

# Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

## Chapter 301-Getting Humiliated Again, Rayden?

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#### Helanie:

There were screams, agonizing screams and yelps as some got hurt in the process. Many omegas fell to the ground, and the others just walked over them.

"What the heck is going on?" Jenny started to cry almost instantly. I noticed Lamar looked so concerned before his eyes met mine, and he acted like he didn't care about her. Poor guy, it was obvious he had feelings for her.

Penn arrived, and our group was the last one to reach the exit when we heard another shot from the second floor and then a loud scream.

"What happened? Something happened," I turned to Penn, who was also looking toward the staircase.

"That fool probably shot someone," Penn hissed, shaking his head.

Guilt and sudden regret hit me. The next thing I knew, I was trying to go for the stairs when Lamar held my arm and dragged me out of the academy.

"What are you doing?" Lamar asked, confused about why I had to go for the rescue of whoever got shot.

"Lamar, it's--my fault," I muttered under my breath, biting my tongue.

"What?" he questioned, but the air changed as four cars dashed past and parked in front of us.

The trainers came out one by one, shocked looks plastered on their faces.

"What is happening here? Why are you all standing outside in the cold?" It was Norman who took the first step, wearing a gray suit and looking even broader than yesterday.

Emmet was in an all-black suit, Maximus wearing a black coat and white shirt, with Kaye only wearing a black shirt tucked neatly into his pants.

"Sir, Rayden has lost his mind," one of the students yelled, making the brothers quickly look around and ease up until their eyes landed on me. It was as if they were already aware of the stress Rayden caused me.

"I will go check," Norman said, but his brothers seemed all set to go behind him.

"You guys stay here and check the injured students," Norman noticed some students were bleeding from their noses and elbows. Some had their heads split, all set to be treated.

It wasn't too big, but Rayden had acted really stupidly.

I should have known he would lose his mind.

"You okay?" While passing by me to check on the students behind me, Kaye asked in a subtle tone. Only after I gave him a nod did he proceed to check on the others.

After a few minutes, Norman came out holding Rayden by his collar, his legs dangling in the air. Norman had snatched the gun out of his hands by this point too. Rayden looked guilty, especially when Norman seemed so enraged.

I noticed blood dripping down in streams from Rayden's arm.

Norman threw Rayden to the ground and then stood in front of him with his hands on his waist.

"Explain your behavior," Norman yelled.

The others had also come back to stand next to Norman and glare at Rayden, who now had to explain why he was running around chasing down a deadly viper.

"I can explain," Rayden said through heavy breaths. He looked like a mess.

"It seems like he shot himself," Lamar whispered in my ear, gesturing at his arm.

"Then you better explain already," Kaye hissed, his arms folded over his chest.

Rayden got up with difficulty, trying to stand straight, but I could tell the glares from the brothers were affecting him. He then stood obediently, not even caring about the bullet in his arm.

"There's a deadly viper in there that was put in my locker," Rayden's wild claim brought silence. Norman cocked his head and closed his eyes, as if he wanted to seriously focus on what Rayden had just told him.

"In your locker?" Norman asked for his brothers, who seemed to be as confused as everyone else around.

"Okay, I'll start from the beginning. This guy over here," Rayden pointed at Lamar, who groaned, "this guy slept with my mate again."

I closed my eyes because I didn't know he would say it like that. Jenny grunted, looking around embarrassingly at everyone watching her.

"Yes, he slept with her at his motel. And then--it's not her fault though," he quickly added, watching her look so embarrassed.

It seemed like he truly would have loved her if he hadn't been the kind of man that he was.

"And then--Lamar got jealous because she is still with me, so he left a deadly viper in my locker. He wanted me to get bitten by it and suffer," Rayden pointed his whole arm at Lamar, throwing accusations that once again caused gasps to ripple through the crowd.

The brothers exchanged a glance, looked at Rayden, and then at Lamar.

"And who shot you?" Norman asked.

"Oh that--I saw something on the ground and thought it was the viper. I accidentally--" Rayden shut up once he realized he couldn't say in loud and clear words that he dropped the weapon out of fear and it fired on him.

The deadly viper would have been nothing to an alpha like him. But the vipers from the rogue community are said to grow up on the dead bodies of monsters. They can be very deadly and dangerous to anyone.

"Lamar," Emmet uttered, asking my friend to speak for himself.

"Sir, I don't know what he's talking about," Lamar stepped forward to explain himself. He must have been caught off guard.

"Really? What if I tell you I have proof?" Rayden's confidence intrigued everyone. Even Jenny looked bewildered at the turn of events.

"Okay, show us the proof," Norman cleared his throat, demanding evidence. If Rayden was able to prove he wasn't lying, Lamar would be in huge trouble.

Rayden turned to me and smiled, signaling that he wanted us to work as a team.

"Helanie, show them the text messages." As soon as he said that, Lamar turned to me with his eyes wide open.

I gave Rayden a nod and started going through my phone.

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

## **Chapter 302-The Alpha No One Believes**

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#### **Helanie:**

"You have some texts that prove Lamar planned an attack on Rayden?" Jenny asked me in a whisper. I raised my head and stared at the brothers one by one.

"What?" I asked.

"Show them the texts!" Rayden yelled this time, out of desperation.

I cleared my throat and, with a very confused look on my face, asked, "Wait, what texts do you want me to show them?"

The minute I asked that, Rayden's face started showing signs of anxiety.

"Helanie, the texts you showed me between you and Lamar," he grunted as a warning to me. The urgency in his body language was so intense, it was almost interesting to watch.

I anxiously looked down and held my phone still, trying not to shake.

"Okay," I said, feeling pressured.

"I--I--know--what he's saying," I stuttered, looking down and swallowing hard.

"You better show them now," Rayden hissed at me. Maximus stepped forward and slapped him on the back of his head.

"Why the hell are you scaring her?" he yelled at him.

Rayden seemed more than just anxious. Now, it was clear that if he didn't prove the text messages, he would be labeled not just a liar, but a troublemaker.

"Sir, I swear she showed me the texts between her and Lamar that proved my point. I mean, not my point--" he slapped his head as he tried to find the right words, "It showed Lamar was planning to put the deadly viper in my locker. But when I arrived, the locker was open, so I thought--" he kept rambling until his eyes landed on me again.

I could see the betrayal or the fear of being fooled in his eyes, written all over his face. But he still wanted to give me a chance, so this time, he stopped a little away from the brothers and started to move toward me. Emmet extended his arm and grabbed him by the back of his collar to stop him from getting closer.

"Helanie, please! Show them the texts. My reputation is in your hands right now. I'll be ruined if you lie this time," he urged me, no--begged me. His hands were pressed together, as if asking me to confirm he hadn't gone insane.

Did I hear him right? Did he really ask me to save his reputation?

It was almost comical to hear those words coming from his mouth. It's not like I had forgotten what he had done to me, how he ruined my life when he and his friends took me by force and tried to kill me. And then he came here with a smirk on his lips, never feeling guilty about anything at all.

"Rayden--," I uttered, anxiously looking around. The more I did that, the angrier he became.

"You better show them those texts, Helanie, or else--" The minute he said that, Kaye grabbed his fingers around Rayden's neck from behind and pulled him over to him.

"You've got some nerve threatening her in front of us," he hissed at him. I knew it was the right time to speak up instead of acting like I was too scared.

Norman was already watching me, and so were the other brothers, with intrigue on their faces.

"You asked me to forge them, but I didn't want to," I said, and it dropped Rayden's jaw to the floor.

"What did you say? What did he ask you to do?" Norman asked, stepping forward.

"He asked me to steal Lamar's phone and forge some text messages--but I didn't want to do it," I almost broke down, and that made Maximus clench his jaw.

"You asshole--" he kicked Rayden in the back, but since Kaye was holding him tight, Rayden's knees bent, but he was still held back.

He barely managed to stand straight again to call me a liar. "She's lying. I never did that."

"Wait a minute, when was it?" Norman questioned, pointing at me.

"When I arrived today, he dragged me to the side behind his car and threatened me to forge the texts, or else--" I looked down and covered my face with my hands.

"I saw it," Salem shocked me when she spoke out of the blue. I raised my head in surprise and noticed how angrily her sister was glaring at her.

"No, I'm serious. I saw Rayden take Helanie behind the car by force," Salem wasn't lying to support me. She had actually seen the incident. But what shocked me was that she was willing to come forward and tell the brothers for me, instead of just letting me stay in trouble.

"What do you have to say about that now?" Emmet asked Rayden, who was only shaking his head now until he recalled something. "Fine. Check her phone. The texts exist."

At that point, everyone was either laughing in their mouths at Rayden's condition, being kicked around by his trainers, or just in shock at how an alpha was getting degraded every other day.

Norman took a few long strides and approached me, holding his hand out. I unlocked my phone and handed it to him.

The last text conversation was interesting, so Norman began to read it out loud.

"Helanie has texted Lamar early this morning," he uttered.

Me: He is threatening me to accuse you of putting a viper in his locker.

Lamar: What? Why?

Me: I don't know. He just loves to get me in trouble and make me do stuff I don't want to do.

Lamar: Ugh! I will complain to the trainers. We should not take matters into our own hands. We are not like him.

Me: I know. I just hope he leaves me alone. He has made me suffer enough.

Norman finished reading the texts, and now the brothers were glaring at Rayden like they wanted to eat him alive.

"What the heck! This is not the conversation! Read above," Rayden requested, but no matter how far up Norman scrolled, there were no such text messages.

That was my final strike against Rayden, breaking his reputation and discrediting any future claims he might make.

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

## Chapter 303-I Am The Stepsister

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**Helanie:**

"Rayden—" Emmet stretched his neck, holding back his anger by forcing a smile onto his lips. "Why would you do that? What issue do you have with Helanie?"

There was a strange threat in his smile that even I didn't want to figure out.

"I—I don't have an issue. She has an issue with me. Ever since I—" he suddenly went quiet. But during those words, my heart skipped a beat.

I really thought I was going to get a confession out of him. But he was a monster who never really realized he had done something wrong. So getting a confession out of him was not something I could expect.

"I have something to say—" I added, "He also told me that he would hurt himself and we would blame Lamar."

I watched Rayden clench his jaw at me. At this point, if I had told everyone that Rayden was a clown, they would have believed me. Rayden had lost his credibility.

"She's lying—" he yelled, but a slap from Maximus knocked him to the ground. Everyone was shocked to watch an alpha get beaten up and humiliated like this. It was no small thing.

"So you like playing games, huh?" Norman now stepped forward, kneeling down to Rayden, who looked lost, probably trying to figure out how to prove to the trainers and everyone that he wasn't some crazy guy who had nothing better to do than bully me and lie, lie, lie.

"We'll deal with you," Norman hissed, gesturing for him to step aside and stand with the other students.

"What a jerk. What's your obsession with Helanie?" I heard Sage grunt at him, quickly walking away to make it clear she was disgusted to stand next to him.

"It seems like a typical bully move. He attacked me under the excuse that Helanie told him I had messed up our lycan trap plan," Arlo added. The top seniors clearly showed their dislike for Rayden now.

I noticed Jenny looking over at Rayden. She had only taken one step toward him when Penn grabbed her arm and stopped her.

"Enough is enough. He said some nasty things about you in front of everyone, he's constantly putting Helanie through stressful situations, and you want to go stand next to him?" For the first time, Penn stopped his sister from approaching Rayden in public. That was a huge win for us.

But I wasn't happy with how blind Jenny had become.

"Asshole, get away from us," Rudy pushed Rayden aside, making everyone go "ew" at him. He couldn't even lift his head.

I swear, I saw a tear roll down his cheek from the public humiliation.

"Everyone!" Emmet cleared his throat and stepped forward to address the students.

Norman and the others moved away from Rayden, who would be dealt with later.

"I guess we couldn't have a proper meeting in the hall since someone ruined it for all of us," Emmet continued while glaring down at Rayden.

I stood tall and proud. I wanted time to stop so I could keep watching Rayden cry.

The brothers were also focused on Emmet, unsure of why he had called this meeting.

"So we'll do it here," Emmet announced, acknowledging the injured students.

It would have been too much to make them go back inside instead of just letting things move along faster once the meeting was done. It could be handled easily if they just stayed here and prevented the students from going in and out of the academy.

"Some things have been happening for the last few weeks. It started on the last day of the academy when some students bullied and attacked one of the students near the lockers," Emmet pointed at me, and a chill ran up my spine. It took me back to the day Lucy had fallen.

She was still in the hospital, and I wanted to get back to her as long as I could.



"And then, after that incident with one of the students—Rayden—started causing trouble for Helanie." His speech perfectly matched today's incident.

Everyone stared at Rayden and rolled their eyes. It was like even they were tired of Rayden always being in trouble.

"That's when Riri also got expelled. Now I'm wondering if this bastard influenced her," of course, Arlo forgot they were happily bullying me and the others.

"And then Rayden's parents and one of our other student's parents started chasing after Helanie to bother her, trying to force her to sign and accept Rayden's apology. Not only that, but they wanted Helanie arrested and thrown in front of the council for standing up for herself," Emmet continued, setting the stage for today's meeting.

I've never had someone stand up and explain to everyone what I've been through. Emmet doing this was such a relief.

"So—I've reached out to the council to explain why my brothers and I show extra care for Helanie—" Emmet paused just to read his brothers' faces. Norman was looking at him like he was trying to understand what Emmet was about to say before he actually said it.

"And today I'm going to tell everyone why we care for Helanie and why she should be treated with respect here." He took a deep breath and then said what I hadn't expected him to say.

"She is our stepsister!"

It was those words that took Maximus's breath away, visibly. At least, visible to me. Kaye turned to Emmet with a look on his face that only I could understand. Even Norman rolled his eyes and turned slightly to the side so the others wouldn't see the disappointment on his face.

"What?" Jenny gasped.

"Her mother is getting engaged to my father very soon. Helanie is not only a student of the academy but also an owner of the academy. Yet she's been given all the tough tasks, passed them and earned her place here. So, any bullying against her will result in severe punishment," Emmet finished.

At this point, everyone was starting to realize what they'd just heard.

And of course, the brothers didn't look happy at all.

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

## Chapter 304-My Monster Mate Attacked My Friends.

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#### Helanie:

Everyone went silent after hearing the announcement. And by everyone, I mean everyone—including Maximus and Kaye.

Maximus looked so restless that he avoided making eye contact with me. It seemed like his eyes kept filling with tears, but he was trying to distract himself by fiddling with the watch on his wrist, pretending to fix it nonstop.

Kaye had a habit of going numb—staying still in his spot, clenching his jaw without much movement. Norman just wanted the speech to be over. That much was obvious.

After Emmet announced it, he told everyone to say goodbye.

"Now, Rayden! Come with us," Emmet pointed at Rayden, who looked like he had been struck by lightning.

The brothers barely moved. Norman had to pat them on the back to get them to follow Emmet into the academy. He was the only one among the three who passed me a quick glance before turning around and leaving after his brother.

I knew a huge confrontation was waiting.

Rayden turned to me with horror on his face. It seemed like the announcement hit him harder than my betrayal.

As he walked away, the others started looking at me.

"You live with them?" one of the girls asked, her eyes wide open. I awkwardly nodded, and the others behind her gasped too.

"Hey!" While Sage was all set to walk away with Rudy and Sumit by her side, she gave me a quick wink and a nod.

She was pure class.

I had never seen her act strangely. In the beginning, I was fooled by her little jabs at the juniors or her smirks, but that was as harmless as she got.

Salem and Sydney were looking my way, and Sydney was constantly muttering under her breath. Salem tried giving me a little smile, but I looked away from her.

"Stepsister of the rogue kings, huh?" Penn wrapped his arm around Jenny to comfort her. She looked slightly concerned for Rayden.

"Why didn't you tell us before?" Penn asked in a joking tone.

"She was waiting for the announcement of their engagement ceremony," Lamar quickly added to my rescue.

Jenny remained quiet, her head down and eyes on the ground. Why was she so upset over Rayden? I just didn't understand.

It really made me wonder if she was being mistreated by him too.

"Yeah, sort of," I answered.

"Anyway, I'll take her home. She doesn't seem to be feeling well," Penn said while tapping his fingers on his sister's shoulder.

The two walked away, and now it was Arlo who had come to have a word with me.

"Wow! How is the mansion? I heard it's really beautiful," he asked in the tone he usually used with the top senior students.

Lamar and I frowned, exchanged a look, and then stared at Arlo in confusion.

"It's good," I replied suspiciously.

"Aha! You know what? If that bastard tries to bother you again, come straight to me. I'll show him a good time," the bully suddenly wanted to be my savior.

"No thanks, she's got me and her stepbrothers," Lamar scoffed and turned me around by holding my elbow.

The students started leaving—some going home, others heading to transition.

Lamar and I sat near the small wooden bridge he had introduced me to, sandwiches in hand.

"I was laughing so hard when texting you about the viper," Lamar said with his mouth full. I had brought the sandwiches when leaving the mansion.

The maid had packed them for me at Maximus's request.

The reminder of him also made me realize how critical things had become for us now.

"I told you the plan would work," I had to give it to Lamar. The way he acted clueless back there was amazing.

"Yeah, but how did you know he'd fall for it a second time?" Lamar asked, curious.

"I've been paying attention to Rayden. He's arrogant and too proud of himself. He doesn't see me as a threat, so he believes everything I say. He thinks I'd be too afraid of him to mess with him. And as for him always acting on impulse, well, it's no surprise. He grew up spoiled. Never faced consequences for his actions. So he became careless. He doesn't bother acting right because no matter what he does, he always gets away with it," I explained, taking a big bite of my sandwich and smiling proudly.

"It's like how serial killers get cocky," he commented, and I nodded in agreement.

"Why didn't you talk to Jenny? I know you wanted to," I brought her up, and suddenly his mood changed.

"Helanie!" Before he could say anything, I added,

"She doesn't know about your sister, Lamar," I reminded him. If she didn't know, she couldn't be blamed for it.

"But she knows he bullies you. Tell me something—why don't you hold people accountable for what they do to you? You gotta start loving yourself," he shocked me with his statement.

"I do love myself," I frowned in bewilderment.

"She knows her mate has been making your life miserable, yet she shows concern for him and still wants to be friends with you. Did she ever come to you to apologize for her mate's behavior? No! So how about we forget about her for now," he muttered aggressively before trying to calm himself down.

"Let's forget about her—" he hadn't finished talking when his phone rang. Holding it in his hand, he frowned at the screen.

"It's Gavin!" he said, turning the phone toward me.

"Why is he calling you?" I was confused. He hadn't been in contact with anyone, and the one person he called was the one he hated for sleeping with his ex.

"Answer the call," I eyed Lamar, who put it on speaker.

"Hey, dude! How are you? Me and Helanie are sitting together. You're on speaker," Lamar said in a fake cheerful tone.

But Gavin was breathing heavily, gasping for air. "The lycan—the lycan—I was attacked."

And then the call was cut off again.

Now both Lamar and I were staring at each other, worried and shocked.

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

## Chapter 305-The Devil Needs To Be Expelled

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#### Maximus:

"But why expel me? I've already left the Fellmoon Academy for RVS. If you expel me too, I'll be out of both academies," Rayden pleaded with us to let him stay, but the decision had already been made.

After today's incident, there was no way Norman would allow him to stay. The academy's reputation and the students' well-being were his top priorities.

"Last time was your final chance, Rayden. We've warned you so many times, but you didn't listen. Today, you went too far. You even brought a weapon and shot yourself just to get Lamar and Helanie in trouble," Norman grumbled, adjusting his shirt a little too roughly. His shirts were getting tighter by the day. He needed to stop getting so buff or just get a whole new wardrobe.

'Trying to distract yourself? Why not look at Emmet? He did a great job here today, didn't he?' my wolf snickered maniacally, laughing at me.

'Okay, okay, I'm sorry,' he sighed. It was always like that with him. When he lost control, even he didn't realize it. I had to remind him that I wasn't his enemy, someone he needed to hurt.

'I knew Emmet would make me hate him one day,' I thought bitterly. I already had plenty of disagreements with how Emmet lived his life, but today, he had interfered with my mate—my relationship with my mate.

"But it wasn't my fault. Helanie tricked me," Rayden sobbed, realizing he was losing his place in both prestigious academies.

If someone from his pack joined the academies, completed their training, and then challenged him, it would be tough for Rayden to win the Alpha title. The realization was written all over his face.

He looked horrified at the thought, but it was something he had brought upon himself.

"Rayden! We can't let you stay in our academy. Your actions today, your refusal to take responsibility, and your inability to stop blaming Helanie just prove that this is the right decision. You scared and terrorized the entire academy. You even put their safety at risk and broke so many rules," Norman was the only one still talking.

Kaye had been silent. I wondered why.

Maybe, deep down, he still didn't like Helanie and didn't want her as his stepsister. He acted nice to her in front of me because I was nice to her. However, he had no idea that my reason for being unhappy about the announcement had more to do with the fact that I wanted her as my mate—not as my stepsister.

Emmet was rocking slightly in his chair, probably just waiting for the meeting to be over so he could rush off to drink after ruining everything for me.

"But sir! Helanie has this agenda against me. She wants revenge. She's going crazy trying to take me down," Rayden started rambling. As soon as he mentioned revenge, our eyes met. We brothers exchanged confused looks.

Emmet stopped rocking his chair, not meeting our gaze at first, but then he slowly lifted his eyes—his head still down—to glare at Rayden through his eyebrows. It was clear Rayden had his attention.

"What revenge, Rayden?" Emmet's voice was low, husky, and firm.

"I mean... for the bullying in the beginning," Rayden mumbled, but it didn't sound like an honest confession.

"Sir, give me one last chance. I will never even speak to Helanie or look at her. I will only focus on my training, I promise," he started begging again. But Emmet was already signing his expulsion letter and handed it over to Norman to sign as well.

"Sir, please!" Rayden let out a desperate cry as he watched us all sign the papers.

"No! This will ruin my life. My dad will kill me. Please! Just one last chance. I left Fellmoon for this academy," he kept rambling, but none of us felt bad for him.

He had been following Helanie around as if the academy was only about how to chase after and bother her. He should have learned from his past mistakes, but instead, he kept going after Helanie like his life depended on it.

"Rayden, we were happy to have you here. Sadly, it couldn't last long. We hope you've learned a lot from your time here—and from your departure. Have a great life ahead," Norman was already giving the farewell speech while Rayden sobbed into his hands.

"Now please close the door when you leave," Norman pointed at the door, but Rayden shook his head.

"I'm admitting I was wrong—Helanie is right. I was lying. Can I stay now?" He acted like he was being expelled just because Helanie wanted him gone.

He was getting expelled because of his own mistakes and actions. He should have just left her alone.

"Rayden! Stop embarrassing yourself," Emmet sighed, rolling his eyes and stretching his neck.

"No! I don't want to go—I will beg Helanie for forgiveness. Will that do?" Rayden pressed his palms together in front of us.

Emmet let out a grunt, got up, grabbed Rayden by the collar, and dragged him out of the chair and through the door. He shut it behind him while muttering, "Alright, fuck off."

He turned back to us, giving us a weird look, as if he didn't understand why we were all staring at him.

"Why did you do that?" I hissed, finally alone with him to confront him.

"He wasn't leaving," Emmet shrugged.

"No! I'm talking about that announcement. Why did you make it? Don't you think we should have been involved in your decision? Or did you forget we even exist?" I yelled, shoving the files off the table as I stood up.

"Maximus," Norman warned, his voice harsh and firm, but the threat was clear in his tone.

"No! He's right. Who gave Emmet the right to make that announcement on our behalf? We don't want Helanie as our stepsister," Kaye stood by my side. Just as I had suspected, he didn't want Helanie as our stepsister because he hated her mother.

"The world would know anyway in two weeks," Emmet's nonchalant attitude was exactly why we had grown apart from him. He never cared what his brothers were going through.

"Why are you telling us to stop confronting him? We're getting tired of his crap now," Kaye spoke loudly, his frustration boiling over.

"Maximus! I need to have a word with you," Norman suddenly turned to me, disappointing me even more. Instead of being angry at Emmet, he was going to confront me?

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

## Chapter 306-My Brother Loves Helanie

### Chapter 306: 306-My Brother Loves Helanie

#### Norman:

The way Maximus was glaring at Emmet and raising his voice didn't seem to come from just hating Helanie's mother. It was more than that. I wasn't blind—I had been noticing it all too well.

I stayed silent because I thought the announcement of the engagement ceremony would knock some sense into Maximus and make him realize that what he was going for couldn't be accepted.

But it seemed like he hadn't learned anything. I needed to confront him.

And then there was Kaye, who had no idea where Kesha was these days but always knew what Helanie was doing—what she was wearing, what she was eating, all the time.

The fact that both of them were showing the same interest in Helanie could be dangerous. It could cause sibling rivalry, and I wondered how much Helanie was involved in it.

Was she giving Maximus hope?

She didn't seem like the type to do so. From what I knew about her, she was shy and very reserved.



"Why? Why won't you ask him any questions?" Maximus refused my request, and that was the first sign that things were spiraling out of control.

"I'm asking you, and are you responding?" I slammed my hand on the desk when I had enough. Both Kaye and Maximus went silent.

"I didn't know it would cause so much distress. I honestly thought you guys were getting along well with Helanie," Emmet finally responded to his brothers' accusations.

And who could blame him?

Kaye and Maximus had been hovering around Helanie constantly. It definitely made Emmet think things were fine.

"You guys heard him. Now respond since you wanted to confront him so badly," I hissed at the two, who now looked down, unable to explain their behavior with Helanie.

Yes, sometimes I sided with Emmet a little more, but I had my reasons. Emmet was more reserved when it came to expressing his feelings.

I had to protect him—it seemed like I always had to be the one to explain his side because he rarely did it himself. He was so broken inside that I wondered how he managed to get out of bed and keep going every day.

"Now, Maximus!" I got up and pointed my thumb toward the door, briskly walking out of Emmet's office.

Maximus followed shortly, his body language tense because he knew damn well he had some explaining to do.

"What is going on?" I asked directly, wasting no time on anything else.

"Emmet needs to communicate better with us before making plans or decisions for us. We weren't ready to accept Helanie as our stepsister, but he still—" Maximus's rambling could go on for hours. I knew that about him.

"Cut the crap. What is going on between you and Helanie?" I muttered the words clearly so he would understand.

As soon as I asked him that question directly, his face darkened. A gulp ran down his throat, and that alone was reason enough for me to believe I had asked the right question.

"What do you mean?" He avoided my eyes, swallowing again.

"Maximus, don't take me for a fool. What is going on between the two of you?" I grabbed his collar, forcing him to stand straight and look me in the eye.

"We are mates—you know that. I've told you everything," he muttered, looking away once again. But this time, he didn't sound as aggressive.

The first time he told me he had felt the pull toward her, he had been furious about it.

"And you're pursuing her?" I asked, watching as he restlessly rubbed his face with his hands.

"I'm in love with her," he whispered, making me lean in to hear him clearly.

"Say that again," I demanded, worried I had heard him correctly.

"I said, I'm in love with her. I want her as my mate, not some freak from the woods," he hissed, standing his ground and making a loud, firm statement.

"What about her? Did she—did she agree to it? Does she want you back?" I didn't know why it was so hard for me to get those words out. I had to push myself to even ask.

"She showed interest in me but asked for some time," Maximus admitted, making my heart sink in my chest.

"She knows you two are going to be stepsiblings—" I stopped mid-sentence, realizing how unreasonable I was being. "I'm such a fool for questioning her when she's just a young girl who only just turned eighteen. But you—you work with weapons. How can it be so hard for you to understand that this could lead to trouble?"

I didn't want to directly ask him if he had lost his mind.

Not only that, but what about Kaye?

I remembered how much he was interested in Helanie. What would happen if these two ended up together?

"I just know we are mates. She is my only mate," Maximus groaned, and for a moment, I wished to tell him the truth—but then I stopped myself.

"Okay, listen. Since Helanie asked for some time, give her that time. In the meantime, don't make any mistakes. I'll try to figure out what needs to be fixed before you two take a step forward," I said firmly.

I wasn't going to argue with him about accepting his mate.

I knew he was recalling the pull of the mate bond for something else—but I also knew the truth.

They were mates. That wasn't a lie.

And I was no one to tell him not to pursue her.

If anything, I would rather help him than stand against him.

But somehow, a strange sadness had taken over me. I couldn't quite grasp it, but I felt drained, like all my energy had disappeared.

"Thank you," Maximus beamed, jumping at me and wrapping me in a tight hug, bouncing up and down like an excited child.

"I knew you would be on my side," he said, breaking the hug and speeding away.

He was finally happy.

And I should be happy for him.

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

## **Chapter 307-The Missing Boyfriend Of My Friend.**

### **Chapter 307: 307-The Missing Boyfriend Of My Friend.**

#### **Helanie:**

"So what are we doing again?" I asked Lamar as he kept texting someone.

"I'm asking around to see if anyone has seen Gavin recently," he said, making me walk briskly after him through the dark streets of the nearly abandoned pack area. This particular pack we had come to was near the place where I had once gone to get a job with him.

It wasn't light yet, but the dark clouds had filled the sky, making it seem darker. The atmosphere felt heavy. My eyes shifted to the men coming in our direction. I was sure they were going to walk past us, but the way they were looking me up and down, I had a bad feeling they might do something mischievous as they passed by.

"Hey, what? Haven't seen a girl before?" Just when I thought Lamar wasn't paying attention, the minute the men got close, he stretched his arm back to pull me to the other side and gave a grunt at them.

"We were just looking," one of the drunk men shrugged, not wanting to get in trouble with Lamar, who looked ready to fight.

"Then keep walking," Lamar yelled at them in annoyance. My posture straightened, confidence filling my veins now that I felt safe with Lamar.

"Don't worry, I'm not a spineless creature. I'm not going to repeat my mistake of not protecting my sister this time," without turning to look at me, he made sure I knew he had my back.

"I know," I pinched his elbow playfully, but our path was interrupted by a woman stepping forward.

"You're Lamar?" she asked. She was an older woman, looking like she hadn't slept in days.

"Yeah, I am. You're Gavin's mother?" Shock hit me when Lamar introduced her in a calm way.

"Yes, yes! My son—he's gone missing," she started crying almost instantly, hugging Lamar, who looked taken aback for a moment.

He had told me that he never had parental affection, so when someone older than him spoke kindly to him, he froze.

"He was just trying to do the right thing—" she kept going, making me look at Lamar to get him to snap out of his frozen state.

"Hey, tell me what happened?" Lamar finally hugged her back. After she cried her eyes out on his chest, they broke the hug.

Now we were sitting in a café talking about Gavin's mindset the last time he had spoken with his mother.

"He has spoken so many good things about you. But I guess you're way prettier in person than in someone's words," she managed to compliment me before she started talking about her son again, and tears welled up in her eyes. I get a lot of compliments these days. And I feel like they're only saying it to be polite.

"So, when we spoke on the phone, you mentioned that Gavin was distressed the last time?" Lamar continued to ask her questions, but they were important questions.

"When his mate—ex-mate—jumped off? He came home depressed. He was so heartbroken and feeling guilty about it," she recalled, while I noticed the details about her.

Her hands were dry, and her nails were chipped. I had never heard Gavin talk about his pack or living conditions. But I do remember Sydney and Salem teasing Lucy and Gavin for being from small packs in the south when we first met.

"You need to understand that he wasn't happy that he cheated. If I had known what he was doing, I would have slapped him until the cheater in him was gone. I loved that girl. Lucy was the best for him, but my son—he messed it all up. And then she jumped..." she paused to cry. As I was about to clarify to her that Lucy didn't jump, Lamar placed his hand on the back of mine to signal me to stay quiet.

Of course, he was right. Right now, we needed to let her speak and not focus on the conspiracies.

"And did Gavin say anything before leaving?" I asked.

She rubbed her eyes and nodded. That was going to be a good lead.

"He said he would find a way to wake up Lucy." My jaw dropped, and my eyes met Lamar's.

"How—how did he plan to do that?" Lamar asked, clearly curious. Even my heart was racing in my chest.

"He said there's a herb—or something like that—that would help him get her back," she stopped crying before adding, "and then he just vanished."

That wasn't good.

Lamar and I paid for her food when we saw her struggling to find coins in her old purse. It broke my heart to see her like that. Gavin didn't have a big family. He was an only child and lived alone with his mother. I'm not sure why he never told us the truth. Did he think we would mock him?

Gavin's mother left, while Lamar and I sat in his car, ready to head back to my home first.

"So, Lamar, that means Gavin went to the mountains. Which would explain why he was saying he got hurt by the lycan. Do you think he's somewhere in hiding?" I asked him as I got off his bike and handed him back his helmet.

"Yeah! That could be it. We'll start first thing in the morning, Helanie. But let's pray the lycan doesn't plan to eat him tonight," he said. It shook me to my core to check the time.

It was 8 PM now, and soon it would be midnight. The lycan would go crazy. What if it attacks Gavin when it finds him injured on the mountains?

"I hope not. We should get to work early tomorrow. My job will start around 11 AM, so I'll have plenty of time," I told Lamar as we made plans to look for Gavin.

"Okay, I'll let the others know to see if anyone wants to join us in looking for him," he said before speeding off.

I had only entered the mansion when I walked in on Emmet and Norman talking seriously about something. The context of their conversation made me raise my brow.

"I will eat plenty and leave before midnight."

It was Emmet telling his brother about his night routine. But where was he planning to go around midnight?

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

## **Chapter 308-The House Of The Lycan**

### **Chapter 308: 308-The House Of The Lycan**

#### **Helanie:**

"But be careful. Things are getting out of hand these days. Especially for—you know—the werewolf community. People are claiming to have seen a new kind of threat in the area. I'm doing my research on it, but in the meantime, make sure you're on alert," Norman patted Emmet's shoulder, and my eyes shifted to Emmet's jacket. I had never seen him wear a jacket before, so this one stood out to me.

It was a beautiful black jacket with his initials, E-M, near the pockets. It must have been a gift to him.

"Okay—" Emmet was in the middle of responding when he spotted me, and I saw the mood change. "Hey, you arrived late. I hope you had fun with your friends," he started talking almost instantly, as if he was telling his brother we weren't alone.

"Yeah, we were just checking out some places," I lied, giving them both a closed-lip smile. I did notice Norman glare at me up and down like I had done something wrong.

"Okay, I'll go sleep now," I pointed my thumb over my shoulder toward my room.

"You're not going to eat dinner?" Emmet asked while Norman stood with his head high, his eyes averted from me.

He was suddenly acting so weird.

"No! I've eaten plenty," I said, though that was true. Lamar and I had a great dinner with Gavin's mother. I couldn't forget how Lamar was feeding her whenever she started crying. I couldn't believe a guy like Lamar was so sweet and humble.

I guess first impressions and interactions aren't always accurate. Or in simple terms, people do change for the better.

"Okay then, hope you rest well," Emmet greeted, and with a nod of my head, I went to my room.

I didn't think too much about anything because I needed to get plenty of sleep to wake up early and go after Gavin. I dozed off almost instantly and woke up around 4 AM.

"Hello, I'm heading out. Are you here yet?" I asked Lamar, quickly changing into a pair of baggy jeans and a white shirt. I had my long blonde hair in a messy braid, with my curtain bangs perfectly sitting on my forehead.

"Yep! Almost here," he informed me, and I cut the call, rushing out to sit behind him.

"The top seniors are also coming. In fact, many have said they would join the search," Lamar told me, mentioning how the students were starting to stick together.

When we first came to the academy, everyone was so against each other. It was like competition within the group. But now, slowly as the negative people were leaving and the trainers were enforcing stricter punishments for those bullying too much, things were starting to get better.

We reached the road where a group of students were waiting for us. Among them were Salem, Pen, and Jenny too.

"Okay, guys, he called and told us he was attacked," I got off the bike and instantly started talking.

"You said his signal is bad, so he must be somewhere near the mountains. What if he's not?" Sage questioned.

"Then let's make some groups and cover a certain area in a set time. How about that?" Rudy adjusted his black and orange jacket, probably his high school jock jacket. I should've known he was a jock before.

That was so written all over his face and in his body language.

"Okay, that sounds like a good idea," I nodded, agreeing with Lamar, "Me, Lamar, Salem, and Sumit will be in one team."

I noticed Jenny looked shocked that I didn't include her in our group.

"I want to be—" she started, but her brother gave her a head shake. He was always there to stop her from embarrassing herself. It was just that I knew her presence would worry Lamar.

The rest of the teams were made, and the reason I put Salem in our group was because I had noticed she was good at tracking and finding things.

"Thank you for accepting me in your group," Salem whispered. We were briskly moving through the mountain, not really knowing what we were doing, until Salem added, "How about we tie red ribbons around the trees where we've already searched? Just so we're not going in circles?" She pulled out red ribbons and handed them to us. "I gave some to the others too."

So she had come prepared. She gave me a small smile when she noticed I looked impressed.

An hour in, and Salem started sniffing something. I noticed her doing it in her bag before her eyes landed on me, and she quickly hid it.

"You guys go ahead," I told Lamar, who was genuinely doing his best to find Gavin for his mother.

He went ahead with the others while I decided to confront Salem.

"What was that?" I asked her, gesturing for her to show it to me.

"It's Gavin's shirt. He had given it to me once with his scent on it," she replied, holding the shirt out for me.

"Then why didn't you tell us before?" I placed my hands on my waist, questioning her.

"I didn't want to remind you guys about—" she lowered her head. She was never so shy or timid. What was going on with her?

I wasn't sure if I was buying her whole "nice girl" act.

"Anyway, go for it. Start looking for him." I knew if she could track his scent, it would be a lot easier for us to find him.



We should have asked for something from Gavin's mother last night.

"Lamar, she's tracking Gavin!" I yelled at the others, who nodded and started following her. I went after her myself, moving quickly. She was headed very determinedly, so we were sure she was picking up on the scent.

And we weren't wrong.

She went straight to a cave in the mountains. A hidden one.

"This is it, I can smell him from inside," she gasped as she stood outside the cave.

"Okay, we don't know if the lycan is sleeping inside—" Sage was busy trying to make everyone understand what important steps should be taken when Salem bolted inside, calling for Gavin.

We all shared a terrified look before going after her. And there it was—our nightmare.

A blood trail.

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

## **Chapter 309-Maybe Him?**

### **Chapter 309: 309-Maybe Him?**

#### **Helanie:**

"Helanie," Lamar extended his arm to hold my hand as he navigated us through the cave.

"He's here! I found him!" Salem screamed from afar, calling for us and letting us know she had found Gavin.

Our eyes were wide as we followed her voice and reached the small hidden area in the cave. It was Gavin hiding there, and he came out when he heard Salem calling for him.

"Gavin!" I pushed everyone away to kneel before him. His foot was badly injured, and maybe that was why he couldn't leave the cave. I could tell he had lost a lot of blood too, which is why he hadn't been able to shift either.

"Helanie!" he whispered, smiling through his bloody face.

"What happened to you?" I wanted to give him a hug, but he looked in so much pain that I couldn't do anything for him.

"Okay, we need to get him out of here first," Sage suggested for Rudy to carry Gavin on his back. It was hard to lift him without moving him too much. And every time he moved, he cried and screamed. It was terrifying.

While Rudy carried him on his back and walked us toward the mountains, I realized Salem was probably really interested in Gavin. Or why else would she have come to a group of people who aren't fond of her to find someone she had a fling with?

"Thank you," I said to Salem as I passed her.

"I'll take him home and get him all stitched up before I help him with the transition. We can't take him to the hospital yet, because then everyone would find out that something happened to him on the mountains," Lamar suggested, making me frown at him.

"Yeah, and it seems like we've found the hidden cave of the Lycan. But where was he? I thought he would be there and hide until the full moon," Sage was trying to find out the truth about the Lycan.

I could see it in her eyes that she was still very much interested in finding that Lycan and capturing him.

"Rudy, take Gavin to Lamar's motel while the rest of us leave," Sage ordered. Rudy would take Gavin in his car while Lamar rode his bike to his pack, as he wouldn't leave his vehicle behind.

"I'll be fine. Go," I told Lamar when he passed me a glance. It was morning, and I would be fine going by myself.

"The Lycan is not just a monster," Gavin spoke, stumbling as Rudy laid him down in the backseat of the car.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, leaning down to him. The others were standing all around him, worried for him.

"He transitions only on the full moon into a Lycan," he explained through sleepy eyes. Sage had given him some medicine to help with his pain.

"Thank you—I didn't think you would come—" Gavin was in the middle of speaking, smiling at me, and then he closed his eyes and passed out.

"Oh!" Once again, a look of strange determination took over Sage's face as she gathered more information about the Lycan.

It was shocking to me as well. I thought the Lycan was a monster who stayed in that form as a curse. But I never thought it was someone who would transition back into their human form once the full moon was gone. It made my heart sink in my chest.

Who could it be?

Who could be my mate?

Rudy and Lamar drove off while Sage seemed to have something to say to us.

"Okay, everyone. This gives us hope," she clapped her hands, rubbing them together. "So the Lycan is someone who lives among us but turns into a monster and terrorizes us on full moons. You know what we can do with this information?" she smirked, coming up with a plan.

"We can set up cameras all around the cave and find out who it is," she snapped her fingers, making everyone look at her a bit oddly. I'm sure after last time, not many were ready to go on a deadly mission to find and capture the Lycan again.

"Come on, everyone, show some enthusiasm. This Lycan has been hurting our kind, and then it gets to live among us like a snake," she hissed, and the way she phrased it got others intrigued and agreeing with her.

"And besides, you don't have to do anything. I'll set up some cameras around the cave and inside it, and then we'll go together in the morning to collect the footage. It's that simple," she shrugged while the others nodded.

I wasn't too sure. It was dangerous to be in the Lycan's cave again.

She said goodbye to us, and I began my journey back home. While hiking, my eyes landed on something very familiar and striking.

I would have never paid attention to it if I hadn't seen it before. It was a black, shiny material stuck to one of the trees as if it had been ripped during some wild encounter. I reached the tree, touching the material, and noticed all the blood on it.

Not only that, as it was normal for blood to be in the rogue community, but what was shocking to me was that I recognized the initials written on the torn piece of fabric.

"E-M?" I frowned.

I remembered him speaking to his brother about leaving to go somewhere. But I thought he would be going out for a meeting with a client. Some of their clients, no, many of

their clients, visit them, and then they have parties and meetings with them after midnight.

But this didn't seem like a party to me. I grabbed the fabric and held it tightly in my hand while briskly walking back to the mansion.

It didn't make sense why his jacket was torn and all bloody. In my mind, I was hoping to go home and later hear the rumor that Emmet might have encountered something and got his jacket ripped. But when I arrived home for dinner, I was shocked to see nothing being mentioned.

No one was talking about anything. Especially the brothers.

I went to join them for dinner, my eyes on Emmet. He seemed just fine and had no story to share.

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

## **Chapter 310-Found Out The Truth**

### **Chapter 310: 310-Found Out The Truth**

#### **Helanie:**

"I heard you made an announcement about Helanie," Lord McQuoid asked Emmet, shifting his attention from his food to him during dinner.

I had been watching Emmet to make sure he was okay, and he seemed completely fine.

"It was needed to be done." I noticed the lack of confidence compared to last time in Emmet's words. He was so determined on the academy grounds when making that announcement. But tonight, he looked troubled as he kept glancing at Kaye and Maximus.

It was then that I realized he might have gotten scolded by Maximus.

"He announced Helanie as his stepsister?" My mother put her fork down, her tone sharp and shocked.

"Yeah, Ursula, it was important. She was getting bullied nonstop," Lord McQuoid seemed to have known this would upset my mother, so he quickly tried explaining.

However, the look on my mother's face didn't change.

She looked unconvinced.

"The rising student needs someone to defend herself," Of course, Charlotte had something to add. She let out a snicker and then lowered her head. Her mother gently elbowed her while laughing under her breath with her.

"Charlotte!" Maximus yelled, causing her to suddenly stop laughing and raise her head to look at him.

"You think bullying is funny?" he asked her sternly, making me notice the anger in his eyes as he kept glaring at her.

"No—I didn't mean to laugh," she stuttered while tearing up.

"Don't speak if you can't say anything useful," Maximus hissed at her while Emma shared a glance with Lord McQuoid. She wanted him to see how his son was speaking to Charlotte, who now had tears streaming down her face. She lowered her head and started wiping her cheeks with the back of her hand.

"Maximus, she has a mother for that. You don't need to scold her," Lord McQuoid understood the situation and stepped in to defend Charlotte, who sat right next to my mother.

My mom looked visibly disturbed for Charlotte, so she wrapped her arm around Charlotte's shoulder to comfort her.

"And her mother is not doing a great job. She was snickering along, did you not see that?" Maximus was beginning to get louder and louder.

I raised my head and noticed Emmet staring at me. He had his hand stretched out on the table while holding a fork in the other hand. His eyes seemed to hold secrets.

I shook my gaze away from him to Maximus and Lord McQuoid.

"Maximus, that is no way to speak about an elder," Lord McQuoid had made it clear that he was biased. He would go as far as to yell at his sons just for the sake of my mother's friend.

"That is no way to speak to your son either. And please tell me, what did Maximus say wrong?" I guess at this point, we had all been waiting for Norman to speak up since he always did for his brothers.

He usually waits for some time to hear the full debate and then strikes while the iron is hot.

Lord McQuoid shifted his gaze to Norman. I could tell he was getting tired of Norman always speaking up for his brothers and going against him.

"Norman!" Lord McQuoid said, giving up.

I felt like I was responsible for this argument. I slowly pushed my chair back and got up. "I'm full. Have a good night."

The feeling of being the reason for arguments was horrible. Besides, the fact that my mother comforted Charlotte, despite knowing Charlotte was wrong, hurt me even more.

Everybody went silent as I walked past them toward the exit. I had just stepped out when I heard Kaye grunt.

"Are you happy now, Dad? Taking Charlotte's side meant you didn't acknowledge her subtle bullying towards Helanie."

"I didn't know she would get upset!" Lord McQuoid's response was the last thing I heard.

I walked straight back to my room, sat on the couch, and turned off all the lights.

I reread Sage's text about placing the cameras in the cave.

Topsenior-Sage: The cameras are all set. By tomorrow morning, we will have our answers and the scumbag of a lycan.

I fidgeted with my fingers nervously. He is my mate, and he is a human. What if—it is someone I don't want as a mate? Or someone who instantly tells everyone that we are mated?

I hated the fact that I had so many secrets. I needed to share them with Lamar. I called him many times, but he didn't pick up, so I assumed he was busy with Gavin.

So I just sat there, my eyes on the passage between my window and Emmet's sanctuary.

A few minutes before midnight, I watched Emmet step out onto the passage and stare at the sky. Then, he began heading toward the exit.

I was more curious than ever now. It didn't make sense. Why was he sneaking out like that?

I held the torn fabric in my hands, and the minute Emmet was out of sight, I heard a howl erupt through the air.

My body shuddered at the familiarity of the howl. It wasn't just a wolf's howl—it was a lycan's howl.

I began to recall all the times I had seen Emmet in the corridor or the time when we were at a motel, and he had to leave so desperately. That same night, the lycan had attacked some werewolves and probably fought them. I remember Emmet having a bite mark on his neck.

I knew what I was about to do was wrong, but I needed to know the truth. Since he had left, I jumped out of the window and headed straight through the corridor. It was so cold here at this time. The wind from both sides was turning me into an ice cube.

Once I reached his room, I noticed he was so comfortable that he hadn't even locked it. That made me feel guilty for some reason. Nobody should have to worry about someone sneaking into their room when they aren't around. But I had a reason to do so.

I looked around and saw a piece of paper placed on the bed. It was a drawing of the cave.

He knew about the lycan?

Or was he the lycan?

It had been right before my eyes all this time. How did I miss it?

As my suspicions were confirmed, I yelped when I remembered the camera in the cave. Tomorrow morning, Sage and the others would find out it was Emmet.

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

## **Chapter 311-Saving My Mate**

### **Chapter 311: 311-Saving My Mate**

**Helanie:**

I left Emmet's room in panic and stood in the corridor, staring at the sky while panicking. I was quickly trying to find a solution.

There was only one solution to this problem...

"Come on, pick up my calls," I hissed as I held my phone tightly against my ear, calling Norman.

I had made up my mind. This was the exact reason I went into Emmet's room. I wanted to know if it was him or not. And now that I knew it was him, I had to alert Norman about what Sage and the others were planning for the Lycan.

"Ugh!" Norman didn't respond, so I called Maximus and even Kaye. But none of them answered. I headed to my room and sat down, hearing the Lycan in the distance.

"It was Emmet all this time," I cupped my face in my hands, wondering why I didn't realize it sooner.

Of course, it was him.

My mate!

It made sense.

But I wondered if Emmet, in his Lycan form, doesn't remember anything when he transitions back into his human form?

And why the heck was he cursed?

Why was the Moon Goddess so harsh on him? Could that be why he drinks so much? He's probably trying to hide his pain.

So many thoughts and worries consumed me that I didn't realize when I had dozed off while sitting straight on the bed. I woke up just as I was about to lie down unconsciously.

"Ah!" Gasping for air, I jolted awake, and another horror struck me when I looked at the light outside the window.

"Shit!" Cursing at myself, I got out of bed and grabbed my shoes. I couldn't believe I dozed off. Sage had told me she would go fetch the cameras early in the morning.

I began to type a text for Sage, trying to get a heads-up.

Me: Did you already leave the house to go grab the cameras?

I worriedly bit my bottom lip while sending the text. I knew the wise thing would be to wait a little for her text so that I don't go and get busted by her. What if she's at the caves too when I arrive?



But I didn't care. I could make up a lie later. I left my room, planning to grab the camera myself. The darkness was still covering half the sky, but it would stay for a little while. I managed to get out of the gate fine after telling the guards I was going for an early jog. They only cared until it was two hours past midnight.

As soon as I hit the road, I began to hear footsteps behind me. They were heavy and determinedly chasing after me.

That was another issue with living in the rogue community. You never know when a monster is coming after you in the dark. I couldn't even wish for the sun to come out soon because that would mean Sage would have already obtained the cameras.

As I sped up, the horror behind me increased its speed as well. Now, it was right behind me, definitely coming for me.

"Get away from me!" I screamed and tried to run when a hand grabbed my arm, stopping me from escaping. He was so strong that I swear he lifted me off my feet while pulling me back.

"Ouch!" I groaned as I got to my feet and faced the so-called monster.

"Norman!" I sighed, placing a hand on my chest when I realized it was just the monster from home.

"What are you doing sneaking out like that?" He placed his hands on his waist, making me realize he was indeed angry about something.

What have I done to upset him now?

"I called you several times! Why didn't you pick up?" I groaned, angrily pointing at my phone. He cocked his head and closed his eyes as if trying to process what I was asking.

"You are not—I am not responsible for answering you," he muttered through his clenched jaw.

I noticed his dress shirt and pants and grimaced. "You're always in a suit?"

He let out a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. "So what exactly is your problem? Me wearing a suit or not answering your calls?"

With a very determined and loud voice, I yelled, "You!"

Then I paused and corrected myself. "I meant the Lycan."

His eyes shot wide. "Why are you talking about the Lycan again? Don't—don't tell me your reason for leaving the mansion so early is the Lycan." There was a threat in his tone. He had warned me about staying away from trouble.

"It is, and you should definitely stop asking questions and start following me." I pointed at him and briskly started walking again.

"Helanie, stop giving me orders and tell me what's going on. Where are we heading?" He came after me, huffing and puffing.

"Okay, listen, don't get angry—" I closed my eyes, giving up on walking for a moment.

"What did you do?" he questioned in a low, 'ready to kill' tone.

"One of us might have put cameras in the cave," I admitted, and he narrowed his eyes, silently asking for details. "In the Lycan's cave."

I finished, and the look on his face said it all. He looked petrified.

"And I know who the Lycan is," I added, watching him take another blow from me like a champ.

"Helanie—what the fuck are you talking about?" he gasped, his breathing becoming erratic.

"You guys put cameras—why? And what do you plan to do with them?" he asked, now walking past me even faster than I was.

"Nothing—I don't plan to do anything with them. I want to destroy the footage."

As soon as I said that, he slowed down and turned to watch me with so many questions on his face.

"Because I know it's Emmet. Emmet is the Lycan, isn't he?"

That question alone thickened the tension in the air. I could see his eyes starting to get teary.

"We need to get that camera out of that cave before somebody else does," he uttered in a very low and sad tone.

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

# Chapter 312-I Got It Wrong

## Chapter 312: 312-I Got It Wrong

**Helanie:**

"Are you still angry with me?" I kept walking behind him, and sometimes I wanted to take a break, but I didn't want to slow us down.

He hadn't turned around to speak with me this whole time. But he made sure to grunt every now and then to let me know how angry he was at me.

"Helanie, it would be better if you didn't talk," he hissed, still grunting.

"Okay, but I want you to know that I would never do anything to hurt Emmet," I said, trying my best to keep up with his pace.

"Huh, you couldn't even if you wanted to. Just because you passed some tests, you really think you're the shit?" He was still in the same mindset as before—wanting to hurt me at any cost.

"Okay, I deserve that. But I didn't know it was Emmet who was the Lycan," I complained, now breathing heavily.

"Shut up," he hissed so loudly that I tripped and fell on my knees.

He briefly stopped and turned around to let out a scoff. "You deserve this. I hope it hurt."

That was it. He was being mean to me for no reason. If I hadn't been a part of that group, he would have never found out that we had cameras set up in the cave. I got up, gently rubbed my knees, while he had already marched far ahead.

However, he stopped briefly and yelled, "Now don't slow down, you snail."

Got it.

I would do the same. He didn't deserve me to be kind to him. So I began walking briskly, and once I caught up with him, he started moving faster again.

"You know, I would never hurt Emmet. But I do feel bad for him. He didn't deserve this curse—you, on the other hand—" I paused when I noticed him shrugging his shoulders.

I could only stare at his broad back, but I knew he was being affected.

"I wouldn't have been so worried. I mean, it's not like you're not already a monster."

I shrugged, feeling like a fool for thinking that would be enough to hurt his ego.

He didn't respond, so he wasn't affected enough. But now we were at the caves, and I was worried we'd go inside and find the cameras missing.

"You stay out here," he pointed his finger at me and warned me.

"Okay," I grunted but let him go inside. I didn't want to face Sage if she was actually in there. And what if she wasn't but was just arriving? She'd see me with Norman and suspect me of sabotaging the plan.

It would make her believe maybe Rayden wasn't wrong about me getting in the way of their plan before.

She hadn't responded to me either. So I was wondering what was going on.

I anxiously watched the cave's entrance, and finally, Norman came out.

"Oh, thank goodness," I sighed, placing a hand on my chest as I saw Norman holding the cameras.

He began looking through them but made sure he stood a little far away from me. The look on his face told me the camera had captured something he didn't want anyone to see because the next thing I knew, he was slamming it on the ground and stomping on it.

Seeing a big man like him jump up and down on a small object was finally off my bucket list.

Once he was done, he did the same to the other cameras. I wanted to see the recordings, but I guess he wasn't in the mood.

I don't know why he thought I would hurt Emmet. I never would.

Once his little dance on the cameras was over, he threw the broken pieces around and then pointed at me to follow him back home.

"Yeah, we should hurry up because what if Sage comes—" I stopped suddenly when he paused for a moment. He turned around in a very threatening way and pressed a finger to his lips to hush me.

"For the rest of the way, I don't want to hear you rambling, you understand me?" The anger in his eyes and the redness in his cheeks made me faintly nod my head.

Okay! I get it.

He was truly upset.

I guess I knew why. He deeply loved his brother, and even though I told him I wanted the footage gone, I was sure he was upset that I had found out the truth about the Lycan.

For the next few minutes, we silently walked toward our destination. And once we were reaching home, he stopped again and pointed at me.

"Today's training will be different. Be in the woods on time." That was all he said before walking ahead of me to enter the mansion.

That was odd. I thought he wouldn't want to train me again after last time.

"Okay," I replied in confusion.

And just as I entered the mansion, I noticed he had stopped in his tracks. His giant back was facing me. I fidgeted with my fingers for a while, wondering why he was frozen in place like that.

But soon, he answered my silent question as he turned around and locked eyes with me.

"And you were wrong," he stated.

"About what?" I asked, curious about which part he was talking about.

"About the Lycan," he muttered, causing my heart to flip in my chest.

And then, in a very creepy and hushed tone, he added, "It's not Emmet."

That was all he said before he got moving again and left without stopping this time.

I stayed put, frozen in silence, trying to process what he had just told me.

It's not Emmet?

Then who could it be?

What did Norman see in the footage?

And that's when Sage's message popped up on my phone's screen.

Sage: No! I dozed off. Arrived at the caves, but I guess the Lycan destroyed the cameras.

Something about her statement sent shivers down my spine as I recalled—Norman isn't usually around when midnight strikes either.

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

## **Chapter 313-The Way He Takes Off His Belt**

### **Chapter 313: 313-The Way He Takes Off His Belt**

#### **Helanie:**

Ever since Norman told me it wasn't Emmet, my mind had been racing like crazy. I was scared of Norman in some way now. Last time, when I had hit him with the vase, he was sneaking in all covered in mud and leaves.

Could it be him?

Why did he ask me to come to the woods today?

"Ugh!" I washed my face for the fifth time to calm my nerves down.

After lunch, I was supposed to be in the woods for training. I had such a messy day working with the weapons too. Maximus noticed I was out of it, and I guess that's why he let me leave early. I wanted to take my job seriously, but there had been so much going on that I couldn't focus because of the crazy lycan and everything else.

"Helanie! I needed to speak with you." I sat down at the lunch table, and Lord McQuoid instantly started talking. My mother rolled her eyes and folded her arms over the table.

Charlotte and Emma weren't around. It was only me, the couple, and Kaye, who I needed to speak with soon.

"Sure, you know you don't need my permission," I joked, but I was serious. Even though last time he kind of took Charlotte's side, I guess it wasn't really me vs. Charlotte in that moment. He was upset with Maximus for interfering.

"I am sorry if I hurt your feelings last time. I actually wasn't sure if Maximus using that tone with her was the right thing. I wasn't taking her side—I would have spoken up for you myself, but it was too late," he explained, making my mother open her mouth and let out a tired sigh.

"I'm sure it's fine. You gave her shelter, food, and even asked your son to give her a job. Such little things don't need explaining after you've already been so generous to her," she said, her words stabbing me like a sharp dagger to the chest.

But I nodded my head and replied to Lord McQuoid, "I am truly grateful for the shelter you've provided me. Your kind words and understanding are new to me. It's something even real parents aren't always capable of." With that, I taunted my mother, who looked visibly bothered.

"You think—" she shut up when Kaye placed his spoon on his plate a little too hard.

"Shall we not make her uncomfortable by listing all the things we've done for her? Because, Ursula," Kaye didn't use any title for my mother as he responded, "we are already doing too much for Charlotte and her mother. Our parents did way too much for you when you arrived at our doorstep. So, I guess it's pretty hypocritical that now you're reminding Helanie of what my father is doing for her as if he hadn't done the same for you and your friends." He calmly pointed out that she was once in my position too.

"Let's eat in peace." This time, Lord McQuoid didn't call out his son because he realized it would just go in circles.

"Tell me, how are the engagement preparations going, my love? Did you get the gown you dreamed of?" Lord McQuoid was so gentle to my mother, who seemed way too happy whenever he spoke nicely to her.

Everyone deserves someone who praises them, compliments them, and makes them blush. I was happy for my mother because she had endured a lot of abuse from my father back home.

Now that I was older and out of that house, I was remembering things that had seemed normal—until they weren't.

That kind of language and the pushes my father gave my mother were always categorized as something everyone does.

I thought it was normal too because I was told so. My father would later get her flowers, and I would be like, "Wow, he is so caring."

I began eating and finished my food quickly because I had to be somewhere. I left the table before Charlotte and her mother joined. I was sure they were aware that Lord McQuoid was talking about yesterday's situation, so they avoided the confrontation.

Now, I was in the woods, waiting for Norman to arrive. Something just didn't feel right to me. My heart was pounding hard in my chest, and then he showed up, making me even more uneasy.

He was still in his suit.

"So! Ready for training?" he asked, making me nod my head slowly.

"Warm-ups?" I asked, getting ready, but as he shook his head, he made me gulp in worry.

"Nope! Today, we'll do something different," he said, walking around me in circles. "Remember when you said I couldn't tie you to the tree?" He reminded me, and I instantly regretted ever saying that to him.

"I was just upset," I tried to make excuses, but he had come with a plan.

"No! No! It was the right thing. I did pin you to the tree, and you couldn't get out—until you bit me and I let you go," he pointed a finger at his chest, sounding so cocky, but I didn't trigger him at the moment.

"Because nobody would tie you to a tree and stand so close to you. They would tie you up and leave."

As he said those words, I noticed him taking off his belt.

"What are you doing?" I inquired, stepping away from him.

"Stand next to the tree, please." Although he used a polite tone, he wasn't very subtle about commanding me.

He snapped the belt, making me shake my head at him.

"Helanie, your task today is to get out of the—belt," he spoke the last word so weirdly, sending chills down my spine.

"Do you not want to train today?" he cocked his head.

With a gentle nod, I started walking backward while he kept pacing toward me. My back met the tree, and he stopped when he was barely a foot away from me. He walked around to my back and tied my hands with his belt—it was a tight knot.

Then he came forward, leaned in, hunched down slightly, and whispered in my ear, "Nobody will come to untie your hands tonight. You wanted to meet the lycan, didn't you? Let the two of you have an introduction today."



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

## Chapter 314-The Pirate Song

### Chapter 314: 314-The Pirate Song

#### Helanie:

I had been struggling to get out of the belt for the past hour, but he had tightened it so hard that I couldn't escape.

"You're kidding me, right?" I asked as he showed up again with a burger in his hand and sat down next to the tree with a book in his other hand. He had left me here after saying that to me.

After a few minutes, I gently thought he wouldn't even come back—but he did.

"Norman," I yelled, and he squeezed one eye shut to show me my voice wasn't bothering him.

"You're not serious, right?" I asked again, while moving my hands to somehow loosen the belt around my wrists.

"You heard me. I said what I said," he took a bite from his burger and then acted like he was so busy reading that he couldn't bother responding to me.

"I can't believe you're so evil," I hissed, sitting down on the ground in anger.

"Firstly, ew! So unclassy," he commented, "and secondly, didn't you say I'm already a monster? Then what are you so shocked about?" He shrugged, as if his childish behavior had a good explanation.

"Okay, you won. Now get me out of it," I screamed, tears starting to form in my eyes.

"Not going to work on me. That waterworks can be saved for my brothers. Now either you get out of it, or you become the lycan's food for the night," he didn't shift his eyes from his book, his legs stretched out like he was sitting in his garden.

"You know if the lycan killed me—everybody would point fingers at you," I spoke with difficulty, trying not to anger him but still wanting to be harsh.

"How so?" he shrugged, finally raising his eyes from his book.

"Because everybody knows I left the house to be in the woods for training," I reminded him what we were here for.

"Nope! You left the house alone. Nobody saw you come here with me," he said in a cold tone, taking a bite from his burger while meeting my eyes.

"You really want me dead?" I gulped.

"Why? I wasn't going to use the footage against the lycan," I felt so bad for tearing up again because I knew he wouldn't be bothered, like he said.

But how do I tell him this wasn't something simple to me?

My anxiety came from deep within. Being held against my will was so triggering, but I was keeping my sanity intact.

"Helanie, if you would stop running your mouth and focus on your strength, it would be much better. Now come on, take that belt off your wrist. You're a werewolf, act like one," he hissed, then started humming as if he didn't just scare me.

"Ugh!" I moved my wrists hard, closing my eyes to use all my strength.

"You better get out of the belt before I finish this book. The minute I'm done, I will go back home. Either with you or alone," he threatened, smirking a little when he watched me clench my jaw. My misery seemed so amusing to him.

"I need to get out of here," I mumbled to myself, "I must." I had promised myself that next time I was in trouble, I would rely on myself, so why the heck was I asking Norman for help?

I wanted to be a warrior who could take her revenge, right?

I struggled for another few hours. Or how many hours? I have no idea. Norman stayed, reading the book. I had no clue he could patiently sit for hours and not move until he was done with the book.

My anxiety spiked when he shut the book and pointed, "Well, it seems like I'm going home alone." He got up, brushing his pants and shirt clean.

"NO! Please wait. I can get out—of this," I started to panic, even visibly now, as I moved around.

"Don't go," I watched him shrug and walk away.

"It's 11 PM. I better get home," he announced, making my jaw drop. So many hours had passed and I hadn't even gotten out of the restraints?

What was I doing at the academy then? Always busy with drama and getting myself in trouble when I should have been focusing on my strength already. Tears sprung from my eyes as I noticed he wasn't slowing down.

"Norman, don't be an asshole!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, but he was gone. He was out of my sight, and it was so dark now that I couldn't even see through the darkness ahead.

"Shit, shit, shit," I cursed under my breath, casting quick glances around in fear and then hastily moving my arms, twisting my wrists.

And then, after about another hour, I began to hear the howling. The big trees around me and above me blocked the sky from my vision. It was so dark now.

I couldn't even focus on the howls properly, but I could tell they were probably getting closer and closer.

"Please, if you are within, now would be the right time to come forward and help me out," I whispered, shaking and sobbing.

I was frozen in my spot, unable to try and get out. Hours had passed, and I swear my hands were bloody. My skin hurt so badly from moving my wrists around so much in the belt.

"Come on, please," I begged within myself. And then, the howls came from right behind me. The heavy breathing and grunting paralyzed me. My skin felt cold, almost like I had lost my soul.

I dreaded dying without fulfilling any of my promises.

The twigs snapped underneath the lycan's foot, and I closed my eyes.

I knew it wouldn't leave me alive this time. As panic struck me, I began to move again.

And this time, I heard something deep within me.

"You wish for the downfall of those, and I will make your wish come true."

It was the most angelic and melodic voice I'd ever heard, and then she started to hum a melody that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

"There once was a ship that sailed to sea!"

And with that, my eyes closed, and my legs began to itch.

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

## Chapter 315-She Is A Keeper

### Chapter 315: 315-She Is A Keeper

**Norman:**

I stayed behind the tree, watching her close her eyes. I gestured at the warrior to play the recording of the lycan howling again. It may have been around 7 PM, but she didn't know. I had been noticing that she wanted to do great and learn to fight, but she was always busy with other stuff.

She needed a push, at least that much I had learned. After what she did this morning, I felt really guilty for ever seeing her in the wrong light. I guess I was angry at her at first, but the minute she thought it was Emmet and decided not to use the footage, she had earned so much respect in my eyes.

She was a ride or die, wasn't she?

That innocent face was not just a symbol of beauty but courage, determination, and loyalty.

"Maximus is lucky!" If somebody heard me say that, they would never believe their ears. I wasn't the type to usually praise a girl, especially Helanie.

I wanted to be right about her, like I always had been about other people who came into our lives. But I was wrong this time. She had proven to me that she had so many layers to her that needed to be discovered.

And today, I had tried to give her a push. I noticed her opening her eyes and then suddenly pulling her arms apart. That's when the belt snapped, but Helanie closed her eyes, and I knew she was losing consciousness.

I ran from behind the tree and approached her quickly, holding her to stop her from falling down. I had stayed close by all this time, making sure no harm or monster came near her.

"She snapped the belt," the warrior looked shocked, "She has a wolf. There's no way—" he was staring at the belt and then added, "Or maybe she's a superhuman."

The way he was watching her made me uneasy. I knew he was just admiring her, but she had passed out, and him watching her sleep just didn't sit well with me.

"Okay, thank you for your help. You may leave now," I said. I wouldn't let her be with anyone around when she wasn't conscious.

I was a little hesitant to touch her to carry her. I hissed under my breath, my fists tight before I loosened my muscles and slid my arms under her body.

As I carried her, I got up from the ground and started walking towards the road where my car was parked.

She had indeed snapped the belt and gotten free. That was incredible. It proved she wasn't pushing her wolf enough.

But I couldn't wait to ask her if she heard her wolf or what she felt the moment her strength surged.

I laid her down in the backseat of my car and pulled a blanket over her. I didn't stay in the car with her since she was unconscious, and I didn't want her to wake up feeling weird. But I did walk around the car, thinking about the students and everyone's attention on the lycan.

"She thought it was Emmet. What if others start thinking that too? An innocent man's reputation will be ruined," I was worried for my brother.

I stood outside, worrying about all these matters. And by the time the warrior returned with food, I saw Helanie move in the backseat as well.

I opened the door and slammed it shut as I sat down, which made her fully wake up.

"HUH?" she groaned, rubbing her eyes and stretching until she saw me in the front seat. I was watching her through the mirror.

She jumped up, sitting straight, and then threw a punch at my back. Her fist hit my shoulder, and a loud cracking noise followed. She didn't fracture her hand, thankfully.

"Ow!" she cried, holding her hand and whimpering, "Why would you do that?"

I rolled my eyes at her for a while before turning in my seat and glaring at her.

"You hit me. I didn't ask you to do it," I muttered before holding the burger out to her.

She looked up from her hand and grunted, "Seriously? After what you did in the woods? I'm not sure if I can trust you with anything. Who knows, there could be poison in this—burger." She hissed at me like a snake, but then her eyes moved to the burger, and I watched her gulp hungrily.

"Fine, as you wish," I said, taking a big bite from it.

"You are so shameless," she raised her fist again but didn't swing at me this time.

"Does your brain wake up late? Why aren't you asking me any of the right questions?" I couldn't help but ask as she slid to the edge of the seat with a confused look on her face.

I was so excited for her to wake up and tell me she remembered snapping the belt. And if not, at least ask me how she got out of the restraints.

After a while, she remembered and nodded her head.

"So?" I asked, enthusiasm in my voice. I was finally going to hear her say something useful.

Or so I thought.

"Why would I tell you? You tied me to that tree, and then the lycan came—wait—how did I survive that? And—what time is it?" She noticed the time and raised her fist again, imagining punching me. "You lied to me. Has a whole night and day passed?"

I rolled my eyes at her.

"Ugh! You annoying little creature. I just acted like—I created a scene for you so that you'd feel real danger and push your wolf out," I finished, watching her relax in the seat and lean back.

"I'm hungry," she said. Now that she knew I wasn't her enemy, she accepted the burger I gave her while still holding mine.

"Now, tell me, what happened?" I inquired, anticipating a good, detailed response. But instead, she took a bite and looked away.

"Don't give me that sass," I warned her, feeling annoyed. But the more I frowned, the wider her smirk grew.

She was such a nuisance!

Sometimes I wondered why I was putting up with her so much.

Like, really, why? Why was I so invested in her life?

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

# Chapter 316-I Want To Be Rejected

## Chapter 316: 316-I Want To Be Rejected

**Helanie:**

Norman kept glaring at me, barely turning in his seat.

I knew he was watching me, waiting for me to say something.

"I only heard a howl," I replied, curious about how I got out of the restraints. "Now tell me, what happened there?"

He seemed to space out for a moment before sighing and answering my question. "You snapped the belt off your wrist."

I did?

I might have been suspicious if the other brothers had said that because they always tried to make me feel good. But Norman wouldn't do that.

So I took it as the truth.

"Oh!" I shrugged, acting like it was nothing—only because I wanted to hide what I had heard in my head.

My wolf woke up. She spoke to me. And then she sang a song!

That song really confused me. I was sure I had heard it before, but where?

"Helanie! Are you sure you only heard a howl?" he asked, looking doubtful.

"Yeah, I only heard a howl and then passed out. It's weird because I don't even remember getting myself out of that belt." That part wasn't a lie. I honestly didn't remember any of it.

"Hm!" Norman still didn't seem convinced. "At least your annoying wolf isn't dead."

I groaned and frowned at his back for taunting my wolf, who wasn't even fully awake yet. Norman seemed to have an issue with me for no reason.

"Let's drop you home. You have work in the morning," he said as he sat up straight and started the engine. He handed me the food bag, and I couldn't help but keep munching on the nuggets.

He kept extending his hand back without looking, wiggling his fingers impatiently. I rolled my eyes every time I placed a nugget or fries between his fingers.

After he dropped me home, I ran straight to my room and called Lamar, asking about Gavin.

"He's much better. I think he'll transition tomorrow. His mom came today—she was so happy and sent you her love too," Lamar said all in one breath. I could hear a movie playing in the background, so the boys were doing great together.

The thing about Lamar was that he never really took things seriously, especially when it was about him. He always told me to stand up for myself, but he didn't really do it for himself. He was also a really good friend to everyone. When someone was in need—and I don't just mean needing a dick—he would be there.

"That's great. I'm really glad we found him in time," I sighed, sinking into my bed.

"Helanie, Sage said the Lycan must have seen the cameras. Does that mean he knows we put them there? What if he comes after us?" There was a hint of worry in Lamar's voice. And I knew why.

He had been worried about me the whole day since I stayed in the rogue community, and I was closer to the Lycan than anyone else.

"Don't worry about it. The Lycan doesn't know. I'm pretty sure some other monster did it," I said, but I could tell Lamar had groaned on the other side—he didn't believe me.

"Are you coming to meet Gavin tomorrow? We need to ask him what happened to him and what herb he thought was going to save Lucy," Lamar spoke carefully.

I bet he didn't want to talk too much about Lucy in front of Gavin since it would only make him feel worse. Gavin was really hurting for what he had done to Lucy. At least he felt guilty.

I know some people who don't even care after murdering someone.

"Yeah, I'll definitely be there," I replied, hearing Kaye calling for the maid outside my room. He must have just arrived.

"Okay, I'll talk to you later," I hung up on Lamar because I had to go speak with Kaye.

As I rushed out, thinking he would be gone, I bumped into his back. He turned around, holding his phone and raising his eyebrow at me.



"Hey, where were you going in such a hurry?" There was a specific tone he used whenever he talked to me. I bet he wanted to sound soft, but his deep and husky voice made him seem arrogant and cold at times.

"You!" I blurted awkwardly.

"Me?" He pointed a finger to his chest, a small smile playing on his lips as he asked with hope.

"I wanted to speak with you about something," I suddenly felt anxious now that I was standing in front of him.

"Really? You wanted to talk to me?" There was a shine in his eyes that made me want to look away.

It looked like hope and longing.

"Yeah, about us." As soon as I said that, I noticed his grin widening.

"Are you ready for it? I mean, are you—um—ready to take a step forward with me?" He couldn't even form a full sentence at this point.

And the way he hoped I would tell him I was ready just made me look down and close my eyes to gather my thoughts for a moment.

"You made your choice, Kaye," my voice cracked a little, and his sudden silence was enough for me to know I had made my point.

I wasn't talking to him because I was ready to move forward with him.

"Then? What is it that you want to talk about?" The sudden shift in his mood and tone should have been a hint to me.

But I had to do this.

"Listen, you already picked Kesha—" I was just laying the groundwork before hitting him with the real request when he cut me off.

"And you know why!"

It was my turn to interrupt him. "And that doesn't make it any better. You chose her because you couldn't wait, and I'm not blaming you. I wasn't ready for anything with you—and I might not be for some time. So it's okay that you moved on."

I put so much weight into my words because it wasn't easy to say this to someone I had felt attracted to.

We were mates, for heaven's sake, and we had built such a strong bond together. All for it to be ruined.

"I want you to reject me."

As soon as I said that, I watched his face fill with horror.

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

## **Chapter 317-Did Not Mean To Hurt You**

### **Chapter 317: 317-Did Not Mean To Hurt You**

**Helanie:**

"So you were never interested in me? Not even a little bit? Not even when we sat under the sky, shared a blanket, and kissed?" The pain in his voice broke my heart.

But I had a promise to keep.

How could I accept anything—or anyone—that the Moon Goddess had chosen for me when I had challenged her? I told her I wouldn't until I had my revenge.

"No!" I spoke with confidence, and his face started to change color. He went from looking happy to turning red with anger.

"I had feelings for you until you chose Kesha. I don't fall for men who are already committed," I quickly added, realizing that what I was saying might make me look bad. And I couldn't risk looking bad when, in the future, I might be judged for my character.

"Why are you asking for a rejection? Your wolf isn't awake, so even if I reject you, your side of the rejection won't be complete until your wolf wakes up," he questioned, making me anxious.

I thought he would just do it.

I didn't expect him to be so hesitant. Kesha was vibrant—someone he could gain a lot from, including praise and everyone's appreciation, just like he wanted.

"When my wolf wakes up, I'll do my part of the rejection—" I had only gotten that far before he groaned and ran his hands through his hair.

"But why? Did you find someone? Are you—are you interested in someone else?" he asked after anxiously pacing around.

He had turned the air so tense with his grunting and restless movements. The man who barely ever showed emotion was now using every gesture to express how upset he was.

"No, I didn't." Since he was visibly getting worked up, I decided to take the gentler approach.

"I just don't want to stay clinging—" I hissed under my breath at how difficult this was for me to deal with.

Even though I could have been mad at him for choosing Kesha and wanting to keep me on the side until he got everything he wanted from her, I couldn't be. Because I did tell him I wasn't ready to date him anytime soon.

I didn't want to hold someone back for my revenge. And I didn't even know if they would believe me if six Alphas came together and said I had lied about them.

And then there were my pack members—they always hated me. My stepmother had ruined my reputation, calling me a homewrecker. Whenever I walked down the road or went house to house to deliver food, the women would hide their husbands, thinking I would use my pheromones to seduce them.

So many people would come together to talk badly about me, and some of their voices would linger in the air.

"Then? Then why?" Kaye hissed, clenching his hair in his fists.

"Kaye! I—I want to move on. And if I'm going to date someone, I would want—" I shut up when I noticed a tear roll down his cheek.

"I can't be with you. You chose Kesha, and I chose my academy," I said, my hands shaking at the thought of the brothers hating me for hurting their brother.

And once Maximus told everyone I had picked him, Kaye would think I was just buying time so I wouldn't have to choose him.

It was getting messier. But Maximus wasn't my mate, so I had no promises to keep there.

"No! You—want to move on from me? Why? I haven't been able to move on. I don't want to move on. I told you, if you pick me, I will pick you. But until then, I will build enough for us to live without any help from my parents," he argued, his voice getting louder.

That made me look around in worry.

"Kaye, we're at home. People will hear us," I whispered, stepping back to put some distance between us before he caused more commotion.

"You care so much about your reputation, Helanie. And you care nothing—nothing about me," he hissed, anger burning in his eyes for the first time.

"And if you think I'll reject you, you're wrong," he muttered, pointing his finger in my face. "I will never reject you. You will always stay as mine and mine only."

He grabbed the vase from the side and slammed it on the floor, the loud crash echoing through the hallway. Then, he stormed off, and I ran back into my room.

"That went horribly wrong," I gasped for air, reaching for my glass of water when I heard more noise outside.

With the glass in my hand, I exited my room again to see what the commotion was.

And sure enough, it was still Kaye.

He was tossing and throwing things while storming upstairs to his room. Every maid had run to the corner, and my mother had stepped out of her room near the living room to check on him.

"Kaye!" she called, her voice filled with concern.

He briefly paused, turned to look at her, and grunted.

"Fuck off!"

With that, he stormed upstairs.

Then, a vase came rolling down the stairs.

I didn't expect it to reach this level.

I returned to my room, and in the next few minutes, the situation got worse.

Until it became unbearable.

I left my room again but stayed standing in the doorway, watching the brothers come together to help Kaye. I saw them standing in the living room, the three of them talking.

"He's losing it. What happened?" Maximus asked Norman, worry clear on his face.

"I don't know. Emmet and I had to give him wolfsbane. He trashed his entire room and was ready to transition inside the mansion," Norman said with an unusual tone of concern when mentioning Kaye wanting to shift in the house.

"Shit! That would have been terrifying," Maximus gave Norman an odd look.

"He shaved his head," Emmet added, delivering the news to Maximus, who looked visibly distraught.

I knew they all respected Norman, but Maximus and Kaye were like best friends most of the time. They fought like animals but then stuck together like bestfriends.

So I could only imagine the pain Maximus was going through while watching his brother suffer.

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

## **Chapter 318-Norman Always Finds The Way**

### **Chapter 318: 318-Norman Always Finds The Way**

#### **Helanie:**

At this point, Norman had noticed me. I walked into the living room awkwardly and turned to the brothers.

"Is Kaye okay?" I was so hurt with myself for hurting him. But there was no other way. I had to ask him for rejection.

He couldn't wait for me and chose Kesha, but he wanted me to not even be able to make a decision for myself.

"He is fine, probably going through some stress. Don't worry about it," Maximus spoke nicely to me, but he was trying to keep his emotions from showing too clearly.

"It happens with the strongest of creatures," Emmet responded, making Maximus raise his brow at the subtle admiration for Kaye's strength.

However, while these two were reassuring me that Kaye would be fine, Norman was watching my face with narrowed eyes.

That look he was giving me made my stomach churn and twist.

"Alright, you two go ahead with Kaye at the hotel room. I'll finish my work here and join you guys."

I didn't know they had taken Kaye out of the mansion.

Why couldn't he rest here?

Why did he have to be away from everyone?

Emmet and Maximus started walking away, and before leaving, Maximus gave me a smile that reassured me I didn't need to worry about anything.

But how could I not worry when his brother was eyeing me up and down? And now that we were alone, he was going to confront me.

"So, Helanie," Norman stretched his neck. "Why don't you show me what book you're reading these days?"

What a subtle way to ask me to move my ass back to my room so he could confront me comfortably.

Charlotte, my mother and Emma were on the second floor, looking at the damage Kaye had caused. They had maids working for them while they bossed them around rudely—at least Charlotte was.

I walked back to my room with Norman following me, and once inside, Norman was the one who slammed the door shut.

He stood tall and broad, hands on his waist, eyes fixed on me, demanding answers.

"Start speaking," he ordered, looking intimidating.

"About what?" I acted like I was unaware of what he was trying to ask me about.

"I am asking you about Kaye. You and Kaye—what is going on between the two of you? And before you think about lying to me, let me tell you something very clearly," he spoke so sternly that I didn't dare piss him off or interrupt him.

"I saw you two kiss back when he took the students to the rooftop of our mother's pack."

My eyes widened at his words, but he didn't seem angry about that kiss. Or was he?

I thought that the day he found out there was anything going on between me and his brother, he would kill me.

"Yeah, I saw it," he repeated, watching the shocked expression on my face.

"So start talking," he hissed.

I lowered my head and took a deep breath, wondering if there was still room left to lie. If he had seen me with Kaye, seeing me with Maximus would be even worse.

"Yes! We had a moment—more than a moment," I paused as I recalled how I had opened up to Kaye.

I really thought taking slow steps wouldn't be breaking the promise. But I forgot that everyone wants their mate to accept them so they can move forward.

"Keep talking," he pressed, his hands still on his waist. He had barely moved.

"I—have felt the mate bond with Kaye sometime ago, and he accepted me."

I watched his expression change suddenly and drastically. It wasn't just surprise on his face—it was like he had been stabbed with something poisonous. He looked so worried.

"You have felt a mate bond with him too?" he inquired, clearly very disturbed.

"Yeah—" I paused when I finally caught on to his question. "Too? What do you mean?"

I noticed how he closed his eyes once he realized he had messed up.

"Norman—what do you mean by—" I gulped as I watched him run his hand through his hair.

Did he know about the Lycan?

"Tell me something—this couldn't be why Kaye was losing his mind tonight. What did you say to him that made him so angry?"

He was able to divert the subject, but this was also important for me to explain to him.

"I asked him for rejection," I noticed a frown form on his forehead, "so that I could move on."

It was getting messier.

He kept pacing back and forth like this could turn into a big problem.

"Helanie—you are choosing someone else over Kaye?"

His question was thorough, but there was meaning behind it.

He seemed very confident that was why I had asked Kaye for rejection and not because Kaye had chosen Kesha.

"What do you know, Norman? You can't just keep bombarding me with questions and not tell me anything you know." I had enough of it. He had been interrogating me all this time.

Every time we would meet, he had a bundle of questions for me, and I answered most of them—some with lies, and most with the truth.

"I don't know anything, but Goddess, Kaye must be in so much pain," he uttered, pacing around the room and acting like he didn't hear me ask him something.

"Tell me something, and this time, be honest," I muttered, because this time, I wouldn't be stepping back from him. He needed to answer me truthfully and correctly.

He stopped moving and narrowed his eyes at me for my question.

"Are you the Lycan?"

As soon as I asked that question, the lines on his forehead disappeared as if he wasn't expecting that question to be thrown his way.

"Helanie! You've lost your mind," he groaned, rolling his eyes. "I will go take care of my brother."

As he was heading toward the door, I voiced again, "I felt the mate bond with that Lycan."

I wouldn't hide it from him. He wouldn't talk about the Lycan, so I knew he wouldn't be telling anyone about me and the Lycan.

In a very cold and calm manner, he turned to me and replied, "I know."

Then, he walked out of the room, leaving me stunned by his response.

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



