

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 221-The Victim In The Backseat Of Their Car

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Rayden:

My friends had left earlier with the girls they met at the club. But I couldn't enjoy myself since my crazy mate had been blowing up my phone. Ever since I found out Jenny was my mate, I had been so in love with her. But then, she was not really good in bed.

In fact, I had to coerce her every time I wanted to initiate something. It just didn't make sense to me why a mate would say no to their mate.

Just fucking give up already.

I groaned as I pushed the rearview mirror to the side so that I didn't see my friend doing the girl he picked from the club in the back of my seat.

I hit the brakes hard in front of the motel, and my friend raised his head from between her legs.

"Why are you stopping here?" he asked, confused.

"Get out with your chick. You should do her in there and not in my car," I muttered, pissed off that he didn't realize I was getting all horny with them moaning in the backseat of my car.

"Ew, I am not sleeping in this motel with you. I was promised some alpha bed," the girl snapped her fingers, clicking her tongue as she spoke.

Rizz gave her a look and realized she wasn't it.

"Umm, how about you go home then?" Rizz threw some money at her and opened the door for her to leave.

She shot him a look of disappointment before she headed out of the car.

"Why didn't you do her?" I inquired, watching Rizz wear his shirt and jump into the passenger seat with me.

"I wasn't really feeling her. She was too loose for my liking," he replied.

The others had left to sleep with the girls they picked from the club at the hotels and now it was just the two of us.

"I feel bad for you. You are going through an even worse time. Your mate needs to back off," Rizz said, fixing the mirror so he could take care of his hair.

"She is just innocent herself, so she wants me to remain innocent too. She doesn't understand that I am no longer the fifteen-year-old that was in love with her. I have grown up, and I do still love her, but that doesn't mean I don't deserve some fun. At least until we have marked each other in a respected ceremony," I uttered in Jenny's defense. I was actually a little possessive about Jenny myself.

As Rizz straightened his back and narrowed his eyes on the road, I followed his stare in a quick move.

"Ohh! Check that out," I whistled at the beautiful girl standing on the side of the road with books tucked in her hands, close to her chest.

"Look at those long red hair," Rizz joined me in appreciating the beauty in front of us.

"See, this is what I mean when I say I like feminine energy. She looks so timid, so scared, as if the only one who can protect her is an alpha," I whispered, closing in on her. As I slowed down, I watched her steadily back away and look away from our car, as if she wasn't even seeing us.

"Wanna pick her up?" Rizz already knew my answer when I rolled the window down.

"Hey, what are you doing out in the middle of the night? It is going to rain soon, and you don't even seem to have an umbrella with you," I used my most comforting voice on her.

Once she's in my car and knows who I am, I'm pretty sure she would be more than happy to be mine for the night.

No she-wolf can ever deny the fact that they secretly want an alpha for a mate, whether it's a fated mate or a chosen mate.

"I'm waiting for a cab," she said in a genuinely soft tone. The way she hugged her books even tighter while watching us stare at her was so adorable.

"Listen, the weather is about to get very bad. I don't think you can get a cab around this time. Why don't you let us drop you home? We're two alphas on a visit; we can drive you safely home." The minute she heard we were alphas, her posture relaxed.

"Oh! Thank goodness, I was so scared. But of course, the Moon Goddess sent the alphas for my protection." She was instantly relieved.

There was no secret in the fact that since an alpha, we'd never commit a crime. We were the law here; we were supposed to take care of our people, especially poor omega she-wolves that needed saving. I mean, not just omegas—she-wolves were all the same, no matter their rank.

"Hop in," Rizz got out of the car and helped her sit in the back. But the minute he decided to go in the backseat with her, I noticed the girl look a little uncomfortable. That was insulting, but I let it slide.

After I took a much-abandoned road, using the guise of the rush on the other road, I let Rizz make the first move.

I could tell he put his hand on her thigh because she jumped in her seat and backed away.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was hostile, not like someone who appreciates help.

"Come on. I'm an alpha, the very handsome one. I think I like you, and if you are able to please me—" The minute Rizz made his intentions clear, she huffed so loudly that even I had to fix the rearview mirror to watch her reaction.

"Stop the car, please. I didn't know two alphas would think this low of their people. I didn't take the car in hopes of pleasing you. I am not born to please you. Please, just stop the car," in the most disrespectful tone ever, she made us realize not all helpless-looking she-wolves are worth gentleness.

"We don't take no for an answer. You should have never gotten in our car," I understood she had pissed Rizz off.

And the next thing I knew, he was using his power to pin her down. I heard her scream and scratch the back of the car, which got me all angry.

Throughout the time, she didn't give up. Even when we switched and I took the backseat while Rizz sat in the driver's seat.

We drove around in the rain, taking turns until it was morning. And then we had to make the decision of killing her.

I let Rizz do it—he liked it somehow. Her muffled screams as we watched her last breath leave her body were just amazing.

"Her brother is calling her," I laughed when I saw her phone on the side, notifying an incoming call from 'My Savior, My Brother.'

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

Chapter 222-Her Dead Body And My Dead Dreams

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Lamar:

"Come on, Evaline, where are you?" I had my phone next to my ear, a beautiful white dress resting in a cover for my sister.

She had turned eighteen last night, but I had to go buy so much stuff for her the whole day that we waited for the night for celebrations.

Also, she had her last exam today. I was pretty excited for her.

I baked a cake for the first time and was also going to surprise her with an apartment that I bought for us.

A place where my sister and I would live like a family without any fear of getting kicked out ever again.

"Life is going to be perfect for you, my little sister," I set the candles on the cake, worried if she would arrive now.

It was past midnight, and I wondered if her celebrations with her friends were over yet. She had made many friends in her life, and I have only her as a friend.

I didn't want to occupy myself with other activities that would lead me to lose my focus on providing for Evaline.

She wasn't just my sister; I saw her as my little daughter even when we were only one year apart. And I never wanted any other family besides her.

I didn't want a mate, not interested in mates either.

But my patience was wavering thin now. She had called me and told me she was coming in an hour, but now, it had been more than an hour, and there were no signs of her.

I called her repeatedly, but she never picked up my calls.

But that's when I decided to not sit at home and do something about it.

I began to run around to her friends' homes, and they all seemed to have returned half an hour ago already.

Then where was Evaline?

The rain hindered the process of looking for her so much. I managed to reach the warrior station to ask them for help, but they were of no help either.

"She turned eighteen? I bet she's just around the woods looking for her mate. What eighteen-year-old spends her birthday at home?" the warrior leaned back in his chair, rotating the chair very obnoxiously and flossing his teeth.

"She's not like that. She messaged me that she's coming home. We had plans," I tried to show him my phone to confirm she was planning on coming home, but he didn't even want to see them.

"Kiddo, I am telling you, she is returning home with her mate in the morning. Besides, it is raining so much outside, why do you want us to run around for someone who is probably just enjoying her birthday?" he had such a dismissive tone that it irked me to stay here.

He was doing nothing and just wasting my time at this point.

Although it was unlike Evaline to change her plans and go into the woods, I really wanted this to be true. I really wanted her to show up at the door with her mate. As the night passed and I wandered around every road to find her on my bike, I began to feel like maybe it was true.

Maybe she will come back with her mate. But that didn't stop me from looking for her, because that one percent that still wanted to stick with the reality of the scary world we live in kept bothering me from inside.

I was soaking wet by the time it was ten past 7 a.m.

"Evaline, please answer your phone, little princess. You know—the cake I baked for you—is sitting hopelessly at home," I sent another voice mail while still on the bike. I was now riding on the road to the border for the fifth time. I knew I had come here earlier, but I just couldn't understand where she had gone.

However, this time, I was hearing her phone ring in the distance. I hopped off the bike and held my phone in my hand, following the voice to a narrow road between the woods. It was like walking on the road that led to the end of my happiness.

There—in plain sight was my sister.

Or whatever was left of her.

The sad part was that I began to find her clothes before I found her body.

"Eva—line," my voice grew thick, my throat starting to close up as I watched her in a humiliated position on the road. It was as if whoever did this to her left her on the road for a clear display.

"Evaline," I ran, dropping on my knees and trying to touch her cold body to lay her in a much more respectful position. I took off my jacket and wrapped it around her, hugging her cold, dead, lifeless body and shaking her.

"Wake up! Tell me—who—who did this to you," the sad part wasn't that she was lying there all by herself but the fact that some of the early joggers were standing around her, no one even coming for help.

"Please call the ambulance—," I requested, remembering I have a phone too. But my hands were so numb now that it took me a hot minute to dial a number.

The ambulance arrived, but they pronounced her dead on the spot. The warriors arrived, and the first thing they did was to arrest me.

I didn't understand what was going on. But I didn't want to let go of my sister.

My baby sister had spent the whole night in pain; now she must come home. But they wouldn't let me take her home. They took her away from me and put me on heavy wolfbane.

"Wait! I want her to come home with me. She is not safe out there—," my hands were tightly put in silver handcuffs. But the weird thing was that my skin burns from silver didn't hurt me at all.

The warriors didn't respond to me, dragging me to the back of the warrior's vehicle.

"Such a disgusting man," a man hissed from the crowd. And I agreed with him. Whoever did this to my sister was an awful person. But everyone's eyes were on me like I had done something.

Someone had taken my heart out of my chest and left me to live with the pain in my chest instead.

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

- Chapter 223-They Did Horrible Things To Me

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Helanie:

My body was covered in goosebumps. Lamar had stopped crying, but his eyes were stuck in space, his body language entirely silent. He was breathing so slowly that I wondered if he was still alive after narrating the whole terrifying tale to me.

"When did they—release you from jail?" I asked, and Lamar let out a little laugh. But it was so sad and broken that it shook the world from under my feet.

"I was tortured every day to tell the truth. They claimed I planned it against her and that I had been waiting for her to come of age. The fact that they—had my sister's body with all the evidence on her but did nothing—nothing to find the killers. They were supposed to do my DNA testing, but because I had too much wolfbane in my system, they kept delaying. And then they told me that it was no match. In fact, the DNA of the two assholes didn't match anyone. They said it must be some rogues, but I know it wasn't true. My sister's hand clutched onto a residue of a blue jacket. It was when I found her body, but I was so distraught that I couldn't focus on it. Later, they told me they tested the students at the Fellmoon Academy, but there was no match. The council had been giving me shit, saying I must have preyed on my sister and let her wander around near the border for some rogues to come and do that to her. Somehow, the fingers always pointed back at me," I could hear the frustration in his voice.

"You know—I used to do drugs sometimes because I was just lonely. I grew up having a lot of trauma, so whenever I was alone in the workshop with my coworkers, I would do drugs. They used that excuse to tell everyone I was capable of doing something to my sister. One theory was that maybe I was high on drugs, or that I couldn't afford drugs, so I sold my sister," he began to harshly pat his chest with his fist.

"I didn't do anything, I swear. I—bought a home for her—for us. I wanted her to get married and live a happy life—Helanie! It was all stolen from us, and those council members and alphas didn't do anything. They protected the students of the Fellmoon Academy," he hissed, cleaning his cheeks with the back of his hand.

I had no idea how much I had cried in those few hours of hearing what happened to Lamar and his sister. I cried more than I had cried for myself.

"And that's why you joined the academy?" I asked.

"I knew the academy fights the—Fellmoon Academy assholes, so I just hoped to get access into the Fellmoon Academy without raising suspicions. That is why I wanted to

hang around the elites. Remember when I beat you up so that you wouldn't join the academy? I was scared I would get kicked out if you complained. I was blinded by revenge, but then I looked at you again, and I felt like I was no better than those alphas. I should have known you could die—you are not like the rest of us. But—I just wanted revenge. I am so sorry. I am so glad you didn't die that night. But I swear, I knew you wouldn't die because your injuries were not that bad," he was yapping, guilt dripping off his voice. "Helanie, when Jenny showed me those hairs, I felt like my soul left my body. All I could think of was that missing chunk of hair from my sister's head. They had beaten her up so badly that they left bald spots in her head. In that moment, I promised I would hurt Rayden so much—" he hissed, grimacing uncomfortably.

"I did the DNA test of the hair and—it was my sister's hair," he grasped his hair in his fist and sobbed again.

"I wanted my sister to tell me—to share her pain with me, to tell me how they tortured her so that I could do way worse to them," he had such an innocent request.

The restlessness he showed shocked me. There was a girl somewhere who went through almost the same and even worse fate as me, but she had someone who wanted to hear about it. Someone who wanted her to come back home so that he could bring justice for her.

And then there was me. I went home, and everybody wished I had died.

"I know what you are feeling—" I sighed, as there were no tears left to cry anymore. "I know that feeling too well. The feeling of seeing Rayden's face and realizing he is the culprit."

I clutched my hands tightly and then threw a fist on the ground, sobbing louder than Lamar. I didn't even realize he had gone silent and was watching me.

With all the courage in my heart, I raised my head and stared into his eyes. "Lamar! It was horrible. They did—horrible things—and they laughed throughout the night and then—they tried to kill me, but I—but I survived," I hiccuped, covering my mouth with my hands as I couldn't speak anymore.

"Helanie! What do you mean?" he inquired, his aura changing.

"Lamar! You asked me many times what it is that makes me go numb at times? You remember that?" As I posed that question, he nodded.

"That was because—I am one of their victims too."

A gasp that he let out covered my body in goosebumps.

"There were too many that night, but I remember Rayden was one of them. I remember when his friend got on top of me to strangle me because I didn't have a wolf and I could die from it. All his friends cheered, and—Rayden kept laughing until my eyes closed. I don't know how I survived, but I did, and it's been just one torture after another. And now he is here, blackmailing me and threatening me," I broke down, and Lamar quickly pulled me in for a hug.

I had finally let someone in on my secret, the secret that I don't even speak to myself about.

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

Chapter 224-One Of Us Is Gone

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Helanie:

"I wish I knew already, but Helanie--I am here for you. What I couldn't do for my sister, I will do it for you," he hugged me so tight and said such comforting things that my own family never did.

I had been crying on his chest for almost an hour and said whatever happened to me that night and then when I went home. I told him all about how my family wanted me dead and that I escaped to join the academy and take revenge.

He listened so sweetly and attentively, but also interrupted a lot with his reaction. I could tell listening is not his best pursuit without reacting with anger.

"Listen, I will not let that asshole harm you ever again. I will do the worst imaginable things to him," Lamar said, breaking the hug to cup my face in his hands.

"Sullivan is an asshole. Forget about that brother of yours, I am your brother from now on. I will take care of you," he had such a comforting voice and honestly speaking, he sounded like more family than my own family.

"I was so tired of keeping all this secret in me but, Lamar. You know Jenny is innocent, right? She should not become the collateral damage," I said as I remembered why he had told Rayden at the ground that his mate slept with him. It was his way of causing pain to Rayden.

"I know but it was needed. It is just the beginning for him, Helanie," he muttered under his breath.

"What about the other guy, you said they told you there were two DNAs found on her. Did they say anything about the other guy? Like--do you know how we can find the other guy?" I inquired, and he sighed in exhaustion.

"I have no clue. They refused to give any information. They just said it was unknown DNA, but I have a plan. If we can get access to any of the packs and somehow get their alphas to let us see through their royal records, we might find something on the DNA. The DNA result was sent to many packs for a match so--I am hoping," he uttered, biting his bottom lip as he too didn't know how we are going to achieve this goal.

"Ah! But right now, we need to help Jenny out of his grasp," I mumbled. "She will ask you for the hair; what are you going to say to her?" I questioned, and he sniffed hard.

"I have a plan for that one too. Rayden loves to humiliate his victims," Lamar uttered in his mouth, almost like he was too busy thinking of a plan. "I am going to cause him humiliation."

The idea sounded good, but I wanted to know how.

"May I know how?" I asked, and he chuckled.

"I know some red-headed she-wolves," he smirked as he looked me in the eye.

I kind of knew what he was thinking. "Let's start with slow and painful death for this one before we find the others and punish them."

He smiled, and after so long, I smiled thinking about the revenge. I wasn't alone. I had my brother now.

"Let's go. We need to wake up early and then get some work done. Besides, that Lucy--do you think she is fine?" Now that we got it off our chests, we got up from the ground to head back to our dorm room. He had his arm wrapped around my shoulder, making me feel like a bro.

He was so cool and sweet, and the fact that we met through such a horrible way and made friends was just fate.

We walked together like real siblings, but it appeared as though the Moon Goddess was never happy with our progress from the trauma. The minute we entered the dorm room, we were shocked to find the lights on and Lucy's bed empty.

"Maybe she is in the bathroom," Lamar rushed over to the bathroom, but it was empty.

"Lamar! She was not feeling well. It is not a good--," I began to panic right away. My heart was racing inside my chest, my mind unable to comprehend anything.

"Hey, she must be around somewhere. Maybe she went to Gavin's room?" he inquired, and I nodded, letting him go ahead to look for Lucy in Gavin's room. But I had another big fear.

I ran to the elevator, but when I got inside, there was no tenth floor button. I had been in a lot of despair tonight because of recalling all the details of the night. I was devastated, so the button should have appeared. But it didn't.

I went up and down twice, and many more times.

"Helanie, what are you doing?" Lamar was waiting for me on the ground floor as I was ready to hit the buttons again.

"Did you find any information on Lucy from the guard at the entrance?" I inquired, rubbing my palms anxiously.

"He said no one left tonight," Lamar got in the elevator and kept staring at my face as I pressed all the buttons.

"Lamar, Lucy must be on the tenth floor. I got a feeling that she--," I anxiously spoke, finding it annoying when the button didn't appear. We were now back on our floor, and Lamar stopped me from getting in the elevator again.

"Helanie, there is no tenth floor," he argued. "Maybe she has returned to the room?"

He was dragging me to the room because he must think I have lost my mind. But why the heck was the button not appearing?

"Lamar, there is a tenth floor. Both Lucy and I had been to that floor. There is some entity that lives there, and it tells all the beautiful things that a distraught soul wants to hear. Lucy was fascinated with it as it appeared for her right after she found out she had been cheated on by Gavin--," I was yapping and yapping when we heard a scream from above us.

We both looked up and then at the window. A body fell down from the top, and instantly I started breaking down.

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

Chapter 225-They Want Me To Cry

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Helanie:

"Lamar! How--how did we not know she would do something like that?" Jenny was crying beside us, asking the same question over and over again.

The cold weather didn't bother me that night. I had been in shock. We were gathered outside the hostel, the sun was slowly coming up. The night ended up being the absolute worst for all of us.

Especially for Lucy.

"Jenny, it was not your fault," Penn had been trying to comfort his sister, but she kept blaming herself.

I knew it wasn't her fault. It was the tenth floor's fault. She was definitely on the tenth floor, and that entity helped her free herself from the pain in a way that Lucy never imagined.

That is what the entity promised me as well. She offered everyone different help. For Lucy, she found it easy to get it done and free herself.

"Helanie," Lamar sat next to me, placing his hand on my shoulder, but I couldn't even cry a tear. I just felt my body being numb. All the other students were crying and screaming in terror.

The news was, Lucy jumped from the rooftop, but the door was not opened. She wasn't at the rooftop, but who would listen to me?

"The ambulance took her. She will be fine," Lamar kept insisting on her being fine when there was no way she could be fine. That big fall when she was in her human form--she would need to transition to heal, but she cannot when she is not even waking up.

"Helanie, please at least say something," Lamar continued to rub my hand between his hands, worried for me.

"Easy now, kids, she is taken to the hospital where she will receive the best care. I understand you are all upset, and I don't blame you. But I will need to speak with everyone to know where they were when she went to the rooftop because definitely someone locked the door behind her," the warden made an announcement, sounding much nicer today.

But she was wrong about one thing. Lucy was not at the rooftop.

However, I had no strength in my body to argue with anyone. I just didn't even feel like I had any soul left in my body.

I just sat on the front porch stairs and stared at the sky.

"Miss Agrona!" Lamar raised his hand to get her attention. I was listening to everything and everyone around me. I just didn't feel like talking or crying. Heck! Even breathing was such a big deal now.

"I don't think she is fine," Lamar complained, his hand tapping on my shoulder.

"Really? Let me see," the warden pushed the students away as she made her way to me. She reminded me of that evil principal from 'Matilda'. Sometimes she really acted that way.

She approached me and knelt down, her eyes scanning me.

"She looks fine to me," she replied.

"If fine means someone who is half dead," Penn's voice was odd in the moment. I thought he didn't even want to speak with me again.

"She is going through stuff. Lucy was her best friend. And she saw her--" Penn went silent when he probably noticed the other distraught students freaking out at his words.

"Anyway, how do we comfort her? She needs to cry to let it out," Penn continued.

"Oh, it is easy to make someone cry." My body twitched for the first time when Rayden showed up.

He wasn't even a tad bit affected by the whole incident. Even the top seniors looked scared and were hugging each other. The sight of one of us on the ground in so much blood was truly devastating.

What kind of a monster was Rayden to not feel anything at all?

"Of course, you would know since you cry all the time," Lamar, who knew the deal with Rayden now, stepped in my way to block Rayden out of my sight.

"I am fine. I will go to my room now," I got up, tired and exhausted. My eyelids were heavy, and my heartbeat so low.

I didn't even pass around a glance and had turned my back on them. As I was walking away, I heard the warden add, "Yeah, she is not fine."

I went straight to the elevator and pressed the buttons. My heart skipped a beat as I thought the red button would appear, but it didn't.

This was not fair.

I got off the elevator and went to my room, getting cozy in Lucy's bed instead. I hugged her blanket that still smelled like her and went to sleep.

Everything around me was so cold. Nothing was intriguing anymore.

But I woke up to the sound of noise. A loud noise of water. Rubbing my eyes, I forced myself to wake up to see what the chaos was all about.

And to my surprise, half of the room was floating in water.

"What the heck!" I gasped, sitting up. I looked around the room and noticed Lamar sleeping and having no idea he was getting drowned in the water.

"Lamar! Wake up or you will drown--" I yelled, but he wouldn't wake up at any cost.

"Lamar! There is water in here--water! Water!"

I closed my eyes to yell even louder this time, "Water!"

"Here, drink some," a hand shook me awake, a glass of water right in my face.

Lamar was staring at my face in confusion. I noticed the bright light behind him. It was morning. The night passed without Lucy, and we still woke up. That was sad.

"Oh! I must have had a nightmare," I excused, accepting the water from his hands.

"Helanie, you are not yourself. You are scaring me. Lucy was acting the same way before she--jumped," he uttered, his eyes fixated on me in pure worry.

"She didn't jump, Lamar. She was pushed down," as I said that with my whole chest, I watched him narrow his eyes at me for answers.

"I told you about the tenth floor. We have both been there, Lamar. And you know what is the scary thing? How we all spoke about feeling someone with us whenever we are sad, that feeling is gone now. That entity freed herself after she took Lucy from us," I muttered under my clenched jaw, still not ready to cry.

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

Chapter 226-My Stepbrother Thinks I Will Take His Help

Chapter 226: 226-My Stepbrother Thinks I Will Take His Help

Helanie:

We didn't get in our uniforms because the warden told us to come for breakfast in our most comfy clothes. We all gathered in the hall, the empty seat beside me still vacant for Lucy.

"Hello everyone, good morning," Norman walked in, his long strides explaining he was stressed out today. He wore gray pants and a white shirt, his sleeves rolled up to show his huge biceps.

He was running a hand through his wet hair as if he had showered in a hurry. He looked around quickly to pass a stare at everyone to check on them, but once his eyes passed me, he did a double take before he nodded his head to himself.

"An incident happened here last night. It was an unfortunate one," he started, and I clutched my sweater tightly in my fists. My hands were shaking, my arms folded over my chest. I bet I even scratched my skin while grasping onto my sweater under my arms.

I had a feeling he was going to give us the bad news about Lucy. I wasn't ready to hear it.

"We know you're all upset and worried. Probably even waiting on the news. I wish I had good news to tell you--" As he said till that part, I dropped hard on the chair, sitting with such pressure that everyone turned to me. Everyone else was standing except for me now.

Norman stopped talking and pointed towards me, "Get her some water." He walked over to me, almost like in an emergency, gesturing to the others to get out of his way.

"Helanie, please calm down," Lamar sat next to me, watching me hyperventilate.

It was becoming real.

I had seen it in my dreams once. I saw someone jump off the top and it happened. How did I never think about keeping an eye on Lucy after she started acting weird? Why did I leave my room last night?

"Helanie!" This time, it was Norman who was speaking with me. He had pulled a chair in front of me and had sat down with his legs wide spread to fit the tiny chair.

"Look at me, you are fine," Norman whispered, snapping his fingers in front of my face. "Get her to drink some water."

Lamar quickly nodded his head, grabbing the water glass from Penn to make me drink a sip or two. But I kept dodging it and hiccuping. I felt like I wanted to cry so loud that I'd bring a storm, but I was stuck in myself.

I was stuck in so much guilt.

"Lucy--" I whispered, my eyes on Norman now.

He gave me consecutive head nods to console me, "She is alive. Okay? She is alive."

He said, making sure I heard him right.

"But you said you don't--have good news," I frowned, still taking deep and heavy breaths.

"Yeah, because she is still in the hospital. If you are feeling fine, I will continue the announcement. Is that okay?" One could tell Norman was not good at comforting anyone. He was always in a rush, making it appear as if he wanted people to calm down the minute he told them to calm down.

"Okay?" he asked again, and after I nodded my head, he cleared his throat and got up, sparing the poor chair.

"Lucy will be fine. We assure you that we will provide her with the best care. There will be no more classes till we have taken care of some security around the hostel, especially the rooftop and the areas around it," he explained.

He was also worrying about the wrong part of the hostel. It was the tenth floor that they needed to work on.

"With that--we hope you guys have the best time in your packs. Keep an eye out for the notifications from us. We will let you know when you can return," Norman finished his announcement, and everyone seemed pretty relieved that they didn't have to stay in the hostel for some time.

"But make sure you go get your homework and assignments today before parting for home," Norman added.

As everyone began to approach him with their queries, I got up to leave. I found Lamar coming after me because he always did.

"Helanie!" he called, and I stopped in the hallway, watching his face with no enthusiasm.

"It wasn't your fault. You took good care of her. Besides, it was the tenth floor," he nodded his head in a way that told me it was his way of telling me that he believed me when I said there was a tenth floor.

"Where are you planning on staying?" he asked. I remembered he also told me last night that he had never set foot in the apartment he got for his sister. He just couldn't, also because his pack members saw him weirdly.

Even when he was innocent, they just felt like he was an easy target to blame for what happened to his sister. Many still believed he sold his sister to pay off his debt to the drug dealers.

"I don't know," I replied since I genuinely didn't know. We were both homeless, but at least he had a pack to return to.

"You can come to my pack with me," he insisted. But I knew it would cause him so much stress since everyone would think he brought a new victim.

"Let's go pack our bags. We'll see what we can do," I replied lifelessly, and before he could really walk away, I added, "We'll pack Lucy's bag too. Who knows, she'll wake up and ask us why we didn't take her bag along?"

I watched him stare at my face with his eyes wide open.

"I know she'll be very upset," I added and noticed Lamar looking behind me at someone. I turned steadily and noticed Norman towering over me.

"Sir, she hasn't cried a tear," Lamar complained.

"I see. Okay, you go ahead and pack your bags. I will arrange a hotel for you to stay at," Norman shocked me when he showed he could be concerned about someone too.

But was it really helpful to take his help?

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

Chapter 227-Stepbrothers Hate To See Me In Pain

Chapter 227: 227-Stepbrothers Hate To See Me In Pain

Helanie:

I was having a weird kind of mood swings. One minute I wanted to pack, and the other minute I asked Lamar to do the packing and meet me at the hostel. We were going to write down the homework and then leave, as they were going to close the hostel.

I bet they also did it because now that an incident like that happened in the hostel, the students were keen on leaving the hostel at nighttime to avoid that feeling of someone jumping off the rooftop.

And the month was not a very good one for anyone to leave the hostel. Since the rogue brothers didn't want the story of Lycans to hit the news and become a reality from a myth, they wanted everyone back in their packs.

And that's why probably Norman was even ready to get me a room in a hotel. But I had decided not to take his help.

I entered the academy with a notebook in my hands, wearing blue skinny jeans and my purple sweater.

Everyone was busy talking when they suddenly went silent. I didn't get why, but I refused to ask anyone and went straight to my lockers to grab my stuff.

However, right when I was about to open my locker, I noticed something taped to the outside of it.

It was a drawing of a black-haired girl being pushed down a tall building by a blond-haired girl. My body flinched at what it was insinuating. Snatching the drawing off the locker, I turned around to look at everyone with my hand raised. "Who drew this?" I yelled angrily, my eyes fixated on everyone.

They all seemed not too confident because they knew such accusations could give them a bad reputation.

"Come on, it's just a joke." I should have known he would be behind it. It was fucking Rayden.

The other side of the lockers had the top seniors standing there with their hands tied over their chests.

"Oh! I had a feeling she might be the reason Lucy is going to die," of course Riri had to come to fight me. She couldn't fight Rayden, who was the reason she was on her knees that night. She couldn't fight Penn either, so she chose me because her hatred for Lucy just didn't make any sense.

"Or maybe we should bring up someone who is fighting for her life?" Sage, who had her earpods in, mumbled. I bet she had disconnected them when she noticed the commotion.

"Come on, Sage! Let's just be honest here. Lucy was just a miserable girl who loved hanging around the charming beauty, who always ends up becoming the center of attention. Lucy got silenced, and if you think about it, Helanie was not in her room that night. She was also the first one who noticed Lucy going missing," Riri made me close my eyes to calm myself down.

"And um—she was seen going up and down on the elevator. Wonder what she was doing?" Rayden added, his voice causing me so much trauma.

"I will not talk about it with any of you," I lowered my head, holding myself back from letting out a scream.

I was not feeling well. My brain wasn't processing at all. I would have defended myself hard had it happened some other day, but today, it was too soon. I still could see Lucy's body fall whenever I blinked. That is how miserable I was.

I couldn't close my eyes for fear of seeing all that happen over and over again.

"Guys, it is insensitive, you know?" Sage had her arms folded over her chest, warning the others.

"No! I do think Helanie did it. She was tired of carrying Lucy on her back," said Sydney, who stood with Rayden. The mix was not good. The two should not be together in this fucking bullying. I noticed Salem standing behind her sister, trying to pull her back. Did she not want to see me suffer?

"I will go," I said to myself since no one else was going to care.

"Why?" However, Riri wasn't going to let me get freed from their harsh glares. She stepped forward and put her hand on my shoulder, her nails digging into my skin.

"Ow!" I hissed. "Let me go." Finally, anger surged through me, and I decided to scratch her arm. That's when I made a mistake, because it angered her.

"How dare you!" The next thing I knew, she was screaming at me and pushing me to the ground.

"Everyone, this is the culprit who killed our innocent Lucy," Riri announced, causing an uproar.

"Hey, hey, that is not true. There is no such announcement--" Sage, who had been standing far away casually, finally started yelling, but her voice got submerged when the others attacked me.

I don't even know who was throwing stuff at me at this point as I had covered my head in my hands and kept my face down. I began to sob. Not because of the mistreatment, but because I really missed Lucy.

Was it really my fault that she jumped? Should I have stayed with her that night?

As I began to cry, I heard them laugh at me.

"Helanie is a killer," Riri yelled, and others followed her. Soon the academy erupted in chants of the accusation. I didn't even raise my head to see who else got involved.

I could no longer hear Sage among the shouts. It was sad that I was still looking for someone to come and rescue me. At least today, because I couldn't fight for myself.

My ears went silent because of the constant hitting of heavy stuff, but soon the voices resumed, and among them came a loud shout that finally put everyone into silence.

"You all got some nerve picking on her!" It was Emmet. I had never heard him raise his voice or use such words like that before.

I unwrapped my hands from my head and raised my face to see Emmet standing at the end of the hall with Sage behind him.

So she brought him here?

No! Not just him.

In my sight stood the three brothers: Kaye, Maximus, and Emmet.

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

Chapter 228-Stepbro Carried Me In Bridal Style

Chapter 228: 228-Stepbro Carried Me In Bridal Style

Helanie:

The three stood tall and determined. They all wore black, full black. Emmet had an all-black suit on, Kaye wore black pants and a black shirt, Maximus had black jeans with a black shirt and a black jacket on.

As they started to walk through the crowd towards me, the onlookers began to scatter, leaving space for them to pass through. The brothers were taller than everyone else, their auras dark and powerful.

They all stopped right in front of me, and then Emmet hunched over, extending his hand towards me. I kept staring at his hand before I slowly raised mine to reach for his touch.

As soon as my hand met his, he firmly supported my body and helped me up. The way he carefully wrapped his arm around me, with Kaye on the other side, made me look so small. All eyes were on us.

I'm sure some were even wondering why the trainers had shown up so defensively.

"Sir—," Riri stepped forward, probably thinking she needed to defend herself before it was too late. But Maximus' harsh glare compelled her hand to fly to her mouth, covering it with a gasp of sudden fear heaving across her lips.

"Say one more word—," Maximus warned Riri in a loud, commanding voice.

"Sir, we are seniors—," she proceeded to speak again, but this time, he didn't even have to warn her. His harsh glare was enough to send shivers down her spine.

"And that makes the assault okay?" Kaye yelled, getting in her face to the point that she backed down in fear and tripped. While she landed on her butt, I felt my knees getting weak.

I didn't realize how quickly my health had been declining since last night. It might have seemed like just a few hours to others, but it was a lot for me. Lucy being gone messed with my head.

As I was about to fall, Emmet held me tightly.

"Nobody is leaving the academy until further notice," Emmet groaned, changing the plans for the holidays.

With that, he effortlessly roamed his hands under my body, and before I could comprehend what he was doing, he had carried me in his arms.

"Ahh!" loud gasps erupted through the hallway. Was it really that weird that a trainer was picking up his student? An ill student in his arms?

He started taking long strides towards his office upstairs. I didn't want to see any faces, so I closed my eyes and rested my head on his chest. His coat smelled like him, a very mild and expensive scent. I couldn't focus on the details, but his arms were so strong and big that I felt cozy instantly.

Now that Emmet had reached the top of the stairs and the students were left behind on the first floor, I heard Kaye grunt.

"Why did you carry her?" I didn't open my eyes, but my attention was on them now.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know you wanted to participate in who will carry Helanie," Emmet's sarcasm was a first for me. But it compelled a shared yelp from both brothers.

"Are you kidding me? You picked her up in front of the students. They will think something weird is going on between the two of you," Maximus complained, coming after us.

"Sorry, Maximus, that I didn't see anything more concerning than Helanie's condition worsening. Would you have left her there?" Emmet groaned, arguing in a way I didn't know he was capable of.

"Of course not," Maximus sounded so defensive when responding to his brother, "but—you are an alcoholic. It is not a good mix to put an innocent, fragile girl into an alcoholic's arms."

I was shocked at how the two younger brothers always taunted and disrespected Emmet.

It can't be that they are just worried about Emmet drinking all the time. There's no way. You don't become rude and mean to someone you care about.

But now we were stepping into Emmet's office. He quickly put me down on the big couch at the end of the office near the window.

The three of them stood before me as I opened my eyes to let out a sigh of relief. I watched Emmet kneel before me, Kaye standing on his right with his eyes scanning me, and Maximus bending down with his hands on his knees on Emmet's left side.

"Helanie, are you feeling okay now?" Emmet asked in his comforting and calm tone.

I gave him a nod, which was only a lie. I wasn't fine. I felt horrible and wanted to cry my heart out.

"You know, Lucy is well taken care of. She will definitely wake up and be fine—" As Maximus mentioned her, I couldn't hold it in anymore and broke down as loudly as I could.

My hands flew to my face, covering it as I sobbed into my palms.

"Maximus, I can expect such stupidity from Emmet, but why would you mention her? Don't you know it will hurt Helanie?" Kaye was quick to complain, his tone filled with disbelief.

"I didn't know. I thought she would want to hear—," Maximus suddenly shut up, and I'm guessing that was because the others passed him a harsh glare.

I steadily uncovered my face and noticed them just staring at me, clueless. They probably weren't even sure how to comfort me.

As there was a knock on the door, all three of them steadily turned to the door, almost like in slow motion.

"Oh no," Maximus, who was still bent down with his neck all stretched to the back, was the first to express exhaustion.

"That has to be him," Kaye added, his hands on his waist and his eyes on the door in the back.

"Then go and open it," Emmet shrugged, turning to stare at me again. I watched Kaye and Maximus share a glance before Kaye walked over to the door to answer it.

As he opened the door and stepped to the side, Norman walked into my sight, and I realized why they weren't happy about the knock.

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

Chapter 229-Accused Of Attempted Murder

Chapter 229: 229-Accused Of Attempted Murder

Helanie:

Now Norman stood in the middle of the room with his arms on his waist, his gray coat pushed back, and his eyes on me before he turned his attention to his brothers. Emmet didn't seem too concerned as he stood on the left side of the couch against the wall. But Kaye and Maximus were constantly pacing back and forth, as if their brother's opinion of them mattered a lot.

It was Emmet who was casually telling him what happened to me near the lockers. He told his brother all about the accusations and how everyone took part in bullying me, throwing things at me—even the juniors.

"So you're telling me that we have a bunch of illiterate pigs in our academy?" Norman finally commented, not sure if he was being sarcastic or questioning their ability to test candidates before granting them admission.

"I think the bullying has gone through the roof this year because they see Helanie as a threat," Maximus quickly shifted the attention back to me, and my body sunk into the couch when Norman's eyes landed on me.

"And also that the juniors are messy with each other. Previously, the juniors used to stick together, but now—," Kaye shook his head in disbelief.

"Bring the main culprits in. We are going to have a chat with them," Norman ordered, and I watched Emmet nod in agreement.

Kaye was the one who made the announcement, and while he did so, Norman didn't move from his spot.

"Don't fret, we will take care of this matter once and for all today," Norman muttered and finally stepped away. However, as the brothers paced around the office like hungry lions, I noticed Maximus stealing glances at Norman quite often. It was as if the two had some argument or conversation about me prior to coming here.

Or I could be wrong.

Soon there was a knock on the door, and a warrior had brought some of the ones who started the whole mess. I was asked to come and sit in the seat with the other empty chairs. Emmet had sat behind the desk in his seat, but the others stayed standing.

The first person to enter the office was Rayden, who couldn't hold back his smirk when he saw me. Then there was Riri, who kept her head high and wore a weird look on her face, almost like she was accusing me of being the reason she was in the trainer's office.

Behind her was Sydney, who was acting like she was clueless as to why she was here. The look on their faces was so confusing. They seemed genuinely opposed and not guilty.

As Rayden grabbed a chair to sit down, Norman cleared his throat to stop him.

"Did we ask you to sit down?" Norman's tone was harsh, compelling a look of embarrassment from Rayden, who quickly straightened his back and stood up again.

This time, he didn't make eye contact with me, nor did he pass me a smirk.

Norman took the chair and dragged it to Emmet's side, sitting down on it. Kaye and Maximus decided to stay standing.

"Start talking," Norman grunted, his arm extending behind the chair's backrest as he leaned back comfortably.

"What do you want us to say, sir?" Riri took the first step, speaking for everyone else with her.

"What compelled you to think it was okay to accuse someone of attempted murder? Not just anyone, but the victim's best friend," Maximus posed the question well, and Riri acted so surprised as she looked around the room for the victim.

"We didn't do anything wrong. Everyone thought about it but didn't have the courage to say it out loud. Helanie has been a messy individual. Whoever gets involved with her gets some sort of—punishment from the Moon Goddess," she mentioned the Moon Goddess, and it instantly reminded me of how messed up my life is. So much so that now others are noticing it too.

"Oh! Didn't know you were besties with the Moon Goddess, and she tells you the gossip firsthand," Kaye folded his muscular arms over his chest, which made Riri take a huge gulp.

"And by you claiming that whoever gets in contact with Helanie gets in trouble, you mean they become targets of your bullying?" Maximus inquired, making Riri frown like she could never be the bully.

"Sir? Me?" Riri pointed a finger to her chest. "I'm not a bully. I was just—," she was cut off when Emmet lowered his head and started taking off his coat.

"Helanie doesn't get anyone in trouble. But you do. Why did you follow their group to the woods during the other incident?" Maximus questioned, and my eyes averted to Norman, who stretched his neck before looking over at Emmet and passing a glance at Maximus.

He was noticing him way too much today, especially his interaction with me or his mention of my issues.

"Oh!" Riri had no answer this time.

"So who's the messy one again?" Norman asked.

"Sorry to interrupt, sir, but Helanie needs to answer where she was last night. One of our fellows is fighting for her life, and the only person who can answer is Helanie. She

didn't even cry a tear for her own best friend until she was bullied. Don't you think she might be hiding something?" Rayden had the nerve to jump in.

My body shuddered every time his attention was on me. I wanted to hide anywhere from his dirty glare.

"I was in shock," I uttered under my breath. "I was numb, I know, but that is because it's hard for me to swallow the truth," I whispered, keeping my eyes down and anxiously rubbing my palms.

"Really? Why were you occupying the elevator?" Rayden put his hand on the high backrest of my chair to turn it toward him, making me look into his eyes, and that's when my heart skipped a beat. I raised my head to see him watching me, and honestly, I just went speechless.

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

Chapter 230-Stepbrothers Are Hot Headed

Chapter 230: 230-Stepbrothers Are Hot Headed

Helanie:

"She doesn't have an answer," Rayden showed me a very discreet smirk. My body was instantly covered in goosebumps, and they stayed throughout the time.

"That is because Helanie—" the minute Rayden got too comfortable, even Riri opened her mouth to join him.

"She is sketchy—" Riri smiled at Rayden as if the two were in a court, acting a case.

They were really acting like they were exposing me, and I felt like that too. I felt like they were able to ruin my reputation and paint me as some weird psychopath with bad luck.

However, that's when Emmet grunted, laughing to himself. Our eyes averted to him, even Norman frowned at his brother.

Emmet began to roll his sleeves up, showing a weird tattoo on his arm. Once he was done taking care of his sleeves, he stretched his neck in a circle and sighed.

"And she—" I bet even Riri thought Emmet was laughing at me because she started adding up more.

But Emmet putting his finger to his lips was the highlight of the day. Or so I thought, until he opened his mouth, "Riri Isaac!"

Her face lit up when he said her name with so much politeness.

"Yes, sir?" she uttered.

Everyone's eyes were now on Emmet, and he very deliberately added, "You are expelled and banned from our academy."

Even I was shocked along with the others. The smirk that Rayden had on his face when he thought they had successfully convinced the trainers that I did something to Lucy was now far gone.

Riri had her eyes bugged out, big tears already forming in them. Klaye and Maximus shared one big glance from over the two brothers before they looked back at Riri.

Norman was still leaning back, a pivot on his lips and his eyes zoned out.

"Sir, I am a senior. I have given years to this academy and—" Riri was now using a much more obedient tone, but Emmet shook his head to silence her.

"Get out! Your time here is done." I had not known that he could be that cold.

"But sir—" Riri's voice broke, her hands shaking at this point.

"Sir, that is not fair," Rayden decided to speak up but in a much more scared tone until he saw Emmet glare at him.

"Do you want to leave with her?" Emmet's threat caused Rayden to visibly gulp.

"No, sir, I am so sorry, sir," Rayden's entire attitude changed. He was stuttering too and gulping so many times that one would think his throat kept getting dry.

"Sir, can you please ask Professor Emmet to give me one last chance? I don't think I did something that big," Riri now turned to request Norman, who gave her a disapproving look.

"You did actually make a big mess. Throwing accusations when there is video proof that Helanie was on the ground floor just makes you look very guilty of traumatizing her. Not only that, but you had a chance when you were spared for bullying and physically assaulting the juniors outside the academy. But you proved to us that you are not

actually meant to be in our academy," Norman kept his voice calm, but his words held weight.

"We don't want someone like you in our academy. That even after we called you here and showed you that we were not happy with how you acted with Helanie, you continued to blabber and double down on your actions," Maximus added while Kaye smirked at Riri, happily watching her cry.

"So, Rayden—what were you saying?" Emmet now turned his attention to Rayden, who stood like an obedient student with his hands tied behind his back and his head down.

"I was saying I realized where we went wrong," that was not how he sounded a few minutes earlier. Riri kept standing in her spot, slowly sobbing in her palms. I watched Sydney bite the inside of her cheek, her body looking so tense.

I bet she was glad she didn't open her ugly mouth.

"Really? So what are you going to do now?" Maximus asked Rayden, who looked over to me before looking back down again.

"I will seek forgiveness from Miss Helanie," his voice was so low. And he was being such a gentleman now.

"Okay, go ahead, what are you waiting for?" Norman hissed, causing Rayden's body to shudder.

He turned to me, his eyes on the ground still, "Miss Helanie. Please forgive us, we didn't know there was footage, umm, proof of you being innocent. We were actually in despair after Lucy's fall."

He was hushed down by Kaye, who narrowed his eyes at his face.

"We asked for you to apologize, not give her a whole essay," Kaye yelled, and Rayden nodded in little motions.

As he faced me again, my eyes started to fill with tears. I had been waiting for this asshole to apologize to me, but apology didn't mean he was forgiven.

Apology was just the first step of the beginning of his downfall. The alpha whose ego was so big only when he wasn't getting schooled by someone bigger and more powerful than him.

And I could tell it wasn't easy for him to apologize to me either. He seemed so dead in that moment.

"I am sorry, please forgive me, Miss Helanie," he spoke every word with much pressure.

"Now, Sydney Coombs," Norman adjusted his posture in his seat, calling her name.

She had been silently standing there for a while, and when she finally heard her name, she lifted her head, and that's when I noticed all the brothers stare at her weirdly.

I turned to look at her and noticed that she looked pale. And then—Rayden had to quickly move away when she passed out right before our eyes.

The fact that Rayden could have given her support, but that would be too much for someone like him, just showed right there that he was a cold hearted bastard.

"Oh well, she is not escaping this. Now, Riri, go pack your bags and leave, we will be calling your pack now. As for you and the passed-out member of the bullies group, you will face extra punishment once everyone returns from the holidays. Also, the students who were there are all being observed and listed down; they will receive punishments too. Now—get the fuck out of my office," Emmet yelled, which caused Rayden to jump to his feet and run out with his tail tucked between his legs.

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

Chapter 231-Going Back Home With My Stepbrothers

Chapter 231: 231-Going Back Home With My Stepbrothers

Helanie:

"They will not bother you again," Emmet said after they had left. Sydney had actually passed out, so she was taken to the hospital by the warrior from her pack who came to pick her and Salem up.

"Lamar is a good friend, huh? He had been waiting outside and had actually spoken to the warriors about the fact that you two were in the library last night," Kaye was cracking his knuckles while speaking about Lamar.

"He also told us that you have been numb this whole time and probably even in denial," Maximus added, "which is not a good thing, Helanie. You need to understand, it wasn't your fault, and your friend will come back soon."

Emmet had calmed down from earlier, but he still sat in his seat, focusing on the letters he was writing to the packs whose members had bullied me today.

"We will continue with the holidays then. But fear not, you will receive justice, and all the students, once they come back, will apologize to you in front of everyone once again," Norman added, shaking his leg. He looked anxious as well.

"You have your bags packed?" Maximus inquired, and I guess it was time I opened my goddamn mouth too. I had just been nodding all this time.

"Lamar packed them for me," I replied but didn't know my response would get another bone crack from Kaye. He was standing beside Norman, cracking and stretching.

"And where will you be staying?" Maximus leaned over the table, his eyes now even more prominent.

"I—" Norman stole his brother's attention back to himself. "I have booked a hotel room in a nearby pack for her," he replied.

I didn't want to be in the Dark Eclipse pack; this was the pack where Benita's café was.

But I didn't have a choice. However, I was contemplating how to deny taking Norman's help.

"A hotel room?" Maximus inquired.

"Yeah." Norman leaned ahead to look over at Maximus through Emmet. I watched Maximus and Norman stare at each other in silence before Maximus nodded, agreeing with his brother.

"Actually—I am thankful for your help, but I will manage something myself." As I declined his help, I noticed the three of them staring back at me, like they were certain I would be so happy to have their support and help.

"Yeah, she doesn't have to stay at the hotel," Emmet mumbled under his breath, his head down as he continued to work on the complaint letters.

Emmet cocked his head as he stared at the letter, confirming he wrote it right before signing it, and while doing so, he added, "She is staying at the mansion with us."

The silence thickened. I watched all their faces one by one. First, I saw Maximus zone out with a little smirk on his lips. Then I saw Kaye smile at me. However, when my eyes moved to Norman, I noticed the look of sadness and worry etched on his face. Of course, he didn't like me.

And then my eyes moved to Emmet, who still had his head down but his eyes were up, watching me. I quickly straightened my posture and looked down once realizing Emmet had been noticing me stare at his brothers for a reaction.

"I think she will be more comfortable at the hotel. Given how her mother and the others don't want her around either—" Norman gulped, speaking to Emmet while gently elbowing him.

"I think Emmet is right," Kaye rolled his eyes, finally agreeing with Emmet for the first time.

Yep! They did not have a good relationship.

"Helanie has been through a lot, and she needs someone to bring her back to life by taking care of her. Usually, such trauma—seeing your own friend—it leads to great depression, and Helanie being in denial is already a hint that she's headed that way." Kaye was so quick to explain why I should stay with them.

I wasn't sure how good of an idea it was. I actually agreed with Norman on this.

"Can I have a say in this? I think Professor Norman is right. I don't like being in that mansion. I want to be alone by myself for some time," I stated, but noticed how Emmet began shaking his finger at me.

"Weren't you upset that you left Lucy alone only for a few hours when she was showing signs of depression? Yeah! Not taking any chances, and Helanie, I'm making that decision for you with a lot of hopes that you will not say no to me. So think before you make a decision." The sudden sadness in Emmet's voice, the idea that I didn't feel safe or comfortable at his mansion, made me feel guilty.

He wasn't trying to control my life. He was just overly concerned because he thought if I were left alone, I might go deeper into depression.

"It is my request," Emmet added, and everyone's eyes now narrowed at me.

How could I say no to Emmet?

"Okay." With that, I concluded that I would be going back to that mansion again.

But this time, I would not be taking any shit from anyone. I swear those three women and this demon called Norman would not be allowed to come near me or insult me.

"Thank you," Emmet mouthed those words with a smile on his lips, and Maximus narrowed his eyes and weirdly shared a glance with Kaye.

The two nodded to each other after speaking with their eyes.

"But may I have a request, please? I want to stay in the guest room, as I will be just staying there as a guest," I requested, and Emmet was quick to nod in agreement

before the others. I got up to leave, but when I was out of the office, I found Norman storming after me.

I already knew what he was going to say, so I saved him some time. "I am not going to decline Emmet's offer and upset him because I have to prove myself to you."

I noticed him hovering over me with a blank look on his face as he corrected me, "I was going to say, you should pack and meet us at the front exit so that we can take you home with us."

There was a subtle anger in his eyes at the fact that I misjudged him.

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

Chapter 232-The Messy People But This Time I Am Courageous

Chapter 232: 232-The Messy People But This Time I Am Courageous

Helanie:

"Stay in contact, okay?" Lamar whispered, standing right next to me with Norman's car.

"Yeah, hey, why don't you come stay with me?" I requested; I really wanted him to have a safe place and not go back to his pack where I knew people saw him differently.

"I will be fine. I am not really a bound type of person. I like to go out at night and transition. And the rogue community is not for transition for a month," he was not wrong, but I was still worried for him.

As for the rogue community and the woods, it was dangerous for a month as the lycan, or in more twisted words, my mate, might be running around looking for food.

The packs were much safer with the borders, patrols, and everything. Now I understood why people were afraid of the rogue world. And also why packs have such fucked up rules, because they could silence anyone with the threat of kicking them out of the pack.

"But you need to text me whenever you go out at night for transformation and then text me when you are home," I warned him, giving him a look that made him smile at me while shaking his head.

"You sound so much like Evaline that you make me tear up," he commented, biting his underlip to stop the tears from appearing in his eyes.

"Come on, I am your sister." With that, I gave him a warm hug before we bid goodbye. I will surely miss him, and I am going to meet him every other day, if not every day.

I hopped in the car and watched Lamar get on his bike.

The car ride was odd; I sat in the backseat of Norman and Emmet's car. I noticed the two talked very low, and their conversation was mainly about the family business.

I knew Norman was mostly at the office, taking care of the deals. But the brothers would occasionally join them for meetings to do their part as well.

My eyes remained on the road outside.

Once the mansion arrived, the brothers shut up. The car took the long road, and then it entered the main big gate.

The passage to the mansion after that was long, but it was very refreshing to see the lush gardens all around the mansion.

They really had a great life. Who even leaves the pack and lives such a luxurious life?

I bet their parents really worked hard to be here, but sadly, it deteriorated their relationship. Sometimes I do wonder if their relationship was doomed because of my mother.

They parked the car and jumped out of it. While Norman just walked ahead, Emmet stopped to open the door for me.

"Bring her bags to the room I asked you to clean for her," Emmet called to the warrior, who gave him a nod and started unloading my one lonely bag.

I kept walking after him, and as we entered, I saw Emma standing next to the kitchen door, probably giving orders for herself and her daughter. When she narrowed her eyes, it was like she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Obviously, she didn't come right away because Emmet was right in front of me.

But I knew the confrontation was right around the corner.

"This is your room. You will stay here, and you will let me know whenever you need anything. I know you wanted to come here like a guest, but I don't see you that way. Helanie, it is easy to scare someone from asking for their rights. It is your right to stay

here and do whatever you want, of course not get in the way of Norman," he joked, making me smile back at him.

"Showing her the room?" Maximus peered inside, smiling with his eyes.

I rolled my eyes because I knew what was coming my way now.

A lot of flirting from Maximus.

"Yeah, got it all cleaned for her," Emmet looked around the room and sighed.

It was a spacious room with windows on two sides of the walls that gave the view of the front garden and also the forbidden hallway. But the windows had really covered the hallway with mist.

Even in daytime, I couldn't see anything outside.

"Hm, Helanie, you can ask for anything here, no one will bother you," Maximus doubled down on Emmet's words, which made Emmet steadily turn just to look at his brother's face before looking back at me.

"Now go ahead, freshen up, and join us for lunch," Emmet gave me a sweet eye-blink nod and left the room.

Maximus only stayed for a few seconds to give me a naughty smirk before he followed after him.

Once I locked the door, I got to see the room. It had a beautiful queen-sized bed next to one of the walls with a dressing table on the opposite wall. The two windowed walls had a fluffy big gray sofa chaise couch with a side table and a tripod lamp on the side.

After I had showered, I wore the same clothes that I had washed and dried before coming here.

"I need new clothes," I realized it was high time I got a job. I cannot just rely on people gifting me stuff.

But now, I had to go attend the lunch. I left my room with nothing but worry in my mind. I hated the stares on me, and in this place, sadly, everyone just looked at me. I walked towards the glass room where they were sitting down for lunch with a great view of the garden from the glass. They had prepared it recently, I could tell.

"Come," Emmet smiled instantly, pointing at the chair next to Lord McQuoid. On his right sat my mother, and now on his left, I sat down.

"I am so glad you came back, Helanie. I have been hearing nothing but good things about you," Lord McQuoid soothed me when he instantly began to praise me. I thought he would be on my mother's side.

Everyone went silent after hearing him say that, but of course, Charlotte had to embarrass herself.

"You mean to say they are complaining about her?" She definitely had problems understanding the tones and words. Yet she looked so excited to hear the stories about how I fucked up.

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

Chapter 233-I Guess My Stepbrother Is My Therapist Now

Chapter 233: 233-I Guess My Stepbrother Is My Therapist Now

Helanie:

My mother didn't even raise her head. But her clenched fists and folded arms over the table were evidence that she didn't want me here.

The brothers were silent for a while, but then I heard them laugh among themselves, especially Kaye and Maximus.

"Dad, tell her please," Kaye insisted, making Charlotte even more excited. Poor Lord McQuoid had no clue what was going on.

"No, dear Charlotte. Helanie has been doing so well in the academy that the council has been asking about her results and progress nonstop. It's like if she keeps going like this, she will become the star student of our academy very soon," Lord McQuoid smiled when mentioning my achievements. I didn't really get what I did so well.

Apart from the fact that I was passing all the tests with no wolf.

I guess that is what made me stand out?

"Oh!" Charlotte's smile went away pretty quickly. She lowered her head and added, "But that's because the strength classes haven't started yet, right? Once she gets into those classes, I'm worried she will disappoint everyone." She had such fake concern in her

voice. She didn't want Lord McQuoid to know what an evil individual she was for wishing my downfall.

However, I had to stand up for myself now. "Those are called combat classes, not strength classes,"

I said in the most sassy and belittling way, "And fear not, cousin sister, I will try my hardest to get better at combat so that you don't have to hear bad news about me. I want you to keep smiling and not worry so much." I mocked her, but of course, I used a tone that would fool Lord McQuoid.

But I'm certain the brothers understood because they were constantly making eye contact and laughing silently. Apart from Norman, who sat seriously in his seat, his head tilted and his eyes in space.

"Let's cheer to Helanie," Maximus raised his glass, and I picked up my orange juice. My mother didn't even bother and started eating. Emma and Charlotte looked forced, but they did pick up their glasses along with everyone else.

Norman only fixed his posture and took a sip from his drink. But then his eyes suddenly moved up, and I felt like he caught me staring at him too hard. I felt so awkward when I stole my eyes from him.

We finished the lunch in silence. Throughout the time, I kept stealing glances at my mother, and she never once lifted her head to look at me.

It pained me, even when I told her that she meant nothing to me.

I just needed answers for her behavior. She definitely cannot be upset with a six-year-old for choosing to go with her dad. She didn't even ask me once why.

Couldn't she understand that something must have happened that made her daughter go back to her father that she initially didn't want to go with?

"Helanie!" As I was about to get up after everyone else left except for my mother and Norman, Lord McQuoid called my name.

I sat down again to answer him with my full attention.

"I heard about the incident at the hostel. It must have been hard for you to witness your friend like that. I also heard about the bullying and your state," he gulped, almost like this part was a bit hard for him to talk about.

My mother, who was previously all set to leave, instantly sat down again when her chosen mate called for me.

She finally raised her head and frowned at me.

"My state?" I asked Lord McQuoid in bewilderment.

"You are pretty expressive about your emotions. Emmet told me about it. And he also mentioned how everyone is concerned that you were not able to portray your emotions correctly this time until you felt like you could cry behind the guise of getting bullied. I understand you wanted a reason to let that frustration out, and that bullying gave you the chance to do so. But that is not a healthy way. You should be able to express your sadness and grief. Don't let it all bottle up," as he talked so politely, like a loving father would, I steadily moved my eyes to the side to watch Norman stare at his image in the glass and run his hand through his hair.

He wasn't paying full attention, almost like he was getting ready for a nap or something. He was unbuttoning his sleeves, taking off his watch when what his father said next stole both our attention.

"That's why I think, while you are staying here, my son Norman will help you with therapy," as he finished, Norman's hand stopped in his hair, and his eyes shot up.

"Huh?" he voiced.

Even I didn't like the idea.

"Umm, him?" my frown and the little wrinkle of my nose turned Norman's face straight to me.

"What do you mean by him?" The man, who looked disgusted himself when his father mentioned him helping me with therapy, suddenly questioned why I was so skeptical about him.

"Because—you are impatient and you don't really—" I took a pause when I saw him narrow his eyes at me as if to issue a warning, "and you are also very aggressive. It's not like you will listen to me and understand. You will make it more like a lecture, where you talk and I listen." I have grown this spine and courage after the miscarriage.

I keep my behavior journal recorded in my mind at all times.

He looked like I had shot him.

"Oh wow, you are really different from when you first showed up at our mansion," Lord McQuoid commented, which made Norman look at his father with a smirk.

"Now you see, she is rude."

Lord McQuoid, however, shook his head to dismiss his son's claim. "She now knows how to stand up for herself. And she is very right, you should not be showing her eyes or threatening her with your scary big presence."

It was like Lord McQuoid siding with me immobilized Norman for a moment. He didn't even move a muscle. His eyes were narrowed at his father, his mouth agape, and his fists clenched.

"Now, you are giving her therapy. Prove to her that you can be very patient," Lord McQuoid declared, as he wasn't ready for any further argument.

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

Chapter 234-Let's Talk About Me

Chapter 234: 234-Let's Talk About Me

Helanie:

There was no choice left for argument or discussion. I remembered what Emmet had told me: that some people can really bully someone into making decisions that make them look bad. Hence, I didn't argue with Lord McQuoid. I wanted Norman to dismiss his father's orders. And if not, it's not like I was the only one getting tortured, getting therapy from Norman. He hated it just as much.

"You are not taking the eleva--," Norman complained as I had to follow him. But his words were cut short when he realized I didn't plan to either.

I have challenged myself to grow my strength so that I can continue to wipe off Charlotte's smile whenever I get praised for acing any tests.

Especially combat classes.

"Huh! How many breaks will you take reaching the fifth floor?" he commented, walking ahead of me.

I didn't argue because it was not a lie that I would need my breath and needed to save my energy to climb to the fifth floor.

However, like I had said before, my strength had increased now.

But the issue was Norman's butt in my view.

His pants were really tight to the point that his ass cheeks were perfectly visible. I would look away, but then my eyes would drive back to how round and muscular his ass looked.

I scoffed, shaking my head. I could throw him down and punch him repeatedly.

Why so hostile? I just didn't like this dude and his arrogant ass, I mean his attitude. Dammit.

Once we reached the fifth floor, I watched him turn around with a smirk on his face. But the smirk of satisfaction washed off his face instantly when he realized I stood straight with my breaths steady and my hands tied in front of my body.

The disappointment was so real on his face.

"Alright, let it out," he waved his hand and turned around to unlock his office, and just like he said, I did let out the breath I had been holding back.

I wheezed while noticing him laughing at me when entering his office.

His office was more in cylindrical length. There was a beautifully decorated table between two comfortable couches.

He gestured at me to take the couch while he rolled up his sleeves and took the couch from across mine.

"So, how are you feeling now?" he inquired.

"I'm fine. I am not as breathless as you think I would be, but that's very weird of you--," I immediately thought he was mocking me until he rolled his eyes to silence me.

"I was talking about what happened at the academy today," he gave me a blank look, causing me to feel embarrassed for my outburst.

"I'm okay," I replied, my hands constantly squeezing on my purple sweater's sleeves.

"Hm, you are very aggressive at times," as he stated that, I narrowed my eyes because that was what I had said about him.

"I don't only give therapy; I help people meet their traumas and look them in the eyes, Helanie," he continued very calmly and professionally.

"But I don't have any traumas," I lied and instantly found him nodding like he agreed with me.

"Not even when you were attacked in the back hostel? Or in the woods by the top seniors? Or by the bullies in the academy today?" As he continued to remind me why he could tell I was lying, I found myself speechless.

"I don't let anyone in on my secrets:" that was my way of telling him that he can try this whole therapy thing, but I won't be opening up to him at all.

"Okay, then let's talk about what is not a secret. Let's talk about your relationship with your mother," he posed his question very meticulously.

"Let's not," I folded my arms over my chest and stubbornly responded to him.

I would not trust this man at all. Especially when he thinks I am planning to do something to steal his brothers or whatever.

He was all about his brothers or controlling their lives. Hence, I wouldn't be trusting him at all.

"Okay," he sighed before he added, "I have news on your friend."

I gulped, clenching my jaw before uttering, "And that is your way to make me ask you so that you can also get back at me by saying you won't share anything with me either." I could feel it in my veins; I was very irritated now.

Apart from Emmet, I was like this with everyone else.

"So, you love to assume bad things about me. I get that, but I am not that horrible of a person, Helanie. Helping agitated werewolves and giving them therapy is my job, and I take my job very seriously," the sound of being offended rang in his tone at the moment.

Then he fixed his posture and said, "Lucy is in a coma."

My heart skipped a beat, but I didn't know if he was going to add anything or not. I gave him a minute because, like he said, I had been assuming wrong about him too much now.

"For how long?" After he didn't say anything, I asked him myself.

"The doctors don't know," he replied.

I swear my eyes started to itch, and it was like a river was waiting to stream down my cheeks.

"Does that mean—she is dead?" I uttered shakily. I haven't heard of werewolves going into comas so frequently.

Only a very few did in records, and they only died after that. Not a single time did anyone wake up again.

"No! Don't assume bad, Helanie. She went into a coma, and whereas there had never been good news about them, it is actually good for her. If she can heal during this time, we will do our best to wake her up and make her well," he reassured, but I couldn't tell if he was only saying that to comfort me or if he truly meant it.

But one thing was for sure, he did get a reaction out of me as I covered my face in my hands and started sobbing into my palms.

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

Chapter 235-My Monster Mate Outside My Room

Chapter 235: 235-My Monster Mate Outside My Room

Helanie:

"Umm, don't cry," Norman said in the most awkward voice, and I suddenly stopped crying. I raised my face from my hands and watched his face with disbelief on mine.

"This is how you give therapy? You can't even comfort someone," my complaint must have hurt his ego because he scoffed and breathed through his nostrils.

"I am not your mate. I give therapy, not warm and cozy hugs," he almost yelled before silencing himself.

There were times when he said something odd before he checked himself.

"You know, I have noticed something about you," he calmed down and leaned back in his seat. I could not benefit from his therapy; he was only riling me up more.

I don't know why he said this was his style; I found nothing fascinating about it.

"You get aggressive when you are hiding something," he uttered. "And it also seems like this aggression is new. You were not this way your entire life," my body flinched at his observation.

"You don't know that. Maybe I was that way," I replied, trying to throw him off. I hated if anyone predicted me now.

"Even an aggressive person has much control over their aggression. They know when to show it, or there is a pattern that they show it. But you, you suddenly become aggressive when there is no need for it. It just proves you have way deeper trauma that you don't want to address," he lowered his head, his eyes on his ring as he rolled it up to the top of his finger before rolling it down to the base.

"Helanie, when did you leave your pack?" he asked, and my body began to tense up. I tried to act unbothered, but there was something very scary about him asking me that question.

However, it just slipped through my lips as a reflex of defense, "Why? Did you not do your homework on me already?"

I noticed him smile at his ring before raising his eyes.

"There was no mention of you, which meant you had either left or were kicked out, and your name was wiped clean off the list," thankfully, he mentioned the other part of the information that I kind of coerced his agent, Joe, into giving.

The blue ring on Norman's finger shone so beautifully from the sunlight entering the window.

"It was a few years back," I felt so bad for lying through my teeth.

"And why was that?" he inquired. However, when I didn't entertain his question, he added, "Did your father love you?"

My heart was pounding hard in my chest now, "Was he upset that your mother left him?"

I began to rub my hands all over my neck and noticed how sweaty I was. "I think I will go rest now. If you don't mind?"

Of course, that wasn't me buying myself time. I would not be so polite with him these days.

"Sure, but I will see you again," as I was getting up, his words froze me in midway.

"Huh. I thought you didn't want to help me," I reminded him, and he only shrugged.

"I changed my mind. That's how I am. I don't make an opinion of someone and stick with it." I didn't get what opinion he was talking about.

But I just left his office. And as I stopped next to the elevator, I stared at the stairs and then at the elevator door.

"It is okay, you can take the elevator, I won't tell anyone," I jumped when realizing he was standing right behind me, bending down in my ear with his arm extended and hand resting on the wall.

As I turned to him, he pulled away and then walked back to his office. But before he could completely disappear, I uttered under my breath:

"I hope this one doesn't have a tenth floor." My voice was loud because I was really hoping such an entity didn't exist here. I entered the elevator and was shocked when I noticed Norman standing outside as if he had run back to me with his eyes on me. They were red, and his body looked limbered.

I got chills up and down my spine, but thankfully the elevator door had closed by then.

"What the heck, what a creepy man," I commented under my breath, steadying my breath and getting off on the first floor. As expected, the three ladies were having a conversation in the living room.

As I walked past them, I found them instantly shutting up. I swear I could feel their eyes follow me until I disappeared.

The rest of the day was good, actually. Nobody really bothered me. I did receive a book from Emmet, and some fruits were sent to my room.

I sat on the sofa with the tripod lamp to read the book. It was a book on different creatures in the rogue community. The stories were intriguing. I only read the latest updated part about the Rune's dream world. Now that they knew more about him, they had added him in the book. But I just couldn't find anything on the lycan in the book.

I initially fell asleep and even skipped dinner since we had lunch very late. I woke up to complete darkness and a loud howl in the distance.

My heart sank in my chest, which made me drop the book as I jolted awake on the sofa. My entire room was dark with only one circle lit where I was sitting.

For some very weird reason, I felt like someone was watching me. As I hastily turned around to look behind me and outside the window, I found red eyes staring at me through the darkness.

"Ahhh!" a yelp heaved across my lips, and my body jumped off the couch, continuing to stare at those eyes.

They were so bloody and bright red that I couldn't even let out a call for help. I just sat on the ground, my body leaning back and my eyes wide open. It was so dark outside, but it was also the forbidden hallway where this giant thing was standing.

And then, as it let out another howl, I knew what it was.

It was the lycan!

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

Chapter 236-Let Me Aid My Big Bad Stepbrother

Chapter 236: 236-Let Me Aid My Big Bad Stepbrother

Helanie:

I booked out of the room in an attempt to find someone and inform them about the lycan in the mansion.

I ran into the living room as my guestroom was right next to the entrance and away from the living room and the foyer.

I rushed past it, reaching the second floor after taking big steps on the stairs. The first door to appear was Kaye's, with a black doorknob.

I hesitated for a while when I recalled how he had acted the last time I had entered his room. But then I remembered the lycan, and I found it terrifying enough to start knocking on his door.

I was certain he would come out to help me, but weirdly enough, he didn't.

My next stop was the door with a golden pattern: Maximus's room. As I was about to knock on it, I heard some footsteps and a door being slammed shut on the first floor.

It came from the backside of the mansion, like the backdoor.

Curiosity hit me, and I made my way to the stairs again, steadily walking down with a vase in my hand that I picked from the side.

I reached the first floor, and the minute I saw a big shadow appear from the dark and move towards me, I raised the vase to land a strike.

My hand landed on the person, and the vase shattered on his head. Before I could scream, he lunged at me and put his hand on my mouth, pushing me against the wall and shushing me.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" he hissed in my face. It was Norman.

He was tightly silencing me with his hand while blood was gushing down his head and covering all over his face.

"It's me, not some burglar, okay?" he muttered again just to reassure me I wasn't facing someone terrible coming into the mansion.

I was so shocked that I was just standing with my hands raised and attached to the wall, my eyes bugged out at him.

"I'm going to remove my hand from your mouth, but don't make a noise and ruin everyone's sleep, okay?" he asked again, anger all over his face and in his tone. I mean, I just bonked him with a vase; he was mad.

I nodded, and he gently slipped his hand off my mouth and stepped back. That's when I got to see his messy state.

He was covered in what almost seemed like dirt. His shirt was open too, and he was missing a belt, it seemed.

He is usually well-dressed and never misses his belt, cufflinks, or watch.

So it was a huge noticeable difference. And then my eyes landed on his naked body. He had a huge scar under his ribs. It looked so painful. He followed my eyes and quickly turned his face to the other side, buttoning up his shirt.

"It's ill manners to stare at someone, you know? You wouldn't like it if I—well, never mind," he was yapping, but I had a few questions.

"What were you doing out there?" I questioned, and he turned to face me now that he had his shirt all buttoned up. He actually did it wrong, with many missed spots, but that was not my focus of attention.

It was the blood that was now soaking his white shirt and staining it.

"Really? You're the one questioning me? You fucking hit me with a vase. What was that for?" he hissed, using his two fingers to wipe the blood from his face like a car wiper. It

was so shocking to see him still stand and look not even bothered by the huge gash in his forehead. It was a big wound.

"I saw a lycan outside my room—and I thought—why were you out there? Wait, did you see anything!" I was posing questions while concerned about how much pain he must be feeling in the moment. Although he didn't show it, I didn't believe he wasn't in pain.

"No! I went out—to inspect—," his face lit up when he answered me, "yes, to inspect," he repeated, almost like confirming it in his mind. "I heard a howl and decided to check up."

He looked away.

"Are you in pain?" I inquired, feeling guilty.

"From that vase? Not really," he shrugged.

"Okay, then should we ask the warriors to look after that lycan and also—," as I started yapping about the lycan, he frowned and then groaned.

"Ouch!"

In a very cold tone, he winced.

"What happened?" I questioned, my eyes lingering on how he touched his wound.

"It's actually hurting," he complained, and I bit my tongue.

"I am so sorry. I didn't mean to, but I got scared," now that I saw the damage I had caused and how he mentioned he was in pain, I felt so bad.

"It's alright. I will go off and shift," once he started to walk towards the exit again, I ran to stop him.

I spread my arms and stood in his way, making him tilt his head and question me with his eyes.

"There is a lycan on the loose and you want to go outside?" I noticed how he kept narrowing his eyes with every word.

"I'm not afraid of any lycan. I will just heal quickly that way," he gestured at me with his fingers to step aside, but I refused to let him go.

I don't want to be the reason someone gets mauled by a lycan.

"Helanie! You are doing it on purpose to keep me in pain, right?" he scoffed, using a low and hushed tone. He didn't seem to be in pain, or maybe he was just not the type to show it.

But he had a handkerchief on his forehead. Yeah, he was the type who still carries a perfectly folded handkerchief with his initials on it.

"No! That lycan will eat you up nice. I can give you first aid since I'm the one who gave you this wound," I spoke with much difficulty, not sure if I wanted to give him aid.

"I can do it myself—you know, yeah, okay!" he suddenly changed his mind, and I found myself stuck. I thought he would say he can do it and would proceed to go back to his room and take care of his wound himself.

I was not so cruel that I didn't want to help him because I didn't like him, but because I have never given anyone first aid.

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

Chapter 237-Playing Doctor-Nurse With My Stepbrother

Chapter 237: 237-Playing Doctor-Nurse With My Stepbrother

Helanie:

"To my room," I uttered, pointing at my room. He was walking closely behind me, his heavy footsteps sounding like a monster enraged.

He was so tall and big that I felt his presence like a whole-ass tower hovering behind me.

"I know where the room is. I live here," he muttered under his breath, more like answering to himself.

I opened the door, and he stared at me, then inside before stepping in first. I followed and closed the door.

The instant I turned on the lights, the outside view looked even darker.

"You sit here, I will go get the aid box," I pointed at the cozy sofa with the lamp.

"And you thought if you didn't tell me, I would sit on the toilet?" he grumpily complained, sitting down on the couch next to the bed instead.

Of course, he did. The other couch could only make space for him.

"Okay, now!" I pouted, opening the box that was already here when I arrived.

"Umm, we will clean your wound," I snapped my fingers and grabbed a sponge.

He sat like a child forced to take part in a play.

His gigantic hands on his knees, his fingers tapping restlessly.

I stood in front of him, hunching just a little, as even when sitting, he was pretty much my size.

I had to awkwardly stare at his face while he stared at mine.

I started dabbing the sponge around his wound, cleaning the area.

After I had cleaned his face with the most awkward eye contact that I tried avoiding, I grabbed another sponge to now use some ointment to clean it.

I could tell he was already not satisfied.

I bent down in front of him a little once more, my face at his face level.

Once I touched the sponge to his wound, he winced, but he didn't even flinch, it seemed forced.

That's when my hand motion slowed down, and I accidentally looked into his eyes since he kept staring at me shamelessly right in the eye.

He cleared his throat and finally looked away, but stared at the ceiling instead now.

"Now!" I straightened my back and tapped my finger on my chin, wondering what to do next.

No one has ever given me aid before. The only time I did get any care was whenever I was passed out.

So it was pretty much something I had to do for the first time in person. I was scared I was pressing too hard or not cleaning it right.

I finally realized what I needed to do.

"Now I will stitch the wound," as soon as I said that out loud, I watched him jump like he had a mouse in his clothes.

"No!" he yelled, stepping away from me and snatching the box in front of me before I could reach it.

"Have you gone nuts? Do you think we are playing doctor-nurse?" he scoffed, grabbing a band-aid from the box and walking over to the dressing table. I was so offended.

"So I do all the hard tasks, you apply that band-aid, and suddenly you did everything?" I groaned, my hands on my waist.

"You did nothing. Just wasted my time," he hissed, bending in front of the mirror to fit into it and then applied the band-aid.

"But stitches are important," I don't know why he got so hard. I have sewn clothes before; it's not like I was completely clueless.

After he was done, he turned to me and shook his head.

"Hey! Don't give me that look. I took care of your wound," I complained.

"After you gave me that wound," he sighed, his eyes shifting to the fallen book next to the couch in the corner.

He picked it up and swiftly skimmed through the pages.

"You said something earlier," while his eyes were on the pages of the book, he uttered.

"I said a lot of things; which one caught your attention?" I rolled my eyes, wondering if he was about to make a complaint about something I said.

"About the tenth floor, why did you say that?" he closed the book, using a much-intrigued voice as he turned to face me.

"Oh, that! Forget about it," I waved my hand to dismiss it. I don't want him to add "crazy" to the list of the things he says about me.

"No! Tell me, what do you know about the tenth floor?" His insistence compelled me to check his reaction.

He looked pale as he continued to focus on the subject. Did he probably know something about the tenth floor?

"I have—seen a button to the tenth floor a few times," I said in a muffled tone.

"You have seen the button?" he almost rushed at me before he realized he was probably scaring me and stopped in his steps. I don't know if it was excitement or shock on his part that compelled him into losing his composure.

"You've seen it too?" It wasn't long before my brain started working again.

"Tell me—tell me when was it and did you—," he stuttered, looking like he was second-guessing if he should be having this conversation with me.

"To that floor? Yes, I have. I've been to it at least a few times," I replied, seeing horror take over his expression.

He went numb almost and then stepped back, missing a step and almost falling down. I tried to reach him to give him support, but then he balanced himself and showed me his hand to reassure me he was fine.

"What do you know about it?" I began to ask, now more curious why the trainers never mentioned it.

If they had only been upfront about it and not hidden the monsters like they hid the lycan from us, it would have saved Lucy.

These rogue brothers were definitely hiding a lot. Same thing with the Runes dream world.

I remember how they had kept it a secret, always calling it a myth.

They were trying hard to make the rogue land look safer when there were obvious stories of dangerous creatures lurking around.

"Tell me," I yelled, and he broke himself free from whatever cage he had been stuck in.

"I don't know. Don't mention it in front of anyone again. Good night," his mood soured suddenly, his tone harsh as he warned me with his finger pointing at me, then headed to the door. There was something extremely scary about the tenth floor and now Norman's reaction.

I needed to find out the truth myself.

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

Chapter 238-Her Mate Is Interested In Helanie

Chapter 238: 238-Her Mate Is Interested In Helanie

Lamar:

"I am so worried for Helanie. Do you think she will be happy in that mansion?" I asked my wolf, who had been silently trying to understand something.

"Is it normal for the brothers to bring someone to their mansion?" he asked, and I shrugged.

"Helanie is a special student now. She is being praised by the council, so the brothers are definitely taking strict measures to ensure she is safe. Besides, they know she doesn't have a place to stay, and then she got bullied in their academy to the point that she got traumatized, so they are compensating for it by giving her shelter," I explained to him, all the while standing outside the motel where I had booked a room for a month.

It was a rather shabby one, but that was what I could afford.

"I stopped listening to you before you started talking," my wolf responded to me yapping for about two minutes.

I reached the counter and got my keys, noticing how they were eyeing me. The couple ran this place.

I walked all the way to the top floor and unlocked my room. The entire motel was pretty dark; the woods creaked under me as I walked, too.

The single bed was helplessly placed in the middle, with a balcony across it, offering a view to the outside. At least I got a balcony. There were two wooden chairs on the other side of the wall. The room was not too small, but it was the way the woods creaked that made me uncomfortable.

Now I was all alone, staring at the picture of my sister in my wallet.

I have had such a rough childhood. Every day was a battle as I did chores nonstop to earn treats for my sister. She deserved so much in her life, and it was all snatched from her by those monsters.

Suddenly, my phone rang, and I was brought back from my happy place.

Seeing Jenny's name pop up on the screen reminded me that I had something of hers that she will probably ask for again. I never planned to play her.

She seemed like a nice one. I have had good conversations with her. Also, her radiant energy kind of brought warmth to my heart at times when I didn't expect to see light.

So hurting her was really hard.

I answered her call, thinking I'd have to come up with an excuse as to why I can't give her the hair right now.

But the instant she spoke on the phone, I realized she hadn't called for the hair.

"Can you please come pick me up?"

Her voice was heavy and shaky; little sobs were pretty evident in her voice, too.

She must have been crying, but why?

"Are you alright?" I sat straight in worry, hearing her little sobs reminded me of the night she confided in me about her mate nonstop causing her pain and then denying he'd ever cheat on her.

"Just tell me, can you come pick me up?" she asked with much pressure this time.

"Sure, tell me where I should pick you up from?" I asked, already off the bed and putting on my shoes again.

While I stayed on the phone with her, I left the motel room to go look for her. Strangely enough, her pack was right next to mine.

Our pack was not very well known. It was just under a lustful and very low self-esteem alpha. He didn't have an heir, and I don't think he ever planned to have one either.

That's why he always buttered up the rich Alphas by throwing parties for them so that he could stay as the Alpha despite growing old. And it was working in his favor for the most part.

I was able to spot Jenny at the border, stopped by the warriors.

I wondered why she didn't tell them she was an Alpha's daughter and sister; they would have let her in right away.

"Hey," I rushed, but before I could do anything, she had already run into my arms.

I awkwardly lifted my head to notice the smirks on the faces of the warriors. They were eyeing each other and then me. I knew why.

"Let's go." Once she was approved, she started walking with me while continuing to sob.

The warriors didn't let it slide and quickly voiced, "Young lady, if you need help, call 111." My fists clenched because of the reason they were saying that.

I ignored them and helped her onto the bike.

"Here," I uttered, putting a helmet on her head while she stayed whimpering.

"Hold me tight," I hopped on, putting on my own helmet. Her soft hands ran to my waist and then to the front, tangling her fingers together and holding onto my stomach tightly.

I took her to my motel, where she might even feel misplaced, as a rich girl like her might have never been to something so rusty. But I never saw her wrinkle her nose or show any disgust.

"Now tell me, what happened?" Once I sat her down on the chair, I asked.

"I don't want to be with Rayden anymore," she uttered under her breath, tears streaming down her eyes.

"Hm, talk to your father or brother, maybe," I wasn't sure how I could help her with that. I needed to stick to my own plan and not get distracted. Once I get my revenge on him, pretty much both Helanie and Jenny will be free of his grasp.

"They wouldn't believe me. They think of him as a future Alpha King or someone who will do great things for his pack. So my father thinks it's better that I stick with him," she uttered, making it clear that her family was pretty much neglecting her because of the typical greedy mentality.

"You know, he was... looking into Helanie's background. He even had pictures of Helanie that he secretly took while she was in the hallway, doing academy work or even just sitting silently," she made my heart skip a beat with her claims.

"When was that?" I inquired, growing angry at the audacity of that man.

"Today. I saw him and then came here," there was a weird hurt on her face that made me worried for her friendship with Helanie.

"It hurt so much to see my fated mate be so interested in my own best friend."

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

Chapter 239-Tasting Her Again

Chapter 239: 239-Tasting Her Again

Lamar:

I instantly shook my head to dismiss any ideas getting in her head. There was no way Rayden was stupid enough to get caught like that. He was a cunning man, so he did it meticulously.

"Okay, you have to listen to me very carefully now. He did it on purpose. He wanted you to see that he is showing interest in your friend so that you distance yourself from Helanie, and he gets to manipulate you after separating you from everyone in your life who might be the reason you're gaining courage to stand up against him," I spoke with much confidence, as I knew what was happening. Rayden was playing mind games now.

I had to make sure Jenny understands that Helanie has nothing to do with Rayden taking interest in her. But I couldn't tell her the entire truth about me and Helanie's revenge against Rayden. The reason was simple. People in Jenny's life could have an influence on her.

So it was dangerous to let her in on any of our plans.

"What? But why?" she looked confused.

"It is something narcissistic abusers do. They distance their victims from their families and friends so that the victims think their abuser is their only hope. And Rayden must have noticed that Helanie is close to me and must have thought Helanie knew you and I were going to— And you know the rest," I itched the back of my neck when mentioning our one night together.

"Oh! I will never doubt Helanie though. I'll be concerned for her if he were to be involved with her. Rayden is not a good person," she uttered under her breath.

Thankfully, she had stopped crying at least.

"I've been thinking about Lucy. I got the update from my father that—," she made me curious because we hadn't been told anything about Lucy's condition till now.

"Lamar, she went into a coma," Jenny's eyes quickly filled with tears due to obvious reasons.

My heart went out for Lucy. She got played by everyone around her. First her mate Gavin, then Jenny and even us. We messed up when we kept on telling her that she was wrong about Jenny and Gavin.

"Well," I uttered, having nothing to add.

"Helanie will never talk to me again after this," Jenny had a tiring tone, her eyes kept getting filled with new tears.

"She will be angry, but I know she wouldn't blame you. She is blaming someone else," I remembered the tenth floor. I was kind of intrigued about it.

And it's not like Helanie was lying. Quick thinking would confirm Helanie's accusation.

Helanie would occasionally go missing when taking the elevator, and I always thought she was in the basement because once the elevator showed going down to the basement.

Same with Lucy.

If Lucy was on the rooftop, then who opened and locked the door after her?

"Do you know something?" Jenny noticed me zoning out and questioned.

"Helanie said something that kind of stole my attention," I cleared my throat, shifting to sit up straight now.

"What about it?" she asked.

"Jenny, there is a tenth floor apparently in the hostel that can only be seen by those who take the elevator when they are distressed," I watched her look lost. "Yeah, I know you wouldn't believe it. But Helanie claims to have been to the tenth floor, and Lucy did too before she—Helanie believes the tenth floor is what stole Lucy from us," I probably confused her even more.

She just kept staring at my face before I noticed her eyes growing wider with every passing second as if she acknowledged something.

"Oh my Goddess!" Jenny truly scared me with her reaction.

"What? What is it?" I jumped in my spot, accidentally getting too close to her. There was barely any space left between our faces as we stared into each other's eyes.

"When I got the admission, my mother sat me and my brother down to have a talk with us. She specifically told us to never take the elevator. Well, her reasoning to us was that the elevator is often for the weak ones, but then later, she sat me down and told me to

never take the elevator and go to the floors that are not mentioned by the trainers," she stopped talking to see my reaction.

I was slightly lost because I had heard Sydney tell me that it is a thing that powerful werewolves don't take elevators.

So probably that's why Jenny's mother forbade her, and she was thinking too much into it now?

"But there is another crazy part about my mother," she added once she noticed I wasn't too intrigued by her findings. "My mom used to be a student of the VS, but she quit in the middle after one of her friends died in the hostel." As she finished this time, she got the look from me that she had been anticipating.

"You need to have a talk with your mother," I cupped her face excitedly, probably thinking if we could get some more information about the tenth floor, maybe we could help Lucy wake up?

"I will," she replied with the same happiness.

"Oh Jenny, if we can help Lucy get up, imagine what it will do for Helanie. She will be so happy," as I said that, I noticed Jenny's smile disappear.

"Oi! What happened?" Wondering at her reaction, I couldn't help but ask her directly.

"Do you—do you like Helanie too?" I couldn't find jealousy or anger in her eyes, just a little sadness.

"I do, like a sister. Jenny, she is—she is my sister from now on," as I murmured, Jenny's smile returned, but this time, she took a step forward and crashed her lips against mine out of the blue. I was shocked for a solid two seconds, but then I deepened the kiss with her.

Her hands landed on my chest, showing how excited she was to be in my bed again.

I wanted to stop it, remembering what Helanie has told me about Jenny. She warned me about using Jenny in our revenge.

But what if I genuinely want to touch her?

I didn't plan to tell Penn or Rayden about this encounter, so I grabbed her tiny waist and pulled her closer, shoving my tongue in her mouth, which she happily accepted.

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

Chapter 240-There Is Something Wrong About My Stepbrothers

Chapter 240: 240-There Is Something Wrong About My Stepbrothers

Helanie:

"Good morning, how was your night?" Maximus uttered from behind me, joining me in my morning walk.

I'd suited up in the tracksuit early this morning as I was determined to work on my strength. I was determined to get used to doing things beyond my capacity.

"It was weird," I replied, taking long and big strides. Maximus looked fresh as hell. He was blushing red in the cheeks from the cold and was probably headed for his morning jog as well.

"You can go ahead, jog, I am only brisk walking," I said, acting like I didn't know he was purposely walking slow so that he could spend time with me.

"My goal is right beside me, so I don't need to run after it." He probably smirked. I know him so well now. Every time he talked and smirked, his voice sounded much more cheerful.

"Maximus," I cleared my throat, noticing him quickly jump in front of me and face me. He was now walking backward, making sure he got me to look into his eyes.

"You saying my name like that races my heart unlike any other exercise or workout could do," he was becoming so overly flirtatious that he could not talk without flirting.

"Can you please quit for a minute? I have something important to talk about with you," I groaned, making him look down dramatically like I had saddened him.

"Okay fine, break the innocent guy's heart," he complained, changing his position and walking beside me now.

"Did you hear something last night?" I asked and noticed him shrugging.

"You mean to say the loud noise of someone shattering something on someone's head?" I instantly knew Norman had told him about it. As I turned to look at his face, I found him smiling weirdly.

"It is okay. He is fine," he added.

"Actually, that was because I thought a lycan had broken into the mansion." He stopped dead in his tracks at the mention of the lycan. I noticed how quickly he turned to face me, and this time, he didn't even look like he was in a good mood.

"Why would you think like that?" He was frowning hard now.

"I heard a howl, and then I saw—something outside my room. I got so scared," I uttered, genuinely petrified when I recalled those red eyes watching me.

It was not at all easy for me to let it go since I had felt the mate bond with that thing. And now that thing was outside my room, staring at me? That made me wonder if it came for me.

"What? Outside your room? Are you sure?" Maximus instantly pulled his phone out to text someone.

"I'm sure. Who are you texting?" I asked while he stepped away.

"Just the warriors to make sure any of them, umm, saw something," the hesitation in his body language scared me.

Was it really that scary of a thing?

"I am sure you just saw something sparkle and thought it was eyes," Maximus's voice was not steady at all, and his eyes lingered a little too long on his phone. He was trying to step farther away from me while texting someone.

"Umm, yeah, the warriors didn't see anything," he was finally back to reality as he slid his phone back into the pocket of the jacket he wore over his shorts and paid attention to me again.

"Oh, then yeah, maybe I was imagining things." Seeing how he was doing his best to convince me I was wrong, I decided not to have this argument or discussion, whatever it was called.

"Hey, I am sure you saw something, but a lycan on our property is a big deal, Helanie. It means we are not safe in our home," he faced me, standing tall in front of me with his lips puckering and his eyes observing me for a reaction.

"Sure," I replied, sticking to my decision not to talk about it with him again.

However, I saw his eyes move a little behind me, and then a gulp ran down his throat.

"Let's continue the walk," he added, almost like trying to distract me, but I quickly turned around to follow his stare.

There was someone coming out from the woods, in the process of wearing a shirt.

"Kaye! What was Kaye doing in the woods?" I asked, turning to Maximus, who broke his stare from his brother just to pass me an awkward smile that failed to hide the shock on his face.

"He is a rogue king, must have gone to the woods for a quick transition. We start our mornings differently," Maximus rushed past me to Kaye, who was clearly out of it. He was wearing black jeans, and while buttoning up his shirt, he was looking away from us with his legs shaking.

Once he heard his brother talk to me, he turned around and almost lost his balance. Maximus had to run to support him, and so did I.

"Oh, Helanie," Kaye greeted tiredly.

I didn't think a rogue king should be so tired, like he had been running around the whole night. It couldn't be just a fun morning run.

"Are you okay?" I instantly posed a question because I noticed Maximus was trying to steer him away from me.

"I think he needs to rest." There was so much guilt in Maximus's eyes. His entire body language had changed after he saw his brother come out of the woods.

"I am fine. I just wanted to say something to Hela—" Kaye cleared his throat, almost falling to the ground.

Maximus held him up and gave me an awkward look. "You should go ahead. I will take him home. I guess he's exhausted. Must be from the stress and all."

Maximus's voice lacked emotion—or, one might say, life. He sounded lifeless.

I watched him hold his brother and walk him to the mansion, his arm wrapped around Kaye's shoulder to support his body.

This interaction was going to stick with me. It just looked very suspicious.

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

