

# Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

## Chapter 401-Love Triangles Everywhere

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#### Helanie:

Everyone cheered while Sydney rolled her eyes, but the real surprise was when Lucy clapped. Although her cheering lacked enthusiasm, she still joined the others in praising me.

"And Hans, I'm proud of you for not letting your ego get in the way," Emmet pointed out, making Hans lower his head proudly and blush.

"Now, the second team to arrive was Kaye's team," Norman turned to Kaye and gave him a nod.

"I think Lamar and Penn's coordination was amazing," Kaye clapped for the two, making me wonder if he was even fully present here. Sometimes, I would look at him and notice him just standing in his spot like a statue, barely breathing and not blinking once.

"Now—," as soon as Norman moved on to the third team, Sydney straightened her posture and looked around to make sure everyone knew they had to cheer for her.

"Two teams were in close competition. They were headed to the finish line with only a few seconds' difference. But as I said, there will only be three winners," Norman paused to glance at Maximus' team, and Gavin quickly looked down as if hiding his eyes.

I could only imagine how he was feeling. He had expressed his fear of letting down Maximus, and I guess he was feeling it hard now.

"So—my team arrived a few seconds sooner," Norman declared, not even looking upset that his team didn't perform as exceptionally as the other semesters used to.

He really had a sportsman's spirit.

"Yay!!" Sydney raised her arms and started doing her cheerleading moves until Norman pointed at her, and everyone stopped cheering.

"Stop this," his harsh tone confused everyone. Sydney bit the inside of her cheek, but no one could bring her down that day.

No one but Norman.

"However, since Sydney harmed one of the students outside the testing ground with a foreign substance, her team—my team is disqualified," his announcement made everyone's jaws hang low, and they started looking at each other.

"So, Maximus—your team is the third winner," Norman's words pulled Gavin out of his misery. He raised his head, clenched his fists, and lifted them in triumph.

"Gavin!" I turned and gave him a hug, jumping up and down happily. He then went on to celebrate with Lamar, Penn, and Jenny, while my eyes landed on Emmet, and I recalled his words.

'Use this information wisely.'

He knew that if we had complained first, the trainers would have waited for Jenny to heal and then conducted the test. But he wanted to punish Sydney in the worst way—to make her realize she lost because of her own actions.

"Fucking bitch," one of the girls from Sydney's team cursed at her, making her stare at Norman.

"Sir, may I please know why I am getting disqualified?" she asked, making everyone go silent. She was already in tears, ready to let out sobs.

"Didn't you put pigeon eye powder in Jenny's eyes? That's what made Jenny act up on the ground today. You didn't care about the test; otherwise, you would have been focusing on your training instead of using cheap tricks to secure victory. And since you didn't care, we don't care either," Norman was no longer speaking nicely. He growled as he pointed at her.

"Sir—give me a chance," she broke down, hands on her face, sobbing.

"Your chances keep running out, but you never learn," Emmet shook his head at her.

Maximus was happy watching his team celebrate. Lucy still stood silently and still, not even celebrating with her own team until she heard about the surprise gift.

"Now, onto the gift. As I promised—it's going to be special. At the beginning of summer, all the winning teams will go on a luxury cruise and party for seven days," Norman's announcement made us lose our minds.

We all stared at him, then started jumping up and down. I kept my hands clasped near my chest, imagining the night I had escaped my pack—to finally raise my head and live a life of revenge, power, and happiness.

Fighting till my last breath had been worth it.

"No! Sir, please—" Sydney was crying loudly when someone threw a dirt ball at her. She stopped, turned, and cursed under her breath before breaking into sobs again.

"Hey, no bullying," Norman yelled while walking away, warning whoever had thrown it.

Once the trainers left, I turned to look at my friends.

"We'll all be together!" I excitedly clapped my hands, noticing Jenny smile at me.

"Thank you for carrying me," she said softly.

"It wasn't just me, Hans really helped us today," I admitted, but I could tell she already knew that.

"Hans, thank you!" Jenny turned to him, and at that moment, I witnessed something surprising.

Hans was blushing while nodding at Jenny. But his smile faded the moment Lamar wrapped his arm around her and pulled her in for a hug and a quick kiss on the lips.

"Oh!" Hans frowned. "I didn't know you two were—" He said it so softly that only I heard him because I had been watching him.

The sudden change in his mood didn't sit well with me.

Was he interested in Jenny?

I recalled how he had acted when Jenny was attacked during the test. He hadn't even cared that much for Sydney and Salem when they were in the cage test with the Frogster.

"Ready for party week?" Penn whispered in my ear, and I smiled, but before I could turn around and respond, I heard Rudy yell in the distance.

"Told you—your friends would prevent you from winning."

I stared off and frowned, not liking that competitive side of Rudy.

But it was Arlo who said something that soured my mood even more. "If Rudy hadn't trained you, you would have lost because of that burden on your shoulders."

"Watch your fucking tone," Penn yelled, but Arlo only laughed with Sumit. Sage and Rudy kept staring at me as they walked away.

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

## Chapter 402-The Ex Who Wants To Play Games

### Chapter 402: 402-The Ex Who Wants To Play Games

**Helanie:**

"Don't focus on what they said. I wouldn't have been here without you guys," I told Jenny, who had been feeling so guilty that she had been bawling her eyes out the entire time.

"Jenny—" Hans appeared out of nowhere, rushing toward us with something in his hand. "Don't cry, look what I did!" he smiled. "I busted all their tires."

"Good job," Penn patted his shoulder while Lamar gave him a nod, but I guess those small gestures of appreciation didn't matter much to Hans. He was waiting for a response from Jenny, who gave him a small smile. The moment she did, Hans looked relieved.

"I can't wait to—" Gavin kept having these bursts of happiness every few minutes, where he would remember the trip and clap his hands excitedly. But this time, Lamar planned to ruin it.

"To wear a bikini?" Lamar teased, and Gavin pouted, slapping his chest.

We were still sitting on the ground even as the night arrived. Sydney's team had reacted aggressively to their loss. They cursed at Sydney, had an argument, and then left her on the ground, heading back to the academy without her.

Lucy had jumped in to comfort her best friend, while Salem kept staring at Gavin in silence.

"She's texting you, isn't she?" I asked Gavin, noticing Salem typing something, then looking at him. His phone would beep, but he kept ignoring her messages.

"We're headed to dinner, are you guys coming?" Penn wrapped his arm around his sister's shoulders and called out to me and Gavin.

"We'll be there in a minute, you guys go ahead," I gestured for them to go. I wanted to have a word with Gavin.

"She's worried that since Lucy and I will be on the boat—" he sighed, shaking his head.

"Do you not like Salem at all? I mean, if you don't, then you have every right to avoid her texts, but if you do—I think you're being too harsh on her," I wanted to know where he really stood in all this. If he wasn't interested, then it was her fault for chasing after him.

But I felt like there was something from his side too.

"It's not that I don't like her. I just feel like our relationship would cause more arguments and problems," he admitted, sighing constantly and stealing glances at Lucy.

"Gavin, do you want to go back to Lucy?" I didn't know what made me ask that question, but I had a feeling she was the reason he wasn't moving forward.

In response to my question, he only took a deep breath.

"No! Answer me, because I'll take your silence however I want to. Do you want me to do that?" I warned him as we sat on the ground.

He uttered, "She wants to."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Lucy wants to get back with you?" I asked in shock.

He gave me a gentle nod.

"And what about you? What do you want?" I noticed him looking away.

"I don't want that Chapter to open again. So much happened, and the way we both cheated on each other, the way I ruined the purity of our relationship—I realized it had become so toxic that we shouldn't be together," he replied.

"And you have no feelings for her?" I just wanted to be certain he had no feelings left and that he wasn't stuck between having feelings for both of them.

"I care about her as a friend, but I don't love her—" He then bit his tongue and added, "Salem is my second chance mate."

My jaw dropped while he covered his face in his hands.

"I know friends shouldn't keep secrets, but I'm such an asshole—I can't share my truth with anyone. It's been like that since I was a child. I saw my mother confide in her friend about my uncle's abuse after my father passed away. And that friend—she told my

uncle. And then—" He was pouring his heart out until he suddenly stopped, recalling something. "It made my uncle abuse her—in other ways too."

I could only imagine how he was feeling at that moment.

"I'm so sorry. I really am. I met your mother, and she's such a nice person," I said, unable to believe she had been through so much.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Her abuser got away. He ran off with that friend of hers, and they got married. The last time she tried to go after them, she realized he had become a warrior in some pack, so an omega like her didn't stand a chance. His pack's alpha also protected him."

Now I understood why Gavin couldn't tell us anything, why he was always afraid of telling the truth. He was scared of the consequences.

"I shouldn't have hurt others because of my own trauma. Lucy was innocent," he added.

"And that's why you decided to join this academy," I murmured. It made sense now. I was shocked to realize how many of these students had their own painful stories.

"One day, one day, Helanie, I will become the royal Gamma of my pack and then go after that man," he smiled weakly, and I couldn't help but give him a hug.

"Go for Salem," I said, breaking the hug.

"What?" he asked.

"You feel guilty for hurting Lucy, but that doesn't mean you can't move on with your life. Try to understand Lucy's point of view as well, but ask yourself—what can be done?" I wasn't sure if I would piss Lucy off even more if she found out I was the one in Gavin's ear, pushing him to accept his second-chance mate.

"I'll see," he said. "Now, let's go enjoy our victory."

He smiled and got up, holding out his hand for me to take. I accepted, letting him pull me up, and we rushed away together, laughing and giggling as we tossed stones at each other.

We might have won today and passed a test, but there were still many things I needed to do before this trip.

And one of them was to go see Kaidon.

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

## Chapter 403-I Need A Babysitter

### Chapter 403: 403-I Need A Babysitter

#### Emmet:

"You've been acting weird. Is there anything I should be concerned about?" Norman appeared out of nowhere, tapping his hand on my shoulder. I jumped noticeably, which only made my brother even more curious about my well-being.

I wasn't a very jumpy person. Nothing really scared me except for the well-being of my loved ones.

But lately, I have been very, very jumpy. I didn't know what was going on, but I had written down what was making me startled. Mostly, whenever I saw someone, I would visibly shudder because my brain took some time to process who the person in front of me was.

"Earth to Emmet," Norman snapped his fingers in front of my face to pull me back to reality.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," I joked, waving my hand to dismiss his concerns. I walked out of my room and into the passage. He followed me, realizing it was time for our usual walk around the corridor.

"You don't look fine. You keep forgetting to do simple tasks. Tell me, please, what's going on with you so I can find a way to—" Before he could finish, I did it for him.

"To fix it?" I laughed at how much time he spent worrying about his brothers all day.

"The twins called me a week ago," I recalled the conversation I had with them.

"What did they say?" he asked.

"They want me to come pick them up." I hadn't been very close to them, and there was a reason I kept my distance. But those kids wouldn't understand.

"And you're telling me this now, why?" Norman asked, questioning the delay.

"Because I still have a few days before I have to pick them up. They said they're getting holidays from boarding school and don't want to stay there for vacation," I said as I turned to stare at my brother. He had the same confused look on his face as I did.

"Why would they stay in the boarding school after the holidays?" Norman questioned.

"Well, according to them, lady Darcy told them that this time, they'd be staying with the tutors since she's hosting some parties and has business to handle. She thinks they might ruin things with their usual running around the mansion," I recalled the exact words of my little sister.

"Mom said that? Mom has so many rooms and babysitters. She can afford a whole hotel for her meetings—why would she—" Norman grunted under his breath.

"As if it isn't bad enough that Mom introduces them as our step-siblings to everyone," Norman finally said it. Our mom had forbidden us from ever calling the little ones our siblings until recently.

Suddenly, she was telling everyone they were our siblings. I didn't understand her much, but I could tell she was always ready to ruin someone's life, and I didn't like her for that.

Which is why I didn't hate Ursula when she stole her mate from her. It's always Karma who comes in different ways.

"You see why they contacted you and not anyone else?" It was Norman once again, trying to play with the strings of my heart.

"I don't want to focus on that, Norman," I told him, but he shook his head at me.

"You should. Maybe that will help you in the long run. Surround yourself with people who will keep you sane," he advised, patting my shoulder.

"Or maybe they'll be broken once I go insane," I reminded him. That's not how it works. I can't bring people close just to watch them lose me.

"Anyway, call Lady Darcy and tell her to arrange babysitters for them and let them stay at home." I was done talking about myself. This issue needed to be solved, and I was hoping Norman would handle it.

"How about no? You know Mom won't like the fact that they called you. Even if she lets them stay, they'll get punished and put in timeout. So how about we step up and take care of them this time?" Norman had a cheeky grin on his face, like he had caught me in the perfect trap this time.



"Go ahead, then. You can be their babysitter," I waved my hand at him while looking for my pocket hip flask in my coat.

"No! This time, it's you," he said, pointing his finger at me. "You'll be taking care of your siblings this time, and I won't hear any excuses." With that, Norman started walking away. I couldn't believe he wasn't helping me out this time.

"You'll regret this," I yelled. He gave me the middle finger without even turning around.

"Ugh, this asshole," I muttered. I loved him, but sometimes he could be really annoying, and this was one of those times.

However, I had a backup plan ready.

While taking a sip from my wine, I called her.

"Hello?" I said.

"Emmet, hey!" Helanie's voice was so gentle—it always gave me comfort. I knew I could rely on her just as much as she could rely on me.

"Helanie, I'm in deep shit, and I need your help." I heard her gasp at my tone and language. I had never used such words in front of her before. The truth was, I was changing, and I was sure others were noticing it too.

"Tell me, how can I help?" Just as I expected, she was already willing to assist me.

"I need a babysitter to take care of my little twin siblings. Can you do that for me? And it won't be free—you'll get paid for your services, so we both get something out of it." I knew she might not like me bringing up money, but it was the right thing to do. After breaking things off with Maximus, she had stopped working for him. Soon, she'd be looking for a job, and my offer might come in handy.

"You know I don't need money to help you," she said, sounding upset.

"Please, it's a job offer," I corrected myself. "So? Are you able to do it?"

I heard her breathe peacefully before responding.

"Sure, I can do that."

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

# Chapter 404-They Want Their Big Brother

## Chapter 404: 404-They Want Their Big Brother

### Helanie:

After Emmet called me and asked for help, I wasn't left with much choice but to return to that place to help him out.

The mansion didn't scare me anymore, except for the presence of Kaye. He had changed—almost like someone I couldn't recognize. Or maybe that was how he was before he warmed up to me.

"I'll come pick you up, say—8 p.m.?" Lamar dropped me off at the gate, not ready to come inside.

"Sure, thank you!" I gave him a gentle hug before taking a deep breath and walking into the mansion. Now that Charlotte was going to marry Maximus, I could only imagine her attitude had gotten worse.

Holding my side bag's strap tightly, I stepped into the mansion to find Emmet leaning against the wall, waiting for me.

Thankfully, he was very alert to everything around him. He knew that since he had asked me to come, he needed to be at the door to make sure nobody else spotted me before him.

"Thank you for showing up," he sighed in relief, looking like a mess with his hair all over his face and shoulders.

"You okay?" I laughed a little, noticing how he rolled his eyes.

"Brother Emmet—come find us," I heard a childlike voice from inside and instantly realized why he was in such a bad mood.

"They're giving you a hard time?" I asked, and he nodded, pouting so cutely that my heart skipped a beat.

"Where is everybody else?" I inquired, and he rolled his eyes again.

"They went to some event in another pack," he said, clearly uninterested. "I feel like they did it on purpose. Like, 'Leave these five-year-olds with me so I can suffer,'" he scoffed tiredly.

"Well, I'm here now." I gave him a fake but full bow to present myself, and in return, he sighed in relief.

"Let me introduce you to the things we call children these days," he said seriously as he led me inside.

"They've always been called children, Professor Emmet," I corrected him, but he just shrugged.

Once we were in the living room, I realized why he was so exhausted. The kids had made a castle out of pillows, thrown decorations around, and were holding water guns.

"Now, do I look like someone who would be playing with these things?" he pointed at them, and I smiled.

"It's okay. Water guns are cool," I said, and once again, he shook his head.

"I'm talking about the ones holding the water guns," he said with pure exhaustion in his voice.

"Kids," he clapped his hands to get their attention.

They were two little, adorable kids with green eyes and black hair. Their cute matching outfits made me smile widely.

"She's your stepsister, so go bother her now," he gestured toward me, standing so tall among us like a giant.

"And Helanie—this is Demi, and he is Davon," that was all he said before he quickly slipped away, making me wonder if he really wasn't a kid person.

But now I was alone with the hyperactive children. Or so I thought. It wasn't at all what I had expected.

The minute Emmet left, the kids put their toys down and started to clean up the mess they had made.

"So you both were purposely annoying him?" I asked after noticing the change in their body language.

"Not really," the girl turned around and said. "We weren't annoying him. We just wanted him to pay attention to us."

The sadness in her voice crushed my heart.

So that was what was going on.

"You can have that seat while we clear this out," she continued, sounding so mature for her age.

"It's okay. You two sit down, I'll fix everything," I gestured gently and began cleaning the living room. However, they continued to help.

I didn't realize kids could be so mature and calm. But what hurt me the most was that they wanted to act like children in front of Emmet, and it probably freaked him out.

"Now," once I finished setting the area up, I turned to give them a smile, but their smiles never returned.

"Maybe if you acted like this in front of him—," I paused. "See, Emmet is a different kind of person. He doesn't really like loud noises or people." I had gathered that much. And I assumed maybe that was the reason he was keeping a distance from these two.

"That's not true. He doesn't like us—not because of any reason," Devon finally spoke up. "He hates everyone."

I had to shake my head and tell him no.

"That's not true. Your brother is a wonderful person. He holds concern in his heart for everyone and takes care of his loved ones without asking for any praise."

I didn't realize how widely I smiled when talking about Emmet. There was something about him that made my heart jump up and down at the thought of him.

"But you can't be in love with him. He's your brother."

I didn't know these kids were so sharp until Devi spoke with a pout on her lips.

"Huh?" I stared at her, dreading what she was about to say next.

"You seem like you have a crush on him." She put her hands on her waist and pointed at me.

"Crush? No! He's my—stepbrother." I didn't know why I was blushing so hard in front of these kids.

Besides, he was my mate.

Oops! I meant my stepbrother.

"Hmm, if you say so." Devi raised her brow, walking closer to examine my face more attentively.

"You're very pretty. I want to have your hair when I grow up," she whispered, looking sad as she touched her beautiful hair.

"But yours is more beautiful than mine." I touched her ponytail and noticed a sly smile appearing on her lips.

"You're not Mommy's daughter, right? You're only Daddy's daughter?" I understood what she meant.

"I'm not his daughter either. I mean, not technically, since my mother isn't in the picture," I corrected her with a gentle touch to the tip of her nose.

"Then why is your mother in the picture?" Devon's slow murmur shocked me.

So they didn't like my mother?

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

## **Chapter 405-Catching The Alpha In The Woods**

### **Chapter 405: 405-Catching The Alpha In The Woods**

**Helanie:**

"So, how were they?" Emmet asked as I left the mansion. Thankfully, I had to leave before Charlotte and her mother started bothering me. The family had returned a few minutes ago, so I was all set to go.

They did question Emmet about what I was doing there, and he confidently told them to never interfere in his business. Well, everybody knew not to mess with Emmet's guests, so I guess I was fine for now.

"They are so adorable, but they did tell me that you don't like them. Why is that?" I asked as we took a short walk toward the road.

"They aren't wrong."

It hurt me when I heard Emmet respond like that.

"Okay, I'll head home now." I didn't know why I expected some compassion from him.

"Hey, did I upset you?" I heard him call for me, quickly catching up when I attempted to speed away.

I turned to him and only gave him a look, and he understood. "I don't hate them. I'm just not really good with kids."

The way he quickly corrected himself brought a smile to my lips. "You can always try. Having a family is a blessing."

He nodded his head, looking around with his hands in his pockets. "I'll pick you up from the academy tomorrow. Would that be okay?" he asked, making me nod.

"Sure," I replied.

"You can finish your work or whatever gathering you have with your friends by five. I'll be staying at the academy until then anyway," he added.

Even though I knew why he was trying to delay going home, I kept my lips sealed.

It was pretty obvious that he didn't want to be at home with the kids. But why?

"Okay, Lamar is here," I checked my phone and informed him.

"Sure. Goodnight," he nodded, handing me a brown envelope—my first salary from him.

I reluctantly accepted it. Though, when grabbing the envelope from his hands, our fingers brushed. It might not have fazed him, but it definitely fazed me. His touch was so comforting and gentle, even when his hands and fingers looked like they had their own separate gym.

"Goodbye," I uttered shyly, walking away from him.

Back in school, my teachers used to be the most annoying creatures. Having such a handsome professor and actually getting his attention was something I had never experienced before.

"So, how were they?" Lamar asked, sitting on his bike and waiting for me to reach him.

"The cutest kids ever, and they were so nice to me," I replied, hopping onto the back of his bike.

"Where to now?" He already knew what I had in mind.

"To Benita's."

It was time to have a little chat with Kaidon. I chose this time because there wouldn't be much of an audience around, and I would get to confront him easily. Lamar started his bike, and soon we were headed to the pack's border.

I was anxious about how he would react to me. Would he attempt to kill me or just mock me like Rayden used to?

He must be even harder to deal with since we were the reason his friend died a horrible death.

I could expect all sorts of crazy shit from him.

We arrived at Benita's café at just the right time. The very last customers were leaving, so we headed inside before they closed.

Benita was standing behind the counter, saying goodbye to her employees.

"Goodnight," the last server said as she headed to the door.

"Sorry, you two arrived late." Now that no one else was around, Benita wasn't all smiles with us.

"I'm not here for food. I'm here to see your son," I said, my tone steady.

"Huh?" Her face contorted like I had shoved my hand down her throat and grabbed her heart in my fist.

"Did your stepbrothers send something for him?" She convinced herself that I had a good reason to mention her son's name.

"Yeah, sure," Lamar held my hand, stopping me from telling her the truth.

Benita wasn't a fool—she noticed the hesitation in our body language.

"What is it? You can give it to me." She held out her hand, expecting me to hand something over.

We knew Kaidon was home because Lamar had spied on him earlier today while I was busy with the twins.

"I was only asked to deliver the news to him," I said, cocking my head and using a more confident tone this time.

"Well then, I'm sorry. Either they come here to deliver it themselves, or you say it in front of me." She folded her arms over her chest, her tone harsher now. Of course, she

wouldn't argue the same way if they were around. This was how she acted when it was just me and Lamar.

"Is he home?" Lamar took over, gently pushing me out of her line of sight.

"No! He went out. But why are you two looking for him?" She sounded more hostile now as she threw that question at us.

"Are you trying to—befriend my son or something?" That slipped out of her mouth, probably without much thought.

All because she thought her son was some big deal. She had no idea he was in deep shit.

"Let's go," I turned to Lamar, making it clear that if she didn't have any information for us, she was useless.

"Hey! You better stay away from my son, you blonde. He's a good kid, and he's trying to do something for himself. He will only accept fated mates."

She had the nerve to say it without finding anything suspicious about us asking for him. She didn't even consider that I wasn't hitting on her son.

I turned to her and grunted, sizing her up and down with the most disgusted look I could muster.

She was instantly offended, but Lamar grabbed my hand and dragged me out to avoid any arguments. I jumped onto the back of his bike, feeling frustrated that this whole visit had turned out to be meaningless.

He started his bike, and just a few minutes in, we noticed another bike take the road ahead of us.

It came out of nowhere, but I quickly recognized the person riding it.

It was Kaidon.

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

## **Chapter 406-Lured Us Into The Woods**

### **Chapter 406: 406-Lured Us Into The Woods**



**Helanie:**

"That's him," I patted Lamar's shoulder hastily, pointing at the bike that drove towards the woods.

"What is he doing?" I asked myself, wondering why he would turn into the woods. And I guess Lamar was thinking the same thing because he instantly spoke up.

"He wants us to follow him?" Lamar said, making my heart skip a beat.

So many questions popped into my head.

Why?

Why would he want us to follow him? Is there someone waiting for us in the woods? Did his mother tell him we were at the café, or did he see us himself?

"Well, then go ahead and follow him." I just wanted to get it over with tonight. He could be leading us somewhere dangerous for all I knew, but at the moment, I had to confront him, or we would lose him again.

"Are you sure?" Lamar spoke through the heavy wind and his helmet.

I pulled my hand forward and gave him a thumbs-up to respond. Then, I held onto him tightly as he sped into the woods.

I was very aware that we were taking a huge risk. Kaidon was a mess—he was dodging branches and speeding up until the woods started getting wilder. Suddenly, he parked his bike, dropped it, and started running forward.

"Stop, stop, stop!" I yelled, tapping Lamar's shoulder many times to get my point across. He stopped his bike, and the two of us started following Kaidon through the bushes and trees.

For a brief moment, I'm sure we both reconsidered our plan.

Either Kaidon realized we were on the bike behind him and lost his mind, or he purposely led us here—to somewhere dangerous where others might be waiting.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? The others might be waiting for us deep in the woods," Lamar held my hand to stop me in my tracks. I looked at his face and sighed.

"I don't think dying here is worth it."

I knew my wolf wasn't fully awake, and Lamar wasn't an Alpha either. Besides, taking down five Alphas wouldn't be easy for us.

We both turned around in defeat, still curious about what this whole chase was about, until we heard someone come out behind us.

We both instantly turned, Lamar holding his knife up in defense as we watched Kaidon raise his hands to show he didn't have any weapons.

Seeing him standing before me sent chills down my spine. I wanted to throw up. The way he was staring at me was making me lose my mind. What might he be thinking?

Is he like Rayden and thinking about that night?

"Oh, shit!" he muttered, stepping back. "You're really real, huh?"

His voice didn't hold the same aggression as Rayden's. He looked panicked as he rubbed his palms together.

"Why the fuck did you bring us here?" Lamar was quick to jump at him, grabbing him by his collar.

"I was... trying to get your attention," he uttered, shaking and not resisting Lamar's aggression.

"Why?" I yelled, and he quickly shut his eyes.

"Because... I wanted to talk to you," he turned his face to the side and murmured.

"What is wrong with you? Why can't you look at her? Can't watch her alive?" Lamar punched him, and he landed on the grass with a split lip.

I had to step forward and hold Lamar back from beating the hell out of him. But what shocked me was that he wasn't even trying to fight back.

He was an Alpha—he could definitely push us back if he wanted to. But he wasn't even doing that much.

"No, that's not why... I'm just guilty," he muttered, not even getting up. But the way he broke down and buried his face in his hands made me take a step back from him.

Lamar turned to check on me, his body language easing up a little.

"You're guilty?" I guess after facing Rayden and watching him treat me with no regard for my emotions, I didn't expect any of them to say that word or even understand that it exists for a reason.

"I didn't know... I thought you were in my head," he started rambling.

"Why did you bring us here? If you wanted to talk, you should have done it when we visited your café," Lamar took over since I was having a hard time listening to this Alpha.

He wasn't showing signs of mockery or arrogance. He seemed remorseful. Or was it just an act?

"I couldn't. My mom shouldn't know. She wouldn't let me speak with you guys if she found out the truth." That was expected of her. So he knew his mother would still be on his side if the truth came out. "And I was too scared to talk on the road either. I don't want anyone to see me talking to her."

The way he wouldn't even look at me was odd.

Was he genuinely regretting his actions?

But that wouldn't help. He had committed a crime, and regret was just what he should feel—it wouldn't erase his punishment.

"Why?" I whispered, tears welling in my eyes.

"I was not myself. I was given drugs mixed with some lust herb," he sniffled, making Lamar turn and watch my face in astonishment.

"The flame of lust mixed with any drug could make a man a monster," Lamar explained to me.

It was another revelation that made my head spin. So one of them didn't even know what he was doing?

"You don't... remember anything after that night?" I asked, shaking miserably. Lamar came and held my hand to calm me down.

"No! I didn't. I was told... It was just my nightmare. I swear I tried to ask them for answers, and they would always laugh at me, tell me it was just the effect of the drug," his voice was hard to keep steady as he kept sobbing and speaking through hiccups.

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

## **Chapter 407-So He Is Innocent?**

## Chapter 407: 407-So He Is Innocent?

### Helanie:

"I can't even say I'm innocent in all this because the only person who was truly innocent that night was you." He was still sitting on the ground, recalling that night and how he ended up becoming an accomplice to those alphas.

"Helanie, are you okay?" Lamar gently nudged me since I hadn't spoken in the last few minutes.

"Oh, what?" I asked Lamar. "He claims he was drugged, so that makes him not so guilty. What do I do now?" I stomped my foot on the ground, annoyed by this new revelation. If that makes him innocent, then who will I take my anger out on?

"I am not innocent. I chose to do drugs," Kaidon muttered, and I turned my face to the other side, disgusted by his voice, so he quickly shut up.

"Listen, I'm not asking you to forgive me—" As Kaidon started speaking again, Lamar rushed over to him and grabbed him by the collar.

"How do we know you're not lying? Who can tell if you were actually drugged? And how are we supposed to believe you didn't know your sick alpha friends mixed something else into your drugs?" Lamar shouted at him while I kept hugging myself and looking away.

It wasn't easy to look this man in the eye and not remember how they had seen me that night. The miserable state they had caught me in that night.

"I want to help you." As soon as those words left his lips, my head snapped toward him.

I watched Lamar slowly turn his neck to see if I had caught what Kaidon just said.

"How?" I asked.

"I will—" He shut up as he looked behind us. For a second, it felt like my whole existence froze. My mind raced, wondering who might be behind us.

"I should have known you would be coming after my son for trouble." It was Benita, holding her phone in her hand with a tracker device on.

She had a tracker on her son's phone?

"Mom! What are you doing here?" Kaidon quickly freed his collar from Lamar's grasp to make it seem like we weren't threatening him and raised his voice. However, the fear in his voice was still obvious.

"What are they making you do?" she screamed, rushing past me and elbowing me on the way to the side. She then shoved Lamar away to reach her son.

"Nothing. They are my friends," Kaidon argued, but she slapped him, making my hands fly to my mouth.

"Liar! I heard it. They're convincing you of some nonsense, and you're falling for it." She was so aggressive, shoving her son away from us.

"I am not convincing him of anything!" I screamed back at her. The way she clenched her fists gave me the idea that she was trying to warn me not to raise my voice at her.

"If I see you hovering around my son again, I will call the council and get you kicked out of your damn academy. Stay away from my son! He doesn't want to sleep with you," she screamed at the top of her lungs, making me clench my jaw at her words.

"You are such a vile woman," Lamar hissed at her.

"Mom! Stop this. She doesn't want anything to do with me. I am the one who—" Kaidon was cut off by a harsh slap from his mother.

"You are going home with me right now." She grabbed his hand and started dragging him away.

I started feeling anxious because Kaidon had just said he wanted to help. I could get him to confess to his crimes and his friends' involvement before the council.

"Meet me—again," Kaidon mouthed the words as he was pulled away by his mother.

I was overwhelmed with emotions as I watched her take him away. Lamar approached me and pulled me into a hug to comfort me. I cried into his chest for a good ten minutes before deciding to head home.

"At least we know he's not like Rayden," Lamar patted my back, walking me through the woods and leading me to the road.

"But can we trust him? Can we trust his mother?" I was shocked that a woman could be so blind to another woman's pain.

"She could be a trouble to us. I mean, now it makes sense why she was always so quick to judge others. People who are always criticizing others aren't exactly pure themselves," he recalled how she used to treat us, assuming I was a hooker.

A hooker is a better person than her. At least they would stand up for a woman in need instead of trashing them like these so-called 'pure' women.

"Let's go home." Lamar helped me onto the back of the bike, and the whole ride, I just rested my head on his back, tears still in my eyes. I was afraid the helmet was hurting him, but he stayed silent.

Once we arrived at the hostel, I got off while Jenny and Penn caught Lamar.

"I want ice cream right now," she was arguing with her brother as she approached Lamar, who quickly pulled her in for a hug. I had wiped my tears, but my mood was still sour.

"What happened to you? Do you want ice cream too? I can take you guys out for a good ride and get some ice cream too," Penn spoke directly to me, making Jenny dramatically scoff.

"So now you're ready to take us out? You know, Helanie, I've been asking him for the past ten minutes, and he kept making up excuses. But now he suddenly wants to take us out," she said in a playful tone while I forced a smile.

"That's sweet," I said, though I didn't even know what I meant. Even Penn and Jenny frowned in confusion. I was just trying to wrap up the conversation so I could go back to my room and rest for a while.

"How about I take you out tonight?" Lamar suggested to Jenny, realizing I needed some alone time while he wanted to spend time with her.

"Sure, that would be great," Jenny excitedly agreed.

"I'm going to take a shower. I'm so tired." Not even letting Penn suggest anything for us, I quickly walked away toward the entrance. I swear I heard Jenny and Penn ask Lamar what was wrong with me.

I rushed to my room, taking the elevator this time, and once I opened the door, I realized it would never be easy for me to have one peaceful moment.

There she was, making out with someone.

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

## **Chapter 408-Dating Her To Earn Her Forgiveness**

### **Chapter 408: 408-Dating Her To Earn Her Forgiveness**

## **Helanie:**

I was stunned. It was new for Lucy to have a guy in her room, but I guess that was one of the changes she had made about herself.

"Sorry! I didn't know you had a guy over—" I bit my tongue, realizing I was probably interrupting Lucy's private moment.

However, as the guy broke the kiss and turned around, I froze in my tracks and did a double take. One foot was already out the door when I realized who it was.

"Gavin?" I gasped, looking at the two of them making out. Lucy ran her thumb over her bottom lip and smirked, while Gavin stood up to face me.

"You know what—forget it," I hissed, waving my hand dismissively. I was so done with them.

"Helanie, please listen to me," Gavin tried to step in my way, wanting to talk, but I dodged him and rushed to the bathroom.

"Gavin! You don't have to explain your relationship to her or anyone. Why is she trying to control your life?" I had expected Lucy to say something like that.

I slammed the bathroom door shut and leaned against it.

"Lucy! What have I told you about my friends? You will not talk badly about them," Gavin yelled at Lucy, and then I heard murmurs—mostly Lucy trying to keep her voice down while talking to Gavin.

But my mind was busy thinking about Benita. She had no morals.

I stayed in the bathroom for a good ten minutes, and by then, everything outside had gone silent. When I walked out with my hair still wet, I noticed Gavin was the only one who had stayed behind.

"Gavin, please, I am not ready for a conversation." I knew he had waited to talk to me about the little scene I had just witnessed.

"But I want to talk to you," he said, getting up from Lamar's bed. I didn't want to talk to him, but I couldn't shut him down when he wanted to explain himself.

"Okay, why?" I asked, facing him and sounding exhausted.

"I had a reason," he said. "This is my redemption."

I had a feeling his words had a deeper meaning, so I kept watching his face as he explained.

"I asked her what I could do to earn her forgiveness, and she said—" he paused before finishing, "I have to date her until she decides to break up."

I was shocked and couldn't believe he had agreed to something like that.

"Have you lost your mind?" I asked, flicking his forehead with my fingers to snap him out of it.

"I don't have another choice. Look at her—she's lost and distracted. She didn't even want to finish the test. Her only priority is making Sydney happy. Does that seem okay to you?" He sighed. "Look, I know it'll hurt, watching her cheat on me while I have to stay loyal, but once she gets all her frustration out—she'll be free."

I was stunned to hear Gavin trying to justify it.

"This is a disaster waiting to happen, and it's trauma for you too. The problem isn't your breakup with her—the issue is that something is wrong with her. She only wants attention through negativity, and by accepting her so-called punishment, you're just feeding her belief that her behavior is working." I tried to reason with him because I felt bad for him. But when he lowered his head and avoided my eyes, it was clear how guilty he felt. He was taking full responsibility for his mistakes, while Lucy was taking none.

If I'm being honest, if Gavin cheated, so did Lucy.

The only difference was how they both dealt with it afterward.

"I'll just give it a try," he muttered, probably hoping we would still support him. I would support him because, at the end of the day, it was his decision. He wanted peace in his heart and confirmation that he did the right thing—even if I didn't agree with this whole punishment idea.

"Hey, we brought food for everyone," Lamar said as he opened the door, with Jenny beside him holding bags of food.

"Let's eat something." Patting Gavin's shoulder, I flashed him a smile to help ease his guilt.

We sat together and ate in silence while Lamar seemed to notice Gavin's awkwardness. Although he didn't call him out directly, I could tell he was waiting to be alone with him to ask what was going on.

After we finished eating, Lamar took Gavin by the hand and led him to the balcony. The two talked for a few minutes.



"Is something wrong with Gavin? They don't look like they're having a normal conversation," Jenny finally addressed the elephant in the room, glancing toward the balcony.

"He'll tell you himself. But you're right, it's definitely not a normal conversation," I sighed, feeling bad for Gavin. He was stuck between wanting to be with his second-chance mate and the guilt that was weighing him down.

After Gavin and Lamar finished talking, Gavin came back into the room while Lamar stayed outside for a smoke break. Gavin and Jenny went to their rooms, while I waited for Lamar to return.

He seemed anxious and stressed. Lucy coming in this late had become normal, but usually, I'd be asleep by then, so we never got to talk. But tonight, as she walked in, she spotted me standing beside my bed and smirked.

"So, how are you, Helanie?" She sat on the bed, her legs swinging playfully.

"What are you doing?" I asked. She shrugged, but we both knew what I was referring to.

"Leave Gavin alone," I hissed, and she raised a brow, looking surprised.

"Wow, you're so quick to defend him. What about my side?" she pouted, making me roll my eyes.

But Lamar stepped in, and this time, he wasn't playing.

"We did everything we could for you. But you've chosen to be cruel, so don't expect anything from us. You're not our friend anymore, Lucy. And I'll make sure I free Gavin from whatever guilt trap you've set for him." He pointed at her, making her eyes fill with tears and her jaw clench.

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

## **Chapter 409-My Wounded Mate In The Woods**

### **Chapter 409: 409-My Wounded Mate In The Woods**

#### **Helanie:**

"So, you are telling me that you will ruin my relationship with my mate—" Before Lucy could start her yapping, Lamar silenced her with his scoff.

"Ex-mates," he reminded her.

"Ohhh, but it never says anywhere that an ex-mate cannot become a mate again," she shrugged, but the tears in her eyes told me she was probably genuinely thinking she was a victim in this situation as well.

But she wasn't. What she was asking for was diabolical. This wouldn't help her move on, and if they kept doing this, Gavin would lose his second-chance mate too. Salem had changed a lot, at least towards us. I hadn't seen her interact with the others, but I could tell she had been trying to become a better version of herself for Gavin, and since Gavin confided in me that he wanted her too, it was really unfair what was going on here.

"Stop playing these games, Lucy," I advised her, feeling so distant from her that I couldn't even reach her heart anymore.

"I am not the one playing games with you guys. And if you really hate games, ask Jenny why she didn't tell you she was the one who saw me first after my fall." Her sudden implication made me frown, and Lamar shook his head at her.

"Nah! You're not doing that. Jenny has been through a lot lately, and I won't let you put some crazy accusation on her." I agreed with Lamar, and Lucy just shrugged.

"Well, I am not going to answer you two, but if Gavin pulls away from me, I will blame you two. Especially you." She pointed her finger at me, causing me to narrow my eyes at her.

"You still have expectations from me?" I asked in a shocked tone.

"No! I don't have any expectations from you. I know you would never do anything for anyone else. But who are you to tell me to stop playing games when you're entertaining two guys at the same time and starting this rivalry between seniors and juniors?" The way she referred to my friendship with both Rudy and Penn was just outright outrageous.

She knew I hadn't even responded to their flirting properly, so her claim hit me hard.

"Bitch—" As I attempted to rush at her, Lamar held me back.

"What happened? Truth sucks? I know it does." She giggled, getting up and walking away to the bathroom.

"I am going to slap the arrogance out of her," I turned to Lamar and hissed under my breath while he gave me a nod.

"Yeah, we both will, but please calm down," he said softly with a smile, trying to calm me down.

"I will be in the bathroom on the first floor," I sighed and didn't even wait for him to ask me to wait before I sped out.

I wanted to be alone, so the bathroom was just an excuse.

After reaching the first floor, I decided to sneak out of the hostel. I was tired of being stuck within these walls and needed some alone time.

Once I was on the trail, hugging myself and staring at the sky, I noticed the moon and realized what night it was.

It was a full moon.

"Shit," I cursed under my breath, quickly turning around to go back inside when I heard a strange grunting noise in the distance.

It wasn't a Lycan's howl or a werewolf's, but a wolf struggling to transition, perhaps.

"Who could be out in the woods at this time?" Worry crept in as I thought that maybe someone didn't know the dangers of being outside on a full moon.

My weak self thought I could save someone. But going back inside and leaving this person alone when I knew they could disappear in just a few seconds didn't sit well with me.

So, I decided to do whatever I could to help.

I followed the sound, rushing forward with my heart pounding in my chest, and once I hid behind a tree, I was met with a shock.

And instantly, I was glad I had listened to my gut and stayed.

"Emmet!" I called out, looking around in confusion.

He was in his suit, sitting alone and staring at his hands. I could tell he had tried to transition but then stopped.

And then I remembered how he used to sneak out on full moons, which made me believe he was going out to transition, but it turns out he wasn't a Lycan.

But then—what was he? And why would he leave the mansion on a full moon's night?

It wasn't until I stepped closer that I spotted blood on his collar.

"Emmet!" The intensity in my voice changed this time. However, he seemed unfazed, as if he couldn't hear me. He was sitting against a tree, his legs bent and spread, his elbows resting on his knees, and his palms facing his face.

"You're bleeding," I knelt down between his legs, not caring about anything else at the moment. I had to hold his hands to pull them down so I could examine his wound.

"Emmet? What are you doing here? And what is this—oh my—you've been bitten," I gasped, my jaw nearly hitting the floor.

"I wasn't in my wolf form—and—was I?" he muttered, looking dazed.

"Okay, listen, we need to take care of the wound." I unwrapped the scarf from around my neck and dabbed at his wound, but he aggressively grabbed my hand, narrowing his eyes at my face—

Almost like he was trying to recognize me.

Then, he let go, so I began cleaning his wound. It was a bite mark, just like the ones I had seen before on him.

He looked so lost that it broke my heart. But the biggest shock was yet to come when he started shaking his head as if he had something to say.

He stared at my face and then uttered, "I have to feed him blood. He will die if he doesn't get fresh and powerful blood."

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

## **Chapter 410-The Brother Who Silently Loves Everyone**

### **Chapter 410: 410-The Brother Who Silently Loves Everyone**

**Helanie:**

"What? Who do you need to feed blood to?" I watched him look around and frown in confusion. His behavior was concerning.

"My brother—he is, um, special. He needs blood to stop himself from attacking people... to stop him from going into the—population," he was speaking incoherently, completely unlike how he had acted back at the motel room.

This time, he seemed completely lost.

"He needs me," Emmet suddenly tried to get up, but I pushed him back, making him sit down. I had to cup his face in my tiny hands and make him look me in the eye.

"You need to focus on your own health. You're all messed up right now. I don't think it's safe for you to go back into the woods," I refused to let him go.

He suddenly froze when he felt my hands on his cheeks. The way his eyes lingered on my face sent shivers down my spine.

"Emmet, are you listening to me?" I asked, and he nodded timidly. For a man as big as him, he seemed almost... delicate when he wasn't in his usual powerful state.

I kept staring at his face before something itchy in my heart, and my focus shifted to his lips.

He wasn't moving or doing anything, and even though he said he was listening to me, I could tell he wasn't completely aware of his surroundings.

And that stopped me from being foolish and making a mistake.

I pulled back and closed my eyes for a moment, thinking how stupid I was for almost leaning in for a kiss. But I wouldn't do it—not when he didn't even remember where he was.

"Helanie?" His tone sounded more like shock—maybe disbelief. I raised my head and watched him touch the scarf around his neck.

"Oh, you woke up," I joked.

"What are you doing here? It's a full moon's night." He checked the sky, then quickly unwrapped the scarf to confirm something. The moment he saw he was bleeding, he sighed in relief.

That gave me my answer.

"Umm, something attacked me in the woods," he said, but I knew he was lying.

"Hmm, something very brotherly," I nodded, noticing the shocked look on his face.

"I've seen him transition in the woods once, so—" I said, getting up and sitting beside him. He turned to me quickly before his body language calmed down.

"Well, it's you, so I know he's safe." The fact that Emmet had so much faith in me—that I wouldn't tell anyone about Maximus—made me feel warm inside.

It's always nice to have someone who trusts you this much.

"You must have been so scared," he asked, and I shook my head.

"I had a feeling it was one of you. I just didn't know it was Maximus. He was the last one on my suspicion list," I laughed as I recalled those days. I suspected everyone but him.

"Who was the first one you suspected of being a Lycan?" Emmet asked, his voice softer and more at ease.

"Ummm..." I didn't say his name, but I side-eyed him, raising my brow.

He pointed a finger at his chest, narrowing his eyes at me. "Me?"

"Yeah. I remember telling Norman that Sage had hidden a camera in the caves to catch the Lycan, so he should go and quickly take it down before she spotted you—" I shut up when I saw Emmet cock his head so sweetly and smile with his eyes.

"You're a really nice person," I commented awkwardly, shyly fidgeting with my fingers to avoid staring into his eyes.

"Who was the second one? And who was the final one?" He seemed so intrigued by everything I said. I had always noticed how much attention he paid to the people around him—what they were going through, what they were saying. He always had tons of questions, making people feel like they were celebrities giving interviews.

"Kaye. I suspected him once or twice because I saw him coming out of the woods. But my final guess was Norman—and he admitted to being a Lycan, of course, to save his brothers from suspicion. He was so quiet, which threw me off," I laughed, thinking about Norman.

I used to hate him. Now, I just think he's stupid—and I still hate him.

"That's typical of Norman. He loves his brothers a lot. He'd do anything for us," Emmet sighed, resting his head back against the tree.

"You're one too. I know why you've been in the woods all this time on full moons," I watched his body flinch.

"You've been feeding Maximus your blood. So while everyone thinks Emmet is drowning himself in wine and alcohol, he's actually being used as a blood bag for his brother."

And suddenly, I realized why I had suspected all of them—except Maximus. Because all the brothers were doing their best to protect him. They were exhausted, while he was the only one who always seemed fine—since he had their blood.

Emmet looked so shocked that I had figured it out.

"How did you put two and two together?" he asked, and instead of remembering what he had told me just minutes ago. It took me a little by surprise. He looked genuinely clueless though.

He touched the wound on his neck and nodded, as if he finally understood.

"That's a good guess. But I wouldn't say I'm being used—they don't know. Maximus doesn't remember anything after he transitions back into his human form. And I give him blood because... I can't stand to see my brother in pain. He needs it after his transformation. If he doesn't get it and ends up in the population as a Lycan, hurting someone—" he paused, his voice soft with concern. "I know he'd never forgive himself for it."

"Do you always get this lost after giving him blood?" I asked, and he closed his eyes, looking down.

I was right. This wasn't just normal. Something had happened tonight, something to him.

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

## **Chapter 411-Backing Down**

### **Chapter 411: 411-Backing Down**

**Helanie:**

"You should head back to your hostel now. It's not safe to be out there," he gave a quick glance around and sighed.

"And will you be going back to your brother?" I was worried he was giving too much blood to his brother. If he kept doing that, he would grow weak.

"Always," he smiled, getting up. Before I could follow him, he had already offered me his hand.

He probably didn't realize it, but every sweet thing he did left me in awe.

Holding his hand, I felt the warmth of his touch and stood up.

"Please eat a lot in the morning," I said softly, noticing him walking right beside me.

"You care a lot about everyone, don't you?" he spoke in a low tone, sending shivers down my spine.

"Take care of yourself, you need it more. You're always surrounded by dangerous people," he said, continuing to walk with me. At this point, I didn't even have to ask him why—I knew he was walking me back to make sure I reached the hostel safely.

"It's life, everyone has toxic people around them," I muttered.

"Umm, true," he nodded. "What about your feelings for Maximus and Kaye? I know I'm asking a lot, but—I'm just curious." His hands were in his pockets, my scarf still around his neck.

"They've moved on," I replied.

"What about you?" He slowed down, almost like he was glancing at me to see my reaction.

"I have to, but I'm tied to Kaye with a mate bond," I sighed at the thought of daring to ask him to reject me again.

"Hmm," he suddenly went quiet.

"What was our item in the test?" That question had been at the back of my mind the whole time.

"The Whisper Compass?" he asked, and I nodded.

"It's a powerful item. A very magical one. You see, when the needles are mostly still, it means the creatures around it are just basic, normal magical beings. But when they point at something, it means—" He paused, making my breath hitch at his explanation.

"It means what?" I tried not to sound too curious, but I couldn't help it.

"Why? Did you see it move?" He stopped abruptly and turned to look at my face.

"Umm, it didn't, it's just that I really liked it," I lied because I didn't know what it would point at someone for.

"Okay, then all is good." The way he sighed in relief made me wonder if it was really a good thing that they didn't move.

"Do you know why they would move?" I pressed a little. He might have been relieved, but I wasn't. They moved and pointed at me.



"Not really. There you go—rest well." I could tell he was hiding something from me. He gestured at the hostel, and I reluctantly stepped ahead of him, the compass still on my mind.

"And Helanie—" I heard him call my name in the gentlest way, and I turned around to look at his face one last time.

"Thank you," he smiled, touching the scarf. In response, I gave him a nod and stepped into the hostel—only to bump into something.

"And what makes you think you can leave the hostel whenever you want?" It was the warden.

I hadn't had a real encounter with her in so long that I forgot how scary she was.

"I went out for fresh air," I swallowed nervously as I answered her.

"It was a full moon," she hissed, reminding me that I wasn't allowed to leave the hostel during one.

"I forgot," I mumbled with my head down.

"Well, a punishment will help you remember next time," she sneered and pointed at the door, gesturing at me to leave at once.

"But it's a full moon," I realized she was actually kicking me out and started to argue.

"See, you remember already," she mocked, stepping toward me. I kept backing up until I found myself outside.

But then my back hit something—I was trapped.

"Let her go. She was with me," I heard Emmet say from behind, and a wave of relief washed over me.

"But she broke the rule and left the hostel on a full moon," the warden's voice was sharp, but she was forcing a smile, clearly trying to keep Emmet from getting mad.

"Doesn't matter. She was with me—she was safe. Now let her go. Don't you know who she is?" The way he spoke to her sent shivers down my spine. He could be rude to everyone else at times. I often wondered why he was so kind to me. Was it because... he remembered that we were mates?

"Sure, go inside," the warden stepped back. I quickly stepped in, turning around to smile before blushing and hurrying away from Emmet. I rushed back to my room, and nothing else happened for the rest of the night.

Except, in the morning, we woke up to a bad storm.

"Helanie—we should go," Lamar whispered in my ear as I stepped out of the bathroom, wearing black jeans and a purple shirt. Lucy was painting her nails, humming a song she'd been singing since early morning.

I knew what Lamar meant. We had to go meet Kaidon. He had promised to help us, and we were expecting some big names to be thrown our way.

I was glad Lamar was on my side. I was sure he would take care of me if I had a breakdown. We avoided Lucy and hurried outside, rushing toward the exit. I was ready to face Kaidon.

"Guys, my car!" Jenny called after us, catching up at the front porch.

"She wanted to come," Lamar said. Giving him a nod, I slid into her car while Lamar took the passenger seat.

"Is it okay to say I'm really nervous?" I heard Jenny whisper to Lamar, admitting she was just as anxious as we were.

We arrived at the meeting spot in the woods pretty quickly because Jenny had been speeding the whole way. But as soon as we entered the woods, we found the place empty—with a note stuck to a tree.

"I'm sorry. I've changed my mind."

Lamar hissed as he read it out loud, staring at me sadly.

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

## **Chapter 412-My Mate Is On A Date?**

### **Chapter 412: 412-My Mate Is On A Date?**

#### **Helanie:**

"I should have killed him when he was standing there crying in front of us," Lamar had been throwing a tantrum for the past few minutes while I just sat there, sighing tiredly.

His anger was justified. The exhaustion was real, the desperation was clear. Jenny tried comforting Lamar for a while but he wouldn't listen.

I was truly upset that I got so close to finding out about the others and finally doing something about them—only to lose the chance.

"Guys, you said his mother dragged him away from you last time. Do you think his mother has anything to do with this note?" Jenny, being the only fresh pair of eyes in this situation, waved the note in front of us. I frowned at the handwriting.

"This is how Benita writes in her register," I recalled seeing her write things down while organizing her customers.

"But what if her son writes the same way?" Lamar still didn't believe in Kaidon's tears. I was skeptical too, but I wanted to believe that someone felt guilty.

"I know Benita because of her son and Penn's past friendship. She is extremely controlling. In fact, she's the one who forced her son to take back the Alpha throne. Do you really think she would let him give it all away just like that?" Jenny made sense, and I could tell Lamar was starting to see her reasoning too.

"Then how do we contact him?" Lamar asked Jenny.

"I asked Penn for his number, but Penn told me his phone is switched off. So, there's only one thing we can do now—we have to visit him," Jenny said determinedly. Then, after a brief pause, she corrected herself, "I have to visit him."

She had triggered Lamar instantly.

"His mother likes me. She has always wanted her son to be with someone as powerful as me and my family," Jenny admitted, avoiding Lamar's gaze.

"So you're suggesting you go there and seduce a confession out of him? And you think I'll let you do that to a rapist?" Lamar smirked angrily, making it clear he wasn't joking.

"He's right," I sided with Lamar. Jenny didn't have to put herself in danger again.

"Please, I want to help. Lamar, this is for Helanie. She deserves to at least know who the assholes were who—" she clenched her fists and punched her palm, frustration all over her face.

"Fine, let's do it then. But you will only show interest in him in front of Benita so she'll let you talk to her son," Lamar warned, making it clear he wasn't agreeing to anything more.

"Deal," Jenny nodded firmly.

"Let's go then," I said, getting up from the ground and following the two.

We arrived at the café, but only Jenny got out. She went inside while Lamar and I sat in the car, growing more worried with every passing minute.

After a while, she walked back out alone, looking completely defeated.

"What happened?" The moment she got inside, I asked her.

"That woman knows we're friends. She kept making excuses for her son's absence and wouldn't even give me his new number," she pouted.

"We should have known," Lamar sighed.

Of course, we should have known Benita would be extremely careful. But where was she hiding her son?

That's when my phone beeped, and I frowned at the caller ID.

Unknown: It's Salem here.

"Why is Salem texting me?" I asked the two, who immediately turned around and shoved their heads toward my phone screen.

"I saw her inside with Sydney," Kenny said.

Salem: The number I am sending you is Kaidon's new number.

My jaw dropped, shock creeping across my skin in the form of goosebumps. We all exchanged glances before Jenny spoke up.

"She must have seen me asking for his number and decided to help," Jenny muttered, still unsure why Salem would assist us.

"That's the power of Gavick," Lamar smirked, making us roll our eyes at him for using his ship name for Gavin and Gavin's Dick.

"I'm calling him now," I said, dialing the number. My heart pounded louder than anything else. I put my phone on speaker so my friends could catch anything I might miss.

We waited and waited, but he didn't pick up.

"We'll try later. Let's head back now—the storm is getting worse," Lamar suggested, patting the back of Jenny's hand to signal her to start the car.

I leaned back in my seat and sighed.

While we were driving, a message popped up on my screen, making me slide to the edge of my seat and tap Lamar's shoulder.

"He's texting me," I whispered, letting Jenny focus on the road as the sky darkened sooner than expected due to the thick storm clouds.

Kaidon: Sorry! With our academy trainers. Who is this?

"Tell him," Lamar urged.

Me: It's me, Helanie.

I gulped before hitting send.

His reply came almost immediately.

Kaidon: Oh, I'm so glad you were able to get my number. I tried to reach out myself, but I couldn't find any way to contact you.

Hope filled my chest. So Jenny was right—it was his mother controlling everything.

Me: So when can we meet? When can you give me names of the others?

I stared at my screen intensely, my eyes glued to the messages. But as I raised my head, I noticed something that had caught Lamar's attention too.

"Isn't that Professor Emmet?"

I turned to look at the small shop we were passing and spotted Emmet standing inside. But he wasn't alone.

My anxiety spiked, and I scooted closer to the window, trying to get a clearer view of the person with him. But it wasn't difficult—she had a very distinct appearance.

"Why is he with Sage?" Jenny complained, slowing down briefly to observe them inside the vintage shop.

I stared at them. No—I glared at them. She was all giggles and blushing, while he seemed to be in an unusually good mood talking to her.

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

# Chapter 413-Maybe He Has A Crush On Me

## Chapter 413: 413-Maybe He Has A Crush On Me

**Helanie:**

I came back to the hostel feeling all grumpy and jealous. I couldn't understand why Emmet had to stand there laughing with Sage. He doesn't usually laugh with anyone. Even when he's with me, he barely cracks a smile.

"So, what else did he say?" I was brought back to my senses by Lamar, who sat on his bed and yelled for me.

I realized he had been watching me throw a tantrum by kicking my shoes around the room. Lucy wasn't around, so I was able to let out my frustration without someone commenting on everything I was doing.

"Nothing more," I replied, checking my phone.

"What's got you all worked up?" Lamar asked, making me grunt and groan.

"Ohhhh," he nodded his head.

I frowned at him.

"I remember," he waved his finger at me, almost like he had caught me.

"What? Huh? What do you remember?" I asked, pretty much getting in his face and bending down to his level.

"Whoa! Threatening me—are you jealous? Oh my goddess, Helanie is jealous?" he teased, making me straighten my spine and fold my arms over my chest.

"I am not jealous. It's just—listen, he's my mate, and whether he remembers or not, I do, so yeah—I am annoyed," I groaned, stomping my foot. I didn't know why I was so worked up.

"What happened to not wanting to be with your mate to defy the Moon Goddess?" Lamar brought it up, calling out my hypocrisy.

"Hey, that's different. I'm not talking about dating him. I mean, not yet—" I stuttered, feeling so embarrassed for even considering it. "But I'll be done with my revenge soon, right?" I was hopeful this would be over soon.

"And then there will be no promise to keep." I was so embarrassed to say that out loud that I couldn't raise my head to make eye contact with Lamar.

"I understand that, but Helanie, what makes you think he'll wait?" Lamar was now talking seriously once he noticed how much the whole scene from earlier had bothered me.

"You're right. He wouldn't," I sighed, giving up on the idea.

"But it hurts, you know?" I lowered my head, my face in my hands.

"Hey, for what it's worth, the way Professor Emmet looks at you is way different from how he was looking at Sage," Lamar said, making me uncover my face and stare at him.

"How does he look at me?" I guess I wanted to hear from someone that they had noticed it too—that Emmet does make me feel special.

"Helanie, I am a guy, and when I say he looks at you like he fancies you, I mean it. A guy only looks at a woman that way when he has feelings for her. Even during classes, when you're too busy, I catch him staring at you in silence. Whenever your head is down, his eyes are on you. The minute you look up, he looks away," Lamar said.

I didn't know Lamar had been noticing it, and I definitely didn't know Emmet had been staring at me.

"Really?" I felt a little flutter in my heart.

Emmet was a different kind of man. He was like a gentle giant, and I couldn't help but grow feelings for him.

"Yeah, so whatever that was, it was nothing. I'm sure they met by accident and just had a conversation," Lamar assured me.

I badly wanted to believe him.

"How are you so sure?" I inquired.

"Because they had their cars parked outside the shop. If they were on a date or something, they would've been at a café or a restaurant with their cars parked outside. But when visiting a shop, why would they go there separately?" he concluded, and I began to smile to myself.

He was right. I was reading too much into it.

"Unless they were stopping at the shop before or after going out on a date," I blurted out, then yelped when I realized what I had just said. Lamar slapped his forehead, like I was my own worst enemy, creating scenarios in my head just to stress myself out.

"Anyway, I'll go get ready for my job," I sighed, giving up on thinking about that interaction between Sage and Emmet again.

The classes were canceled because of the bad weather, but I still had to go to work. I changed into a black shirt with a white flower pattern and black jeans, then hopped on Lamar's bike.

He dropped me off at the mansion, where the kids were standing at the door, waiting for my arrival. It was the cutest thing ever.

"Hey!" Demi yelled excitedly, running over to hug my legs. When Davon did the same, I found myself giggling and almost falling.

"Kids, don't yell," Emma snapped, coming after them with an angry look on her face. The kids instantly pulled away and lowered their heads.

Demi had told me that Lord McQuoid didn't love them the way he loved his sons, and it broke my heart. At that moment, I realized that while I had appreciated Lord McQuoid for treating me well, he was treating his own kids poorly.

It was almost like my mother and him were a perfect match in the sense that they were both irresponsible parents.

"Don't shout at them. They were just welcoming me," I stood up for them, watching her face contort.

"It's enough that we let you come here and babysit them. You shouldn't get too comfortable," Emma warned me, her eyes sizing me up and down. "And that money you're getting? You should be saving it instead of buying yourself new clothes all the time."

Of course, she didn't like the fact that I was doing much better now.

"You should focus on yourself. I'll do whatever the hell I want with my money."

The minute I said that, the kids started giggling secretly, and Emma's eyes shifted to them. She was able to scare them off with just a glare, and that disturbed me.

She shouldn't be staying in their home and treating them like that. Not when I was the one taking care of them.

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



# Chapter 414-Too Scared To Go Against Her

## Chapter 414: 414-Too Scared To Go Against Her

**Helanie:**

"How dare you come to my home and tell me how I should deal with the members of the mansion," Emma grunted, her eyes shooting daggers at me as she walked closer.

I noticed the kids shifting behind my back as if they were afraid of her.

That stirred strong emotions within me. I remembered my own childhood and how I used to be afraid of my stepmother to the point that I would hide under my bed the whole day.

"I am their babysitter and their stepsister," I didn't care who agreed or not. The truth was, I was part of the family now.

They cannot expect me to follow the rules of the forbidden relationship while not accepting me as a stepsister. If I was forced to keep my hands off my mates because I am their stepsister, they better give me that title of the stepsister too.

"Oh! So your mother was right about you. You wanted to—" Emma reached over, standing face to face with me.

"I don't care what you or your friend thinks of me. I will not explain myself to any of you, but I will drag you through the mud if you dare raise your voice at my stepsiblings," I hissed, warning her, until someone arrived, and we had to step away from each other.

"What is going on here?" Norman asked, rolling his eyes at me the minute he saw me.

The feeling was mutual.

"You again—" he expressed his exhaustion visibly. I was so glad he wasn't looking at me with pity anymore. After that whole confession I made, his attitude softened towards me, and that would remind me of that night even more.

I didn't like being seen as just a victim, and thankfully, he noticed and went back to his usual ways. It made me feel normal and okay.

"That is what I asked her—who hired her—and she just started saying so many mean things to me in front of the kids." She used a much more dramatic tone while shaking her head in disbelief.

"She was scaring the kids," I frowned at her, explaining what was really going on.

"Really? Why don't we ask the children then?" Emma placed her hands on her waist and asked me, then turned her head, bending down with her hands on her knees for the kids to respond to her. "Did I say anything rude to you?"

I had a very bad feeling about this.

I turned to the kids as they started to step out from behind me.

"No!" And then Demi shook her head. I didn't blame her for denying it. I had been in her place once, and I remembered how scared I used to be to tell even my own father what my stepmother used to do to me all day.

Norman tilted his head and raised his eyebrow at me, probably calling me a liar.

"See? She's causing trouble," Emma straightened her back and folded her arms over her chest.

"No need to be all cocky. And why were you asking Helanie who hired her? Don't you know already?" Norman turned to her and used a much firmer tone. I never caught him talking nicely to Emma or her daughter.

"I was just trying to start a conversation so that she feels welcome," Emma uttered, trying to sound sweet and vulnerable, as if she was being nice and getting attacked in return.

"You don't need to make small talk with her. She is not a guest; she is a part of this mansion. She can come and go whenever she wants, so if you want to be nice, go bake some cookies and make tea for her and the kids," Norman's orders had to be met with immediate execution, even when Emma seemed shocked that nothing was done about me supposedly lying to Norman about her mistreating the kids.

She lingered in her spot for a minute before finally leaving.

"Kids, go wait for her in the garden. She'll be there in a minute," Norman said, sending chills down my spine.

Why did he ask me to stay behind? What could he possibly want to talk about?

"Argona called me and told me you were out in the full moon's light. What are you planning this time?" he asked, his fingers tangled around his cufflinks. For some reason, he had gotten them stuck in his sleeve the wrong way.

"I was wondering when you'd start spying on me again," I taunted but noticed his souring mood and quickly added, "I just wanted to get some fresh air. And you must already know I found Emmet in the woods."

I noticed his expression hardening, so I added, "And I'm sure you know why all your brothers go into the woods at night during a full moon."

I watched Norman narrow his eyes at me as if asking me to explain myself further.

"I know about Maximus."

I watched his nostrils flare, and his fingers left the cufflinks alone.

"And I haven't told anyone," I added.

"What about Emmet? What do you know about him?" he quickly questioned, as if, at this point, he already knew I had found out about Maximus.

"Whatever you know." Not sure if Norman knew exactly why Emmet used to be out in the woods on full moons, I played a little trick.

"Don't be vague," he warned me.

"Go ask him. If he tells you, he tells you. I'm not telling you any of his secrets," I folded my arms over my chest, clicking my tongue, which I knew bothered him so much.

"I will definitely ask him, and I'm warning you to stay away from my brothers," he was back to treating them like kids who couldn't make decisions for themselves.

"How long do you plan to keep them sheltered?" I asked, frowning.

"As long as I can. And if I find out you've been going around telling anyone about Maximus—" he warned me, pointing a finger in my face, when we suddenly heard someone behind him.

That one voice changed Norman's expression to worry.

"What about me?" It was Maximus, wearing a confused look on his face.

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

## **- Chapter 415-With The Devil For The Night**

### **Chapter 415-With The Devil For The Night**

#### **Chapter 415: 415-With The Devil For The Night**

##### **Helanie:**

Norman forced the worry off his face and turned around to respond to his brother.

"I was just mentioning you, nothing specific," he said, quickly changing his tone. It impressed me how smoothly he did that.

"No, you were telling her not to go around talking about me. What is she saying about me?" My body shuddered at the realization that he had taken it the wrong way.

"I am not going around talking about you with anyone," I jumped to explain myself. It doesn't feel good when someone breaks your trust, and I definitely didn't want to do that to Maximus.

Even though there was no real trust between us after I found out he had played a game with me, I still refused to be the kind of person who attracts negativity and plays games behind someone's back.

"I am asking my brother," Maximus raised his finger as if telling me not to interrupt.

"She's not lying. She wasn't talking about you to anyone," Norman jumped in, explaining it to him, but Maximus seemed weirdly upset.

Even though it didn't seem like a big deal—at least not to me—he was acting like he had caught me talking about him to others.

Or maybe it was just his fear of getting exposed as a Lycan.

"So now you're going to cover for her games?" Maximus said to Norman, giving him a betrayed look before hastily walking past us to leave the mansion.

I didn't understand what had just happened. Norman turned to me and gave me a look, making me scowl back at him.

"You are the problem," I mouthed at him before he blamed me for upsetting his brother.

Norman left after Maximus while I went outside where the kids were playing. The minute I approached them, they lowered their heads in guilt.

"We are sorry," Demi apologized, while Davon remained silent behind her.

"It's alright, but you have to stand up for yourself. You know if you let her bully you, she will only get worse." I ran my hand through her hair, and somehow it comforted her so much that she hugged my legs and closed her eyes.

After she calmed down, we sat on the grass to play with her Legos. We were building the Lego set while they talked about their life and what they did at boarding school.

It was so upsetting that these kids had such powerful parents, yet they were mostly at boarding school. They could have been given private lessons and stayed home to join a regular school.

"But don't feel bad for us," Davon said. "It's for our own good. We have a hyperactive wolf."

His words made me narrow my eyes at him in even more confusion.

"Silly, she wouldn't know that," Demi was very helpful and observant. She noticed the bewildered look on my face and quickly shut her brother down to explain in simpler words.

"They say we are too young to be hearing our wolf talk to us," she shocked me with how young they were and yet their wolves were already awake.

"Your wolf is awake?" I asked Demi, who nodded with a proud smile on her lips.

"But it's too soon," she pouted sadly.

"However, it also means we are very powerful," Davon shrugged, showing me his teeth as he smiled.

Hmm, that was odd. I never really asked myself the right questions because I was so drowned in my own life troubles, but the kids talking about their wolves turned my attention to something crazy.

What was it about this family that each of them had something weird going on? These kids had their wolves wake up earlier than anyone else, Emmet was wandering around the woods acting strange the other day, and then there was Maximus—why was he the Lycan?

We played the rest of the day before it was time for me to head home.

"What's going on?" I asked Lamar as he called me, breathing heavily.

"Jenny is feeling sick, so I have to take her to the hospital. Can you wait just half an hour before I come pick you up?" he asked, sounding so worried.

"Yeah, that's not an issue. Just tell me what's going on with Jenny. Is she alright?" I was concerned for her. She was a good friend, and I had grown closer to her over time. I could only imagine how Lamar was feeling, watching her sick.

"I don't know what happened to her exactly. She was waiting for me in our dorm room, and when I came in, I found her passed out."

That wasn't good news. I grew impatient to find out what had caused her to lose consciousness.

"Okay, go with her and stay by her side. I'm sure it will be nothing," I wasn't sure myself but tried to comfort Lamar.

As he hung up, I stared up at the sky and groaned. It was going to rain soon, and I had to get back to the academy before Charlotte returned from her salon appointment. I was not in the mood to face her and hear her taunt me.

"Child, why are you standing here?" I didn't realize Lord McQuoid was going somewhere with my mother by his side.

She hadn't crossed my path even once in the past two days. She avoided me like I didn't exist, and I guess that was the right way for us to deal with each other.

"I'm waiting for a friend to pick me up. He will be here in half an hour," I gave him a smile, thinking that would be enough to finish the conversation.

My mother looked comfortable too, so I expected Lord McQuoid to just leave it at that.

"That will be too late then. If you can't stay here for the night, let me ask someone to drop you home. The kids have gone to bed, and the others are out. Only Emma will be left, so you will feel lonely."

I guess this was his way of telling me I'd have to share a roof with Emma if he didn't find anyone to take me home.

"Kaye is in his room. Let me ask him to drop you home," without waiting for me to object, Lord McQuoid stepped aside to call the one person who hated my guts more than anyone else now.

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

## Chapter 416-My Stepbrother Thinks I Sleep Around

### Chapter 416: 416-My Stepbrother Thinks I Sleep Around

**Helanie:**

"Lord McQuoid, not Kaye—," my words were left dry in my mouth because he had already walked away. I groaned and threw my hands down before realizing my mother was watching me.

"I heard you passed a big test," she said, making me look away and nod.

However, she looked around quickly and then almost shoved something in my hands before pulling back.

I looked down to see an envelope in my hand, and when I looked up, she was just blankly staring at me.

"Is this money again?" I was shocked she was giving me money like that.

"I don't need your money. I'm earning for myself now," I guess I made a mistake when I accepted her money the last time. Because she probably thinks this is why I keep showing up.

"Isn't this why you are doing this job? Take this money, it's more than this job can offer you," and I was right. Her tone suggested what she was going to say next.

"And what do you want from me in return?" I asked curiously, tapping my foot on the ground.

"Leave this job. You don't need to come here and babysit some brats for little money. Don't you realize these brothers are taking advantage of you? Asking you to do their chores for them?" she grunted, hissing bitterly but keeping a very straight look on her face. I guess if someone was to look at us from afar, they wouldn't even see her talk. This is how much she wanted to avoid me.

"Thank you for your charity, but give it to someone who really needs it and cannot work," I shoved the money back into her hands, and the way she looked so shocked just hurt my feelings. It was like she was certain I wanted her money.

"And don't you ever think I come here to take advantage of your status for money. I come here because I get offered work. Earning money is essential for living, so don't act like I'm a gold digger when all I'm doing is working hard for every penny," I hissed at her, stepping back when Lord McQuoid came back.

"Kaye will take you to the academy," he announced.

"I really don't want to bother him. My friend will be here soon, so I'll be fine," I insisted, not ready to sit in the same car as Kaye after what we've been through.

He had me disappointed in him. Especially after he acted like a child and separated my friends from me.

"It is okay. He wasn't doing anything anyway, and he had to pick up some stuff from the academy as well," Lord McQuoid explained, but I shook my head once again.

"Is there a problem?" he noticed how much I was against the idea of Kaye giving me a lift.

"It's just that—Kaye is rude to me—he is, umm—he makes remarks and comments on—," I had to be honest to avoid going with him when I heard a twig snap behind me.

"And? I am a horrible, disgusting person," it was Kaye.

"Kaye! Is it true?" Lord McQuoid asked his son, and of course, my mother jumped in to defend her stepson.

"They are siblings, siblings tease each other. Helanie is just too sensitive," my mother said with a fake smile, trying to get Kaye's approval, who rolled his eyes at her to show her place.

"Then, he will drop you to the hostel. It will help you bond. What do you say, Kaye?" his father asked him instead of asking me. I would have said no again, but the way Kaye responded made me stay quiet, or else I would seem like trouble.

"Sure, that will be good."

"Okay then, goodnight kids," Lord McQuoid wrapped his arms around my mother's waist, and the two walked away to their car.

I had only a few options. Either I stay in the mansion and get bullied by both Kaye and Emma, I walk to the academy alone in the night and storm, making me vulnerable to the monsters around, or I let Kaye take me to the academy.

"Let's go?" Kaye raised his brow, pointing toward his car.

With a heavy heart, I nodded and walked over to his car. He didn't open the door for me like a gentleman, but he didn't have to. I had my own hands. The issue was that he opened the door and slammed it shut when I was about to step in.



Rolling my eyes at his childish ways, I tried to get in the backseat when he cleared his throat.

"In the passenger seat."

I sighed and stepped into the front seat.

Once I sat down, he suddenly leaned over me and started grabbing the seatbelt for me.

It was unnecessary, as I could do it myself too. However, I didn't complain and let him buckle me up properly.

I was avoiding confrontation with him. You can only argue with someone you know, in your heart, wouldn't hurt you.

That was the case with Norman. I knew no matter what I said to him, he wouldn't cross the line to hurt me or my friends. But Kaye could fail my friends just to get back at me.

I wondered when I grew to have such a negative opinion of him.

"So, who are you seeing these days?" My body caught fire at his question. My head turned to him with my eyes wide open.

"What? I'm your brother, I have the right to know who my sister is sleeping with," his tone felt so sharp. It was like he had poured gasoline on me.

"Stop the car right now," I demanded, clenching my fists and taking deep, heavy breaths.

"No! You won't order me around. And as for my question, didn't you leave me for Maximus and then Maximus for Rudy? And—don't even get me started on you going around with Penn these days." He shocked me even more when I realized he was still keeping tabs on me.

"What about you?" Before I could say another word, he got even more angry.

"I'm loyal to Kesha," he finished.

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

# Chapter 417-My Mate Says She Is Better Than Me

## Chapter 417: 417-My Mate Says She Is Better Than Me

**Helanie:**

"Really?" I was hurt but masked the frustration with a shocked look on my face.

"Then reject me and be happy with her."

I expected him to reject me out of anger and free me from this pain of jealousy, even though I didn't want to be jealous of him.

"You would think it would be that easy?" he laughed to himself, clicking his tongue. We both went silent before he continued, "I didn't mean to say those words."

That was unexpected, but maybe he would add something to insult me more, like a surprise humiliation.

"That's nothing new with you," I groaned.

"I'm serious. I don't know what it is about you—," he paused, and I wondered what he was going to say next, "that gets under my skin."

"All I can think about is hurting you and strangling—" he shut up before he could panic me more.

What the heck was he talking about?

I had no words to speak after what he said.

"That is why I believe you should just stay away from me," it didn't make sense. In one breath, he was talking about me staying away from him, while in the other, he offered to drop me home.

"You should have told your father that you couldn't drop me off," I hissed.

"I know. I just don't know why I accepted the offer. I guess I just want to—I want to live happily with Kesha," his tone changed, and my jaw clenched.

"She is so sweet and humble, unlike you," the straightforwardness from him was affecting me. He was happy with her, good for him. But he didn't have to put me down to raise her up.

"She doesn't go around falling in love with others or lying to them—" he closed his eyes and then cleared his throat, looking around in confusion.

"Just shut up," he said, causing me to frown because I wasn't even talking. It was the most odd drive I've ever had to share with anyone.

Thankfully, we didn't speak for the rest of the ride. But when we arrived at the hostel, I saw Rudy and his group sitting on the front porch, enjoying the rain from afar.

"You said you were headed over to the academy to grab something? I have to get my notebook from my locker too," even when I didn't want to speak another word to Kaye, it was also true that I wanted to avoid Rudy and the other top seniors. I wasn't very happy with how he had been acting lately.

"Okay," Kaye said, turning towards the academy's driveway.

Once he parked, I jumped out and rushed towards the entrance, standing there and waiting for Kaye. He took his sweet time, strolling while the rain fell on him.

He arrived and opened the door for me.

I had already informed Lamar that I would be late so that he wouldn't go picking me up from the mansion.

I rushed ahead of Kaye and sighed at the dark hallways.

He didn't stop to ask me any more questions and went straight ahead to his office. I lit my flashlight and walked toward the lockers. During the daytime, this place is so crowded that it seemed like a ghost town now that it was dark and empty. The thunderclaps would occasionally shake the windows, and my body would get startled.

I reached the lockers and stood next to them before picking up a register that I could use as an excuse to be here.

But then, I began to feel a certain way towards Emmet's office. There were weird noises coming from inside.

I felt as if it was the sound of needles clicking.

I looked around to make sure there was no one nearby and tried to open the door. Of course, it was locked. Grabbing a stool from the side, I climbed on it and stared inside through the window.

I swear I've heard such clicking before. Then it came back to me. It was the noise from the compass.

The compass we had used in the test.

I sat down on the floor and opened my phone's browser, typing,

"Whisper compass."

There were many results that popped up. The compass had been found washed ashore by some rogues.

There were pictures of the compass, but no other details were available online. Sometimes I wondered if these things were truly magic. How did anyone find it and conclude it was magic?

That sounded absurd.

After spending a few more minutes, I got up to leave when I heard someone walking in the direction of the office. Panic struck me, and I ran to the side, trying to hide somewhere. It didn't seem to be Kaye. Or if it was, I would be doomed. He would ask me what I was doing next to Emmet's office.

I hid behind the wall and stayed there, hearing the footsteps stop.

"Whoever you are, come out," the voice was thick and heavy but not threatening. The minute I realized it was Emmet, I came out from behind the wall and caught him staring at me in shock.

"Helanie?" he asked, worried.

"I came here to look for my register when I heard some noise from inside," I uttered softly, noticing him keep staring at me.

"What noise?" he inquired, slipping his hand in his pocket while holding a door in his other hand. I remembered watching him with Sage earlier. Did she give him that piece?

"I don't know. I'll leave now," I hissed, my mood souring. But when I was passing him, he grabbed my hand, and my steps came to a halt.

"What is going on?" he asked.

"Nothing. By the way, I took care of Demi and Davon tonight. But thanks for not showing up," I don't know why I embarrassed myself by acting like that, but I surely caught his attention as he forced me to turn around by holding my hand.

He made me stare into his eyes, almost like asking for an explanation for my comment.

"You told me you would drop me home. I had to ask Lamar, and he was also busy, so—"  
" I stopped talking, realizing how much I had been expecting from him that one time he didn't remember keeping his promise, and I was so hurt.

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

## **Chapter 418-My Stepbrother Is So Hot**

### **Chapter 418: 418-My Stepbrother Is So Hot**

**Helanie:**

"Huh?" he asked.

"Nothing. I'll go back to the hostel now," I said, freeing my hand, but he wasn't letting me go. He was holding me so effortlessly in place that he confused me with his strength.

"Come inside, we'll talk first, and then you can leave," his commanding voice stirred something inside me.

I reluctantly followed him inside and entered his room. He locked the door behind us, causing my heart to miss a beat.

Then, he lit a candle, making me realize there was no electricity tonight due to the heavy rain and storm.

"Have a seat," he pulled a chair for me near his, then sat down on his chair himself. I took my seat and watched him put the decor on the table. It was an antique paperweight.

"So, what were you saying? I asked you that I would drop you to the hostel?" It wasn't a threat or anything, more like him trying to recall ever saying that.

"You did," I said, and he cocked his head in bewilderment.

"I don't remember." It almost came like a horror, the way he uttered it and looked around.

"I really don't remember. I'm so sorry," he was genuine in his apology, but that didn't change the fact that he might have not remembered.

"It's okay, of course, you forgot. You had a busy day," I scoffed, feeling like a fool and too controlling of a person to be upset over something that I had no business in.

"Umm, something else. You have something on your mind that you're unwilling to come clean about. Tell me, what do you mean by that?" He pulled my seat even closer by dragging it from the side of my legs and placed his hands on my seat's armrests.

"It's nothing really. It's your life, and I have no business in it. I'm just upset that you didn't remember your promise to me," I could only act like this in front of him. Whenever he would take care of me or do his little concerned gestures to convince me that I meant something to him, I would feel so much better.

"Helanie, tell me," he insisted, and in a miserable moment, I confessed.

"You were out and about with Sage on a date." The minute I said that, I shocked myself—and him too.

"I'm not intervening in your life, but you could have at least told me to arrange my own ride back home," I said, quickly trying to do damage control.

"Hmmm, so me dating Sage isn't the problem then?" he shocked me when he bobbed his head.

I could be reading him wrong, but it appeared as though he wanted to know my reaction to him dating her.

"I mean, if you like her," I shrugged, looking away and biting my tongue. I should have just remained silent. It was getting so awkward talking about his personal life and acting like a jealous girlfriend.

"Yeah, you're right. Anyway, I'm sorry for not remembering my promise. I'll keep track of any promise I make to you next time," he mumbled while leaning back in his chair. He then continued to lean to the side, resting his elbow over the armrest and supporting his face with his fingers on his temples.

I didn't like that he didn't deny dating or liking Sage. Maybe that was the truth?

So did he really like her, and what next? Were they going to get married and have babies?

"Okay, I should go. You might be staying to spend time with your girlfriend, which, by the way, is a very weird thing," the petty side of me jumped out after he refused to deny

the accusations. I was being too much, I realized later, but in the moment, it felt like I was doing everything right.

"Okay, but why is it weird?" he asked.

"Because—" I almost hissed while he was watching me, smirking through his eyes. So what? Now he was enjoying turning into his brothers who loved watching me in pain?

"She is your student," I hissed at him.

"Oh, really? But I thought you two were on good terms and friends, always helping each other with their boyfriends?" Now he straight-up called himself her boyfriend, and I was devastated.

"So, you are admitting to dating her?" I asked out of confusion. He shrugged, making me clench my jaw.

"Okay, go ahead, date her. I'm just warning you that—" I didn't have anything to say to him. This interaction should have never happened. I don't know why I decided to ask him all this and get myself hurt. But the minute I was about to get up, he leaned forward and placed his hand on my chair, stopping me from leaving.

"What is it now? Why are you not letting me go?" I asked in an irritated voice.

He kept staring at my face before coming even closer.

"So it has nothing to do with the fact that you're jealous?" he asked in a husky voice. The deepness in his voice made me skip a heartbeat.

"Huh, why would I be jealous?" I scoffed, trying to act cool.

"So you won't get jealous if I touch her?" he tilted his head and lowered it to get a better view of my eyes.

"No, I wouldn't," I hissed, not raising my eyes to meet him.

"Not even if I do this?" His voice turned even huskier as he pinched my chin to raise my head and leaned in closer to my face.

He got even closer with every passing second and very gently brushed his lips over mine. A spark ran through my body, and goosebumps took over my skin. It was a different kind of pleasure.

He pulled a few inches back, still holding my chin, and asked, "Now, even if I do this?"

With that, he pressed his lips harder than before and kissed me so hard that the loud sound of the smooch echoed in the room. It was only a few seconds, but it left me paralyzed.

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

## **Chapter 419-The Kiss I Rejected For The Kiss I Enjoyed**

### **Chapter 419: 419-The Kiss I Rejected For The Kiss I Enjoyed**

**Helanie:**

I froze at his unexpected behavior. But I wasn't offended. I was just too shocked to respond.

"So? Do you want me to explain more?" he let out a small laugh when I stayed silent, and I snapped out of my daze.

Still unable to respond properly.

"What happened?" he snapped his fingers in front of my face.

"I... am not jealous," I tried to compose myself, leaving the questions for later.

I was confused about what had just happened.

"Really? Do you want me to call her—" As soon as he said that and grabbed his phone, I jumped in my seat and stopped his hand.

"No! Don't. And yes! I don't want you to date her. I mean, I don't want you to date anyone," I muttered under my breath, and he leaned back comfortably once again.

"It's because I believe you deserve someone... very special," I said, still unable to think properly.

"I'll go now," I hastily got up when I felt like it was too late for me to bring up the kiss.

I couldn't gather my thoughts properly. He didn't stop me this time, but his words did.



"She asked me to help her with a gift when she accidentally bumped into me at the shop. I didn't even realize you thought she and I were dating over that one encounter."

I turned and sighed, swallowing hard.

"Okay," I replied, but as I turned my head again, he spoke.

"I have something for you."

I stopped again and turned to him. He rolled his chair behind his desk, opened a drawer, and pulled something out.

He placed the compass on the desk, nearly taking my breath away.

"You've been very interested in this. You can have it," he tapped his fingers on the compass. I kept staring at it, wondering if it would be rude to accept a magical item that had once been displayed in the academy library.

"Go on, take it. It's all yours," he leaned back again, this time rubbing his fingertip over his bottom lip. But it wasn't done in a creepy or suggestive way. He was unconsciously touching his lips, while I was the one captivated by his every little move.

I walked over to him and the minute I tried picking it up, he snatched it back, his eyes suggesting a playful tease. I gulped shyly, praying he stops or else I will lose my control.

"Am I not going to get anything in return for it?" he asked, his eyebrow raising high on his forehead.

"What do you want?" I asked, sounding so obedient.

He gently touched his lips, and before I could get any ideas, he said, "A smile."

That was it?

I gave him an awkward smile, and he laughed at it before putting it down again.

I carefully picked it up, watching the needles go crazy. Before he could notice the way they were moving, I shoved it into my pocket.

"Thank you," I murmured, and he just blinked once in response.

I walked out of the room, all the while hoping he would stop me one more time. I wanted to stay in that room and listen to him talk. But it was only after I left his office that I touched my lips.

"Wait... he kissed me," I uttered, shocked, still glancing back at the door even as I kept walking forward.

"Does that mean all the things he does for me aren't just for his stepsister?" I asked myself, a small smile creeping onto my lips.

"Ah, shit. I should have told him that I made a promise to the Moon Goddess and that I would wait—but then I'd have to tell him about our mate bond. And what if he doesn't remember and gets frustrated?" I kept rambling under my breath, wondering what the right step should have been.

Avoiding it all, I walked out of the academy and headed toward the hostel. The seniors were gone—at least all except one.

The one I was desperately trying to avoid was pacing back and forth in front of the main gate, his phone pressed to his ear. He was whispering—or more like listening in a bad mood—when his eyes landed on me.

"I'll talk to you later, Dad," he muttered before hanging up and rushing to block my path.

"I'm not in the mood, Rudy," I said, trying to walk past him, but he kept stepping in my way.

"At least let me apologize," he insisted.

I stopped resisting and gave him a long stare.

"Nobody is stopping you. Go ahead and apologize to Jenny, Lamar, and Penn—the ones you actually belittled," I folded my arms across my chest, making it clear that an apology to me didn't make sense.

"You want an alpha to bow down before another alpha?" he asked in an offended tone.

"An alpha apologizing to a she-wolf without a wolf—without even doing anything to her in particular?" I called him out on his hypocrisy, but he already had a response ready.

"And I'm sure I don't have to remind you why an alpha can bow before a she-wolf but not another alpha. It's about the heart. When my entire existence is ready to bow for you, my ego means nothing. And if it means that much to you, I'll apologize to them too. I'm ready to do anything to... have a chance with you."

I wish he had stopped before that.

I suddenly felt uncomfortable. I had just shared a small kiss with someone I had a crush on, and nothing could top that moment—not even Rudy.

His eyes narrowed on my lips, and in a burst of emotion, he leaned forward to kiss me.

I quickly placed my hands on his chest and pulled away, shocking him—and myself.

"I'm so sorry—I—" he stammered, looking hurt, especially when someone else came to witness the scene.

"Maybe a rejection would make your brain work again," Penn taunted, standing with Lamar and Jenny behind him.

"Penn," I shot him a look—a warning not to hurt the already wounded.

"Rudy, I—" I murmured, but he was already prepared to leave.

He bolted past us like he had somewhere urgent to be.

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

## **Chapter 420-Something Is Changing Jenny**

### **Chapter 420: 420-Something Is Changing Jenny**

#### **Helanie:**

"Jenny," I reached for her, but she was completely exhausted. Lamar quickly carried her when he realized that, despite wanting to stay on her feet, she was too weak to move.

"I'll lay her down in her room," Lamar told me before rushing inside with Jenny. They had just come back from the hospital when they found me and Rudy on the front porch.

"I can't believe that asshole thought he could steal a kiss from you," Penn grunted, his hands flying to his waist as he shook his head in disbelief.

"Penn, why did you do that? Why did you make that comment? You have no idea how awkward you made things," I argued, my voice shaky as I started feeling cold.

"So what? Doesn't he always do that? Don't you think he would have stayed silent if you had rejected my kiss?" Penn pointed a finger at his chest, revealing a desire I wanted to stay hidden. My cheeks burned at the realization that he had wanted to do the same thing.

"And you thought—you know—" I was slightly lost in my words but quickly regained my composure. "This would make him vicious?"

I hated that while I was dealing with my own mess, my friends were creating more enemies for me.

"I don't care. I'll deal with it. If anyone dares to come near you, I'll handle them myself," he said with an alpha attitude, tapping his finger against his chest and then at me.

"Anyway, let's go inside. It's getting colder."

He was so cold toward others at times. I sighed and rushed ahead of him to show I was still upset about his comment.

After entering my room, I sat on my bed and stared at the rain outside my window. The whole time, I couldn't help but smile and touch my lips.

Emmet kissed me.

Fucking Emmet A. McQuoid kissed me.

That had to mean something.

"You're oddly happy," Lucy's voice startled me—I had forgotten she was in the bathroom.

I didn't respond, so she sat on her bed, watching me.

"Aren't you happy that maybe Gavin dating me will make me reconsider my life?"

The fact that she knew exactly what she was doing made me believe there was more going on with her than just a hurt she-wolf trying to let out her frustration.

"I don't care if you go back to your old ways or change even more. We can never be friends again," I said, looking down at my phone.

Another five minutes passed, and she kept watching me before adding, "So you can forgive everyone but me."

I had enough of this assumption.

Everyone always used that as an excuse to hurt me.

"There aren't two lifelines to hurt me and then be my friend again. Just because I forgave someone once doesn't mean everyone gets two chances with me," I muttered,

reminding her that Lamar had redeemed himself. And it wasn't just because I gave him a chance—he had shown real remorse and did everything he could to earn forgiveness.

Just like how Salem was doing now. She had changed a lot and was trying to stay out of trouble, especially since she had a sister who was probably already giving her a hard time for not bullying us.

Lucy didn't say anything after that and continued with her skincare routine while I scrolled through Emmet's pictures online.

He was such a hot man.

I mean, just the way he moved and talked—everything about him was charming and addicting.

Near midnight, the door opened, and Lamar came in, sitting down on his bed tiredly.

"Where is Jenny?" I asked him.

"She's sleeping in her room," Lamar said, standing beside my bed.

"I'm telling you two, the entity resides in her. You guys are wasting your time instead of getting to work," Lucy called out from her bed, putting curlers in her hair.

"Do you ever shut up? Or do you want me to do that for you?" Lamar warned her from his bed, looking so charged.

"Ignore her," I said, getting up to sit with him on his bed.

"What happened? What did the doctor say?" I questioned as he steadily slid closer and rested his head in my lap.

"It's a rare condition. They said her body is reacting weirdly toward her organs, and it very rarely happens to werewolves," the sadness in his voice told me it was a serious matter.

"They're running some tests, so I'm hopeful," he paused and closed his eyes. I could tell he did it to hide his tears.

"Don't be a fool."

Somehow, Lucy had still heard us. She had been keeping her ears on us the whole time.

"Lucy—" I shot her a look, warning her not to upset him.

"I'm serious. Don't be a fool and let them do these tests. What will you do when the results come back and show that her body is completely different? That her DNA has changed too?"

She made Lamar sit up straight, his eyes narrowing at her.

"Do what you want. I'm just letting you know that the entity is changing her body. And if anyone figures out there's been a change—and that an entity is inside her—they'll hold her and subject her to tests."

She sent chills down our spines.

"And how the fuck do you know about it?" Lamar asked her. Even though he didn't believe her, the way he was waiting for her response made me wonder if there was a small part of him that was curious—if that might actually be the case.

"I can speak with her—I can speak with the entity," she said, making us exchange a glance.

"How?" I asked.

"And let me guess, you're going to say the entity inside Jenny speaks with you through her, right?" Lamar lost interest until she added—

"No! Whenever I'm in a crowd, I hear the entity speak to me. It's as if it wants me to be confused about who it's residing in. The voice is sometimes male, sometimes female, but I'm sure it comes from someone's mind. And every time it happens, it's only Jenny looking at me."

She finished, leaving us in stunned silence.

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