

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 4 - 4-Stepbrother Wants Me Gone

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Helanie:

"You don't need to go anywhere. It's getting dark, and the wilderness is not a place for a helpless werewolf," I noticed how comforting his voice was. He didn't appear threatening or angry, even though he stood as tall as a six-foot guy.

"Mom said I'm not welcome," I admitted, knowing I was practically begging to stay here, but it was my only chance to stay alive.

1

The minute Alpha Diaz discovered I had escaped, he would deploy his warriors to capture me and punish me for all the 'sins' I had committed, including fleeing from my punishment.

"My door is open for any helpless creature. And you are not just anyone; you're my mate's daughter. So come inside and stay for the night." He patted my head like a father would, and tears once again welled up in the corners of my eyes. I knew I was heavily emotional in the moment.

2

I hadn't even processed what I had endured over the past few days. With my weakened state, I followed him. His mansion was grand with many staircases leading upstairs and to different floors.

"Sophia! Where is Ursula?" Lord McQuoid called for the maid in a white apron and blue dress. They had a uniform for maids, and there were so many of them.

My mother must not have to work a single day anymore, yet she couldn't bring herself to soften up for me. I thought all these luxuries and comforts might have changed her resentment toward me, but I guess I was wrong.

2

"Dad! Why did you bring this maid inside?" The guy from earlier, Norman, appeared, walking downstairs. He wasn't wearing the glasses that had hidden his eyes.

"She is not a maid," Lord McQuoid corrected his son, who frowned and tilted his head. His eyes briefly landed on me before he turned back to his father. "She is Ursula's daughter from her fated mate."

That was all it took for Lord McQuoid to change the look on Norman's face.

"And Helanie, this is my eldest son, Norman A. McQuoid. He is not only the finest trainer at my academy but also manages my business." The pride in his voice made me think about my own parents. I never made them proud like this. In fact, one wanted to kill me while the other refused to acknowledge me as her child.

However, I was jolted back to reality when Norman scoffed at me.

"Why is her daughter here?" His tone was stern and harsh, clearly unwelcoming. He was now looking me deep in my eyes while unbuttoning his coat.

"Because, just like you stay here with your father, she can visit her mother," Lord McQuoid tried to reason, but the tall man seemed unmoved.

"She visited; now she can leave," Norman stood his ground, his eyes harshly examining. I felt under attack but maintained my composure to avoid showing discomfort under his gaze.

"You will not make that decision, young man. Besides, the mansion has many rooms; she can sleep in any of them for the night—," His words were interrupted by the arrival of my mother.

"Didn't I tell you to leave?" Her voice was quite loud this time as she glared at me.

"Easy! Don't you see, she is pretty shaken up. I think we should let her stay for the night," Lord McQuoid interjected and I wondered if he was the only one who could see the pain on my face. I must admit, it did intrigue me to wonder how it must feel to have a father like him.

"No! She will not stay here. If it's about safety, I can ask my driver to drop her back home. But she will not stay here. I will not allow this woman to bring her family and take over. We let you bring in this woman at one promise that you won't expect more from us, but now her daughter is here too," Norman yelled, causing me to step back and away from everyone. He kept glaring at me, taking off his coat and casually stretching his arm to the side to hand it over to the maid.

"Norman, you're scaring the little girl," Lord McQuoid attempted to step between us as Norman slowly lost his composure. The amount of hatred from someone I had just met surprised me.

"I think Norman is right. She should be dropped off," my mother agreed with her stepson, just to please him.

"I won't go back home," I said firmly. I knew I couldn't return there. There was no home for me. Despite being disrespected here, I knew this would be the safest place for me.

The silence thickened the air. While the Rogue King seemed genuinely concerned, my mother covered her mouth, hiding her shock at my statement.

But it was Norman McQuoid who lost his temper and came directly at me. "You are not staying here. This is not your home," he yelled, pointing his finger in my face. "I am not working hard so people like you can take advantage of the luxuries I provide. You need to leave."

The disdain in his voice and the elegance still persisted, but his tone was sharp, and the clenching of his jaw didn't go unnoticed either. As he continued glaring into my eyes, I began to see stars. I had been starving, and the pain from the night of terror had not yet healed. I had only covered the bruises and wounds under a large sweater and an oversized dress, but that didn't mean they didn't exist.

His scent was so strong just like his presence that I began to lose my consciousness.

My vision blurred, and my body began to crumble. "Step aside, look what you've done," I could only hear Lord McQuoid's voice before I passed out. I watched him push his son aside and approach me.

I don't know who carried me to where but I kept having these dreams of the past.

'Mommy will always love you,' Those words were once spoken by my mother.

'Daddy will be proud of his little girl when she grows up and becomes a pack's doctor,' My dad used to be so loving before he exposed his infidelity. I was my parents' spoiled princess, but only until I was six. After that, I don't even remember who I was. Just an excuse to make each other look bad or guilty.

They used me in their personal war, and now I was without a family, a loved one, a parent, or even a friend.

"Ahh!" My neck hurt so much from sleeping in the same position, probably. I winced as I began to wake.

"I've never seen Norman lose his temper before," I heard some people talking around me. It was a woman's voice.

"Of course he was angry. He was having such a hard time seeing us around, and then she showed up," This time, the voice sounded much younger.

"What if he kicks us out as well?" the girl asked.

"That won't happen. You are my childhood best friend, someone who left the pack with me and took her little daughter into the wilderness just so that she could be with me. I will never let this girl ruin our lives," that was my mother. I realized the other two were Aunt Emma and her daughter, who had left the pack with my mother many years ago.

2

"She's waking up," the girl, Charlotte, who I used to play with when I was little, announced as she saw me struggling to open my eyes. I had never felt so weak before.

"Come on, stop this drama and get up. You're leaving." My mother didn't care about my condition. I bet she couldn't even sense that something was wrong with me. She just grabbed my arm to pull me out of the bed again, but this time, I shrugged myself free, hugging myself and shaking my head.

"Lord McQuoid said I can stay here," I uttered miserably.

"Look at her, she's already trying to take Lord McQuoid on her side," Aunt Emma had not changed in her behavior. She was still the same arrogant lady with her eyebrow raised and a scowl on her face.

"Imagine, this is how the calmest one behaved. Girl, you better leave if you don't want to fall under the radar of the other brothers. They are not as nice as Norman," Charlotte stated, and my body shuddered. What did she mean by that? Norman was nice? Did that mean the others would be worse than him?

1