

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 241-One Of Us Is Hiding A Truth

Chapter 241: 241-One Of Us Is Hiding A Truth

Maximus:

"Ugh! My body hurts so bad," Kaye uttered, his weight on me as his legs could barely hold him up.

"It's alright. I'll get you some food. You've been out the whole night?" I couldn't believe it. My brother had been in so much pain, and I was enjoying my life like everything was fine.

"Yeah, pretty much," he replied, steadily taking control of his body.

"I'm fine, my muscles were strained from being in transition state for too long," he cleared his throat, straightened his back, and then stretched his muscles to feel better.

"Where is everyone else, and why was Helanie outside so early this morning?" Now that he was slowly getting back to normal, he asked, pointing back at the door.

"Yeah, she was headed for a walk," I replied, still not sure how I could ever be okay with seeing my brother in so much agony after a terrible night of transition.

"Do you think she'll be fine by herself? The rogue community is filled with dangers," he uttered, showing concern for Helanie.

It was strange how we had all been so angry at her arrival, and now we were always worried for her safety.

"She'll stick to the track," I reassured him. Helanie was not a dumb little girl. She knew the dangers and would be careful.

"We would like an early breakfast," I called out to the head maid, who quickly got the servers under her to work.

"You know, it's fine," Kaye waved his hand, but I wasn't sure I wanted him to go to his room for rest without eating anything.

"I'm starving too. So why not have breakfast? We haven't had a family meeting in two weeks," I reminded him with a forced smile, still feeling guilty in my heart.

We both sat down after Kaye washed his face and hands to have breakfast before he went to rest. I could tell he'd had a bad night. It should have ended after two hours, but I couldn't tell what had made him stay out the whole night.

"Ughhh!" he stretched in his seat, not even complaining.

"I'm sorry—" before I could finish, Kaye swiftly straightened his posture and shot me a warning stare.

"Don't ever be apologetic. I don't find trouble in it, and no one should," he warned me. I couldn't understand how someone could be so positive about it. But that's why I loved my brother so much.

However, there was someone who didn't care as much as we brothers did for each other.

"Ahhhh, morning," Emmet arrived, looking drunk as hell.

Now, he was someone who didn't give a damn about any of us. We brothers might be dying, and Emmet would choose to drink himself to waste. Just like last night.

Now that the academy was off for a month, he was going to drink every night and be happy.

And because of him, Norman would be on the lookout at the forbidden passage after the two hours had passed, even when Norman should have been resting.

Speaking of him, Norman showed up with a bright smile on his lips. We all glanced at each other and then at the bandage on his forehead.

"Don't ask me; that girl is just a minion with a hammer," Norman said, and as soon as he mentioned it, Kaye and I burst out laughing. Emmet seemed lost since no one had filled him in on what had happened last night.

"Did I miss something?" Emmet inquired, still unable to open his eyes. It was shocking that he had even woken up early. He must have been getting wasted much earlier than usual.

"Well, who's going to tell him?" I scoffed under my breath, Kaye laughing silently as we exchanged a look.

"Helanie thought a lycan got inside last night, and she hit me by mistake," Norman said, giving us a very disapproving glance as he went on to explain to Emmet what was making us laugh.

"The lycan got inside?" I watched Emmet gulp, and it seemed a bit strange.

"It's fine, Emmet. Nothing happened. She must have had a dream or something," Norman quickly reassured him, but the way he said it caught both Kaye's and my attention.

"Anyway, I'll go rest. I couldn't sleep the entire night. You guys enjoy breakfast, and be nice to each other," Norman said, his tone light until the last part, which he muttered in a whisper while patting both Kaye and me on the shoulders.

After he left, we watched Emmet together. He didn't even look up, his focus entirely on the food.

Once the food was served and the maids had left, ensuring no one else was around to overhear, I decided to throw a few taunts at Emmet. Not because I hated him, but because I hated how he acted as if we were invisible.

"So, had fun last night?" I asked. Emmet looked up, confused, probably unsure if I was even talking to him, given I never acted that way with him in so long.

"It was a rather dull night," Emmet replied, grabbing a boiled egg and cracking it with his hand. He seemed to be starving.

"I was thinking I'll gift you a bar this birthday," I continued. Emmet only nodded, his head bowed over the cereal bowl now.

"That will be expensive," he commented.

I wanted him to get angry, to show me any reaction. But he didn't. Apparently, his brothers meant nothing to him compared to that girl.

"Helanie must have been scared," I said, turning my attention to Kaye. The minute I mentioned her, I got the reaction I wasn't expecting—Emmet's focus shifted to me.

"Did anyone check on her after she thought she saw the lycan?" Emmet's question drew both Kaye's and my attention. The way Kaye pouted at me told me even he understood why I was upset. Emmet didn't ask about our night, yet he was suddenly all ears when it came to Helanie.

"I met her in the morning. She seemed fine," I replied bitterly. I just didn't understand why Emmet was taking such an interest in Helanie.

First, he hurt me by not paying attention to me. Then he hurt me even more by acting differently toward the girl I found attractive.

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

Chapter 242-That Pregnancy Test

Chapter 242: 242-That Pregnancy Test

Emmet:

"What about Rayden's father? Did he respond to the letter?" I asked and noticed my brothers shared yet another glance that confused me.

They always spoke with their eyes. It's not that I didn't notice, but there was no point in highlighting it when they wouldn't be honest about what was brewing in their heads.

But I didn't hate them for it—they were my life. But if they found out my truth, they would be petrified.

"No! But he will. That Rayden shouldn't have participated in the slander of his mate's friend," Kaye groaned angrily, his eyes showing that if he could, he would punish Rayden himself.

I watched their faces for a minute to see if anyone had noticed what I had.

"Don't you think that is weird?" I uttered, extending my hand for the pancakes, when Maximax pulled the plate away, making me raise my eyes to meet his.

"First explain—what do you mean?" Maximus groaned, already giving his full attention. I didn't want to hurt my brothers, but that is what it is now. I didn't have any energy in my body to argue with anyone.

"That Rayden guy—ever since he arrived, he's targeted Helanie. His first day with the juniors, I found him bothering Helanie with the lockers," I explained, and my brothers started to pay more attention.

As their interest piqued, I reached over for the plate and got it successfully.

"When you first arrive at a place where your mate is, you instantly start impressing the friends, not blocking their paths and making them uncomfortable," I explained, their eyes still on me.

"Say more, I want to know what you've noticed," Maximus insisted, and I continued.

"Every time Rayden is in view, Helanie loses her natural aura. She turns pale, and her eyes linger on him every once in a while. Not to mention, he carries a smirk on his face

whenever he interacts with her." I wasn't done yet, but I found Kaye and Maximus sharing a glance, probably remembering the details of their own encounters with Rayden.

"We might have noticed something too." Now that the attention was brought to the issue, they were focusing on recalling everything that might have struck them as odd.

"Ah! That's why he was trying so hard to make Helanie uncomfortable about Lucy's fall," Kaye groaned, fisting his palm.

"How the heck did we miss that?" Maximus asked himself, almost like he was so angry that he forgot to speak with his wolf in silence.

Now it was good that my brothers were taking it seriously, but the way they were taking it seriously shocked me. They were so attentive—but since when?

If I remember correctly, the reason Helanie had left this mansion to begin with was because of these two. One of them chased after her like crazy, while the other accused her of being the reason Dad found out he had brought a she-wolf home.

"Well, I'm not sure about the two of you, but I'll be keeping my eye on Rayden, and I suggest you two make him busy too. So busy that he doesn't have time to do anything funky with Helanie," I told them my decision.

I was sure they would do great keeping Rayden busy too. However, it was still unclear to me why Rayden was so focused on Helanie.

It surely couldn't be their first meeting.

"Anyway, this was a great breakfast," I cleared my throat and got up, but as I was about to leave, I noticed my little brothers' eyes on me. They had this childlike look in them—innocence and desire.

"And Kaye—rest," as soon as I said that, I watched a satisfied smile bless his face.

Maximus lowered his head, so when walking past him, I petted his head and noticed his body jolted, probably in shock or happiness.

Once back in my room, I stared at my bloody clothes from last night. A sigh heaved across my lips as I picked them up and took them to the bathroom to wash them.

I had to do this myself. The maids seeing it would spark rumors, and rumors are what I avoid.

After I was done, I walked out of the bathroom again and reached the window to look outside. My eyes picked up on Helanie returning from her walk.

She had all these loose strands of hair on her face, with curtain bangs that were always playing on her cheeks.

Her face was red from the cold and the long walk. She reached the mansion and raised her head to look at me. Our eyes met for a moment before I had to pull the curtains down. I wasn't sure what was going on.

She looked familiar but like a stranger at the same time.

My eyes moved down to the diary I had to write an entry in. Next to the diary was a plastic bag, and in that plastic bag was a pregnancy test.

This was the test that the students had found on the mountains. I remember the way everyone laughed about it. I was going to discard it, but then something caught my eye.

It was the doodles on it.

I'm usually just not doing anything, so whenever I find something, I start digging into it. I like to capture stories or find out what happened.

I was curious to know why this was discarded and who discarded it.

But most of all, the doodles.

I've seen these in one of the students' tests. I have returned the tests so I couldn't be certain for now. I grabbed my diary and then the plastic bag, walking over to the safe and putting the plastic bag in it safely.

"Dear my lonely self, last night was hectic. Could the lycan really come to the mansion? Or what if the mansion belongs to him? What if Helanie really saw it? What if she—But a lycan wouldn't remember, yes! He wouldn't. But Helanie will. What if she is intrigued by stories as well? What if she tries to find out who the lycan is?"

I stared at the wall and then sighed, not loving the idea.

"She must not find out," I said sternly.

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

Chapter 243-Maybe Someone Else Visited The Tenth Floor

Chapter 243: 243-Maybe Someone Else Visited The Tenth Floor

Helanie:

"Thank you, I will call you when I want you to pick me up," I said to the driver, who was assigned by Maximus to drop me at Benita's Cafe to meet up with Lamar and Jenny.

I got some calls from Lamar and understood that something happened between Jenny and Rayden. Well, I wasn't surprised.

"Hey," I entered the cafe and noticed Benita pouting from behind the counter. She had one hand on her waist and her lips forming a straight line.

I avoided her and went straight to the back where Lamar and Jenny were already sitting. I knew Benita must be thinking I am a shameless person for still showing up at her cafe. Well, I couldn't say no to Lamar, and there was no other better place that was empty at the evening hour of this pack.

"Thank goodness you have arrived. How are you feeling?" Lamar got up to give me a side hug, and when Jenny got up, I quickly sat down, pretending to have not seen her.

I didn't want to be rude towards her, but what happened to Lucy and how Jenny was able to fool us for so long just made me feel so icky.

She could have at least told me. Or, when Gavin was on a hurting spree, she could have then opened up.

I know Gavin forbade her from telling anyone under the impression that he wanted to make things right with Lucy. But by hiding the truth and making her the guilty one? Jenny still told everyone despite Gavin not wanting everyone to know. Why couldn't she sooner?

"I am doing much better. Guess who is giving me therapy? Professor Norman," I rolled my eyes, grabbing the coffee cup that Lamar had already ordered for me.

"That must be great. How is he?" Lamar questioned, giving Jenny a reassuring glance when he noticed that she felt neglected.

"Meh!" I frowned as I recalled our therapy session.

"I give myself better therapy standing in the mirror," I commented after taking a sip from the hot coffee. It warmed my insides so well.

I was once the person who hated coffee, and now I was slowly getting addicted to it.

"I heard he had helped quite a few," Jenny intervened, and it was so hard for me to act like we were cool.

I didn't hate her or anything, I was just feeling like if I forgave her too soon, I would be betraying Lucy.

She is in the hospital, away from her loved ones, not able to fulfill her goal of staying in the academy. All because the truth was not revealed to her when it should have been.

"Oh really, cool," I cleared my throat, watching Lamar check on Jenny constantly.

"Umm, Helanie, I wanted to—we wanted to speak with you about something very important. Remember when you talked about the tenth floor?" The minute he mentioned the tenth floor in front of Jenny, my ears perked up. "Well, Jenny has something to add."

He successfully formed a bridge between us. I turned to her because I wanted to know how she knew anything about the tenth floor.

"My mother used to be a student at the academy. She had a huge group, but then one of them died and—after that, my mother quit the academy altogether."

She watched my face after finishing what she had to say. I was not convinced.

"Okay, here's the thing. The entity on the tenth floor told me that if someone lets it in, the entity will be free forever. So, I'm guessing you are suggesting maybe the entity killed your mother's friend? But if that's the case, wouldn't that mean the entity would have been freed by now?" I noticed Lamar and Jenny's eyes grew wider, and in that moment, I also realized I had to give them a huge detail on what had happened on the tenth floor.

I started telling them from the get-go, not including what the entity knew of me. Lamar knew, of course, but Jenny didn't.

After I was done, I got to see the horror on their faces.

"Why didn't you two tell us all this?" Jenny asked in a murmur.

"It was just me in the beginning. Lucy saw the button the night of—the ultimate betrayal was revealed," my tone turned bitter, causing Jenny to lean back in her chair and then look down.

"You know how everyone warns the powerful and higher-ranked wolves not to take the elevators? Jenny's mother sternly forbade her from getting off on any floors that aren't mentioned by the trainers, meaning floors that are not visible to everyone," Lamar added to help me understand why Jenny thought her mother's friend was somehow associated with the tenth floor.

"Isn't that sketchy?" Lamar asked, his eyes on my face to confirm if I was as convinced as he was.

And truly speaking, I was now.

"Does that mean your mother knows something too?" I asked, and Jenny smiled widely even when it was a terrifying subject. I could tell she was happy that I was directly talking to her and taking interest in what she had to say. And I was honestly intrigued. If the entity killed her mother's friend, why was the entity still out there?

"Yes, I think she does," she uttered.

"Then can you ask her for more information?" I inquired, even more excited.

"How about—," she leaned over the table excitedly and smiled before suggesting, "I take you two to my pack and meet my mother? You can have a deep conversation with her. She is a very good person, not mean at all like other packs' Lunas."

"I have to visit the hospital. They said the visitations are now allowed," I excused. I was uncomfortable visiting her pack. I was afraid of facing Rayden without my stepbrothers around.

"But that is not until the day after tomorrow. We can visit my parents tomorrow—" Jenny was cut off when someone came through the door to the cafe.

She smiled behind me, making me turn around with my heart pounding hard in my chest.

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

Chapter 244-A Fake Jacket Holder

Chapter 244: 244-A Fake Jacket Holder

Helanie:

"Penn, come over here," Jenny waved her hand at her brother to get his attention. As he acknowledged her and gave her a blank look, her pleasant smile started to deteriorate.

She lowered in her seat and looked down while her brother approached our table.

"Where were you the whole night, Jenny? Dad, Mom, and I had been so worried about you. You never left the pack without informing anyone. What if something bad had happened to you?" Penn hissed at his sister, who kept lowering her head as if she was afraid if she met his eyes, he would find out the truth about her.

"She was with me at the trainer's mansion," as soon as I lied for her, she raised her face and gave me a smile. Along with that, Penn looked less angry all of a sudden.

"The trainers are giving me therapy, so—I needed a friend on my side too," I kept lying and noticed how effortlessly I was doing it now.

"Oh," Penn cleared his throat, "then you should have at least informed us. Jenny, we were so scared for you," his tone had shifted now that he knew his sister didn't spend the night lurking around.

Aside from that, his eyes kept moving to Lamar, and a frown would appear on his forehead. He made no effort in hiding his disdain for Lamar.

"Anyway, let's go make a call to Mom and Dad first, and then we can join them," Penn held his phone for her even when she had her phone with her. Jenny excused herself and left after him, but now I was going to confront Lamar about his relationship with Jenny.

I thought she was at odds with him after what he did to her last time.

"So?" I asked, folding my arms over my chest and leaning back in my seat.

"She is cute and just a friend. But—," he leaned over from across the table to whisper the rest of what he had to say, "there is something about her that compels me to bow down before her. Like, I knew she was off-limits now but—her scent, her cute little pout, and—," he shut up after finding me raising my eyebrows at him.

"So you like her?" I inquired, giving him a look that made him visibly lower his eyes.

"Umm, as a friend, yes," he added with shame in his eyes.

I wondered what was going on between the two of them. I mean, I would much rather want to see Jenny with Lamar, who would love and care for her. But only if he doesn't cheat on her.

Rayden was a mess and did not deserve her or anyone else. He deserved punishment. He was a rapist and a murderer.

I scoffed under my breath at the recollection before my eyes moved to Lamar, who had turned his neck back to stare at Jenny.

She had come back in after making a call and now stood in front of the counter to place an order for all of us.

"I'll go help her out," Lamar whispered, stealing a glance from me as he rushed to meet her.

While he walked away, Penn walked over. I straightened my back in the seat and looked outside the window.

I wasn't mad at him for being upset with me. I had stood him up and was in constant issues with his sister and best friend, Rayden.

However, something made me look back at him when remembering him being friends with Rayden.

He was Rayden's childhood friend and also his supporter whenever Jenny tried to tell her brother her mate was messy.

Could it be that—

No! Lamar said the other guy was also a blue jacket holder. I gulped and cleared my throat to say something to Penn, who sat across from me with his eyes on my face but didn't say anything until we spoke up in unison.

"How are you?"

A little laugh from us, and then Penn took the lead, "I am sorry for what happened with Lucy. I was meaning to talk with you the same night, but then you just left for your room. After that, Jenny had an anxiety attack. She believed she caused Lucy all that stress. I had to take leave and take her home," he started explaining quite right away.

I kept nodding my head in agreement.

"It is okay. I don't blame you for not checking on me sooner. But I am good now. The therapy is working," I lied but did it specifically because, in the back of my mind, I was worried if Rayden and Penn shared information.

Rayden should not know I am miserable.

"That is great. Where are you staying? I mean—I heard something happened on the academy's last day. I am so ashamed that Rayden was a part of the name-calling. I confronted him, and he told me that he only said those words under the pressure of the seniors. You see, he is a senior and had just shifted, so he thinks he needs to follow their lead to make a place for himself," the way Penn was retelling Rayden's side compelled me to wonder if Penn would even believe me had I ever said his friend was a scumbag.

Probably not.

Penn doesn't even know me like that. Why would he believe me over his best friend?

"That was dealt with. The trainers took it seriously and even offered me free therapy and a place to crash at," before Rayden or anyone else could have different ideas about me staying with the trainers, I answered Penn so that the news would reach Rayden.

"Aha! What about Rayden? Are they going to expel him? I mean, he did wrong and received a warning—his parents did," Penn curiously asked when he should have known that if they had to expel him, they would have done it in the office.

Besides, like Rayden said, he was so cunning that he initiated the bullying by getting in Riri's ears.

She took the lead, and the academy cannot expel everyone for using harsh words. Sadly, I couldn't even tell if Rayden threw anything at me that day. I had my head down and covered in my hands.

"You two seem pretty close. Did you ever visit him at the Fellmoon Academy? How was he there?" I asked in a gentle tone, like I just wanted to know more about his personality.

"Oh, we are very close. Like best best friends. And yeah! Sort of. He was popular in Fellmoon. I used to visit him all the time, in fact—funny that you asked—" Penn took a pause as he laughed at the distant memory, "he used to have an extra jacket for me. So I would wear it and enter his academy, and nobody would question it."

As he let out a laugh, it became hard for me to fake my own.

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

Chapter 245-I Am Their Sacrificial Goat

Chapter 245: 245-I Am Their Sacrificial Goat

Helanie:

I kept watching his face like I had seen a ghost. But I had to hide the shock quickly or he would pick up on my anxiety.

"That is so funny. And nobody caught you?" I repeated his last statement, and he shook his head.

"Nope! Fellmoon is not like VS. RVS is much stricter in terms of tests, punishments, and everything. As for Fellmoon, if you are an alpha, you are pretty much everything. Everybody bows down to you, and even when you hit someone, nobody comes to question it," he explained with a smile on his lips. Probably recalling all the times he had visited the Fellmoon academy or wore the blue jacket.

"Would you wear his jacket outside the academy as well?" I gulped at my question. Lamar and Jenny were now heading our way, and I needed to hear his answer sooner.

"Yeah!" Penn took his time answering that question.

"For some time though," he added quickly, but Jenny and Lamar had arrived and sat down with us. Lamar gave me a nod to acknowledge why I looked so weirdly happy.

That was because of the fake smile I had to carry on my face to fool Penn that I wasn't creeped out by his answers.

"What are you two talking about?" Jenny asked, taking an interest.

"I was telling her about the times I used to wear your mate's jacket to enter the academy or go around the other packs to attend parties. But then—he—lost his extra jacket, so his father told him to stop messing with the blue jacket. We let it settle, and I also had to prepare for the RVS," his answer must have hit Lamar hard. I watched him lower his head, and his eyes lingered on the ground for too long before he looked up, and our eyes met.

He seemed to have gathered why the conversation had stunned me as well.

Could it be that the other DNA belonged to Penn's?

"Oh yeah, they will change names to act like he is part of the academy. Actually, Penn didn't want to get caught with his real identity. In the beginning, he was probably

thinking I would go to the Fellmoon, so in order for him to come and see me there, he would need his real identity and not the one that got caught on the premises without any jacket or visit permission," Jenny explained, making me keep staring at Lamar.

It seemed like Penn had been frequenting the Fellmoon for some time until he stopped.

What caused him to stop, and what happened to Ryaden's jacket?

He lost it, or was it because Evaline had shredded it when trying to fight for her life?

"Well, that was in the past. I am not that guy anymore. I have changed a lot and have turned my life around. I want to be a good guy now," Penn joked, sitting straight when Benita arrived with the tray.

"Penn! My favorite alpha in the world. I am glad you are coming here every day. Where are your other two friends? And Jenny—where is your mate?" She had a weird smirk on her face when she spoke with Jenny, as if she knew something about Jenny.

"He is resting in his pack, why? Are you missing him?" Although Jenny laughed at the end to make it sound like a joke, it was obvious she was being sarcastic.

"Oh yeah, I hope you two figured stuff out. I was very upset when you came in with that guy—Gavin—I didn't like him for you. You should never pick someone else over an alpha," she had the nerve to blatantly bring up Gavin.

And it made me realize Gavin and Jenny had been to this café way before we all came here together. It was probably why she had asked Gavin where his girlfriend was; she thought Jenny was his girlfriend. There was too much information and stuff going on for me to focus on.

"Thank you, Benita, that will be all," Penn jumped in when finishing his sister at the verge of misery.

Benita smiled and walked away. I could tell she was still not over the fact that her grandfather used to be an alpha of the pack. Hence, she looked down upon everyone.

After we finished our food, definitely, Lamar and I had to swallow hard because the information we got from Penn clogged our throats. We all headed our separate ways.

I arrived home late, but having a driver really worked in my favor. Thankfully, I didn't have to torture myself with Norman's therapy for the night. He was actually not at home.

Not just him, the brothers were all missing.

I heard they had to visit some pack to seal a deal they made with them about opening the borders for the students of the RVS.

"You should not be staying out late. A simple car and a driver don't confirm safety." I stopped dead in my tracks when I heard my mother's voice from behind me.

Upon turning around, I found her standing with the wall in a black silk nightgown and her arms folded over her chest.

"Weirdly enough, I always survive disaster," I sighed as I responded to her with an eyebrow raised.

"Not every time is guaranteed," she spoke under her breath.

"Is that a threat, Lady Ursula?" Me not using the word "mom" for her caused her to laugh to herself and then steadily stroll over to approach me.

"Take it as you will. You coming here means nothing. Your achievement should be to live far away from here and not use me as a cover to get favors from my stepsons," my body shuddered under the impression that she cared more about those brothers than me.

Or probably because they were now her family.

"As I said, I have cut my ties with you. Whatever they do for me, they do it with their free will. I don't ask them, I don't ask anyone for favors anymore," I muttered with a full glance at her from head to toe, letting her know I was judging her hard.

"And you think they are doing it because they care about you or because you are a big shot? They are preparing you like an animal prepares its prey before he slaughters it, chews upon its skin, and then discards whatever waste is left behind," the redness in her eyes scared me. Her words were terrifying, and the authority made it even worse for me.

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

Chapter 246-Not A Gold Digger

Chapter 246: 246-Not A Gold Digger

Helanie:

My mother's words had left me deeply bothered. I went straight to my room and lay down in my bed, sleeping until midnight.

The howls were louder that night, and I could tell they were different from the howls of a werewolf. They were of lycans.

At this point, I thought I could differentiate between the howls easily. I stayed in my bed until the howls turned deadly. My body shuddered, and I jumped up, sitting straight and looking around at the windows that I almost never cover up.

Soon the commotion in the mansion made me run out of my room to find everyone gathered in the living room. Some of the housemaids and the chefs, who were mostly at the maid's corner, had also come out.

My mother's eyes helplessly lingered on my face before she looked away. I joined them silently, standing between Charlotte, Emma, and my mother.

"Lord McQuoid is confirming with his warriors that the mansion is safe," my mother whispered, probably relaying the information to me since Emma and Charlotte already knew.

"It is. I am sure it is. These kinds of noises are just normal," Charlotte, even when shaking at the whole situation, still managed to shrug her shoulders.

"I hope it is. It seems like someone's arrival always brings in troubles," Emma scoffed, making me roll my eyes at them.

"I will go see what is going on at the front gate." I didn't want to stay behind with these women and hear them throw jabs at me. But the minute I began to pace forward, my mother hastily rushed to block my path.

"And what will you do? Just because you passed some tests, you think you are stronger than my mate? He will deal with it and come back with the information. As for you, don't get yourself in trouble just for wanting to be saved by someone," she was yelling her head off. Honestly speaking, it came so out of the blue that I didn't even know how to respond to her, so I went back to my room.

I slammed the door shut and went back to bed. I was sure everything was fine. And sure enough, after a few minutes, everything was back to normal.

Morning was rather dull. I didn't leave my room, and the maid assigned by Maximus for my comfort brought my breakfast to my room.

After I was done showering and changing into blue skinny jeans, I held my sweater and wondered when it would dry out. The weather was bad outside, it had been raining, and I washed my clothes early in the morning.

I sighed as I put my sweater down again and grabbed my uniform's shirt. It was in that moment that the urgency of buying new clothes hit me.

"I don't have a penny," I groaned at myself for living so carelessly as if I didn't have to buy stuff for myself.

"What can I even do to earn money," I hissed at myself as I left the room. Since my room was right at the entrance, I walked out on Lord McQuoid leaving for work.

"Helanie," he smiled, greeting me on the way.

"Good afternoon," I replied awkwardly for missing the meals with them. When the brothers are around, it is much easier to sit and eat because the others don't act messy around them. But when they are not around, Emma, Charlotte, and my mother just become unbearable.

"You didn't come to breakfast—oh! The academy is off. Why are you still in—" he was having a hard time understanding what was going on as he noticed my uniform's shirt but then realized I was wearing pants under it.

"I, umm—washed my clothes, and they aren't getting dried anytime sooner," I smiled awkwardly, pinching the space between my fingers.

"Why did you wash them yourself? Give them to the maids; they will dry them out. And—why do you not have—oh!" he had his hands in his pockets as he nodded his head, probably realizing why I didn't have clothes.

"It is not easy getting a job as a rogue and a student who has to be at the academy till 3 p.m.," he was speaking to himself now.

"You know what—why don't you work at Maximus' garage? He needs someone to help him out with the writing of the weapons. He is preparing some new weapons, and it is hard for him to test them and then write about them at the same time. You could be a writer for him," he suggested with his whole heart, definitely happy to help me.

"Uncle! You left your phone behind—" Charlotte, who was running up to Lord McQuoid, saw me standing with him and talking to him.

"Thank you, Charlotte," Lord McQuoid smiled at her when accepting the phone, but then he returned his attention back to me. "So, let me know what is your decision? It will help you with the job thing and Maximus with his work. You are anyway off at home for a month; might as well make money too," he was not wrong. Besides, working with Maximus would not be as hard as the last time.

But then I remembered all the flirting he would be doing. If I were a dumb and naive person, I would probably not come to the conclusion, but I wasn't. And it wasn't a secret that Maximus would be so happy to have me around without anyone else around us.

"I will think about it, but thank you so much for the offer." I was genuinely happy that Lord McQuoid was nothing like his ex-wife, my mother, or most of his sons.

By 'most,' I mean, Norman.

"Great, let me know then." Lord McQuoid gave me a little pat on the head before he left.

But that's when Charlotte jumped to confront me.

"You are not taking this job," she hissed, ordering me sternly.

"And you will make the decision for me?" I asked her, watching her roll her eyes at me.

"If you want to prove you're not a gold digger, you will not accept this job." Really? She thought that would scare me?

"Doing a job equates to being a gold digger? You know what, I wasn't really going to accept the job, but since you challenged me, I guess I will take it." I was already considering it, but there's no harm in messing with the messiest person around me. And as I made my decision, I watched a satisfactory sight—her face turning pale.

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

Chapter 247-In the Pack Of The Guy Who Has A Crush On Me

Chapter 247: 247-In the Pack Of The Guy Who Has A Crush On Me

Helanie:

Of course she wanted to argue further but she knew she had already messed up when doing so before, hence, she remained huffing and puffing.

After I told Charlotte my decision, I left the mansion because I had to meet up with Lamar. He had called me and asked me to meet him near the mountains for a talk.

"Last night was such a mess at the mansion. The lycan keeps showing up," I said as I got out of the car and met Lamar, who was waiting for me with a box of donuts in his hands.

He also had a small bag with him, which made me wonder if he was going somewhere.

"That lycan is a story on its own," Lamar shook his head, offering me a donut and then the bag.

"You want me to carry your bag? So rude," I joked, eyeing the bag.

"Haha, so cruel of me. But take it. I don't want to see you wearing the same clothes all the time," he joked, but it made me realize he'd brought me more clothes.

"No, Lamar, I don't want to take gifts from you like that," I said, shaking my head but happily taking the donut. When it comes to food, egos should not be involved.

"Hey, don't flatter yourself. It's not a gift. I just don't want you looking like you don't have clothes. Please take it. You can repay me by helping me with my revenge," he said, seeming to be in a good mood, or maybe he was just trying to act happy.

With much hesitation, I grabbed the bag. After checking out the clothes, I felt even guiltier.

"I'll pay you back for these clothes," I said, thankful to have a friend, a brother, who was so honest and thoughtful. But I'd make sure to do something for him in return soon.

"Let's talk about Penn," he switched the subject, making me raise my brow. I leaned back to check if the driver was still in the car, and he was.

We started walking away from the car, taking a little stroll.

"It was strange. I noticed that myself," I told Lamar exactly what I'd been thinking.

"What do you think we should do?" he asked.

"Lamar, you once told me that the DNA sample was sent to every pack for a match, right? And they checked the Fellmoon Academy students' DNA samples, but what if the reason they couldn't find a match was that the perpetrator wasn't from Fellmoon Academy?" The thought of Penn being a person of interest shook me to my core. But anyone involved with Rayden could possibly be the culprit.

"Hmm, but they said none of the samples matched, and we know Rayden was a confirmed case," Lamar corrected me, giving me a bit of hope that maybe it was just a coincidence and Penn could be innocent.

"Well, then, how about we do our own investigation?" I asked Lamar, raising my eyebrow.

"But we'll need to get those samples first," Lamar said thoughtfully.

"Hmmm, Jenny wants us to visit his pack and—Penn shows interest in me. In fact, he once asked me out, so what if—" I watched him shake his head as he dismissed the idea.

"Nope! If Penn is involved in this case, I don't think I'll let you get close to him, so drop the idea," he warned me, but I had to convince him. We couldn't keep acting like I was some fragile girl who needed saving while Lamar did all the hard work.

"Lamar, I'm doing this for me and your sister. She couldn't come back home that night, but I did. And I'm sure I did it for a reason. Someone has to catch these assholes, and I don't want to stay in the shadows, hiding from their darkness. I want to try, and I promise you, if anything goes wrong, or if I think it's going wrong, I'll ask you for help right away," I insisted, but I could tell he still wasn't ready for it.

"We'll talk about it later. First, guess what I have in my hand," he pulled out the plastic bag with the red hair from his pocket.

"That's the red hair," I murmured.

"Not just any red hair. These are from the head of the most scandalous hooker around," he finished, making my eyes pop in shock.

"How did you—" I stopped myself when I remembered what he did for a living. Or his side job.

"Yes, that's how I got it. And guess what? Even though the packs hate her, the dealers do too because she's so messy, she's a sweetheart. She'll be on board whenever I give her a call," I watched Lamar smirk widely, making me believe he knew exactly what he was doing.

"We'll take him down slowly," I muttered in approval.

"But first, he'll witness all the horrors come to life, and then—he'll beg for death himself," Lamar said, making me smile at him again.

"How about we go visit Jenny in her pack? I want to talk with her about the tenth floor," I said, ready to go there as long as Lamar was with me.

"Sure, let's do it," he gave me a nod, and we headed to the car. He let Jenny know we were coming, so she had already told the warriors at the border to let us in.

Even though it was a long ride, I didn't feel tired or exhausted. I was so excited to see Rayden's face when he got his first blow.

It will be iconic. Every day, he'll pray to the Moon Goddess for hope and will to live, but every day will be a new challenge for him.

Jenny was waiting for us at the border, and she hopped into the car with us to take us to her mansion. I did hear her ask Lamar why the trainers were letting me use their car and have a personal chauffeur.

I guess the questions will be raised soon by everyone, so I'll need to cut back on using Maximus's car everywhere.

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

Chapter 248-This Luna Is A Liar

Chapter 248: 248-This Luna Is A Liar

Helanie:

Her pack seemed rich and in good health, sitting on an expensive land.

"Mom, this is Helanie," she had shown us around her mansion. It was big and beautiful, with milky white tiles and expensive décor.

Of course, it was an alpha's mansion. But living in the rogue king's mansion had actually made everything else look much smaller.

They had everything fancy, and probably cared more about the fancy look of their place than the alphas did.

"Oh, the girl you can't stop talking about?" her mother got up from the couch to greet me with a warm hug. She smelled so good, like lavender.

Her beautiful eyes and perfect curls made me realize that all the Lunas had this certain look about them. They just looked expensive. Wearing a baby pink long dress made her mother look even more gorgeous.

"Have a seat," she offered me before moving on to Lamar, looking back at her daughter for the introduction.

"Mom, this is Lamar," Jenny's voice changed as she said his name. I noticed her mother's smile shake a little. Could it be that she told her mom about her fight with Rayden? And who did she cheat on Rayden with?

"Oh, hey Lamar," her mother's voice was slightly off this time, but she quickly forced a smile and offered Lamar a seat beside me.

"Jenny, go ask the omega to bring in the snacks I've prepared for you all," she told her daughter, who jumped up like an excited child and rushed out of the living room.

Their mansion felt more like a home—cozy and silent.

"Helanie, I've heard about your beauty, and I must say, words don't do justice," she made me blush with her compliment. "I didn't hear about you from my daughter, I mean, the beauty part."

She gave me a little playful smirk to let me know who she was referring to.

"Penn talks about you a lot. It seems like finally someone has stolen my son's attention," her pronunciation was so perfect that I could barely focus on her words and more on her tone and voice.

"He is a good guy," I didn't know what else to add, and even then, I had to lower my eyes first.

"Helanie, I'm not really the one who believes in fated mates. My mate does, but for me, it's more important that the two connect well and that they have similar strengths, especially when it comes to my son," she made it clear that such privilege wasn't for Jenny, and it made me feel bad for her.

But then my ears perked up because I wanted to know what she meant by that.

"You're pretty popular for doing well in the academy. I can see why my son is so fascinated with you. Not only do you have a good reputation, but you're so gorgeous, no one could hardly take their eyes off of you," she continued to shower me with compliments.

I gave her a nod and then shifted to the edge of my seat. "You were a student at the academy?"

I noticed how her mood shifted at the reminder of her own time at the academy. But she was so calm and peaceful as she brought the smile back onto her lips again.

"I was," she didn't add anything else until she smiled to herself. "Jenny told me you wanted to talk about something?"

I gave my head a slight nod as I thought of the right question. "Yes! I wanted to speak with you about the elevators."

I didn't jump directly to the tenth floor because it would be easy for her to fake a confused look. The mention of the elevators made her smile vanish entirely.

"What about the elevators? Does she take elevators?" It was her fake attempt to joke about Jenny and the elevators.

"She doesn't, but I do. And so did—Lucy!" I watched her face go paler.

"It's okay. I guess you're learning to increase your strength," she managed to get some response out of her lips but was looking away.

"It's not that. I heard from Jenny that you left the academy in the middle?" I knew she was hiding something. Jenny was right. Her mother definitely knew something about the elevators.

"Oh, yeah, one of my friends passed away. And after that, I got married and decided to just focus on my children," she was talking quickly, like she wanted to end this conversation as soon as possible.

Till now, she had shown me appreciation and only praised me. But sadly, I had to break her idea that I was this sweet girl who would be too happy to receive compliments, so much so that I wouldn't ask any tough questions.

But here I was, about to call her out on her lie. "But the academy was formed a few years ago. It was after the rogue king left the pack, and I guess his youngest is around the same age as Penn, maybe one year or two older than him?" I watched her face turn pale. "When did you study at the academy? Or—were you a faculty member there?" My questions caused her blood to run cold. I knew it because her face lost all color.

Jenny stepped in, her eyes on us. She sat down beside her mother and placed her hand on the back of her hand.

"Please, Luna Estella, I really want the truth about the tenth floor. My friend got on that floor and now she rests in the hospital in a coma," I uttered, watching her gulp and look down.

A tear trickled down her cheek as she started telling the truth. "I was one of the many faculty members Lord McQuoid had hired back when the academy was created. But soon, an incident happened that made them expel everyone else and only keep a handful of people. Now his sons are the only trainers, apart from the warriors who help them around." She finished, but I wasn't done asking her more questions.

Not just yet.

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

Chapter 249-Everyone Let's Go Find Helanie

Chapter 249: 249-Everyone Let's Go Find Helanie

Kaye:

'Ugh!' I groaned as I sat in my seat and touched my chest.

'Stop it, it's not that serious,' my wolf muttered in response.

I had been giving him the silent treatment for a while. Every time my chest hurt, I would groan at him, and he would say the same nonsense to me.

My brothers and I were headed back home after sealing a deal with a pack from the North. Those packs were always the messiest; they kept their business very private. They would much rather lose their lands to drought and disaster than let anyone from the outside come and help them deal with their issues.

'It's hurting because I am missing my mate,' I muttered under my breath.

'Your mate doesn't care about you. Besides, her wolf is still asleep, so don't worry, there's no pain. It's just in your head,' he hissed back at me. 'Think about Kesha. She cares so much about you.'

This is why I didn't want to talk to him. He would bring her up out of nowhere and spoil my mood. Hearing Kesha's name only made me remember my messed-up life, where I had to be with Kesha over Helanie.

'Do you blame Helanie for not caring? This is why. Kesha is the reason Helanie doesn't even want to look at me. You need to know she's not like the others. You disrespect her, and she's done with you. You could be the ultimate werewolf king, and she wouldn't care about you,' I was growing tired of telling my wolf about Helanie. He should have known her by now. And somewhere deep down in my heart, I felt like he knew. He just didn't want to admit it.

'Don't give her too much credit. By the end of the day, she is taking favors from your brothers, especially Emmet. I bet they're sleeping together,' the minute he said that, my head turned to the side, and I watched Emmet sit and stare out the window of the car. We had taken one car due to Norman's insistence. Otherwise, Maximus and I didn't want to sit in the same car as Emmet.

'Oh! Don't look at him like that. You know it's not his fault. He doesn't know you and Helanie are mates. Emmet is--,' before my wolf could keep talking about how nice and caring Emmet is and that he's just a little careless because of his alcoholism, I had to shut him down.

"Yeah, so caring that when Maximus and I needed him, he told us to deal with our problems and leave him alone. Every time we were in pain, Emmet was nowhere in sight. He doesn't care, even when we promised each other that we would always be there for one another," I hissed at my wolf so loudly that I bet my body shuddered visibly.

"Guys," Maximus suddenly called for us, making us all look back. The driver and the warrior were sitting in the front, with a window rolled up between us to make a partition.

It was because sometimes we talked about all sorts of stuff, and Norman had told us to stay private. So, we followed his rules, and honestly speaking, keeping your secrets to yourself helps a lot.

"Huh?" Norman responded, while Emmet looked not so interested as he tiredly searched for his small alcohol bottle in his pocket.

Here we go again.

"I was talking to Dad, and he told me that Helanie is at Penn's pack. Did you know she was going there?" Maximus asked me and then looked at Norman, who shrugged.

"So what? They are her friends," Norman didn't seem to grasp the intensity of it, but Emmet laughed along with me.

Emmet stopped searching for his bottle and turned his whole body to face us.

"Isn't Rayden friends with Penn and Jenny's mate?" It was as if Emmet was reminding us of something we knew by heart now.

"So what, guys? It's not like they'd bully her there. She's not a child. She can take care of herself," Norman dismissed our concerns with a wave of his hand and looked straight ahead again.

But Emmet was watching our faces as he added, "Let's head to the Polar Red pack."

Finally, he was on the same page as us, but Norman was quick to look back at us again.

"Emmet, you too?" he asked, and Emmet shrugged. Now, that's what we need Emmet for. We could really do anything that would upset Norman, but Emmet was this way.

Even when Norman would always care for him, that wouldn't sway Emmet from doing what he wanted. He barely ever was under pressure.

But at least now we were headed to see Helanie.

'And you're only happy because you'll get to see her? What happened to you? Since when did you become so hopelessly romantic?' I had to avoid my wolf because I was honestly very happy.

Every time I thought of her and smiled, my wolf grunted and hissed at me. At the same time, I was in contact with Rayden's father. I wanted to make it seem like I was discussing the recent event with him, but what I was really doing was trying to find out where his son was at the moment.

Alpha Rayden's father: I will sit him down and have a talk with him myself once he gets back home. He's headed to his mate's pack right now. But I am reassuring you, he will not mess up again.

I didn't even have to focus on his words because my fear had come to life.

"Maximus," I turned to my side to whisper to Maximus, who was quick to give me his attention since we both took each other and our concerns seriously.

"Rayden is headed to Jenny's pack." I didn't even have to explain to him why it was stressful information.

Ever since Emmet brought Rayden's behavior around Helanie to our attention, we have been secretly worried about what was going on between the two of them. Maybe it was just because he was her stepbrother, but it was more than that for me.

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

Chapter 250-Forced To Forgive Rayden

Chapter 250: 250-Forced To Forgive Rayden

Helanie:

Our anticipation was on the roof as we watched Luna Estella. If she could give us any clue that we didn't know about the tenth floor already, we might use it to find a way to help Lucy.

"The tenth floor--" Lady Estella began, her voice carrying a mysterious undertone. But just as she was about to reveal more about her time at the academy, the sudden arrival of Jenny's father, Lord Dewitt, silenced her.

"Your Highness," Lamar and I quickly stood to bow. With a swift gesture, he motioned for us to sit back down. He carried himself with an effortless elegance, surprising for a man who was the father of two grown adults. Tall and broad-shouldered, he cut an imposing figure in his black suit.

"I heard Jenny's friends were visiting, and I couldn't miss the opportunity to meet them," he said smoothly, taking a seat beside his wife. I noticed her flinch ever so slightly at his proximity. His aura was a lot darker than his smile.

"Daddy, this is Helanie," Jenny introduced me, her voice bright as she gestured in my direction. Dewitt nodded, his gaze briefly distant.

"The girl--" he started, but Jenny, in her excitement, finished for him.

"The one who's acing all the tests without a wolf!" she exclaimed.

We all assumed that's what he meant, but his next words caught us off guard.

"The one who filed a complaint against your mate," he clarified, turning his sharp gaze to Jenny. Her face fell, her previous enthusiasm dimmed under his judgment. She lowered her eyes, clearly feeling the weight of his disapproval.

"Her mate bullied me, and he--" I began to defend my actions, but Dewitt raised a hand, silencing me mid-sentence.

"I'm speaking to my daughter. You can wait your turn," he said. His voice remained pleasant, but there was a distinct edge that made it clear he wouldn't tolerate interruptions.

Lamar, sensing the hostility, grabbed my hand and pulled me up. "Let's go," he muttered. "It seems he's more upset about the bully getting caught than being apologetic for what his future son-in-law did."

Dewitt's expression darkened, and his gaze shifted between Jenny and Lamar, as though silently questioning if Lamar was the one Jenny had betrayed her mate with.

"You're free to leave," he said coldly. "But understand, it wasn't my intention to seem unrepentant. The incident was a verbal altercation--he only acted out of concern for a

mutual friend who fell. Lucy, wasn't it? She...fell from the rooftop, didn't she?" His voice dropped, and a knowing gleam lit up his eyes, sending a shiver through me.

We froze, tension crackling in the air as Dewitt continued, "Sit down so we can discuss the tenth floor."

He said the words with deliberate emphasis, his tone laced with intrigue. Had I known Jenny's parents were so evil, I might have thought twice before visiting her pack. But then again, it was to get information about the tenth floor to help Lucy, I would do anything for my friend.

Lamar tugged my hand again, but I whispered urgently, "Lamar, we should stay."

He shook his head, resolute, and continued guiding me toward the door. That was until Lady Estella's calm but chilling words stopped me in my tracks:

"Your friend will die if she doesn't get help soon."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, freeing my hand from Lamar's grip to face Lady Estella directly.

"Didn't I say, sit down?" Lord Dewitt spread his arms across the back of the sofa, a smirk playing on his lips. "Have a seat, Miss Helanie."

Goosebumps prickled across my skin at the confidence in his tone. They knew something--something crucial--and I needed to save Lucy.

Lamar sighed in frustration, realizing I wasn't backing down. He reluctantly followed me back to the couch, where we both sat.

"But before we begin," Lord Dewitt said, his sharp eyes narrowing, "what are you willing to give us?"

There was a cunning, almost predatory air about him. I had never met someone whose polished exterior cracked so quickly. His first impression had been disarmingly good--briefly.

Norman crossed my mind. He was charming, too, until he opened his mouth. Yeah, I took my words back.

"What do you mean?" Lamar asked, his tone firm. "You want us to pay?" He was taking the lead, sensing I was too anxious to risk offending them.

"No, no. We don't need your money," Dewitt sneered, his smirk deepening. "Assuming you even have any."

Jenny flinched at her father's mockery, shooting a pleading look toward her mother.

"Daddy, please!" she murmured softly.

"Beta Elias," Dewitt said with a calm but commanding tone, "take her to her room. We'll speak once I'm finished with her friends."

The royal beta obeyed immediately, stepping forward to escort Jenny away.

"You can't force her to leave!" Lamar's voice rose, seething with anger as he watched Jenny struggle against Elias's firm grip.

"She is my daughter, Lamar," Dewitt said coldly. "Your one night with her doesn't make her yours. What could you possibly offer her? Two low-ranked individuals come here, desperate for information, yet unwilling to give anything in return. What does that make you?"

Dewitt's harsh words had Lamar ready to leap from his seat, but I gripped his hand tightly, silently pleading with him to stay calm.

"Tell us what you want," I said firmly, stepping in before Lamar's temper could get the better of him.

"Just a little... assistance," Dewitt replied, his gaze shifting to his wife. She placed a stack of papers on the side table, and it was clear they'd been waiting for this moment.

I slid to the edge of my seat and picked up the papers. One glance was enough to make my stomach churn.

They wanted my signature.

"You want me to let Rayden off without punishment?" I hissed, anger boiling beneath my skin.

"It's nothing serious," Dewitt replied nonchalantly. "He won't even be expelled. But your friend won't survive without the information we have. So, tell me, Miss Helanie," his smirk grew darker, more dangerous, "are you willing to sign?"

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

Chapter 251-Got Myself In Trouble Once Again

Chapter 251: 251-Got Myself In Trouble Once Again

Helanie:

"I guess you didn't want to seem unapologetic?" Lamar muttered, shaking his head. His tone made it clear he was furious that Lord Dewitt was leveraging information to force me into forgiving Rayden.

"Lamar," Dewitt began, his voice laced with authority, "you're in my pack. Do you know one of the rules of my pack? Never sleep with my daughter. You come here, guilty of that very crime, and then try to act tough with me?" His words were sharp, calculated. He was a man who wielded power like a weapon, using it to control and silence anyone who dared oppose him.

Lamar didn't flinch. "Go ahead, punish me. But you'll have to tell the council and your pack members why. Are you ready to admit that I was between your daughter's legs?"

The sound of his hand slamming onto the table echoed through the room. Lord Dewitt's smug smile vanished instantly.

I gripped Lamar's hand tightly, a silent warning. Jenny wouldn't appreciate his reckless words, no matter how justified his anger.

"What's wrong? Not so smug now, huh?" Lamar sneered, pulling his hand free from mine to glare directly at Dewitt.

"Do you want the information or not?" Lady Estella's calm yet commanding voice cut through the tension. She turned her sharp gaze to me, ignoring Lamar entirely.

In that moment, I realized the gravity of the situation. My complaint against Rayden wasn't just a nuisance--it was a threat. If they were going to such lengths over a simple grievance, what would they do if they discovered I intended to accuse him of far worse--of rape and murder?

"I'm ready," I said through clenched teeth. Lamar shot me a look of disappointment, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Helanie..."

I understood his frustration, but I had my reasons. A minor punishment wouldn't change anything, and expelling Rayden would only send him back to his pack--a safe haven. No, I needed him to stay at the academy, where I could watch his every move and make his life miserable. If I wanted to destroy my enemy, I had to do it while keeping him close.

"I already know who the smarter one is between you two," Dewitt quipped, his tone mocking before his expression turned serious again. "There's a pen in front of you. What are you waiting for?"

I gave a small nod and reached for the pen. Lamar grabbed my hand one last time, his eyes searching mine for any sign of hesitation. But I didn't waver. He let go with a defeated sigh, and I signed the papers, officially withdrawing my complaint.

Dewitt snatched the papers from the table, a triumphant smile spreading across his face.

"Now, my beloved Luna," he said, turning to his wife, "share what you know."

Lady Estella smiled, proud and confident, as though she had just won a great battle. She began to speak, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

Lady Estella's expression shifted back to that same dull, detached look as she began her story. "I was a trainer at the academy once, back when it was first established. The academy wasn't as polished as it is now, but it gained attention quickly--largely because of the building the Rogue King had secured for himself."

She paused, her gaze drifting for a moment. "One day, after a long stretch of back-to-back classes, a colleague and I decided to visit a sick student. We were exhausted and chose to take the elevator."

At this, I noticed Lord Dewitt roll his eyes, clearly unimpressed with her choice. Lady Estella caught his reaction and her face briefly flickered with guilt before she continued.

"I went to tend to the student's wounds while my friend decided to head downstairs for supplies. But a few minutes later, she came back up--without the aid box. She told me she had been to the tenth floor."

Her voice lowered as she added, "We were intrigued and decided to try for ourselves. But only my friend could reach the tenth floor." She stopped, her gaze distant, and I seized the chance to ask, "Was she distressed?"

Lady Estella nodded solemnly. "She was struggling with her mate at the time. It wasn't long before I noticed her behavior changing. She'd zone out during conversations, leave abruptly, and even skip her own classes. She'd spend hours alone on the tenth floor. Her obsession began to terrify me."

She paused again, as though the memories weighed heavily on her. "And then, one day, she jumped. Everyone said it was from the rooftop, but I knew in my heart--it was from the tenth floor."

The room fell silent. Lamar turned to me with a sigh. "And that's exactly what happened to Lucy. So how does this help us?"

His bluntness earned him a sharp glare from Lady Estella. She didn't appreciate her story being dismissed.

"My friend died instantly," she continued, her voice edged with a sadness that hadn't been there before. "But a week before she died, she told me something chilling. She said the tenth floor knew she was lying about being the victim. It could see through her facade. She said she wasn't pure enough to free it from its curse--that it needed a simple, innocent soul to break free."

The weight of her words hung in the air, and I felt my blood run cold.

My eyes welled up with tears as memories of Lucy flooded my mind. She was so pure, so naïve--a gentle, innocent she-wolf who didn't deserve any of this.

"Alright, so we're back to the same question," Lamar snapped, his frustration bubbling over. "How does this help us? Lucy's in a coma, and--"

Lord Dewitt interrupted, his voice cutting through Lamar's complaints like a blade. "There's someone who survived the tenth floor."

Both Lamar and I froze, the weight of Dewitt's words sinking in.

"There are rumors," Dewitt continued, his tone steady and deliberate, "of a person who reached the tenth floor, allowed the entity to take over their body, and yet somehow survived. They managed to trap the entity back on the tenth floor and escape death." He leaned back, his eyes gleaming with intrigue. "If you can find that person--whether man or woman--you could learn how they did it. And perhaps... save your friend."

I turned to Lamar, searching his face for a reaction. For a moment, he looked as though he wanted to dismiss it entirely. But then, his expression shifted. The tension in his shoulders eased, and I could see the flicker of hope returning to his eyes.

It wasn't a perfect solution, but it was a chance. A small thread of hope we couldn't afford to ignore.

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

Chapter 252-I Won't Bow Down To Rayden

Chapter 252: 252-I Won't Bow Down To Rayden

Helanie:

We were all set to leave now that Lady Estella had told us everything she knew. There wasn't much information, but at least we figured out there was a survivor who could share some details.

Now, how and where to find him was the main concern. Besides, they weren't welcoming either after they got the signature from me. That was one cunning way they dealt with the issue for Rayden.

"I am so mad at Jenny," I heard Lamar grunt, "But I need to return this to Jenny," Lamar whispered in my ear, slowing down near the exit. I wanted to sit him down and tell him Jenny was innocent but then decided to not do it here.

"I'll wait for you here," I said and turned to the warrior to create a distraction so Lamar could find Jenny.

"Can I have some water?" I asked the warrior who was following us.

He nodded and headed toward the kitchen. Giving Lamar a quick nod of confirmation, I followed the warrior and grabbed a glass.

"Hello?" The warrior's phone rang, prompting him to step away quickly to take the call in peace.

"Ah!" I sighed, exhausted by the messy people around me. Luna Estella and Alpha Dewitt had only confirmed my suspicions. They would never punish their sons, even if they found out they had done something wrong.

I needed to be discreet and ensure the Alphas paid for their crimes.

"Thinking about me?" My heart almost sank into my chest, and the glass nearly slipped from my hands, but I caught it just in time. That nasty voice belonged to Rayden, who had walked into the kitchen and was heading straight toward me.

"Aey, aey!" He blocked my path, spreading his arms and placing his hands on the counter.

I hated being anywhere near him, but now I was stuck.

"You came here for me, just admit it," he insisted with a pout.

I couldn't bear to look at his face, so I kept avoiding eye contact. Seeing him in front of me, not burning in hell, gave me extreme anxiety.

"Aww, are you shy?" He deliberately mistook my hatred for shyness.

"Get out of my way; I have to leave," I said softly, almost sounding like I was pleading with him.

"No! I don't want you to leave. You hardly ever talk to me or make love to me like you did that night," he teased with a playful tone and a fake pout.

His words made my head snap up, and I glared at him.

"Oops! Okay, fine, I won't bring up that night. But I'm curious, does it make your heart flutter--"

Before he could finish that disgusting sentence, I shoved him aside to escape. But he was faster than I was, grabbing my arm and pulling me back. My hands briefly landed on his chest before I jerked them away, trembling in fear.

I thought I'd be able to stand my ground and face him again. But why was it so hard to move on? Why had he shattered my confidence like this?

Watching him was like facing the nastiest nightmare. Even breathing the same air as him was disgusting to me. His scent--oh, that was another story. It was one of the worst smells I'd ever encountered, disgusting and revolting, worse than an old poop.

"Let me see your beautiful face," he said, his fingers still wrapped around my arm. He ran his hand across my cheek to push back a few strands of my hair. That was it.

I couldn't let him touch me again. My hand shot up, and before I knew it, I had slapped him--once, twice, and even a third time.

"You filthy bastard!" I screamed, raising my hand again.

This time, someone grabbed my wrist and pulled me away from Rayden, who was hunched over in shock, his hand pressed to his cheek.

"How dare you come here and hit my son-in-law?" Alpha Dewitt roared, shoving me back against the counter and blocking my path.

"Your son-in-law--" I began, but then I noticed Rayden putting his finger to his lips, silently warning me of the consequences if I said anything more.

The warning was clear. If he told everyone I had run away from my pack, my pack and the council would demand my return. Even if they failed to kill me, I'd lose my chance to ever take revenge. I'd also be banned from entering any pack forever.

"You are such a disgrace! Bow down and apologize to my son-in-law, or else--you'll stay locked up here until you do," Lord Dewitt shouted, gesturing to his warriors to stand guard at the kitchen door, preventing any escape.

"Bow down to him!" he yelled again.

Rayden, still bearing the marks of my hand on his cheeks, managed to smirk. But the tears in his eyes showed I'd wounded his pride deeply.

"I won't," I whispered, my eyes fixed on Rayden, nothing but anger burning in them.

"If you don't bow down to him, you'll remain here. I'm calling the council and bringing them here to take you into custody," Alpha Dewitt threatened.

My heart raced in fear, imagining the worst. Once arrested, they'd investigate my background and drag me back to my pack.

I was desperate to end this nightmare and escape from this pack.

"I--" I began, my voice heavy with shame and defeat. My heart shattered as I realized the humiliation I'd face bowing down to my rapist. But just as I opened my mouth, a loud noise erupted in the kitchen.

"She will not apologize to anyone," Emmet hissed, shoving the warriors aside with anger when they didn't immediately step out of his way.

"And how dare you--" Maximus stormed in next, his voice cold and dangerous, "threaten her."

After Maximus, Kaye entered, his jaw clenched and his eyes blazing red with fury. "Keeping her trapped here, thinking no one would come for her?"

And just when I thought it couldn't escalate further, Norman walked in, positioning himself in front of his brothers. "You've gotten yourself into serious trouble, Dewitt."

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

Chapter 253-Like A Daisy!

Chapter 253: 253-Like A Daisy!

Norman:

My brothers had rushed me to save Helanie. I thought they were being dramatic until I arrived at the location.

I watched Helanie stand in the kitchen, her back pressed against the counter, her face pale. Her eyes were wide, as if she had been scared out of her mind.

"She came here and insulted my son-in-law," Dewitt said. He was truly an amazing guy. Amazing in the sense that every time he opened his mouth, I wondered if he had a brain.

He had always been such a fascinating clown to me. Someone who didn't care about his people and only wanted to show off his power.

"And you didn't bother asking her why? He must have done something for her to leave those marks on his cheek," Emmet hissed, making me flinch a little. He wasn't acting like himself--or at least not like the version of himself he'd shown for so long.

"She must have come after him--" Before Dewitt could fill Rayden's head with more ideas, Maximus silenced him.

"Your son-in-law is a grown man; he can speak for himself." I was now carefully observing the change in my brother's behavior.

They were acting wild, like unleashed beasts, but only when it came to Helanie. The girl lowered her head, probably biting the inside of her cheek to stop her lips from trembling.

It was an odd sight for me. The same girl who had been ready to blow my head off, who had smashed a vase over my head, the same Helanie who completed strange tasks without the help of her wolf, now stood before us looking like a scared kitten.

The easy answer would be to say she was faking innocence, but it didn't seem like that. She seemed genuinely terrified. What did Rayden do to her?

My eyes traveled to Rayden, who was watching Helanie with a mixture of anger and anticipation glinting in his eyes.

"She came into the kitchen to try and flirt with me, and when I turned her down--" he couldn't finish his story because Kaye cut him off.

"And in anger, she slapped you, etc., etc.--you couldn't come up with something more believable?" I noticed Kaye's fists clenching. He clearly wanted to be alone with Rayden to have a more private 'conversation' with him--using his fists.

"Helanie!" As soon as she heard her name from Emmet, her body jolted. She didn't want to be noticed? Yes, she wanted to stay invisible.

"What did he do?" Emmet asked her in a gentle, calm tone. All eyes shifted to her, but mine stayed on Rayden.

He was acting strange.

"We had an argument," Helanie said quietly, without lifting her head.

"See? Just an argument, and she attacked him," Dewitt chimed in. I swear, if I hear him one more time--

"Old man, can you shut up for a minute?" After silently observing everyone, I couldn't hold back any longer. My low, gruff tone caught everyone off guard, I could tell. Even Dewitt stared at me like a housewife discovering her partner's betrayal.

"Helanie!" I reached her, shielding her from everyone else's gaze with my body.

"Tell me what happened," I said, leaning down, my hands braced on the counter beside her. She looked so delicate, like a daisy caught in a storm.

"I don't want any trouble," she whispered so softly I could barely hear her. I had to lean closer, tilting my head toward her lips to catch her words.

"Please! I don't want the council here."

I straightened up slightly, our eyes meeting, our faces just inches apart. That was because I'd leaned in too close trying to hear her.

"Who told you the council would come here?" I asked, and she shook her head steadily.

"You don't want to tell me?" I pressed, and she nodded.

"Look, if you don't explain, you'll look guilty. His claims will seem true--that you attacked Rayden."

She was barely breathing, standing frozen with her head bowed. I didn't like seeing her like this. Even though I despised her, I preferred the version of her that annoyed the life out of me.

"Okay, just relax--" I straightened up, pulling my hands off the counter when I realized she was growing more uncomfortable the longer we stayed like this.

"I'll find a way to get you out of this," I said, my eyes fixed on the wall behind her. When I stood tall, she seemed so small, she barely came into view.

After thinking it over, I slowly turned around, narrowing my eyes at Rayden standing behind Dewitt.

"You! She had a complaint against you." I remembered how they all bullied her into trauma when Lucy fell.

"She accepted his apology," Dewitt smirked, causing me and my brothers to exchange a look. But before we could think much more about it, Lamar burst in, having been kept out earlier.

Seeing him with Helanie again made me roll my eyes at her. Why was she hanging around someone who had beaten her and left her in the woods? If she hadn't been found in time, she might've lost her life--and her chance to be in the academy.

"They kind of forced her. She wanted information about the Tenth Floor, so Luna Estella and this guy--I mean--" Lamar hesitated and shifted his tone after catching a sharp glare from me. I could call Dewitt an old man, but Lamar would get in trouble if he did so. "He told her if she didn't sign the letter, she wouldn't get the information."

I turned to stare at Dewitt in disbelief.

"So, you tricked her into coming here, making her think she'd get information, only to make her sign the forgiveness letter and then trap her here, bowing to the one who bullied her nonstop?" Emmet spoke softly, his head lowered, probably to hide his eyes.

I knew he was losing control. That couldn't happen. He tended to lose control far too easily.

"Just one question--why are the rogue brothers coming here to defend a mere student?" That's when Dewitt revealed why I hated him most--he picked up on energy far too quickly.

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

Chapter 254-I Make Him Uncomfortable

Chapter 254: 254-I Make Him Uncomfortable

Helanie:

My stepbrothers coming to help me meant a lot, but I was still shaken by Dewitt's hostility toward me. And then Rayden touching me had ignited a spark of anger.

To the point that I nearly jeopardized my position in the eyes of the Council. Now, as my stepbrothers walked over and stood in front of me, I couldn't look past them. The way Norman had asked me what had happened gave me the feeling that no harm could get to me now. I felt safe. However, the issues were still unresolved.

But now my stepbrothers had to address Dewitt's burning questions.

"Because it's unusual for trainers to not only defend their student but also give her a place in their home, free food, therapy, and even—" Dewitt paused briefly before chuckling to himself. It sounded like a laugh of disbelief.

"Their own car and a driver, like she's some kind of Luna," he scoffed as he finished, making my heart skip a beat.

I had a feeling those questions would surface once people noticed I'd been driving Maximus' car. I should have been careful. I felt a sudden guilt for making my stepbrothers go through this because of my own carelessness.

"We don't owe you any explanations, Mr. Dewitt. Anyway, we'll take our student and leave now," Norman hissed, turning to gesture for me to follow him.

"She can't leave without apologizing for assaulting—" Dewitt's words were cut short by Kaye groaning.

"Sure, she'll apologize," Kaye said, shocking even his brothers until he added, "and then you can send your warriors to the academy to pick up your kids and Rayden's expulsion letter." The moment he said that, the entire kitchen fell silent.

"All this for a student?" Dewitt's focus remained on the idea that something was suspicious about my relationship with my trainers.

"Yep! We woke up and chose justice. So tell us, what is it?" Maximus asked in a threatening tone.

I stayed hidden behind them, not even attempting to step out. Lamar casually strolled closer and nudged me with his elbow, giving me a knowing look that something was about to happen soon.

I didn't understand it in the moment; I was too focused on what Dewitt might say next.

"Step aside. They're leaving." Giving up on his demand for an apology, Dewitt ordered his warriors, who wouldn't have been able to stop the brothers if they'd wanted to leave anyway.

The warriors backed off, and Norman turned, signaling for me to go first. I began walking out with Lamar, and the brothers followed us.

When we reached the car Maximus had given me, I got in, but before Lamar could join me or even reach the car, Norman rushed ahead of everyone.

"Take Lamar home. I'll take her," Norman was so quick to grab the keys from the driver and hop in that none of us could react. I turned my head to look at my brothers, and sure enough, they seemed lost and not okay with the idea.

But Norman had already started the engine, sitting like a giant in the driver's seat. Once we hit the road, I could feel the tension growing inside the car.

"The Tenth Floor, Helanie? Didn't we already talk about this?" Norman began, his voice gruff and angry. I should've known he wouldn't miss this chance to scold me. And honestly, this time, I felt like I might actually deserve it.

"We didn't. You shut me down and told me nothing. I wanted information that could help me with helping Lucy," I muttered, staring out the window. I hated how life kept moving so normally for us while Lucy lay in a hospital bed.

"That's because there's nothing to say. There was one incident, and after that—nothing really happened. Just rumors," he said aggressively, fidgeting in his seat and gripping the steering wheel so hard I worried he might break it.

"Then why didn't you do something? Even after the first case, shouldn't you have acted?" I asked, my tone turning argumentative.

"There should've been something done. But about what? There was no way to the Tenth Floor. It shocked me when you told me you'd been there—it scared the hell out of me because whoever goes there ends up dead," he hissed. "But now look at what you've done. We were slowly building a case against Rayden. We were going to use every single thing he did because we were already uneasy about him. He came from Fellmoon Academy—he's under scrutiny to adjust and follow our rules. But you ruined it all," he yelled, hitting the steering wheel.

"I'm sorry I didn't know what you guys were doing. And I'm really sorry I can't stop thinking about Lucy lying in that hospital while I—" I cut myself off and closed my eyes tightly, refusing to let the tears fall.

"Helanie—" his tone softened, and a small sigh escaped his lips.

"I know I'm becoming a nuisance, but I can't help it. She went up there, and I know that entity put terrible ideas in her head—I just need to find that one survivor—" I stopped, biting my lip as I fought to keep the sobs in.

"Okay—I get it. I was being a little harsh—" I heard him stutter, but his sudden vulnerability only made me feel worse, and I broke down, bawling like never before.

"Umm—I didn't make you cry, okay? You're crying because—you're upset about—Dewitt—ugh, damn it," he grumbled, stopping the car on the side of the road. He got out, pacing for a few seconds before opening the backseat door for me.

"Fine, I'm so—" he began but abruptly cut himself off. I wiped my tears with the back of my hand and looked up at him. "I'm—"

Was an apology that hard for him?

"You didn't do anything wrong. You're right. I'm just upset because everything was a failure today," I said, not in the mood for games.

His body relaxed, the tension easing from his muscles, and he added, "Helanie, I'll help you find that survivor."

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

- Chapter 255-Emmet's Bracelet For The Rescue

Chapter 255-Emmet's Bracelet For The Rescue

Chapter 255: 255-Emmet's Bracelet For The Rescue

Helanie:

Norman watched my face in silence before walking back and sitting in the driver's seat. At least he was willing to do something good for once. I stayed silent throughout the ride. Thankfully, no one bothered me, and I made it to my room, where I stayed for the rest of the day and even into the next.

I guess the brothers were too tired to deal with another mess. I wore black jeans and a black turtleneck from the bag Lamar had given me. I'd received a text from Lamar, and we were going to visit Lucy in the hospital.

My hair was in a messy braid, with my curtain bangs loosely framing my forehead and face.

I left my room and went straight to the exit, not planning to take the car. I didn't want the brothers to face harsh questions or rumors because of me.

Outside the main gate, I was greeted by Lamar, who was sitting on his bike, holding a helmet for me.

"Hey," I greeted, taking the helmet.

"Whoa! So black's your color," he complimented.

"Who looks bad in black?" I replied. It wasn't a lie. Taking his helmet, I sat behind him on the bike and smiled, remembering the first time I'd ridden with him. Who would've thought we'd become such close acquaintances?

We arrived at the hospital in two hours since the pack's border was now under strict security. Benita must be waiting to reclaim the title of Lady of the Pack once her son wins the rank again.

"She's that way," Lamar said after speaking to the nurse at the station, who told him Lucy was doing well. By 'doing well,' she meant Lucy was now sleeping peacefully.

My heart pounded in my chest as I approached her private room, assigned specifically because she was a student of the RVS.

We entered her room to find her hooked up to multiple machines. I instantly wanted to break down, but I held my emotions in, making sure that if she could hear me, she'd know we were hopeful for her return.

"Hey, Luce!" Lamar and I said in unison, almost smiling, but the tears were visible in our eyes.

"We miss you so much." I ran my finger along the back of her hand and noticed how cold she was.

She had so many bandages on her body from the fall. If only she could wake up, just one moment of her waking up would be enough for her to be fine again.

"You know, they gave us some time off. And the lycan is terrorizing the rogue community," I continued, waiting for a response from her. But she remained silent.

"Obviously, the clever lycan is seen as a myth, just like everything else," Lamar added, smiling as he gently placed his hand on her bandaged forehead.

The door opened, and someone walked in, instantly souring Lamar's mood.

"I came here to see her," Jenny said, looking like she had been through a lot too.

"Huh! Are you sure that's why you're here? I mean, you could be hiding something, like always," Lamar's harsh tone made her eyes fill with tears.

"Please, Helanie, tell him. You know I would never harm you guys. I didn't know what my parents were planning. When I told the warriors on the border to let you two in, my father got informed. He was on an ongoing call with my mother—" she quickly tried to explain when Lamar silenced her by pointing a finger at her.

"Not one more word. You've proven to be a liar, Jenny. You're a coward—" I squeezed his hand hard to stop him.

"It's not her fault, Lamar. Do you think she has any say in anything?" I remembered how her father had dragged her to her room during her royal beta training.

"Lamar, please try to understand me. I'm on your side, just believe me," her eyes spoke for her. They held so much love and hope for Lamar.

"Lamar, come on, don't be like this. You're taking your anger out on the wrong person," I warned Lamar, who rolled his eyes before giving up and pulling Jenny's hand to bring her into a hug.

"I'm very protective of my sister, Jenny. Just forgive me if I took my frustration out on you," he spoke softly to her, but I noticed how she closed her eyes when she was in his arms. She truly adored him, I could tell.

But then I smiled at him calling me his sister. That meant a lot to me.

"Anyway," he cleared his throat and broke the hug when Penn walked in with a bouquet.

"Oh!" He quickly turned his eyes away from me.

"Lamar, how about you and I wait outside while they meet Lucy?" I didn't want to make things awkward while it was about Lucy.

Lamar and I walked out while the siblings stayed behind.

But I noticed something scary when Dewitt and another man showed up. They walked straight toward us. Right then and there, we knew they were here for trouble.

"Helanie! We're delighted to find you here. This is Lord Malarkey, Rayden's father, and we've come to take you to the council so that the argument about why your trainers

threatened me in my home, and why they want to set you free so bad, can be discussed."

Dewitt didn't even take a breath and shook the ground beneath my feet with his intentions for being here.

The moment I heard them and realized how they cornered me, I gently touched my wrist, pressing the button on my bracelet like crazy. I had a very bad feeling about this.

"Let's go," Dewitt said, not planning to delay like last time. He was surely mad that the brothers had made him walk me out by threatening to expel their children for me.

"How about no?" Lamar quipped, making them exchange a glance and then smirk at him.

"We knew you would say that. That's why we came here with the warriors," Dewitt was the only one talking, while Malarkey kept glaring at

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

Chapter 256-And The Arrest

Chapter 256: 256-And The Arrest

Helanie:

"Actually, it's because we haven't seen Lucy yet. If you give us a few minutes," I said, my heart thumping hard, but I kept my exterior neutral.

"I'm pretty sure you've met her already," Malarkey finally spoke up. His voice was so strangely sharp, and the way he pronounced every word made it seem like he was judging Lamar and me. Or maybe that was just how he spoke to people who didn't have a much higher rank.

"Well, even if we haven't, you can't take us away," Lamar decided to take the direct approach. I was only wasting my time. I had a feeling Emmet would come. But then I wondered if I was doing the right thing by dragging him into this mess. What if he's unavailable and doesn't see the alarm?

"Huh, for someone like you with such a low rank, you're very bold. What was your name again?" Malarkey asked in a much more threatening tone.

"Why bother with my name? You want to talk about how trainers gave her privileges, why aren't they being asked for it? Why are you taking her with you only?" Lamar was good at this. I felt my heart revive a little when I noticed Dewitt eye Malarkey, something passing between them.

"We'll call them too. But right now, she's coming with us," Dewitt continued.

I hadn't even spoken about what Rayden had done to me, and these older men were chasing after me like they had nothing better to do. That was scary too.

"It's okay, Lamar, I'll go with them. Just let me use the bathroom first, and while I do, you go home, okay? I'll call you and let you know what happened, alright?" I gave Lamar a nod, not wanting him to argue anymore. The look of triumph on Malarkey and Dewitt's faces was enough to tell me they bought my lie.

"Okay, call me at 3," he said, eyeing me. Lamar understood what we were talking about. There was a small hut nearby called 3, so all we needed to do was reunite there.

Lamar walked past them, signaling that they had won without any struggle or conflict.

"I'll meet you here in a minute," I told Dewitt, who didn't even acknowledge me talking to him.

I helped myself and turned left toward the bathroom. The moment I got inside, I started to panic. Now I needed to find a way to escape this bathroom without getting caught.

I was anxiously pacing around when I heard a little sound from behind me. I turned my head and noticed Sage standing by the sink.

"You're that girl, Helanie, from our academy, right?" she asked in a calm and perfect tone. Her pink ombre hair was so bright and eye-catching.

"Yeah, I am. I came here to see Lucy," I replied, steadily walking over to her. I remembered her from the day she had saved me by bringing the trainers to the hallway where the others were bullying me.

"I saw her too. I come here very often—" she sighed, biting her tongue, but it was so subtle that I couldn't figure out why.

"Why do you look so worried?" she asked, now facing me as she used a paper towel. Her long legs looked even shinier in the blue shorts she wore.

"It's that—" I pointed at the door. "Alpha Dewitt and Alpha Malarkey—" I couldn't decide if I should trust her or not.

"Penn and Rayden's fathers?" she nodded in acknowledgment. "They're troubling you?" she frowned.

"They want to take me to the council to talk about—the fact that I slapped Rayden the other day," I said. The moment I said that, I watched her narrow her eyes at me.

"Whoa! I already like what I'm hearing," she let out a little laugh. "Need my help? I can get you out without anyone seeing you."

She was strangely welcoming. My initial impression of her hadn't been great, but as I was getting to know her, I realized she was probably the nicest top-senior girl. A little arrogant because of her rank and probably because of the rich pack she belonged to.

"That would be very helpful," I muttered miserably.

"Come with me," she gestured for me to follow her. I watched her text someone, and soon two big warriors showed up at the door.

"Go behind them," she added, handing me her black hoodie to cover my head with. Soon we were out, and the two of us were walking right behind the warriors. My heart kept skipping beats while she acted nonchalant, laughing with me over nothing.

It was her way of making everything seem normal. And as she had said, the alphas didn't notice because they knew a girl like me wouldn't be friends with Sage or even have warriors.

Jenny and Penn talking to them was another reason they were slightly distracted. Once Sage had helped me out of the hospital, I turned to her to thank her.

"You have a ride?" she questioned, looking around.

"Yeah, I have a friend waiting for me. Thank you so much, Sage," I was honestly surprised at how she was on board to help me whenever I needed it.

"No issue, I'm a girl's girl," she winked very stylishly before hopping into her Mercedes.

I started to sprint toward the hut to find Lamar. He was waiting with his bike on. I rushed and jumped onto his back.

"Great, how did you get out of there?" he inquired while I put on my helmet.

"Sage helped, I'll explain later," I patted his back, and soon we hit the road. The cold wind felt even chillier now that we were on the run. But sadly, we overestimated how cunning Dewitt could be with his plans.

As we reached the border, we noticed the warriors standing there with the big gates locked.

"Shit," I cursed under my breath, and Lamar stopped his bike.

"You two can't leave. Alpha Dewitt and Alpha Malarkey's request to the alpha of our pack has been accepted for arresting you two," the warrior finished, making us realize all that action and nothing came out of it.

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

Chapter 257-Saw A Lion

Chapter 257: 257-Saw A Lion

Helanie:

"Where are you taking us?" Lamar glared at the guy behind me, stopping him from touching me. We were being taken to the alpha's mansion, but the big question was: why?

"Alpha Vernon wants to see you," the warrior hissed, making my eyes drift toward the sign near the mansion.

The brown sign was knocked down, with the scratched-out name of the previous pack, *The Blood Curse Pack.* Next to it stood a new sign that read *Dark Eclipse Pack.* They had purposely left the old one there, probably as a reminder of the downfall of the previous alpha.

As we reached the entrance, Alpha Dewitt and Malarkey caught up with us. Smirks spread across their faces as they blocked our path.

"You know what's funny about little sparrows, Malarkey? They think they can beat an eagle," Dewitt remarked, laughing at me.

"Lamar, he's calling himself an eagle," I said, rolling my eyes. I wasn't the type to sass anyone before, but things had changed. I'd grown so annoyed with these people that I couldn't help myself.

"Let's go inside and see. Who knows, you might meet a hungry lion in there," Dewitt scoffed, now calling himself a lion.

As we all walked inside, I noticed how many people had gathered in the foyer. Warriors were standing in front of the pack alpha, blocking his view.

"Alpha Vernon, thank you so much. You've helped us catch these two nuisances," Dewitt announced loudly as he marched in with his arms spread wide and a huge grin.

Malarkey wore the same smug expression. Were they best friends or something?

A little later, after they walked across the spacious hall to the warriors, the men stepped aside to reveal Vernon. A tall, slender man sat on a regal chair like a king. His hair was dyed black, and he had a thin black mustache. His striking hazel eyes stood out among his sharp facial features.

He looked like a very stern and serious man. Rayden followed close behind, giving me a quick glance and rubbing his cheek gently—probably a reminder of my actions yesterday.

Lamar and I stood alone, as if we were criminals, while Dewitt approached Vernon first.

"No greeting for me?" a voice came from behind the warriors, right beside Vernon. As the warriors finally moved away, they revealed Emmet leaning back on a similar regal chair, one leg crossed over the other, his foot tapping on the floor.

Silence fell over the room, and the smiles on Dewitt and Malarkey's faces instantly vanished.

A smile crept onto my lips, but I quickly stifled it when I saw Rayden glance at me and then at Emmet.

So, the bracelet really worked.

"Hello," Emmet greeted Dewitt with a grin I'd never seen him give anyone before.

"Oh, great. This is exactly what we were talking about. Why is a trainer so interested in his student? Should we be worried, *Rogue Emmet?*" Dewitt made sure to emphasize Emmet's title.

"And why are two old men running around chasing my student? I'm definitely alarmed, and others should be too when you're around their daughters," Emmet remarked. He usually avoided such blunt language, but he was openly using it now—probably because Dewitt and Malarkey were such despicable men with nothing better to do than harass a teenager.

The moment Emmet checked them, Malarkey let out a loud grunt.

"That's why you and your father could never be part of any pack. You have the manners of rogues," Malarkey sneered, trying to insult Emmet. But, as usual, Emmet wasn't interested in their words. He said what he wanted and then seemed to tune out whatever nonsense they threw back at him.

"Anyway, we're still arresting her to present her before the council so they can investigate why the trainers blackmailed me into letting her go the other day. You had no right to demand her freedom," Dewitt said, trying to steer the conversation back to the main topic.

Somehow, I felt calmer now. I trusted Emmet to handle this.

"Sure," Emmet replied casually, "but you might want to call them and check if they're still interested in questioning her."

Dewitt's face twitched as he quickly grabbed his phone. It seemed like Emmet had already taken care of the issue on his way here.

As Dewitt made the call, Emmet looked at me and gave me a generous, understanding nod.

"May I ask you something—never mind," Lamar murmured, hesitating when he noticed how intently Emmet was looking at me. I guessed Lamar wanted to ask the same question that was lingering in everyone's mind, but he decided not to press me.

When Dewitt hung up, he stared at my face, then Emmet's.

"The council said you are going to hold a meeting at the academy to explain why you're taking such an interest in Helanie's safety," Dewitt grumbled, his tone unusually subdued, as if he were trying to make sense of the situation. I felt lost, too.

"Yeah, soon! So—before that, you can't bother Helanie again. I hope you realize your little adventure doesn't stand a chance anymore. Find yourself a better hobby," Emmet replied firmly, finishing with a grunt as he stood from his seat.

"Helanie, I'm driving you home," he added.

But just as he was about to step toward me, he froze. His eyes narrowed in a frown. I followed his gaze toward the entrance and saw Jenny and Penn walking in.

Jenny's face was streaked with tears as she rushed to hug her father. I was even more confused now.

"The first round begins now, enjoy the show and his suffering," Lamar bent down to whisper in my ear, sending chills up my spine.

"What's going on?" Dewitt asked his daughter, exchanging a bewildered look with Rayden, who looked just as puzzled.

"Daddy, he cheated on me!" Jenny exclaimed, breaking down into sobs.

Rayden stood frozen, his eyes wide and filled with disbelief, as his mate openly declared in front of everyone that he had cheated on her.

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

Chapter 258-Rayden's Humiliation

Chapter 258: 258-Rayden's Humiliation

Helanie:

"What is going on, Rayden? What is she saying?" I was sure Dewitt would never have confronted Rayden in front of all of us under normal circumstances, but now that his daughter had made it a public matter, he had no choice.

Rayden walked forward at an excruciatingly slow pace, his eyes darting around to everyone in the room.

"This is getting interesting," Emmet remarked, quickly turning back to his seat and settling in as if he were watching a show. Malarkey and Dewitt noticed his actions, and their expressions soured even more.

"I don't know what she's talking about. I've been at home," Rayden responded, his voice subdued, especially since it was about the alpha's daughter.

"Dewitt, maybe we should go home and discuss this privately," Malarkey suggested. This wasn't the kind of public humiliation they had hoped for.

"No!" Jenny abruptly pulled away from her father's embrace, yelling, "I'm not going back home to talk about this! You all always dismiss my concerns."

Her voice was so loud that even the maids rushed out to see what was going on.

I could tell Rayden wanted to silence Jenny forcefully, but with her brother and father standing in his way, he didn't dare.

"Daughter, I will not dismiss your concerns," Dewitt said softly. But it seemed he had already lost Jenny's trust; she shook her head and stepped away from him.

"We would have talked about it if I had cheated on you. But I didn't, so—" Rayden clenched his jaw but quickly changed his tone, trying to sound composed.

He sounded more annoyed than anything, as if the questioning itself offended him.

Emmet sat with his arm bent, fist under his chin, watching the scene with an excited sparkle in his eyes.

"But you did," said a new voice, calm yet sharp.

The voice belonged to a stunning redhead who walked in wearing stilettos. Everyone turned to stare at her and then at each other.

I recognized her. Lamar had told me about her. It seemed the alphas knew her too, judging by the number of times she'd been invited to pack parties to dance.

"Rona. My name is Rona," she introduced herself with a hand on her hip and a snarky smile playing on her lips.

"I don't know her!" Rayden shouted instantly, trying to shut down any ideas forming in people's minds.

"Rayden, you've been visiting me every few days for favors," Rona replied, doubling down on her claim. Rayden's fists clenched tightly at her words.

"You're lying about an alpha. You have no idea what consequences you'll face for this," Rayden snapped, his face turning red with anger.

"She's lying, and the fact that she chose this moment to speak makes me wonder who filled Jenny's head with lies against me," Rayden growled, turning to glare at Lamar, who exaggerated his look of innocence, clearly trying to provoke Rayden further.

"You think I'm a fool and anyone can trick me?" Jenny yelled, forcing her father to encase her protectively in his arms. But she kept struggling, determined to take control of the situation.

"Jenny, I'm not saying you're a fool, but you're innocent. People can easily trick you into believing nonsense," Rayden explained. I noticed Malarkey pacing back and forth, his usual composure slipping.

"That's because you do it all the time," Jenny snapped.

Curious about her brother's reaction, I shifted slightly and saw him glaring at Rayden.

"Rayden, what is going on? Why is Rona claiming you slept with her?" Dewitt's voice carried his barely restrained anger, even as he closed his eyes in frustration. Malarkey paused mid-pace, throwing a quick glance at Dewitt, trying to gauge his reaction to the accusation against his son.

"I don't know. She probably needs money," Rayden hissed through clenched teeth.

"If I needed money, I'd have blackmailed you, not come here and tell the truth outright. Besides, I wasn't the one who came forward. I don't reveal my clients' secrets. It was your mate who found me and told me you had a fated mate. I don't sleep with mated men," Rona retorted, wrinkling her nose in disgust at Rayden.

Her words made Malarkey look away and close his eyes, clearly embarrassed. It was obvious how their mindset worked—they'd enjoy her performances at pack parties but later look down on her.

"What?" Rayden's attention snapped to Jenny, who pulled a plastic bag from her pocket. Inside was a strand of red hair.

"I got it tested, and guess what—I was right!" Jenny shouted, causing Dewitt's eyes to widen in disbelief.

Penn didn't hesitate; he rushed at Rayden and punched him square in the face, sending him sprawling to the ground. Blood splattered from his nose as he hit the floor, and I instinctively closed my eyes, taking a deep breath of relief.

"What—that's—you tested it? You promised you'd throw it away! I told you I had no idea how this hair got on me. And there's no way this hair belongs to her because I swear I don't know her," Rayden babbled, tripping over his words. In his panic, he accidentally confirmed that Jenny had found the hair in his jacket.

"And that's what concerns you? That she promised not to test the hair?" Dewitt roared, his voice shaking with fury. Malarkey stepped aside, his face a mask of anger and disgust as he looked at his son.

"Listen, I don't care what men ask from me. But when a mated man lies and comes to me begging to be put on a leash because he wants a dominatrix—when he gets on his knees and begs me to walk him around the room like he's my pet dog—I feel disgusted. I didn't know my dog had another owner," Rona said smoothly, her sharp tone leaving everyone stunned.

Her words turned every face in the room red with embarrassment.

It was the ultimate humiliation for a man with a mate. And it was clearly visible from the way everyone looked at Rayden. It was just the beginning and I loved it.

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

Chapter 259-We Are Going To Be Alone Together

Chapter 259: 259-We Are Going To Be Alone Together

Helanie:

"Rayden!" Malarkey finally yelled as he quickly made his way toward Rayden, who was on the ground and looked horrified by what he was hearing. "What have you done? What have you been doing?" He grabbed Rayden by a fistful of hair and forced him up.

"Dad, it's a lie. She's lying. I don't know how her hair got on me," Rayden tried to explain, but his father slapped him.

"Don't lie. You're such a coward. I thought when you asked to be my pet, you were just trying to experience something new because in your real life, you're so powerful that you wanted the thrill of being dominated. But the way you lied to your mate, manipulated everyone, and now keep lying makes me wonder if this is who you truly are—a liar, a cowardly dog," Rona exclaimed, shaking her head. The Alpha leaders showed their anger whenever she spoke to Rayden that way, but there was nothing they could do because he had brought this upon himself.

"This is all just a conspiracy against me," Rayden muttered, shielding his head with his hands as his father continued to beat him.

While the commotion continued, I turned to glance at the person entering the mansion with his warriors. He was an Alpha wearing a red jacket. I could tell he was an Alpha from the band he wore.

He had black hair and hazel eyes, but there was something familiar about him. I couldn't help but wonder where I had seen him before.

"What's going on?" Lamar whispered to me when he noticed how intently I was watching the Alpha come in.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Alpha Byron. He's Alpha Vernon's son. Why? Do you recognize him?" Lamar asked curiously, knowing about my past and noticing my interest in Byron.

Byron stopped when he saw Rayden being beaten. I saw him smirk before turning to one of his warriors, who was secretly recording the whole scene.

The video seemed to focus only on Rona and Rayden since Lamar and I were standing far from them.

I could tell the warrior was recording on Byron's orders because Byron nodded at him, as if approving his work.

"We'll leave and deal with this. Let me handle it," Malarkey finally said, turning to apologetically request permission from Dewitt, who quickly agreed. Malarkey seemed to realize that everyone was watching them and even laughing at the spectacle.

"We're sorry for causing all this commotion in your pack," Malarkey Moore said apologetically to Alpha Vernon, unable to even look him in the eye.

"It's okay. I hope you handle this and resolve your issues. But make sure Rayden stays out of trouble. It doesn't look good. It makes me wonder why that girl slapped him in the first place," Vernon remarked, gesturing toward me. I stepped back to hide behind Lamar. I didn't want too many eyes on me, especially since the warrior was recording the entire ordeal.

"I will," Malarkey said, bowing his head in shame over his son's behavior. He couldn't argue or assert his authority anymore.

Grabbing his son by the collar, Malarkey dragged him toward the exit. Rayden didn't look up at me once, nor did he smirk like he usually did.

It felt like such a satisfying victory, and I was ready for more to come.

"It's just the beginning," I whispered, feeling proud of Lamar for handling the whole situation.

Dewitt kept hugging his crying daughter as he walked behind Malarkey.

"We'll leave now. Thank you for your hospitality," Emmet said, standing up and speaking respectfully to Vernon, who seemed to be fond of Emmet as well.

"Anything for you, brothers," Vernon said, gesturing toward me to let me know we were fine.

"Helanie, come, I'll take you home now," Emmet said, and I gave a quick handshake to Lamar before running after Emmet.

While following him, I saw Byron tilt his head and narrow his eyes at me. There was something about him. I had seen him somewhere, but where?

Was he there that night?

I started to quickly recall the faces, but it seemed like I was having trouble remembering them.

Was the trauma blocking their faces now? Or was it something more?

"Helanie, here!" I heard Emmet call, and I realized I had been so lost in thought that I had walked up to the wrong car. I rushed back to where he was standing and got inside as he opened the door for me. Once inside, and after Emmet got in, I noticed him shake his head a little.

"You're going to scold me for going to the hospital, aren't you?" I asked, speaking respectfully.

"No! It wasn't your fault they were chasing you. Helanie, you can't just hide because there are people who act like kids and chase after teenagers," he reassured me, relieving me of the guilt.

"However, I must ask why you didn't take Maximus' car?" he inquired, but a little sigh from me was all he needed for an answer.

"Don't worry, it'll be resolved soon," he sighed, pulling out his phone as a notification came through.

"Oh! There's a huge hurricane headed our way," Emmet said, his eyes moving to the outside. It was already late, and evening was approaching with a storm setting in.

"Shit, shit, shit!" I heard him panic for the first time. He started looking at the sky, moving restlessly in his seat.

I didn't understand why he seemed so scared of the hurricane. We could always wait at the pack and let the storm pass.

"It's hitting the area we need to drive through," he muttered, constantly bothered as he kept checking his phone and texting someone.

I knew the rogue community was more dangerous than the packs. Hurricanes would sometimes hit a specific area, almost like a curse. But why was Emmet so worried?

"We have to stay until midnight to continue our journey back home," he said, finally sitting back in his seat, his tone filled with worry as his eyes stared blankly ahead.

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

Chapter 260-The Shady Motel

Chapter 260: 260-The Shady Motel

Helanie:

In the last ten minutes of him receiving the news of the hurricane and how he had to take shelter in the pack until midnight, Emmet had shown extreme anxiety. He had his fist under his chin, and his eyes were fixed. His breathing was erratic though.

"Did you have to do something after getting home?" I asked after I couldn't just sit and watch him get all anxious and irritated.

"No—yeah! I have to do—umm—I have to—I have to be somewhere," he was sweating and stuttering hard. I noticed how he was squeezing his fist tightly and would release his fingers before doing it again.

"Emmet—what is happening? It's okay, you can ask your brothers to fill in for you," I suggested in a mild and comforting tone to help him feel better.

"Brothers, yes! Let me call Norman," he said, and I realized he had been so anxious that he hadn't even called his brother.

He had been in contact with the weather informant, and it seemed like the news was solid.

"Driver! Stop the car here," Emmet requested, his voice shaky.

The driver listened to him and parked the car near the border. We hadn't even passed the border, and Emmet had been acting so strangely all this time. Emmet dialed Norman's number right before my eyes, and then the next thing I knew, he was giving his head little repeated nods.

"Norman, there's a hurricane on the way," he took a pause, his lips quivering almost as if he was shaking. "Look, I told you I was headed over to that pack—," he placed his hand on his forehead as he couldn't remember the name.

"The Dark Eclipse Pack," I replied, and noticed how he nodded and repeated the pack name to Norman. I heard him quickly tell his brother what was going on, and now he was listening to what his brother was saying.

"No, you don't get it. I have to—," he turned his head to me and then opened the car door to get out. The next five minutes were so hard to watch. He was pacing back and forth, and his hand kept running through his hair.

His agitated look made me feel guilty. And also responsible for him coming over to save my butt. If he hadn't come here, he wouldn't be so worried right now.

"I will try," I heard him say as he returned to the car.

"Bye," he hung up and took a deep breath. "We have to, umm, stay at a motel," he added, which confused me a little.

I thought he would stay at the most luxurious hotel suite. Not because I wanted to, but that's how they always acted. The brothers actually booked suites whenever they went out for meetings.

"Okay," I muttered in guilt, not adding anything else. He told the driver which motel he wanted to go to, and he shocked me once again.

He wanted the driver to take us out of this pack and then head to a much smaller pack with very weak security on the borders. In that specific pack, he chose the motel that was literally right on the edge of the border.

I was confused. Why would he want to go to such a place where the security was so bad?

I stayed silent throughout the car ride, and once we reached the motel, he rushed out.

He held the car door open for me urgently, so I followed him silently. I felt the need to question him about this urgency to return to the pack. There's no way it was a meeting that made him so anxious. His body language looked more frightening than someone who is worried about missing a meeting.

And what meeting was he attending at that time?

We checked in and were escorted to one room. It was a very shabby place, even sketchier since our room was on the far end of the ground floor.

Right outside our door was an open area, and there was a vending machine on the side.

I followed Emmet inside and was instantly shocked to see one bed in the middle of the room with two small chairs next to the window, which had heavy curtains blocking the outside view.

He took off his coat and threw it on the chair, then turned to pace around when he noticed me standing in the corner next to the door.

His body tensed up as he examined me. "I am—so sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable," he finally realized I was with him. It was surprising for someone who notices such small details to miss out on a whole person standing right next to him.

That's how I knew he was extremely lost and confused.

"I shouldn't have—" As I spoke, he rushed at me with such big steps that I froze.

"No! You didn't do anything wrong. You should always come to me whenever you need help. It's just that—this timing is wrong—it is not on you," he broke his sentences weirdly. Thankfully, he stepped at least a few feet away from me.

"Oh!" he then realized something else and slapped his forehead. "There were no other rooms. This was the only one available. You can take the bed. I won't be sleeping anyway. I'll sit and do some work on that chair," he pointed at the chair and then pulled his phone out. "On my phone."

Nope! I wasn't buying his behavior.

He was hiding something. He seemed stressed out.

"Emmet, what is it? Why are you so anxious? Did you have to be somewhere?" I asked him again, this time in a much more confident and stern tone.

His eyebrows relaxed, his jaw unclenched, and he closed his eyes to sigh before he replied. "Yeah! I had to be somewhere."

"May I ask where?" I questioned, feeling both curious and worried.

"Helanie—ehm! I have to be away from here. Right after midnight," he said in such a deep and low tone that I understood the urgency of it.

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