to him.

"Try this," Lamar held his fork up with a shrimp on it. He had to get up and bend all the way over from the other side when offering me that bite.

I took it because I did want to enjoy the time. But my phone blew up instantly after that.

Professor Kaye: What is he doing? Does he not like staying alive? And why are you accepting bites from him?

I just stared at the screen, wondering how he processed things. We were officially over, and he had said yes to choosing Keshia. Then why the heck did he care who I spoke with?

Professor Kaye: And why the heck is Penn staring at you like he has nothing better to do?

His message was what brought my attention to Penn. I swiftly looked up from my phone to the side where he was sitting and found him watching me. However, my sudden look at him made him look down so awkwardly that I felt bad for catching him like that.

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

## **Chapter 165-Suddenly Everyone Is Jealous**

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#### **Helanie:**

A few minutes later, after I caught Penn glancing at me and quickly looked away upon realizing my mistake, I saw him approach our side of the table. He crouched down to whisper something into his sister's ear.

She listened attentively, nodded, then quickly left her seat for him, walking around the table to sit next to Lamar.

Penn took the seat beside me, clearing his throat.

"White is your color, huh?" he began, making me shift uncomfortably in my seat and glance at him.

"Thank you," I replied with a polite smile, accepting his compliment.

"About the other day when I accused you--I guess my alpha rank had gone to my head," he admitted. "I didn't realize how tough life can be for those who fall victim to higher-ranked werewolves' bullying. I suppose I was too stuck-up, feeling privileged for never having faced the same. That made sympathizing feel... far-fetched for me."

He leaned slightly forward, one arm stretched across the table, his posture straight. His tone was soft and understanding, his words carrying a depth that surprised me.

"I do accept simple apologies, though," I joked lightly. He chuckled quietly, almost to himself.

"Are you dating anyone?" he asked suddenly. The way he closed his eyes, as if encouraging himself to pose the question, made me gulp in utter bewilderment.

Questions like these are usually preludes to a date offer, and I wasn't sure if I was ready for that--if I even wanted it with Penn, of all people.

"No! I just want to focus on my tasks and the academy for now," I replied, feeling awkward about the extra information I tacked on. I only said it so he wouldn't ask me out, even if he was planning to.

Maybe I was overthinking, but his constant stare and awkward demeanor made it clear why he was here.

"Oh! Well, that's a great way to achieve bigger goals," he said, nodding. Then he added, "May I know when you might open the doors to the possibility of dating someone?"

The fact that he was so charmingly persistent was, admittedly, praise-worthy.

"Why do you want to know? Do you have someone in mind you think I'd look good with?" I teased, watching him frown and scoff.

"One thing you should know about me, Helanie," he said, his posture softening as he turned toward me. Leaning closer, he whispered, "I don't do public service. If I see something impeccable, I'd rather keep it for myself than offer it to someone else."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, covering my body in goosebumps. He straightened again, smirking as I swallowed hard.

"I saw you stand up for yourself, fighting anyone who crosses you," he continued. "And the way you protect your friends--whether it's by throwing yourself as bait for the lycan or saving them from punishment--that's rare."

He laughed lightly, then turned serious again. "You're different in so many ways. I've met plenty of higher-ranked she-wolves--dated some of them, even--but none have shown the kind of strength and uniqueness you do. Sometimes, I even wonder if you're lying about being the daughter of Omegas or not having a wolf."

He reached for his wine glass, taking a sip to compose himself after giving me what might have been the sweetest compliment I'd ever received.

However, I was stunned by his words about my rank. Could it be true that my wolf was entirely different from my parents'?

"That's very sweet of you," I muttered awkwardly, deliberately avoiding the topic, while my phone beeped repeatedly in my lap.

"You must think I'm so weird," Penn said, his tone light but confident. "Just yesterday, I was judging you harshly, and today, here I am, sitting next to you, hoping you'll change your mind about dating soon." He took a big sip from his drink before continuing. His

confidence didn't surprise me; alphas were always like this--straightforward, until they decided not to be honest anymore.

"We could start by being friends. How about that?" I raised an eyebrow as I posed the question. He tilted his head thoughtfully before responding.

"I don't want to end up friend-zoned like Lamar and Gavin," he mumbled, smirking smugly.

"It's different with them," I replied. "One of them is like a brother to me, and the other was dating my friend." I trailed off as I noticed Lucy shifting uncomfortably in her seat to my right. That's when I realized she had been eavesdropping on our conversation.

"Is dating my friend," I corrected myself quickly. Penn laughed quietly, his amusement evident.

"So how about the two 'friends' go for a walk after tomorrow's task?" he suggested, his tone casual but intent.

I narrowed my eyes at him, then nodded. "Sure, I like the idea of a little walk--especially after losing ourselves in the task," I said with a playful shrug as I reached for my orange juice.

I noticed his gaze lingering on me for a moment too long. "You know about the task?" he asked, tilting his head curiously. I nodded in confirmation.

"Breakfast is over," I announced, glancing around the table to see everyone finishing up. "Shall we all head back so I can inform everyone about the task and the rules?"

"Sure, I'll help you gather all the Pokémon," he whispered with a grin as he got up from his chair.

His sudden playfulness felt suspicious. It made me wonder what was going on. Was something different today? Instinctively, I touched my pendant to ensure I hadn't taken it off. First Maximus, and now him--what was happening?

We all got up and began walking back to the guesthouse. With some space to myself, I decided to check my messages. I had expected them to be only from Kaye, but confusion crept in when I saw a text from Maximus as well.

Professor Kaye: Screw midnight. Meet me in two hours back at the mansion. I need to discuss the task with you.

Professor Maximus: Why is that alpha boy flirting with you? Are you two dating?

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

## Chapter 166-Pick A Team!

### Chapter 166: 166-Pick A Team!

#### Helanie:

Everyone had gathered in the living room, waiting for me to announce the details of the task and explain the rules. However, we had to wait a few more minutes as the ones serving punishments had yet to arrive.

Eventually, they rushed in, looking like a complete mess. Sydney's hair had remnants of food in it--I guessed some rich alpha's mate had been offended by her attitude and tossed an amuse-bouche at her. Meanwhile, one of the ladies had pushed Salem away when she attempted to retaliate.

The two of them looked utterly miserable. They muttered under their breaths, passing snide comments and pulling faces, which immediately drew the attention of everyone in the room. Norman, unsurprisingly, called them out. I heard they had already been thoroughly scolded and that their punishment had been extended beyond what was initially planned.

"Huh, what is it? Just tell us quickly. We have other things to do," Sydney hissed, standing against the wall, clearly trying to avoid drawing further attention to her disheveled state.

Salem stood beside her, arms folded across her chest, looking equally irritable. Together, they looked like walking disasters.

"Now that everyone is here, I'll explain the task," I began, addressing the group. "Listen carefully, because I won't be repeating myself over and over again." My tone sharpened as I directed the comment towards Salem, who had already started fiddling with her phone. It was little provocations like this that made her so infuriating.

"This class is called Knowing Your Weapon" I continued. "A monstrous creature, once captured by the rogue brothers, will be in a long cage. At the far end of the cage, there will be a key.

"You'll be split into groups of three and given ten minutes to run into the woods to find an herb that can be used to weaken or repel the monster. Once back, you'll need to use the herb to get past the creature, grab the key, and unlock the door on the other side of the cage. Whoever succeeds within fifteen minutes will win.



"Keep in mind, injuries are possible if your herb fails to work. The monster can attack and might even leave you gravely injured--or worse. And one more thing," I added, my voice firm, "you are not allowed to transition into your wolf forms."

I read this directly from the file in my hands, a sense of dread gnawing at my heart. Despite my unease, I kept my expression neutral.

"Why not? We're werewolves! If a monster can fight us with its full might, why can't we do the same?" Sydney objected, her sharp tone encouraging murmurs of agreement from a few other students.

"That's because this class is designed to teach us how to fight even if we're weakened--such as when we have wolfsbane in our system or for any other reason we're unable to transition. We can't always rely on our wolves," I responded confidently, meeting her gaze.

Sydney narrowed her eyes at me, a smirk forming on her lips. "Of course you can't," she said mockingly. "But we can--because we have wolves."

I found Sydney's taunt deeply offensive, but I chose not to respond. Thankfully, my friends had my back. What shocked me, however, was the person who stepped forward to defend me.

Penn scoffed loudly, drawing everyone's attention to him, and then added with a sly smile, "You should practice, too, Sydney. Your wolf won't be able to wash clothes or mop the floors for you."

His comment, a clear jab at Sydney and Salem's punishment, caused their faces to turn pale. The two exchanged uneasy glances, as if trying to decipher why Penn was targeting them.

"I can defend my special friends," Penn said casually, making no effort to hide the fact that he was openly flirting with me.

"That's good," a sharp voice interrupted. "Because you'll be defending against the monster."

Professor Kaye's sudden arrival startled us all. I instinctively stepped away from Penn--not out of guilt for his flirting but because I didn't want unnecessary drama. There was nothing going on, and I didn't intend to act like there was. I had no desire to make anyone jealous or feel a certain way. If something ended, it ended. I wasn't the type to try to linger in someone's thoughts.

Kaye shot Penn a judgmental glare as he approached, stepping between us and extending his hand for the file. I held it out for him, but as he took it, he deliberately brushed his hand against mine. The action felt intentional, but I said nothing.

"This test is important," Kaye announced, addressing the group. "It will help me assess everyone's strengths and how you think under pressure. As for not being able to use your wolves, don't worry. There will be tests where you'll rely on your full strength. And I'll make sure you're not left unsatisfied," he added with a sharp tone, his eyes briefly flicking to Sydney.

Sydney lowered her head at his words, her confidence evidently shaken. "You'll get your chance to fight the deadliest monsters--since you seem to crave it so much," he added with an edge that silenced her completely.

I couldn't help but wonder why these girls didn't realize that their antics only led to repeated humiliation.

"Anyway," Kaye continued, turning his attention to me, "Helanie, come see me after discussing the teams with them. I want the finalized list in fifteen minutes. I'll be in my car at the parking lot."

His tone was serious, and I nodded in acknowledgment. As soon as he left, everyone began forming a circle to pick their partners.

"How about we write our names on pieces of paper and pick them in three turns? Whoever's names come up together will be paired as a team," Jenny suggested. Some of us nodded in agreement, while others, who had already chosen their teams, stayed quiet.

For those without a partner or a clear idea of whom to team up with, we wrote our names on slips of paper and placed them in an empty bowl. The sisters, unsurprisingly, didn't participate--I assumed they had already formed their group.

I began picking the papers. The first name to come up was mine, the second was Penn's, and the third was Lamar's.

As I glanced around, I noticed Jenny and Lucy exchanging concerned looks. They had been left without partners and seemed worried about being stuck in a weaker team. I realized I had ended up with a strong group, leaving them to fend for themselves.

"I've got an idea," I said before drawing another team. Turning to my friends, I added, "Why don't you three form a group?"

Jenny and Lucy nodded in agreement, relief evident on their faces. Gavin immediately started searching for their names in the bowl to remove them since they had now formed a team.

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

# Chapter 167-He Won't Reject Me

## Chapter 167: 167-He Won't Reject Me

**Helanie:**

"I will go give these names to Professor Kaye," I told my friends and began to leave. At the same time, Sydney and Salem were heading back to the mansion to continue serving and cleaning.

The moment we stepped outside, their group quickly formed a circle around me. Even though I wasn't as powerful as them, I didn't flinch. I had faced them too many times before, and they no longer seemed intimidating to me.

"What is it?" I asked, folding my arms over my chest. "Haven't you learned from your previous mistakes?"

The two sisters shared a glance before Sydney stepped forward. "You are such an evil person. You went out of your way to secretly inform everyone that Professor Maximus was coming here and didn't even tell us?" she demanded, her tone laced with ignorance.

"I did warn you girls. The first time I thought about doing something good for you, your sister locked me in a room. So why do you think I would go out of my way for bullies like you?" I kept my tone harsh, refusing to waver or stutter. I wasn't about to give them the satisfaction of getting under my skin.

To be honest, they didn't. Their behavior wasn't shocking to me anymore.

"Then you've started a war," Salem whispered in her raspy and unpleasant voice.

"Oh, really? I thought you girls were already at war with me," I muttered, noticing their smirks fade.

"Now, get out of my way unless you want me to tell Professor Kaye why I was delayed," I added firmly. Their friends immediately began whispering among themselves, as if trying to break the circle and avoid further trouble.

"You can go now, but we'll get you next time," Sydney threatened. Her words didn't scare me. This wouldn't be the first time they tried to get me in trouble. If I had survived this long, I was confident I could handle whatever they threw at me in the future.

They walked away to continue their punishment, and I jogged to the parking lot. Kaye was sitting in his car, the passenger-side door open.

It was about to rain, so I hurried. I wanted to get back to the guesthouse before the downpour started. Quickly, I got in the car and shut the door, noticing him staring at me while his hand rested on the steering wheel.

"This is the list of..." I began, extending the papers toward him. But he pushed them down, making it clear that the list had only been an excuse to get some time alone to talk to me.

"You said you wanted to talk about something," he inquired urgently.

I had to take a deep breath because what I was about to say wasn't easy for me to talk about. Gathering my courage, I took another deep breath and uttered, "Kaye! Congratulations!"

His face showed signs of exhaustion, his eyes darkening as he shook his head.

"It's just a business deal," he muttered, refusing to accept my congratulations.

"Then congratulations on acing that deal," I added. He stretched his neck, his body language betraying obvious signs of weariness.

"I also wanted to ask you to reject me," I said, my words bringing his movements to an abrupt stop. His eyes fixed on me, wide with shock, as I made it clear why I had called for this meeting.

"Huh? Why? Why are you suddenly--," he stammered, his usual composure slipping as his accent lost its sharpness.

"It's not sudden. I don't want to be accepted by someone who is starting a new life with his chosen mate. Why drag me along?" I argued, shifting in my seat. My back pressed against the door, my body turning to face Kaye fully.

"This was what we decided. That until you were ready, I could--," he began, but I silenced him with the sharpness of my reaction.

"You're going to get married to Kesha. What exactly are you expecting from me? To come to you and be your mistress once I'm ready? Kaye, you made your choice, and now I'm making mine. I just want rejection. It's my right," I said firmly, amazed at the confidence in my tone.

If I hadn't been through so much, I might have begged him to accept me. I would have dropped everything to be with him. But I had realized that if someone truly wants to be with you, they'll wait--they won't simply find amusement elsewhere in the meantime.

I wasn't even blaming him. He had every right to date whoever he wanted. But at least, he could reject me now.

"Okay," he nodded, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard, seemingly trying to process what I'd just said.

"Okay?" I murmured softly, almost disbelieving.

"Then it's my choice that I'm not rejecting you," he said, raising his head to meet my eyes with a determined gaze as he made his announcement.

"That is--," he interrupted me, finishing what I was about to say.

"Ridiculous? Controlling of me? Think whatever you want. As for marrying Kesha, I'm not. I'm doing what I should. It was their fault for asking me to choose her. I'll keep her around until you decide to accept me, and then I'll drop her," he said, his tone so demeaning that I couldn't believe I had once started to fall for this man.

"You are--wow! You're going to drag an innocent girl along just to get the benefits of business deals, and once you have me, you'll discard her?" I asked in disbelief. He shamelessly nodded his head.

"You heard me right. The deals are mine, and you are mine, Helanie. Go ahead, hate me all you want, but the day you realize the only innocent person in our land is you, you won't hate me for playing that woman," he said without remorse, picking up the list and pretending to be done with the conversation.

"You can close the door when you leave," he added, his focus shifting entirely to the papers in his hands.

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

## **Chapter 168-They Won, But At What Cost?**

### **Chapter 168: 168-They Won, But At What Cost?**

#### **Helanie:**

Lamar, Penn, and I had chosen to wear black tracksuits. Everyone was offered a color theme, and we picked the pure black ones with only a red cross on our shoulders.

The other teams had already performed, and they did terribly. I arrived at the ground with hopes that the test wouldn't be so difficult. But as the first three teams were beaten to a pulp by the monster, my confidence started to shake.

Kaye had been inspecting the whole test very thoroughly. He was making sure to let the warriors step in and save the students once they gave up on the test.

Once the students realized they could no longer continue, they would release a gas bomb matching their tracksuits on the ground.

There were three cages--long, cylindrical ones that stretched across the entire ground.

"Are you okay?" Penn slipped closer to whisper in my ear.

"I guess," I muttered, watching as Gavin, Lucy, and Jenny's team prepared, along with two more teams.

"I hope they do well," I wished, as the others had failed miserably. My heartbeat was honestly rising with every passing minute.

It was a deadly fight, especially as the big, green, frog-like monsters attacked them with their long, thick tongues. They seemed like giant hybrid frogs.

I had only heard about them in stories. Now I was realizing why everyone said the world outside the borders of the packs was as scary as hell.

Lucy was right. I was lucky to have survived roaming in the wild on my own when such a crazy monster existed.

As Kaye started the timer, Gavin, Lucy, and Jenny ran in the direction of the woods. Kaye had changed the rules a little for our class. Every student in the team was supposed to gather one herb, so a total of three weapons. The fear of facing the frogster was so overwhelming that the students lost their focus and couldn't even think about the herb part.

Their minds were stuck on how to fight the frogster.

"Don't worry, they'll do well," Lamar reassured as he elbowed me to look at Penn. His sister was going to be in the cage with the frogster. He looked frightened, probably even regretting that he hadn't asked his sister to be on his team and had instead left the decision up to the piece of paper.

After about ten minutes, the teams returned with something in their hands. The cages opened, and they all got in. The frogster seemed hungry, not even letting them adjust as it threw its sticky tongue at Lucy, making her jump and roll to the other side.

"Watch out!" I screamed, instantly covering my mouth because my voice could distract them.

Gavin sat on the side, waiting for the perfect moment to use the herb he brought. But I noticed the others had given him herbs as well.

"The two girls have opted to be a distraction," Lamar was quick to understand their strategy.

Penn remained silently watching, his eyes wide, as if he would run the minute he saw his sister get hurt.

While Gavin released a blue flower that dispersed dust into the air, the frogster sniffed it and started to pause.

"I guess it's working," I jumped up happily, and I'm sure the others noticed it too. That's when Jenny, Gavin, and Lucy began to run past him, but sadly, as Kaye had warned us, these frogsters were quick to recover from the effects of the herbs. As they were passing, the frog extended its tongue, but instead of directly attacking the girls, it swung it around to toss them away.

My heart sank in my chest with worry as everything seemed to slow down. It felt like there were only a few minutes left, and Gavin was even in a rush because now he had to save the girls. Since he was in the back, he could see the frogster attacking them.

He ran, and when I expected him to first grab Lucy and then Jenny, he only grabbed Jenny and rolled her over the ground, saving her while Lucy paused to watch them.

I could see the shock in her eyes.

"LUCY, RUN!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. Lamar quickly held me from behind as I watched the frogster's tongue hit Lucy in the waist and throw her away.

She landed far away, right next to the exit door.

I didn't even realize when, but I had started to cry and sob.

"Lamar, give her some water!" Kaye was distracted by my cries, so he turned and yelled at Lamar.

I shook my head at Lamar; I didn't need water. My eyes were glued to Lucy, who could barely get up from the ground as she coughed up blood.

It was now time for Gavin to use the other two herbs so they could pass the frogsters. The two ran, and Gavin helped Lucy up. The minute he did, Jenny got the signal from them and grabbed the key, unlocking the door and getting out. She held the door open for the two while the frogster threw its tongue out again.

Gavin was quick to escape with Lucy, and the door was shut just in time, causing the frogster's tongue to hit the door instead of them.

Once they were out, some of the students started to cheer for them, as they were the first team to make it through. However, they only made it by one second. Otherwise, they would have failed too.

The other two teams were in the same situation--they lost by the margin and also suffered way too many injuries. I ran to Lucy but couldn't even hug her because she collapsed on the ground and started throwing up blood again. Total of only two teams had made it so far.

"Kaye! What is wrong with her?" I yelled at Kaye, making everyone stop and stare at him. I didn't know why I used such a tone with him in front of everyone, and I didn't understand why he obeyed me like a lost puppy. He rushed over, bowed down to my command, and knelt beside Lucy, something he hadn't done for anyone else.

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

## **Chapter 169-In The Cage**

### **Chapter 169: 169-In The Cage**

#### **Helanie:**

"It's okay, she's fine. Others have sustained even worse injuries, and they will heal too. She just needs to transition, and—" Kaye had been reassuring me while I sat next to Lucy on the bench. Everyone was taking a little break before it was my team's turn with Sydney and another team. I have never had friends so I never thought about getting connected to someone so well. But right now, they were more family to me than my own family, if I can still call them that.

"She's my friend; of course, I am worried about her," I snapped at him for constantly asking me to calm down.

"Okay, I'm sorry, you're right. I'll help her transition safely myself, okay?" he asked, kneeling in front of me on the bench. I didn't notice my friends staring at me. Lucy was barely conscious, and my heart ached for her.

"Okay," I hissed, turning my head to the side.



"You!" he called out to Lamar. "Bring her some juice and sweets. Her turn is next, and she doesn't seem to be doing too well—" Before Kaye could get an angry glare from me for saying she wasn't doing well, he realized his mistake and added, "I mean, it will just be good for her."

He then got up once I regained my composure and looked around at the people judging me. I guess I had overreacted, but seeing Lucy tossed around like that just broke my heart.

It was at that moment that I realized no one should be with someone who doesn't love them enough. A mate is supposed to be a ride-or-die.

Although I would have been upset too if it had been Jenny who got hurt, that wasn't the part that bothered me. What messed with my head was that Gavin chose Jenny over Lucy. It must have caused Lucy so much pain.

Not only that, but if he could, he would have saved both. But the chances of saving both were 50/50, and he didn't want to risk Jenny getting hurt.

"I'm here with her. Go get ready for your turn, Helanie," Gavin whispered, and I instantly turned to glare at him. He looked shocked too, but I understood why I was glaring at him.

"Hey, it's okay," Jenny said, patting my shoulder. I gently placed my hand on the back of hers and removed her hand from my shoulder.

She looked confused, but I wasn't anymore. I wasn't foolish enough not to see that something was wrong here.

But my mind was all over the place, also now scared of what would become of me in that cage.

"Okay, let's go, it's our turn," Penn said, offering me his hand, but I didn't take it. I just wasn't feeling like being around anyone at the moment, except for Lucy, who wasn't even in her senses to respond to me.

We all walked over to the cages and stood before them.

"Make sure you guys keep her safe, you know. She's extra baggage for you guys," Sydney called from her cage's door, looking so confident because she was a strong she-wolf with a high rank.

"Do you think these two can do anything?" the guy, their third partner, Hans Willerk, commented. He was a douchebag, but that's a story for another day.

"Focus on your own mess, dude," Lamar replied.

"Huh! We ain't mess. But you will cry when you will lose because of how slow she is. She will rely on you—," As Sydney felt compelled to shame me for having no wolf, Kaye got angry at her.

"Shut up Sydney!" he yelled and she instantly shut up.

"Guys, don't focus on them," I said as I gestured toward the way Sydney and Salem were posturing.

They seemed ready to go into the woods the minute the timer started, but we were supposed to head into the woods. Every second they wasted could be beneficial for us.

"Everyone, positions—go!" Kaye yelled, but his voice broke. I guess this was the first time during the test that he sounded worried.

We rushed forward, while I heard Hans yell at the two sisters for heading toward the woods.

"Are you dumb? You cannot enter the cage without getting a weapon," he continued to yell at them. I have never had a personal face off with Hans before. But I have heard that he is extremely toxic, a typical toxic alpha.

"Go fast," Penn muttered, rushing ahead of us. Of course, they could use their wolves' strength, but transitioning was banned, and attacking the frogster with their wolves' strength was prohibited.

Lamar and Penn reached the woods before me, but I wasn't too worried. I already knew which herb I was going to pick.

The minute I reached the woods, I didn't even need to go deep inside. I had kept the time, place, and location of the herb in my mind—along with its effects. A silver flower called ashpetal. Its petals turn into ash and dust when touching someone, getting absorbed in the skin and causing the victim to feel worms move under their skin.

I had already grabbed my weapon so I was now making my way back. Soon, I realized the others were right behind me as well.

"What did you get?" Penn yelled, reaching me.

"Ashpetal, what about you?" I asked back, feeling my heart race speeding with how fast I was going. I had to keep up with Lamar and Penn. I did not want them to lose because of me.

We have now come back to the cage in only five minutes. Once The cage door opened, my body felt so cold like I had been frozen to my spot. Needless to say, stepping into the cage was like walking into a death trap.

"It is okay, you can do this," Lamar whispered and I nodded my head while the cage opened. I got to see Kaye do it personally for us and while we were stepping in, he gave me a look of confidence, also making a gesture of thumbs up.

I nodded and took a deep breath, entering the cage.

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

## Chapter 170-Too Many Victories

### Chapter 170: 170-Too Many Victories

"I am ready for my attack," Lamar yelled, holding his herb tightly in his hand. Penn was making sure that neither he nor Lamar stayed too far from me. I was sure they were worried that if I were alone and the Frogster attacked, I would get hurt. But that was exactly what I wanted to change. I didn't want to be dependent on anyone. They had their own test to pass; they shouldn't be babysitting me.

"Got it," Penn said, giving him a thumbs up, and I nodded in agreement. I thought facing the Frogster would be terrifying, but it wasn't that scary at all.

I watched Lamar throw the herb he brought at the Frogster, but it only made the creature go crazy. The Frogster barely moved, and we knew in that moment it had failed.

We jumped around, trying to confuse the Frogster enough that it wouldn't focus on just one of us. I could hear shouts and screams outside the cage—some cheering for us, others filled with worry.

"Penn! Give me your herb!" I yelled, extending my arm toward him. He handed me the Blichthorn herb. I had read about it—it causes brain freeze.

I took his herb and mine, placing them in my palms and began to crush them.

I could feel the powder forming and mixing in my hands.

Lamar and Penn were doing their best to distract the Frogster while I was busy planning our attack.

"Okay, listen, get it to face you two," I shouted, noticing Kaye reaching the cage and anxiously holding onto the bars. He wasn't even being subtle about it.

"Helanie, are you sure?" Lamar hesitated to let me take the lead because he was worried about what I might do.

"I'll be fine!" I yelled in reassurance.

Lamar and Penn raised their arms to get its attention, and they didn't have to do much. The Frogster turned toward them, ready to throw its sticky tongue out.

I ran to the back of the Frogster and positioned myself perfectly to attack it at the moment it was most distracted.

Everyone gasped as I climbed onto the back of the Frogster, confusing it with my unexpected move.

"What are you doing?" Lamar yelled in concern.

"Don't worry about me! I have the herb with me. Just cross him and get to the key!" I yelled, making sure they knew what I was trying to do.

Penn and Gavin sprinted toward the exit while I climbed onto the Frogster, reaching its head, and placed the herb in its eyes.

The minute the herbs touched its eyes, the Frogster lost its mind. I jumped and landed on the ground, watching the Frogster throw its tongue in all directions.

"Come on, Helanie!" Penn and Lamar yelled in unison, their hands extended toward me. I crawled under the giant frog's feet, making sure it didn't stomp on me. I had to roll, stop, and even jump while crossing in front of it. It couldn't see for a while, but that's when it started using its limbs and tongue to hit anything it could find.

I bolted toward the exit door and reached the two, giving them both my hands. They pulled me out, making me the first one to leave the cage, and they followed right behind me. Once Penn shut the door, Lamar screamed as he checked the timer.

"We still have 7 minutes to spare!"

"What?" I asked in shock, looking around to see everyone's reaction. They were all in shock but still cheering for us.

It was indeed a huge success for us. I saw Kaye smile at us, showing his clear favoritism. But why not? We were the first team to pass the test so well—no injuries to any of us.

"What the hell are those two doing?" the moment Lamar's eyes fell on Sydney's cage, we all turned our attention to them. And it's safe to say that the two girls had surely lost their minds.

The sight before us was not only terrifying but the results were going to be extremely hilarious in a painful way.

"Is that...?" Penn asked Lamar as we walked past their cage to reach the front, where Kaye was. Even Kaye was staring at Sydney and Salem with such shock that I knew the result was going to be a disaster.

"Yep!" Lamar nodded. "The two idiots brought the Flame of Lust." Lamar commented, making me remember I had seen this herb crushed in a bottle when I was working in Maximus' garage.

Oh shit! Why would they bring the Flame of Lust?

And not only that, I guess before anyone could warn them—or their own partner could see what they were doing—the two were already busy throwing the herb for the Frogster to sniff.

"No, you fucking morons!" Hans yelled, but it was too late. The Frogster sniffed a handful of Flame of Lust, and its entire body froze for two seconds.

"Shit, what's going to happen next?" I turned to Penn as we reached the front, watching the others perform.

"They're not going to die, as long as they—save themselves, because the Frogster is going to fall in love with these two now," Penn used a much more censored version as he mentioned the effects of the Flame of Lust.

"In short, Froggy is going to be full of lust now, and these two are the ones to blame for it," Lamar commented, causing Kaye to slap his forehead and gesture to the warriors to quickly come for help.

"Run!" Sydney yelled to Salem, still not understanding that they had messed up.

As they ran, the Frogster extended its tongue, but instead of hitting them, it curled it around Sydney.

"Huh?" Sydney yelled.

Salem stopped running to watch the Frogster pull Sydney closer to itself, almost like it was trying to hug her.

"What the fuck is he doing?" Sydney yelled as she got covered in the Frogster's saliva.

"Ew," was all I could say. Well, that's what they get for being overconfident.

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

## Chapter 171-The Flame Of Lust And Walk Of Shame

### Chapter 171: 171-The Flame Of Lust And Walk Of Shame

#### Helanie:

"This is not fair," Sydney cried, tears streaming down her face. She had been crying non stop ever since they freed her from the grip of the frogster's tongue. He just held her, his saliva dripping all over her.

It was so disgusting. Kaye had asked the warriors to step in, but they were disqualified for using something so reckless.

Hans had been grinning at them while Salem was still in shock.

Everyone was wounded and had to go rest, but before that, Kaye was going to make an announcement.

"Only a few teams managed to show me how thoroughly they did their research. I'm amazed because Helanie's team has set a record none of my students have ever achieved. I'm proud of you three—" he wrinkled his nose slightly as he mentioned Lamar and Penn too.

"So, I've planned a little trip to the nearby beach where you'll each have your own huts. However, the winning teams will get the larger ones. You'll be able to enjoy your time in those huts and on the beach for the rest of this trip. I'll be there to take care of your needs and ensure you have the best experience. But whenever I'm not around, I'll expect the winning teams to keep things under control. Anyway, start packing your stuff and load it into the cars before you head out for shifts and healing. Once you're all healed, the cars will pick you up. Just get in the car where your luggage is loaded," he announced, sounding a little distracted as he kept glancing at his phone.

We were extremely delighted because all my friends had succeeded—except for Lucy, who might have won, but at what cost?

"Helanie!" Kaye whispered as he walked past me. Being the class monitor made it easier for him to ask me to step aside whenever he wanted, and nobody ever questioned it.

"Yes?" I asked, following him.

"You should take the other car, the black one. It has everything you'll need," he said, making me shake my head.

"Thank you, sir, but I'll sit with my friends. I don't really care about stuff, so I'll be fine," I tried to excuse myself, but Kaye, being Kaye, wasn't going to listen.

"Helanie, the seats are labeled with their names, and I don't think you'll fit in the car with them. So—you can ride with Jenny and Lucy," he said. As he looked away, I realized his problem was just the guys.

He was dating someone while being possessive about me hanging out with my friends?

I didn't argue because, in hindsight, it was probably for the best that Lucy stayed away from Gavin. I was so mad at him.

"Okay, thank you," I said and walked away, joining my friends. We made our way to the guesthouse on the bus that had picked us up earlier.

Even though the winning teams were happy, they were all so injured that none of them could enjoy their victory until they healed and reached the beach. The bus dropped us off, and everyone started unloading to pack their stuff and load their bags for the woods, where they would shift. Once they healed, they would be able to enjoy the trip fully. The cars would pick them up from the woods afterward.

Since I wasn't going to transition, I decided to wait at the guesthouse and leave with the cars to pick everyone up from the woods. Penn and Lamar didn't need to transition either, but they had to let their wolves run around and feel the energy and adrenaline rush of winning such an intense task. It was the same for Jenny; she wanted to go with her brother. I guess she sensed I was a little distant from her.

Gavin was accompanying Lucy, but I had asked Lamar to keep an eye on Lucy. I just didn't trust Gavin with her anymore.

"You must be so happy that we lost," Salem muttered as she walked past me, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

"It's not our fault that you were stupid enough to bring the Flame of Lust to a war," I retorted, already frustrated with Gavin and in no mood to deal with Salem's remarks.

"Oh really? Anyone could mistake it for another herb," Sydney hissed, still covered in saliva. She clearly needed a good shower.

"Huh, I don't think anyone is stupid enough to mistake the Flame of Lust for a weapon. Come on now," Lamar laughed, causing them to glare at each other before storming past us.

"We'll show you that the girls you hang around with aren't as wise as you think," Salem yelled as she entered the guesthouse.

Everyone rushed to the bathrooms to shower. I stayed behind, not in a hurry. Watching Gavin treat Lucy like she meant nothing made me want to ask Kaye one last time to reject me. I didn't want to be like Lucy—a second choice after being the first.

"You guys go ahead. I'll join you in the car after I've loaded my bags and taken a shower," I told them as they waited for me. Lucy had been unusually quiet, and I was starting to worry about her well-being.

"Which car?" Jenny yelled as they hurried off. They didn't have much time and needed to move quickly.

"I will have my luggage in it. Maybe I will be in the car as well by that time," I replied. Honestly, I didn't know which car that was because I hadn't seen it yet. I figured I'd ask Kaye about Jenny and Lucy's car and load my stuff there. That way, when they came out of the woods and headed straight to their car, we could reunite.

They had already left while I stayed behind to take a shower. Before that, I sent Kaye a text, asking him to come see me at the guesthouse.

Me: Can you come to the guest house? I need to speak with you. It's important.

I went to the bathroom and washed my face and when I came out to find my phone slightly displayed.

I sighed as I put my phone on the bed and began packing my bag. However, there was a croissant on my bed that made me frown.

"Did Lamar leave this for me?" I rolled my eyes, recalling how he kept pestering me to eat the lunch sent over from the main mansion.

I grabbed the croissant and took a huge bite. Almost immediately, I felt like something was off, but I had already swallowed it.

Maybe it's just caramel? I thought, trying to brush off the strange feeling.

As I continued eating, my gaze drifted to the window, and I saw Salem sprinting away from the mansion.

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



# Chapter 172-I Will Make Norman Cum Tonight

## Chapter 172: 172-I Will Make Norman Cum Tonight

**Helanie:**

I was taken aback by the fact that Salem was still in the guest house when I thought everyone had left. Why was she still around?

Halfway through eating the croissant and packing my bags, I began to feel a strange sensation in my body. It was unlike anything I had experienced before—more like an overwhelming heat.

"Huh!" I muttered, staring at the remaining croissant in my hand. Looking around for a clean surface to set it down, my eyes landed on a piece of paper on the bedside table.

I walked over to put the croissant on the paper but stopped when I noticed something written on it.

"What is that?" I murmured to myself, the croissant still in my hand as I read the note.

"I told you, anyone could mistake the Flame of Lust for anything."

The words—and their meaning—were so ominous that my brain froze for a moment. I stared at the paper and then at the croissant, back and forth, over and over, for almost two minutes before it hit me.

"Salem!" I exclaimed, dropping both the croissant and the paper as I stepped away. My gaze fell on the greenish tint in the caramel, and it was as though my heart stopped beating.

Why would she do this?

How much of it did she use?

I was already feeling dizzy, though I remained conscious. It didn't feel like I was drunk—my body language was fine—but something was definitely wrong. My breaths grew heavier as I reached for my phone, only to realize it was locked. Someone had tried to guess the code too many times.

"What the fuck?" I whispered, panic setting in. Everything was hitting me all at once. Salem and Sydney had taken their revenge on me, just as they'd warned.

But I hadn't asked them to use the Flame of Lust on the frogster! Why were they punishing me for their own stupidity?

This wasn't even the worst part. I soon realized that while I didn't appear outwardly impaired, I couldn't stay on my feet for long. At first, I thought I'd simply leave the room, find someone, and ask for help. But then it dawned on me—I didn't know how I might behave when I encountered someone.

"I hope I don't see anyone—" I mumbled, but the words struck me hard as I suddenly remembered the text I'd sent to Kaye.

What if he came here? What if he didn't realize I'd ingested the Flame of Lust?

"I'll tell him—" I started, but my thoughts were abruptly cut off. My mind felt like it was shutting down, and I couldn't even remember what I was about to say.

All I could think about was having someone beside me.

"Oh! Is there no man around?" I pouted, grabbing a towel from the ground and throwing it back down with full force.

"And these clothes are so awful," I hissed at my purple sweater and baggy pants.

"I don't want to wear anything, huh!" I scoffed, rolling my eyes dramatically.

"You know what? I know where I can find someone," I said, smiling so hard it almost hurt. "There's a mansion where hot people live."

I had never spoken to myself this loudly before, but now I was doing it like a lunatic.

As I stood up to walk toward the door, my legs felt heavier than ever.

"Okay, I'll rest for a few minutes and then head outside," I mumbled, forming a hazy plan in my mind. Maybe I was tired because I was weak—and so unbearably horny. The heat was coursing through me, and all I could think of was finding someone to beg to make me their sex slave.

I could barely walk out of the room and felt like I have traveled miles.

"Done. Now, mission 'Find a man who can make me see stars in daylight,'" I giggled, standing up and twirling on the spot with my arms spread wide.

The pain had faded away. There were no burdens or worries weighing me down anymore—just this burning desire, and no man in sight to quench it.

I wanted someone powerful. Someone who could keep going all night without stopping.

But just as I moved toward the door, my phone rang in my pocket. I pulled it out and smiled when I saw the caller ID.

It was Professor Kaye.

Ohhh! A professor.

It would be like forbidden, raw passion. My phone was no longer under lock prison.

"Mmmm," I giggled as I answered the call.

"Hey," I purred in a seductive tone, probably confusing the person on the other end of the line.

For a professor to hear his student using such a tone must've been shocking. And considering Kaye and I had some history, this was about to get interesting when he came over.

But the voice that answered wasn't Kaye's.

"It's me, Norman. Why are you texting my brother now? What 'important talk' do you want to have with him?"

It was my big, muscular brother on the call.

"Ew, Norman!" I snapped, pretending to gag. "Why are you answering his phone?" I groaned, cringing at the thought.

"It was either I do it, or his chosen mate," Norman hissed, explaining why he had quickly grabbed his brother's phone. "She was about to read your text since Kaye left his screen unlocked. Now tell me, what is it?"

I hesitated, contemplating whether to tell him about my plans. But what if he was just nice enough to tell his brother that someone wanted to be... smashed? I needed someone—badly.

"I want Kaye to come here and feel me," I said, pouting dramatically.

"Huh? What do you mean—by feel you?" Norman's confusion was obvious, both in his voice and in the awkward silence that followed.

"You know what I mean. You're not a child, are you?" I scoffed, irritated at him for wasting my time. My thighs pressed together as my desire surged, making me even more impatient.

"Helanie! Is this some type of prank?" Norman's voice lowered, probably because he was using his brother's phone and Kaye might be nearby.

"Ugh! No! Just tell Kaye to come here—it's very important, okay?" I snapped, my tone sharp and commanding. I didn't wait for his response, cutting the call before he could argue.

I sat back, waiting for Kaye to come. However, when I heard footsteps and turned around, it wasn't Kaye who had arrived.

"What is it? Why are you confusing him? And that indecent tone—" Norman ranted, hands planted firmly on his waist.

Oh, shit! Why did he come?

Or better yet, should I ask how many times I can make this arrogant asshole cum?

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

## **Chapter 173-My Inappropriate Stepsister**

### **Chapter 173: 173-My Inappropriate Stepsister**

Norman:

"Who was it?" Kesha asked, trying to peek over my shoulder to check my brother's phone.

Kaye needed to be very careful with his phone now. He was no longer single, and a single mistake could land him under scrutiny.

"A guy from the office, asking if Kaye would join work next week," I lied, locking my brother's phone screen.

"Oh, I hope you'll convince Kaye to show some interest in the family business," she advised, making me turn around to watch her for a moment.

"He is not a child, Kesha. You don't need to come complaining to me about him," I said harshly. She gulped and quickly nodded her head.

I needed to go see what Helanie was up to. All this time, I kept wondering if I was wrong about her, but today, she proved me right.

She was indeed trying to seduce my brother. I briskly started sprinting toward the guesthouse. Imagine if Maximus saw Kaye and Helanie together in a compromising state—he would be devastated. He had claimed to feel some kind of bond with her.

This was why I had asked Kaye to let me know before making any decisions. I would need to find a way for Maximus to reject Helanie.

I could never let her be with him.

But if Kaye truly wished to be with her, I would have found a way. Even if it felt like a death sentence to me, I would still do it for his happiness.

As I reached the guesthouse and entered through the door, I confronted her about her intentions. She stood in her spot, staring at me like she had something on her mind.

"Aw, this gray suit looks so good on you," she said in a sweet, seductive tone.

I felt my body tense at her audacity. The inappropriate comment took me by surprise.

"What is going on? Why were you asking Kaye to meet you?" I demanded, ignoring the call I had with her earlier and hoping she would have a valid reason this time.

She batted her eyelashes mischievously, pouting and watching me with a glint in her eyes. I steadily fixed my coat, trying to maintain my composure.

"I needed help," she uttered in a babyish voice.

"What kind of help?" I asked, trying hard not to show how uneasy she was making me. I didn't want to be speaking with my stepsister when she was acting this way.

"Umm, I got an injury, and since I don't have a wolf, I wanted Kaye—oops! Professor Kaye—to take a look at it," she said, childishly putting her hand over her mouth after forgetting his title.

I groaned. "He is not a doctor."

"I know, but he can take a look and tell me if I need to go to the doctor," she replied. She wasn't acting like her usual self. That's when I remembered the guesthouse was empty. Is this how she truly behaves when she's not around others?

"What injury?" I asked, not trusting her one bit.

"It's on my leg," she said, bending down as if to show me, but then groaned in complaint, straightening her back again.

"I need to go change and then show you. Please wait here," she whispered, her voice low as she tried to appear sad and miserable.

Even as she tried her best to look innocent, I knew something devious was brewing in her mind.

"What makes you think I'll wait here for you?" I grunted, placing my hands on my waist. But the moment her gaze landed on my pants, I quickly moved my hands to cover myself.

What was she looking at?

I wasn't hard or anything.

Was she checking me out?

"It's alright, you can leave—" she said, but before she could finish, I turned to leave. Her next words, however, stopped me dead in my tracks.

"I'll go look for Kaye myself."

I swirled back hastily, pointing a finger at her in warning. "Don't ruin things for him. He's made his choice."

I uttered the words, not wanting it to be obvious that I knew about their little affair. But my brother had told me he was okay dating Kesha. I would not let Helanie destroy his relationship. Was she blackmailing him or something? Trying to make herself known to Kesha, perhaps?

"Go change and show me the injury," I huffed at her, and she smiled widely before turning around to go to her room.

However, I noticed how slowly she was walking the whole time. Maybe she really did have an injury and was in pain. Or maybe her tone was all raspy just to annoy me?

I sighed and sat down on the couch to wait for her to come out. I had been restless and had countless sleepless nights.

Then came the pain—the pain that kept growing in my chest every day, every passing second of my life.

I briefly closed my eyes, resting my head back and spreading my arms for a moment. But the footsteps approaching me made me open my eyes, thinking she would be out

now, probably in a long dress or something she could lift easily to show me the injury on her leg.

However, that's not what happened.

She was standing before me in a silk short nightdress that barely reached the start of her thighs. And her cleavage was so exposed that half of her assets were clearly visible.

"What the fuck?!" I attempted to rise, but she was standing so close that I had to force myself back onto the couch, trying to create some distance between us.

"What the heck is wrong with you?" I turned my face to the other side, the pain in my chest intensifying due to the growing stress.

"What happened? I want to show you my injury. Look! It hurts here so much," she bent down, using an even more seductive tone. As she placed a finger on her chest, I briefly got a view of her breasts due to her position being so inappropriate.

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

## **Chapter 174-Heart Felt Alive!**

### **Chapter 174: 174-Heart Felt Alive!**

#### **Norman:**

"Helanie, behave yourself," I got up in haste and, while doing so, I ended up pushing her unconsciously to get her away from me.

"Ouch!" a loud scream escaped her lips, and she fell back on her butt. A loud thud followed with her fall.

"I didn't mean to. Are you okay?" The regret I felt for accidentally hitting her was going to drown me for years. I quickly knelt down beside her to check on her.

She kept her head down, her lips pouted, and she was clearing her eyes with the back of her hand constantly.

"Helanie!---", I uttered, and she finally raised her head. There were big tears in her big eyes.

"Now I am injured," she quivered, causing me to hiss at myself for being so careless.

"Let me help you get up," I held my hand out for her, but she shook her head, causing a frown to appear on my forehead. Didn't she want my help? Why was she making it so difficult?

"Carry me," she raised her arms and requested, turning my body to pull back.

"Come on, you hurt me. Now you will take care of me or I will tell everyone you hit me," she shocked me with her blackmailing.

How can a girl looking so innocent be so evil?

"You are threatening a future rogue king," I just wanted to confirm if she knew it was a crime to be blackmailing or threatening a rogue king.

"Well, a rogue king hit me. Isn't that a crime too?" she placed her hands on her waist, pouting while her naked legs were stretched forward.

One wrong posture and I could see her red underwear.

What the fuck, Norman? You already saw her underwear?

I quickly looked away, hissing under my breath, "Cover your—undergarment."

"Why? Is there a bomb in my undergarment? Pick me up, or I will take my underwear off and throw it at you," her threats became deadlier.

My body fell into goosebumps at how inappropriate she had been with me.

Wow! I felt violated for a moment.

"I didn't know you were such a wh—," before I could finish, she did it.

"A whore? Well, now you know. So, are you picking me up, or should I call your father and tell him to check the security footage and watch you come here when everyone had left?" her words were perfectly shaped, her threat scary.

My head turned to her in reflex. The shock in my eyes was pretty much available for her to see.

"What, now!" she hissed.

I had so much going on in my mind. At one point, I cursed at myself for coming here. But then I realized if I hadn't come here, Kaye would have, and I don't think he could have resisted her shenanigans since he had already kissed her before.



"Fine," I groaned, stretching my hands towards her but feeling so awkward that I pulled them back instantly.

"Stop it, you wuss! Fucking put your hands on me," her yelling at me was another shock that hit me like a bomb. She grabbed my hands and put them on her waist, causing my body to shudder.

However, I just froze. Her body was so warm through the clothes. I thought she would be freezing in her silk nighty.

With much worry and shyness, I wrapped my arms under her body and carried her. But then she took a step ahead and wrapped her arms around my neck, making me stretch my neck away from her.

"Don't do that," I warned, quickly running forward to look for her room.

"My room is upstairs," she advised, making me stop in my steps.

"But didn't you come here to grab a nighty?" I inquired in confusion.

"Some girl has left her nighty behind, so I decided to change here instead of walking upstairs. You know I cannot go all the way upstairs with such an injury," she was batting her eyelashes a lot, even swinging her legs while I carried her like she was my responsibility.

"Fine, which room?" I turned back, walking towards the staircase.

"I am bad at describing directions. When you take me upstairs, I will show you which room," she pouted, resting her head on my chest.

However, I was on the staircase when she did it, and I almost lost my balance. Her placing her head on my chest silenced the pain in me for a moment.

I bet my heart beat like normal for a second. It could be because of the stress and sudden shock, but where did the pain go?

"Come on, keep moving, you pervert," she moved her legs harder, dragging me back to reality with her comment.

"Don't use such terms for me," I warned her, going upstairs and standing before the hallway.

"Fine, I will call you daddy. Is that okay now?" she continued to be like someone I had never faced.

Wondered what happened to her? Was she always that way and was finally showing her true colors?

"Keep going," she voiced. Although she seemed more on the curvy side, she was very light.

I took her to the end of the room and thought that would be it since she didn't stop me at any other room, but goddess, I was wrong.

The minute I was about to open the bedroom door, she voiced, "This is not my bedroom."

I stopped, clenching my jaw.

"Can I touch your jaw?" her request threw me off once more.

Or maybe she was punishing me for being a little harsh on her all the time.

"No! And where is your room? Because, Helanie, I am going to drop you on the floor now," I threatened her, giving her a warning because I won't be carrying her around like her chauffeur.

"Who told you it was on the second floor?" she asked in a timid voice.

With all my strength and anger, I yelled, "You did!"

I gave her a good shake, making her jump and come up in my arms.

"Oops! I don't know what is wrong with me today. I just—it's on the downstairs," with her directions, I also picked up on that little comment she made about herself.

What was going on with her today?

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

## **Chapter 175-I Am Guilty.**

**Chapter 175: 175-I Am Guilty.**

**Norman:**

I walked her back downstairs and then to the backside where she said her bedroom was.

So I was right previously.

While I kept walking, I didn't forget to notice and examine her body language.

"Now!" I put her down on the bed and pointed at her. "If there is no injury, I'm leaving."

I warned her, trying to stop her from playing games this time, but the minute I was about to walk away, she said something that caused my entire body to be covered in goosebumps.

"Fuck me!"

I hesitantly turned and watched her face.

"If you won't, I will ask Maximus or Kaye to sleep with me, and trust me, they will not reject me," her tone was laced with lust.

"How dare—" I yelled, not even able to finish what I was going to say.

My body started to heat up, not from lust or her seduction but from shame.

Heat had rushed to my cheeks now, causing me to appear even stiffer.

"What the heck is wrong with you? You tried so hard to show us that you are nothing like your mother. You attempted everything in your power to become part of our academy, all just to throw it away like this?" I shouted, angry at the fact that she had even been able to fool my brother.

"And why did you say Maximus?" I then remembered Maximus used to hate her. He was angry that he had felt something for her.

Wait, did something change?

"I don't have time. If you don't give me what I'm asking for, I will—" she suddenly moved forward and grabbed my bulge from over my pants, causing such a shock that I froze. Her hand was small, barely able to hold my bulge, which wasn't even hard yet. But the moment she grabbed it, I felt my dick twitch.

"Helanie—" I slapped her hand hard, leaving a red mark while stepping away from her in panic.

She instantly winced and held her hand, blowing air on the back of it.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? It sucks that I was right about you. I should have fucking thrown you out of our lives when I had—" as I was yelling and stepping back and away from her, I stepped onto something and groaned loudly.

"The fuck is that?" I shouted, turning around and seeing food on the ground. It was a half-eaten croissant.

My eyes lingered on it, and then I knelt down to observe it. "That is flame of lust."

The green inside was not even disguised properly. The smell of the foul substance was so pungent that it hit me hard.

"What is—" I shot up, turning to look at Helanie, who was still rubbing the back of her hand.

"Somebody fed you this?" It all made sense, and I felt guiltier than ever.

She sat there miserably, pouting and, Goddess knows, not even understanding what she was doing.

The one thing that hurt me the most was that I could have just known she was under drugs from the little different smell on her. Her skin had a hint of that smell, but my hatred and judgment for her were so strong that I didn't realize the truth behind her messed-up state.

Ridden with guilt and embarrassment, I reached out and sat on the bed. "Who did this to you?" I asked.

It was suddenly just so wrong.

The fact that someone drugged her and left her behind without the acknowledgment that there are so many guards here who could have just taken advantage of her state, knowingly or unknowingly, saddened me.

I don't remember when was the last time I felt this bad and sad. This agony was different.

"You did. You just slapped it and, look, left a mark on my hand," she spoke so cutely with her lips puffed and pouted, extending her hand and showing the red mark to me.

"Look!" she insisted again, showing me her milky skin with a rash from my slap.

"I am so sor—" I stopped as the word apology was not my best pursuit. My ego was so high that I never made a mistake—or never thought I made one.

But ever since Helanie had arrived, I had been just so rude to her. And it was probably because of her mother's actions.

But today, when she was under FOL, she still held herself back because usually even a little amount would make the victim go crazy. She could have just done way worse, but she resisted.

"I will apply some soothing ointment to it," I spoke softly, guilt to the point that I couldn't even raise my eyes to meet hers.

"You are a bad man," she poked, and I shot my head up.

"But you have been staring at me weirdly," she mumbled, making me roll my eyes at her.

"I never did," I refused to let her get under my skin, especially now that I knew she didn't even know what she was doing.

So all this time, when I was shouting and cussing at her, I was torturing a victim.

"The other day, when we were at the mansion and I arrived, you tripped because you were checking me out," she mumbled, a little mischievous smile planting itself on her lips.

"That is not true—" I almost yelled in my defense. But the truth was that I did trip because I stared for too long. It was not because I was checking her out—she just stood out among everyone and made me wonder why she was given so much beauty and shine when her mother is such a bad woman.

"So now can we have sex?" she jumped and sat attentively.

"No! You are going to rest. If I knew earlier, I would have given you the anti-FOL, but it is too late as the FOL has taken over your blood now. So I am going to leave and get you a sedative so that you spend this time sleeping peacefully and wake up safe—" Now that I knew it wasn't her fault she was acting that way, I used a gentle tone with her.

However, she suddenly jumped and sat in my lap, her legs wrapped around my waist, and her posture seductively tempting. My hands flew back on the bed in shock, but she didn't let me get away as she held my tie and started forcing me towards her.

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

# Chapter 176-Forced To Be This Way

## Chapter 176: 176-Forced To Be This Way

### Norman:

My reflex was working hard, and normally I would have thrown or pushed her back, trying to keep the environment and our relationship clean and appropriate, but right now, she was not at fault.

And I have already manhandled her enough when thinking she was attacking me. I gently placed my hands on her back, with a very fearful and shaky body language, and carried her to put her down.

"Helanie! You don't want this. You will hate yourself when you come to. So how about you rest," I spoke to her calmly.

This was the first time I was able to watch her face so closely. I had seen her before, but right now, I knew she was so intoxicated that she wouldn't remember all these details in the morning.

I just had a moment to stare at her closely.

Mom's words resonated in my mind, and I quickly disagreed with my mother's words when describing Helanie's features.

Her words didn't do justice to her beauty.

I have never seen someone so flawlessly beautiful but with such a messed-up fate. She had been through enough, and even her own mother kicked her out of her life.

She was a rogue and had been attacked to the point that she was left for dead, and today, she was drugged.

I began to wonder about her fate and her identity.

"But I--I don't want to be alone," she pouted, her eyebrows slanting.

I let out a deep sigh of exhaustion, worried if I left, she would run out again and get herself into trouble that no one, not a man or a woman, wants for themselves.

Even the thought of her acting this way would destroy her confidence. From the way she keeps herself and how everyone wanders around her, especially the boys, not like I haven't noticed, I could tell Helanie was saving herself for her special mate.

So her protection was important.

"Okay, I will stay here and ask my guard to bring you some sleeping pills," I uttered, attempting to get up, but she held my hand and stopped me from inching away from her.

"You should stay here," she pouted and lay down while still holding my hand. I looked around awkwardly at the walls, as if someone was watching me.

But there was no one here.

"Okay!" I awkwardly replied.

I shouldn't care too much. Call someone from the paramedics and put a guard outside her door. But she was--she was my brother's mate. So I had to personally take care of her. My hatred for her mother aside, I was seeing change in their behavior.

She seemed different from her mother, but who knows what she is hiding beneath the beautiful face of hers.

My eyes drifted to her as she moaned in the bed, probably from the heat in her body, and I quickly looked away.

"You know, you are so heartless," she uttered, almost like whining.

"Why would you say that?" I inquired in a low murmur, kind of intrigued to know her thoughts about me.

"Because you don't care about anyone," she added. Her eyelashes were long and curled up, and it was crazy that she didn't seem to be wearing any makeup.

"That is not true. I care about my brothers a lot," I corrected her, and she shook her head.

"You only care about your rules. You want to control them, or maybe show them that they can rely on you," she continued to misread me.

"Is that how I come across?" As I asked, she sat up to face me. It was quite intriguing to see a she-wolf resisting for so much. Like I said, she would be throwing herself at me and screaming if she didn't get what she wanted in the moment. But she was holding it back to the point that she was sounding more drunk than aroused.

Or was it because of her inactive wolf?

Could be.

"You do," she voiced softly.

"You are hiding secrets in your heart," she continued to shock me with her observation. "It is okay to share it with someone sometimes. You won't get hurt."

"Do you believe in sharing secrets?" I asked in much anticipation, and she shook her head very steadily, like a mischievous puppy.

"No! Two can only keep a secret if one is dead," her voice had turned into an even softer whisper now.

"Then why are you asking me to share my secrets with someone?" I inquired, raising my brow at her.

"Because I don't like you and I want to give you bad advice," the minute she said that with the most genuine pout on her lips, I felt life run through my body, and a loud laughter escaped my lips.

I couldn't help but laugh at her trying to be evil when on FOL, when people are horny instead.

"This is crazy. You are laughing!"

The sudden waking of my wolf changed my mood instantly. I stopped laughing at once.

"What happened? Is my joke not funny anymore?" she inquired, watching my face with so much intent.

I gave her a gentle headshake and added, "I guess this is the loudest I have laughed in so many years."

"Oh no! I wanted to hurt you," she pouted again, making me smile at her. I have never sat down like this with any woman and spoken so many words about basically nothing.

So this is how a meaningless talk sounds like? But it's not too bad?

My words are always calculated; I don't speak when my words are not directed toward a cause. But today, as the sun was going down, I sat with this girl that I hated so much and had the best talk ever about literally nothing.

"Why do you dislike me so much?" I asked her, tilting my head tiredly at her.

"Because you dislike me," she attacked back.

"I don't have a choice, Helanie, but you have. I am not born to like anyone," something deep within me started to shake as I said those words. It was so hard to open up and



not feel the same pain in my chest that I felt when my mother clung her claws into my chest, grabbed my heart in her fist, and muttered to me,

"Your life is mine."

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

## Chapter 177-His Crazy Heart

### Chapter 177: 177-His Crazy Heart

#### Helanie:

"Tell me, why don't you have a choice?" In front of me was a monster who wouldn't think twice before killing me. But today, he was acting calm. Maybe because he didn't want to get in trouble with me.

My mind was all over the place. Somewhere deep down, I knew this is not how I act, especially with this man, but then I would go back to the heaven where nothing hurt me.

I only wanted pleasure. I kept holding his big, gigantic hand between my two hands. He had big bones, veins, and such masculine hands.

"Everyone has a choice," I added, and he steadily shook his head.

"I don't," his smile was fake and vacant. That's because he didn't want to be nice to me but was forcing himself.

"Hmm, why?" I inquired with a frown, trying my best to deliver the exact emotions that I should be feeling when having this conversation and not just drool over him because of how hot I was feeling in my body.

He stayed silent, his eyes fixated on the floor as he zoned out before he lifted his hand, making mine raise along.

He then freed his hand from mine but held my hand in his own this time. With a much steadier movement, he placed my hand on his chest.

I don't know what he was doing until I began to feel his heart against my palm. Not just one heartbeat, but four. His heart was pounding like it was racing for something.

I don't even think my own heart would beat so fast when I am nervous or doing some extreme exertion. This was crazy.

How was he alive like this?

"There are--how come there are four heartbeats?" I asked him, and he let out a little laugh, shaking his head once again as if to show me that I was being silly.

"You will never get an answer for that. It's my secret," he let go of my hand just so that he could put his finger to his lips when talking about his secret.

I didn't remove my hand from his chest, still hearing his heartbeat and even stunned by how much attention I had on his heartbeat.

"It is nothing," he awkwardly tried pulling my hand away, but I kept my hand on his chest, and somehow, he gave up and just sat in his spot.

I watched him look so comfortable with his head down and his eyes on my hand. I slowly slipped my hand under his shirt, touching his cold chest, and all four of his beats skipped. His heart went entirely silent for a moment before he gently grabbed my wrist and pulled my hand out, shaking his head very softly.

"You don't want to do this. And I don't plan anything for my life, neither do I intend to find a mate or choose a mate. You are my stepsister that I despise, and I would like this difference between us to stay." Even when his words were hurtful for someone who was horny, there was still a subtle feeling of empathy I had for him in the moment.

"I will always keep my brothers as my priority, and I will--squash anyone or everyone who tries to hurt them. I am equipped that way. But I promise you that if you don't do anything wrong to them, I will try my best not to hurt you with my words and actions again," he finished, taking a deep breath and then exhaling from his nostrils.

"Why is it so hard for you to accept that you are not so cold-hearted?" I asked, and he rubbed his face in his hands.

"Because that is true," he replied.

"Then why did you care today?" I watched him tilt his head as if telling me I was asking way too many questions.

"My brothers care deeply about you, Helanie. If they found out you were in this state and I didn't take care of you or let them know what happened to you, they would not trust me again with anything related to them," he calmly answered my question, and I nodded my head.

That's when his phone rang, and he picked it up. His thick eyebrows narrowed, and his focus was on the caller.

"Okay, leave it on the counter. I will grab it from there," he said on the call and ended it.

I was weirdly hungry for sex, but I knew my body was resisting the urge to jump on him again. He looked sad and didn't want to be a part of it, and I didn't want to be part of something that takes away someone's right to say no.

My head was all foggy as he got up and left the room. I stayed sitting in bed, my hands in my hair as I grasped my hair in my fists.

That is when he came back with a sandwich and medicine in his hand, while his pinkie was wrapped around the bottle cap of a water bottle.

He sat down and handed me the sandwich, carefully unwrapping it before handing it to me.

"You gotta finish this because then you will be taking medicine," he uttered, watching me take a little bite.

"Big bites!" he groaned, his fists resting on the mattress while he kept staring at my face with intent. He looked so scary, so I started taking big bites.

"Take a water break. Do I have to teach you how to eat as well?" he rolled his eyes, offering me water after he opened the cap.

I grabbed it and drank from the bottle while he held my sandwich for me. It was not sex, but making him take care of me was such a relief that I didn't need an orgasm to feel better.

I then ate the rest of the sandwich and drank the water with the pill. He got up, holding the blanket as I laid down comfortably.

"I wanted to enjoy the trip, you know I won today?" I complained, pouting.

He let out a little laugh before he whispered, "I know. You are a wonder, Helanie. Now sleep, I will be in the living room. No one will come near your bedroom, not even ghosts."

For some reason, his words and reassurance were so much that I quickly closed my eyes and fell asleep from the pill he had given to me.

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

# Chapter 178-Day After The Mess

## Chapter 178: 178-Day After The Mess

**Helanie:**

"Uhhmm!" Comfort and good sleep go hand in hand. Especially when you have had a good 12 hours' sleep.

I had the best sleep in so long. I slept like a baby and didn't even wake up until the lights were shed from the window.

I got up and yawned, stretching my arms as far apart as I could. There is a weird satisfaction about stretching after waking up.

But the minute cold brushed against my skin, I lowered my head to look at my attire, and a shockwave hit me when I found myself wearing Jenny's nighty that she forgot to pack, and I was supposed to pack it in my luggage.

"Wait a minute! I was supposed to be—at the beach," I instantly pushed the blanket away and yelled, ready to jump out of the bed and try to get the idea of what the heck happened and how I ended up sleeping for so long.

As I screamed and jumped to my feet, another shock hit me when someone barged in hurriedly. His sight in front of me was like watching a ghost doing tango.

"Ahhh!" I screamed and wrapped my arms around my body, feeling so naked before the monster called Norman rushed in.

He sighed and rolled his eyes as if calling me dramatic and then turned his body to the side, his hands on his waist.

"I believe you are in your senses now," he commented, causing me to look around while still hugging myself. I found my sweater and baggy jeans on the couch, so I rushed to grab them. As I began to slip into the sweater, I complained, "How the heck did I end up in this—nighty? And why are you here?"

"Are you done?" Instead of responding to me, he asked very coldly.

Of course, he didn't care how worried I was thinking about everything, and especially his presence in the guesthouse when I was all alone.

"Yes," I grunted, folding my arms over my chest and maintaining a frown on my forehead.

He turned to face me. He wasn't wearing his coat, and his shirt's first few buttons were open. I was extremely disturbed, thinking about the missing hours from my memory.

"You were given FOL," he replied, and when I frowned, he explained, "Flame of Dust."

I had a mixed reaction to his statement. I first believed he was lying to me just to freak me out, and then I remembered the note Salem had written for me.

"Ugh!" As a yelp escaped my lips, I covered my mouth with my hands and kept staring at Norman with my eyes wide and big.

"Oh no! Wait—did I? Why did you—oh my—did we?" I had so many questions, and none of them were able to leave my mouth in full sentences.

I wanted to run as fast as I could and then disappear into the mist.

"No!" Norman quickly took a step forward, his hands up in defense when I stepped back from him.

He stopped walking once he noticed how shocked and upset I was. "You did nothing. I came over because you had texted Kaye, asking him to come over. I called, and you said you were not feeling well. I arrived, and we did nothing. In fact—" he took a little pause and then confidently stated, "I gave you a sleeping pill so that you could sleep it off."

Relief only hit me when I remembered my attire. "Why am I in that nighty? Did you put me in that dress?" I asked, and he frowned.

"No! When I gave you the medicine, you came to the bedroom and probably changed before heading to bed. Rest assured, nothing happened, and I would never—" he scoffed loudly, but for the first time, I liked hearing him scoff so much.

I would have felt such terrible guilt if I had done something or seduced this man before me.

"No need to worry. You are fine," he added.

It was quite weird that he gave me a pill to ensure I didn't end up doing something stupid. I mean, I wouldn't expect more from him. He wasn't the type to comfort anyone, so him giving me a pill was already a big move.

"I was supposed to be with my friends on the beach. What would they think—" I was freaking out again when I realized it was a whole new day.

"Don't worry about that. I told Lamar to inform everyone you had to fill in some class report, so you stayed behind. Just go get ready, and I will take you to the beach myself. Kaye is headed to the beach too, and he doesn't know you stayed here. So if he asks you, give the same excuse I told Lamar," he was coldly yammering, not even making eye contact with me.

"You will drop me to the beach?" I asked, raising my eyebrow in shock.

"No need to point it out. It's either I take you, or Kaye does. And I don't think Kaye should take you now that he has a chosen mate," he shocked me once again with his words.

"Why? I am his stepsister," I was slightly taken aback by his attempts to separate me from his brother.

Was there something wrong? Did he know anything?

"And I don't want you asking my brother for favors," he rolled his eyes when he didn't have a plausible excuse.

"Now, go get ready and pack your bags," he dismissed me with his hand before walking out.

However, once he was out of the room, I heard him say one more thing, "We will make a quick stop to grab you breakfast. I don't want you going around telling everyone I'm a monster, a demon who didn't even offer you food."

I rolled my eyes, but the fact that he knew I called him a monster was just hilarious.

However, I was still angry at the fact that Salem did that to me. I will give her a befitting response and see how she recovers from it.

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

## **Chapter 179-His Turn!**

### **Chapter 179: 179-His Turn!**

**Helanie:**

I sat in the backseat while he loaded my bag in the trunk. I had only one bag, and it wasn't even heavy, but he was acting weird and grabbed the bag out of my hand.

Once he sat in the driver's seat and started driving, I began to relax a bit in the backseat.

"Ahem!" he cleared his throat, making a shiver run up my spine.

"What do you eat for breakfast?" he asked, fixing the rear view mirror to keep an eye on me.

"Anything. I am not picky," I replied, and he nodded his head.

"Tell me something. Did your father love your mother?" As he asked me that question, I couldn't help but recall my time with them when they were married. I was very little, but I do remember them fighting a lot.

"I guess," I shrugged, not sure.

It seemed like there was also some stress between them. Whenever my father would come home late or drunk and my mother was angry at him, he would just give her this look, and she would instantly feel guilty.

"May I ask you something?" Without waiting for him to respond, I proceeded to ask him, "When did my mother come to live with you guys?" I was not sure what happened to her after I returned home and picked my dad.

I just know I was six at that time, and then my mother was just gone. She disappeared and never even contacted me back.

"We were little. It had been some years," he cleared his throat while answering. Since we were talking, and the car ride was about a few hours, I realized it was better than silence that we spoke about stuff that wasn't too personal but also engaging.

"Why are you the way you are?" I bit my tongue the minute I asked him that question. I was not supposed to ask him anything personal.

"Describe the way I am." However, he gave me a chance to correct my mistake.

"Umm, very determined. Umm, the one who doesn't smile much and is always focused on work. Someone who is overprotective of his brothers and doe—" As I continued to sugarcoat my thoughts of him, he intervened to get me to the point.

"Be honest."

I sighed and uttered, "A bitch! You are a bitch most of the time."

I expected him to yell at me, ask me to get out, or even call me different slurs, but instead, I watched him let out a little snort almost before he fixed his posture.

"I am this way and will remain this way," he stated.

I nodded, thankful that topic was over, and I'm guessing it was his turn to ask me questions now.

"What is going on with the students of your class? There is some drama going on, and I keep hearing about it from my people," he uttered, making me slide to the edge of the seat and fold my arms over the passenger seat while looking at him.

"There has been some mate drama going on, that's all. Typical teenage stuff," I replied.

Now that it was my turn, I asked him, "What people? You have people spying on us?"

He let out a little louder scoff this time, shaking his head. "I do. It is important to know what my students are up to."

"What is the deal between you and your mother?" he questioned.

"Uhh! She hates me because I didn't pick her when I was a kid. And then my father proved that I had made the wrong pick," I shrugged.

It was time he gave us a nod. "Why did you pick your father?"

Now that it became a little too personal, I leaned back, looking outside the window of the car.

This question was a little hard for me to answer, but I knew exactly why I had to pick my father.

Flashback:

"You little piece of shit! Can't you sit in silence?" he yelled, his green eyes narrowed at me and his hand raised to hit me twice. The first time had left quite a mark on my cheek.

So this time, I instantly put my hands on my cheek to stop him from hitting me. He was my mother's boyfriend. I don't understand why he had to come live with us. Ever since my mother divorced my dad and we moved out, we were doing well until she started dating again.

And John was the worst man ever. He didn't work or do anything. He would sit and watch movies the whole day. When my mom would leave for work, he would yell at me, hit me, and even break my toys. And once my mom would come back home, he would tell her that I had been a difficult child.



I was scared of him, and I couldn't tell my mother anything because John told me that he could hear our thoughts and that if I even thought about telling my mom anything, he would kill my mom and then make me his dog by putting a leash on my neck.

"Now listen, tomorrow, the council will ask you who you want to stay with. And if you don't pick your dad, I will do worse things imaginable to you. Remember, you will grow up here with me, I will be the only one who makes your decisions, and then I will sell you to some old man to become his dog," he warned me, his finger wagging at my face.

I was not happy here.

He had killed my cat last week and told my mother I did it. My mother was nice, but she was upset that I had harmed an innocent animal. She didn't hit me or yell at me, but she did ground me to teach me a lesson to be kinder and gentler to others.

End of flashback.

That's when I made the decision to go back with my dad. John had threatened to kill my mother if I didn't pick my father, the very next day before I was going to make a decision.

I was a child who didn't want her mother or anyone else to die. I didn't know that man was bluffing when he talked about killing me or my mother and also that he could hear my thoughts.

"We are here," Norman's announcement shocked me. I couldn't believe I had been lost in my thoughts for so long.

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

## **Chapter 180-A Sour Sight**

### **Chapter 180: 180-A Sour Sight**

#### **Helanie:**

It was a beautiful beach hidden in a peaceful place. The sand was soft and golden, and the sea was clear, shining in many shades of blue. The water was so calm, gently touching the shore, and the air was warm with a light breeze. Tall palm trees stood along the beach, their leaves moving softly in the wind, making relaxing sounds.

I had stepped out of the car with Norman behind me, and instead of heading over to see my hut, I walked straight to the water.

The cold wind was blowing my hair all over the place. I wore blue skinny jeans and a purple top with my purple sweater. I always washed this sweater and wore it back.

"It is so calming out here," I spread my arms and giggled. I wondered if I had given up on my life, would I have been able to witness victories and visit places like these?

"It is," Norman replied, and I put my arms down.

"Thank you for giving me a ride," I mumbled. He only gave me a head nod and then started walking toward the huts.

On the beach, there were many small huts made of wood, each one special and charming. The roofs were covered with straw, giving them a traditional look. The walls were a mix of light wood and smooth stone, with big windows so people could enjoy the view of the blue sea and the colorful sky at sunset. These huts were built on stilts, raised above the water like small houses on the sea. I could tell this was a good tourist spot, but it had been booked just for us for a few days. That made it even more beautiful.

I could tell the others were still sleeping, so I was excited to wake them up and surprise them.

Norman had told me earlier that my friends had been so worried when Lamar called him.

I followed Norman to the hut that was assigned to me. The lights were still out, so he gave me a hand gesture to proceed inside. I took the bag from him and entered the hut.

The inside of the hut was very nice, with simple yet elegant furniture. Soft white curtains hung by the windows, blowing with the wind. There were cozy chairs and hammocks outside on the small wooden decks, perfect for resting and enjoying the peaceful atmosphere.

Around the huts, there were small shaded spots with comfortable chairs, where you could relax in privacy.

But it was dark inside, so I had to tiptoe to the curtains, and the minute I drew them back, the hut lit up. I got a good look at who was in the hut with me.

It was Jenny and Lucy, which meant Penn, Gavin, and Lamar were likely in the same hut. That wouldn't be a good mix, but I didn't want to focus on it for now. The single beds looked so comfortable, but I had a good sleep last night, so I wasn't even going to lie down.

"Ugh!" Lucy was the first one to groan. As she rubbed her eyes and rose from the bed, her eyes landed on me.

"Helanie?" she yelled happily, jumping off the bed and rushing over to hug me. I giggled and laughed, feeling another pair of arms wrap around my body. It was Jenny. Her eyes were still half-closed, but I guess she heard Lucy say my name and got up.

"I am sooo happy you're here," Jenny said, tightly hugging me. I hugged them both back before we parted.

They started getting ready while I sat on the deck, waiting for them. The whole scene was so beautiful that I couldn't help but smile.

Sometimes I remember Lucy's words and wonder—am I indeed lucky?

I survived Salem and Sydney's every attack, and today, here I was, sitting victoriously. But my smile was short-lived as I saw Kaye appear in my sight.

"Baby, stop!" Right behind him was Kesha. She rushed to catch up to him and held his hand, resting her head on his shoulder as the two stared at the ocean.

She wore a long blue dress with a round hat, and Kaye was in all black again. Just the sight of them was a reminder that I wasn't entirely lucky.

It's just that I focus on little happiness now.

I think he didn't know I was watching them because once they were done admiring the view, and he turned, his eyes landed on me. He looked so shocked, like he'd seen a ghost.

I noticed him steadily pulling away from Kesha before beginning to walk toward my hut. But I didn't want to hear anything from him.

"Lucy? Do you need my help?" I yelled as if she had been calling for me and instantly got up from the chair, heading back inside the hut.

Jenny was on her bed, holding a mirror and perfecting her makeup.

"Hey, are you done admiring the view? You know, we missed you so much last night that we didn't do anything. The boys were so bummed you didn't come that they went to their huts while the rest of the class was dancing on the beach," she said, yapping away. But my eyes were on the deck from inside.

I wondered if Kaye had left.

He must have. He has his chosen mate now, and I didn't want to come between them.

"So, did you and Lucy talk?" I suddenly remembered what had happened the other day and found Jenny looking down sadly.

"I think she's still upset after last time, and I don't blame her. You know, she still tried talking to Gavin, and he was taking care of her too. So, I think maybe—maybe they can get back together someday," she smiled weakly, probably not happy to be dragged between mates.

That's what I didn't want to be in Kaye and Kesha's story. I didn't want to be like Jenny, who everyone was side-eyeing for causing a rift between Lucy and Gavin, when the truth was far from that.

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