

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 441-RIP!

Chapter 441: 441-RIP!

Helanie:

And in the other picture, my face was in focus, with a d*** forced into my mouth. But it wouldn't look forced in a picture if they tried to twist the contrast. Even when I am visibly crying and are devastated, I would still not want my pictures out.

And then there were so many with my whole body and privates on display while their identities were successfully hidden. There were a few short videos too—more like gifs that failed to show the forced coercion, but they were enough to ruin me.

Lastly, a text message that would make me look even worse. And I wouldn't be able to show the text to anyone without them thinking I was a part of it.

Unknown: We had fun that night. We can book you again, right? Have your rates gone up, or are they still the same?

I kept staring at the images. There were too many of them. Seeing myself like that in those pictures took me back to that place, to that station.

I remembered how I got up from the ground after thinking I had died and went home. That long walk, while my whole body ached and with almost no clothes on, was humiliating—especially when the neighbors saw me.

Not a single person had the decency to cover me.

They all stared, ogled at my body, and passed comments.

If these images go out, if these clips go viral, everyone will look at me with those same eyes.

I stared into the distance and then started laughing at myself. Did I really think I could live a different life?

That I could go after such powerful people and they wouldn't fight back?

And then, when my phone beeped, little whimpers escaped my lips. I answered the call, slowly bringing my phone to my ear.

"Please delete—" I begged, breaking down on the call.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk... why are you crying? I don't like to see pretty girls cry. I didn't mean to hurt you, I was just admiring your beauty. And guess what? My friends and I just finished watching those videos and sharing them," Zellu said on the phone.

I closed my eyes and clenched my jaw, shaking and struggling to breathe.

"What happened? No sass for us today?" he mocked, but his fake sympathy was clear in his tone.

"What do you want—" I asked, stuttering. My heart hadn't recovered ever since I saw the images. I felt so vulnerable and weak again. It was like I had lived through that night all over again.

"Just leave—You were supposed to die. So why don't you just turn off your phone, leave no trace, and disappear?" he muttered in a husky tone, purposely using the same voice he had whispered in my ear that night.

"We want you gone, or else—we'll release these pictures. They'll reach your little sister's school, your academy, and every f***ing place. Do you want that? Because without the full video, it pretty much looks like you were just a naughty girl in the past. And with your stepmother, stepbrother, father, and others backing it up, it'll be confirmed that you are lying about the rape."

When he mentioned my father, it felt like a hard slap across my face.

Did he meet him?

Or does he know that my father would immediately go against me? I mean, my stepmother always made me out to be a slut, and my father believed him. So I'm sure once the news gets out, my father will bow down before them for money.

"So?" he waited for my answer.

There was nothing else I could do. I didn't want everyone to see me like that—it wasn't my choice.

"I will leave," I said.

"No, you will die," he replied, and I started nodding and sniffing.

"Say it. You will go outside when it's snowing and be food for the monsters. Guess what? You will die a hero," he pressed on, making me take a deep breath and stare into space.

"So?" he asked again.

"I will do as you want me to," I replied, feeling like the same Helanie from that night.

"Good girl. Now you can finally rest in peace," he laughed, making the others behind him laugh too.

I heard some familiar voices—voices I hadn't met in person again.

But it didn't matter anymore.

I cut the call and started walking in the snow.

Everything slowed down.

"So this is it," I uttered with a broken smile on my lips.

As I slowly moved forward, I dropped my phone, then my bag.

A few steps in, and I was headed nowhere.

"I tried my best. I did," I sniffled. "But they won, and you know why?" I asked as snow started to fall.

The thick mist from the snowstorm clouded my vision. It was as if every tear froze before it could fall down my cheek.

"Because you were on their side," I uttered, raising my head and clenching my jaw. "You won."

The cold started eating at my skin. Time passed, night arrived. My brain had stopped working—I could no longer estimate where I was or where I was going. I just knew I had to keep walking until I was consumed by either the monsters or the snow.

And then, just as I felt my breath stopping, I saw a woman in a white dress standing in the snowstorm.

Her hair flowed freely, and no matter how hard I tried to focus on her feet, I couldn't see them. She seemed to be hovering in the air.

Before long, she came toward me, and as I was passing out, I felt her wrap her fragile yet strong arms around me, lifting me into her embrace.

"You think I'm on their side? I've only ever had one side—and it's yours," I heard the woman say, her voice making it hard for me to understand who she was and what she was talking about.

"I'm not going to let you die after watching you struggle so much to live," she whispered.
And suddenly, I could no longer feel the cold.

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

Chapter 442-The Missing Lover

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Emmet:

"Mom shouldn't have touched Helanie," I hissed repeatedly, pacing from one corner of the room to the other.

"Why did she do that? Does it suit Mom to be putting her hands on a teenager?" Maximus agreed with me, shaking his head vigorously.

We were upset about the incident. I ran outside to check on her, but she had already left for the hostel. I was a little late because I had to give Davon his medicine. The kid didn't want to take it from anyone else.

"You guys are acting like Mom killed her," Kaye said as soon as he stood by Mom's side. Maximus and I shared a glance before turning to look at him.

"I'm just saying that Helanie accused our cousin of a crime. Of course, Mom took offense. And then this Helanie—she always opens her mouth to complain," he hissed, folding his arms over his chest.

"A minute?" Norman came in, knocking on the open door and asking Kaye to join him. "Since you're the only one on Mom's side, why don't you go stay with her and calm her down for a bit? Because her drama isn't over yet."

I loved how openly Norman called Mom out for being dramatic.

"Drama? Why are you all being so disrespectful toward her?" Kaye retaliated, not liking that we were talking about Lady Darcy in that tone.

"Kaye, there was only one victim here today, and it was Helanie. Romeo tied her up in the snow. How the heck Mom somehow turned out to be the one who needs comfort right now is beyond me," I yelled, frustrated.

My eyes landed behind Norman, and he followed my stare to see our mom standing outside my room with the most dramatic look on her face.

With a hand over her mouth, she ran through the passage, probably expecting us to follow her. Instead, only Kaye ran out.

Norman sighed and walked after them to make sure Mom didn't manipulate Kaye too much with her tears.

"How are you, Maximus?" I turned my attention to him. It had been a whole week since we last talked. He had been keeping to himself mostly.

"I'm great, don't worry about me."

The way he avoided looking at me made my heart ache. If only I could tell him what he meant to me, he would realize I was never drowning myself in alcohol because I cared less—but because I wanted them to forget about me before I forgot about them.

But sometimes, my emotions would rise to the surface, and I wouldn't be able to hold them in anymore.

"I care, Maximus—" As soon as I reached out to put my hand on his shoulder, he turned around angrily and pushed me back.

"No, you f***ing don't. You never cared. All you do is drink and drink. Even when you knew your drinking would make you miss so much of our childhood, or that whenever we needed you, we found you missing because you had passed out—you still chose to drink," he yelled, tears welling in his eyes.

"Maximus—I—" I stuttered, fighting the urge to tell him what he meant to me.

"No, don't even try to say anything. Because every time you say something, your coldness hurts me more. You f***ing came for Helanie—not once have you ever come for me. I've always been left out—always suffering and in pain—" he stopped, biting onto his fist to silence himself.

It had gotten to the point that he didn't even want to complain anymore because of the differences between us.

"I didn't come for Helanie that night," it was time to be honest with him.

He scoffed, waving his hand to dismiss me.

"I came for you. I didn't even know Helanie was outside. I didn't even see her when you had her cornered. All I could see was my brother—and I did everything I could for you."

My words made him turn and look at me.

"You came for me?" he asked, as if he couldn't believe it.

"I always did," I uttered. "Even when—" I shut up, but he rushed at me, pushing me back until my back hit the wall.

"Tell me, even what?" he shouted, still pushing me.

"Even when—" I was about to tell him when my phone rang, and I quickly sidestepped away from him.

"Yes?" I asked, rubbing my hands over my face.

"Hi, Professor Emmet, it's me, Salem. Is Helanie coming home or not? I've been trying to contact her. I was hurried back to the hostel, but I haven't heard from her. So I was wondering if she had planned to stay there?"

It was like she had thrown a brick of ice over my head. My head suddenly started pounding, my ears ringing. For a moment, the world around me froze, and all I could focus on was—

'Helanie left—if she hasn't reached the hostel, where the heck is she?'

My wolf howled in worry, getting agitated.

"Umm, yeah. She's staying here, but her phone died," I lied, realizing that if the students left the hostel and started looking for her themselves, they could get in danger. I didn't want to divert my energy or forces into saving them when all hands should be on deck to look for Helanie.

"Oh, alright. Tell her we said to take care of herself," Salem sounded relieved, but I wasn't.

Meanwhile, Maximus had a frown on his forehead after listening to my response. I bet he could already tell something was wrong and that I was talking about Helanie.

Once I hung up the phone, I stared into Maximus' eyes and announced,

"Helanie didn't reach the hostel, and nobody came to pick her up."

"What?" Maximus gulped, shock in his eyes mirroring mine.

"She's out there—and it's f***ing snowing," I grunted, quickly reaching for my drawer to grab a weapon.

"I'm telling Norman too," Maximus yelled as he rushed out of my room to start a search for Helanie.

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

Chapter 443-The Insane Brothers

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Norman:

"It had been two days—two fricking days." Maximus sat on the front porch, his eyes empty as if he had no soul left in his body. We had turned the entire rogue community upside down, but obviously, we couldn't go through every area. Snow covered the trees, rocks, and Goddess knows what else.

"How is Emmet?" Maximus asked, turning his head to me. I sat down on the stairs with him and sighed.

"Not good. Sometimes, he acts super worried, and then the next minute, he acts like he doesn't know what's going on." I was worried about Emmet. Those symptoms weren't good.

And then there was Davon—he had been so weak, too.

"What do you think happened to her?" I watched Maximus's eyes flash with a hint of disaster if I said one wrong word.

"I am sure she is fine." All four of my heartbeats skipped when thinking about Helanie.

Her innocent little face flashed before my eyes—her pity, her sass. It had been two days, but it felt like months.

I guess I had gotten used to hearing her complain, putting me in my place, and arguing whenever she felt something was wrong.

She had grown into such a sassy and confident person that I couldn't help but be proud of her, even when I was at the receiving end of her savage remarks most of the time.

I couldn't imagine anything happening to her. And even though I had been keeping myself together for my brothers, I was extremely worried and breaking apart deep inside for my stepsister.

It was true—I had decided to accept her as my stepsister after I realized how much I cared for her. I guess my wolf, too, wanted her as our family.

"If so, then where is she?" Maximus hissed.

Our eyes shifted to Kaye, who had returned after a run. I grabbed his shirt from the side and threw it at him, along with his pants from the other side.

"I'm afraid I have bad news," Kaye said through heavy breaths. He had been looking for Helanie along with us. Even though he didn't show desperation, he was doing his duty better than us. Probably because he wasn't too emotionally invested, so his energy was on another level, while we were afraid at every step we took for Helanie.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. As he put on his clothes, he threw a plastic bag toward us. I caught it, and Maximus kept staring at it. I guess he was too afraid to even look inside.

I hastily opened the bag and looked inside to find something familiar.

"I believe that's Helanie's phone and bag," Kaye heaved, rubbing his cheek, which had turned red from the cold at this point.

"What does that mean?" Maximus rose from his spot. "This can't mean—it—" he started stammering. Helanie's phone was ruined so we couldn't even get a clue from it.

"Kaye," I looked at him, gulping, as I knew what needed to be done.

"I am going there, and you will tell me where you found this stuff. She has to be somewhere around—oh! Maybe she was upset with Mom, so she decided to just run away," Maximus smiled, placing a hand on his chest, and I already knew this wasn't looking good for him.

Kaye steadily moved to the side, extending his arm to the warrior who handed him an injection.

I had prepared these for us, for Emmet and Maximus. I was afraid that if any bad news arrived, we would need it for them.

I was stunned too, but not as much. I just didn't believe Helanie was gone. She must have dropped these, or someone had kidnapped her—that could be the explanation. And I would find her. I just didn't want to believe the other possibility.

In a very subtle movement, Kaye reached Maximus and wrapped his arms around his brother. "Shhh! Everything will be okay." With that, Kaye injected him with a heavy dose of wolfsbane.

"What? I was supposed to go out there and look for her!" Maximus screamed, pushing Kaye away, but Kaye kept his arms tightly wrapped around him. Maximus started scratching Kaye's back with his claws—or whatever strength was left in his wolf—to attack him.

Good thing Maximus was just a werewolf when it wasn't a full moon.

And soon, Maximus started to fall asleep.

"You go check on Emmet," Kaye said, putting Maximus over his shoulder and taking him inside.

Emmet would be a hard one to control. I took a deep breath and started walking toward the passage. The snow would start again, and life would go on. But where the heck would I find Helanie?

We should have focused on interrogating her about the night when she was tied to the tree. Whoever tied her must be behind this too. What if that person kidnapped her?

I briskly made my way to Emmet's room. I didn't have to knock because the door was open, and he was standing with his back facing me.

"Emmet, I don't know what it means, but Kaye found Helanie's phone and bag in the snow," I said in a steady tone, ready to comfort him if it came to that.

He slowly turned around and squeezed his eyes a little.

"Who?" he asked, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

"Emmet, Helanie," I repeated her name, and Emmet shook his head.

"Who is that?" he questioned again, looking so genuinely confused that it shook my heart deep inside my chest.

"She is—one of our students. Would you please come with me to find her?" Despite the craziness of him forgetting her, I had to keep it together and find her first. Of course, something was wrong with Emmet too, but I was sure I'd be able to help him later.

For now, Helanie was out there, probably all alone.

"Sure, wait outside. I'll change and join you," he offered, concerned but only as much as he would be for any student.

I left him in the room and stopped in the passage, taking a deep breath while waiting for him.

"Where have you gone, Miss Troublemaker?" I looked at the sky and asked when my phone beeped, and a text popped up.

Unknown: I am one of the culprits, and I wanted to help her. But they didn't let me. However, she left because they threatened her, blackmailed her.

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

Chapter 444-The Ugly Truth And The Brother's Rage

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Norman:

I couldn't understand what that text meant. What culprit? And who threatened her? What blackmail material did they have on her to make her run away?

So I was right—she left on her own.

"And you guys thought putting me to sleep was the right decision?" Maximus threw another vase at Kaye, who dodged it and rolled his eyes.

"Now who's wasting time?" Kaye commented with a shrug.

I didn't like his behavior. I had been noticing my brothers acting weird lately, but only now was I realizing that it had gone too far.

When looking into Kaye's eyes, I could barely see my brother. It felt like an imposter was trying hard to look empathetic toward us and others.

"It's Emmet who's wasting time," I reminded them that we had another brother who didn't even remember who Helanie was.

"Let's go. I don't care who's wasting time—I'm leaving to look for her." Maximus put on his shoes, still a little wobbly.

After I received that text message, I tried to track it down, but then the snow got so bad that we had to retreat our warriors. We brothers stayed outside while Maximus slept on wolfsbane. But that search turned into a fight with glims. So our time was wasted.

"I'm ready, let's head out," Emmet arrived, and we started our journey together.

Our attention was no longer on the monsters—we were focused on Helanie.

Now it was the third day, and the hostel fellows had been blowing up our phones, asking about Helanie. The bad signals helped us keep the secret for a while, but before long, they would start showing up at the mansion in groups.

Not that they hadn't already.

But we always lied about her being out getting groceries or something.

We were on edge about going around without any idea where to look for her. What confused us the most was that even when we got a lead, it didn't help us at all.

And Emmet being so clueless wasn't helping either.

"Emmet, you know we're looking for a blonde chick, right?" I groaned at Kaye, and I bet I heard Maximus growl at him as well.

How did he find a moment to joke?

Wasn't he her mate? And if I'm not wrong, he had accepted her.

Unless... something was very wrong with him.

But we continued our journey.

"She must be hiding somewhere then. Whoever was scaring her must have made her run away," Maximus suggested.

We didn't even want to think about the possibility that something had happened to her.

The monsters had attacked many rogues in the woods, and their bodies were never found because they would eat every last bone. But I disagreed when a warrior suggested that something similar might have happened to Helanie.

"You do realize there aren't many places in the rogue community where one can hide from the snow? She either went to a pack—which is very unlikely—or she's hiding in a mansion, a hostel, or the academy. All places we've already searched, and she's not there," Kaye took a realistic approach, but I wished he had stayed quiet.

"So what are you saying? That we just go back and act like it's fine that she's gone?" Maximus yelled again.

I felt bad for him. He had been so emotional.

And while I watched them argue, something suddenly clicked in my head.

"Or maybe a cave!"

As soon as I said that, the three of them turned to me.

"And I know a cave she recently took an interest in."

My heart started pounding at my words, almost like it was thanking me for noticing.

"Which cave?" Emmet asked.

"There's one cave she knows."

Of course, it wasn't the Lycan's Cave. It was the same cave where we had found Emmet before.

I started leading them straight to the cave where I thought she might be. After an hour, just as the snow was about to start again, we reached it.

"She's in here," Maximus yelled, rushing past all of us into the cave.

We all hurried in after him—and what we saw tore us apart.

At least, it did for me.

There she was, finally found.

She sat behind a big rock, dark circles under her eyes, the bags beneath them showing she had been crying ever since she left.

But it was the way she sat, with her knees pulled to her chest and her arms wrapped around them, that truly shook us.

"Helanie..."

And just as expected, the sight of her made Emmet remember her.

He said her name, but his steps were heavy, like he was struggling to walk.

"It's over," she whispered, her eyes on us.

I could tell she was shocked that we had arrived, but her condition was so bad that she couldn't properly show her emotions.

"Helanie," I said her name, taking off my coat to approach her—

But then she let out a scream so terrifying that I backed away instantly.

"Don't come any closer," she screamed, and I nodded, surrendering.

"I won't," I assured her that I wasn't going to approach her again.

But something about her reaction was so frightening that even Kaye looked disturbed.

"Nothing is over. We'll take care of everything," Maximus knelt down at a little distance, careful not to trigger her.

Whatever she was going through was terrifying.

"It is over. They will leak it," she uttered, tears still falling from her eyes.

Her once rosy, smooth cheeks looked rough.

"What? What will they leak?" Maximus asked, his voice softer now.

My eyes briefly shifted to Emmet, who had his hands over his head, like he was trying to keep himself from losing it.

"The videos," she replied.

"Helanie, nobody can do shit to you, okay?"

I was scared of what she would say next.

But what she did say was something I could have never imagined in a million years.

In a very sad, broken voice, she whispered—

"But they will. They took so many videos that night."

"What videos?" Maximus asked.

Helanie zoned out for a moment—

Then she spoke.

And her words shattered the ground beneath our feet.

"When they gang-raped me."

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

Chapter 445-The Traumatic Life Of Our Stepsister

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Norman:

For a good few seconds, I forgot to move a muscle. It was as if she was speaking another language. My mind went numb, and I could tell my brothers were too stunned too. But someone had to wake up so that Helanie could be saved.

She was shaking so miserably, looking so innocently broken.

"Helanie, let's go home first." I knelt down at her side, holding my hand out, but she shook her head.

"Don't touch me," she warned me, gripping my heart in her fist.

"I will scream and fight this time," she added, her eyes widening. Three whole days with so much trauma, with no food and no warm clothes. I could only imagine how she must have felt.

"What is she talking about? Could it be that she hallucinated everything due to the cold and stress?" Maximus asked Emmet and Kaye and then knelt down beside me again. His words didn't sound like a question, more like a request. He was waiting for any of us to tell him it was just a nightmare.

"I remember," Emmet suddenly shook his head and then pushed me out of his way, making me sit on my ass on the ground while he took over.

"Helanie, did one of them tie outside?" he asked her, sounding like himself again.

I began to share eye contact with my other brothers as if they were also catching on to something important. Emmet knew about everything. But what exactly? Does that mean—Helanie had a secret, and this is what it was?

"Don't touch me," Helanie warned him, and his body tensed up. I could tell he was not taking her rejection well. He looked so worried that his body was emitting an aura of tension.

"Okay, everyone, we have to do this," I said to my brothers, making eye contact with Kaye, who was staring at Helanie.

"Kaye," I snapped my fingers and found him shaking his head to bring himself back to reality.

"Huh?" He placed his hand on his chest and rubbed it. "What do you want?"

He wasn't even looking at me. Almost like he was waking up from a slumber and trying to gather what his feelings were.

"Kaye, that thing—" I eyed him, mouthing the words so that Helanie wouldn't see it. She looked traumatized and ready to fight. I didn't think she was able to differentiate between past and present right now. She was stuck in whatever trauma she was talking about.

"The intoxication," I eyed him.

"Hmm, take it." He looked through his pockets and handed me the needle, not even focusing on anything.

"Kaye, you're supposed to help me with this. The other two can't focus on anything; they're too caught up in why Helanie is reacting this way to them," I tried to get Kaye's attention, even standing up and walking closer to him.

"I want names," Kaye looked at me, shaking his head. "I want names, brother. I will hang their bodies out in the open." His lips quivered, breaking my heart at his condition. He was clearly affected, but he kept going in and out of self-awareness. And it was concerning.

"I understand. We will do it together. But look at her, she needs comfort and a little sleep, right?" I didn't even turn to look at Helanie. I was so used to her being a sassy ass that seeing her broken like this was breaking me.

"You do it." Kaye placed his hand on my shoulder and pushed me very gently. He turned away and started rubbing his face in his hands.

I sighed, feeling the pressure on me. So I had to do it myself now. I strolled closer and then knelt down. Helanie squeezed herself together, glaring at me in fear and ready to fight back.

"I'm sorry." As soon as I said that and her eyes widened, I stabbed her with the needle in her arm.

She let out a screech and pushed me, her hand so hot that I felt my chest burning.

"Fuck!" I grimaced, placing a hand on my chest where she had touched.

"What have you done—why did you—?" she started to scream, but Maximus and Emmet took over. They held her arms to prevent her from hurting herself. She started to lose consciousness and fell into a deep slumber right before our eyes.

I got up and reached the cave's exit, staring outside.

"We have to wait. It's snowing," I reminded them that it wasn't a good time to leave yet.

However, I did peer inside my shirt to find her handprint on the side of my chest. She had burned my skin, but how?

I didn't say it out loud, but it would need attention later. A mere werewolf is not supposed to have such a power.

After the snow stopped, Emmet carried Helanie, and we left for home. We decided to go back home instead of taking her to the academy.

I suggested my bedroom for her, even when Emmet was persistent about taking her to his room. His room was pretty much out in the open, with a passage that got snow very often. If Helanie acted aggressive again and left the room, she would immediately be in a dangerous spot, facing the creatures.

Whereas in my room, she would have to pass the stairs and the living room to run out. Maximus' room was out of the question as well. Charlotte and the others will not like it and we didn't want any new drama.

"What is going on?" As soon as we reached the mansion and got inside, our dad questioned us. Helanie's mother covered her mouth with her hands, showing a more concerned expression than she usually did.

"We found her—" I said, watching Emmet take her upstairs.

"But what happened to her? Where had she been?" Dad asked, making me take a deep breath before I told him the truth.

Or at least half of it—the part Helanie told us. I was curious about the details because there was a village full of culprits I had to set fire to.

"Her rapists threatened her into leaving everyone and ending her life."

I could tell my father's brain might have gone frozen. He took a step back and then turned to look at Helanie's mother, who shuddered visibly before falling to the ground.

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

Chapter 446-I Am Ready To Tell The World

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Helanie:

The darkness of the room reminded me of my empty dreams. The silence was equivalent to my screams from that night. I didn't realize I would have such an intense collapse. But sadly, even the sight of any man, regardless of his relationship with me, was sending me to hell and back.

I sat on the bed, my arms wrapped around my body, staring at the wall in front of me. There was a picture frame of the brothers together hanging there.

I twisted my neck a little and noticed the big frame behind the bed's wall. It was Norman's pictures.

So this has to be Norman's bedroom.

I sighed, trying to recall happy thoughts. There were none. Everything was tainted with sadness and violence in my mind.

The door opened for the fifth time, and this time Norman walked in alone. In the last 13 hours, I had scrambled at everyone who had tried coming to speak with me. I remember closing my eyes to hide from Emmet while asking him to leave me alone. I did the same with Maximus, Lamar, and even Gavin.

Norman told me that my friends had come to see me, and I threw a fit. I didn't want to see a man anywhere around me.

"Why are you here?" I hissed, turning my face to the other side to avoid looking at his face.

"We cannot sit silently after the accusations you have made," Norman said, keeping his voice very low and calm.

"Get out of here," I hissed at him, warning him to leave and not try to come near me.

"I will. But I need to speak with you," he requested again, this time walking closer to the bed and sitting down on it. I immediately pulled my legs closer to my body while hiding half of myself under the blanket.

"When I was only a kid—I had been in a situation where I couldn't find a way out," he started, making me narrow my eyes at him.

What was he trying to do?

"I was attacked by a monster," he sighed. "That monster was a vile thing." He scoffed, laughing at the memory of it.

"What did it do?" I inquired, and it was as if my question brought him some relief.

"It took my heart from my chest."

My body shuddered, my eyes widening a little more than before.

"It stopped my heartbeat, Helanie."

I shook my head in confusion.

"Remember that night—you had the Flame of Lust in the guesthouse? You touched my heart—my chest—and you felt it. You asked me a question," he started to remind me of that night, and I began to have flashbacks of it.

"You're probably able to remember it now. That's how it works. If someone reminds you exactly what you did during the Flame of Lust period—you will have the full memory of it," he added.

"What did you say when I asked you?" I didn't even know what he had asked me.

"You asked why I have four heartbeats," he smiled, and it felt like a current ran through my body.

"Ohhh!" I gasped, placing my hand over my mouth.

That was a wild night. How did I forget those interactions with him? We had a deep conversation, almost like heart to heart.

"Why are you telling me this now?" I questioned, unable to focus on one thing at a time when my mind was still stuck on the memory of my own trauma.

"Emmet didn't tell us much because he wants you to tell us. But he did tell us that Kaidon is involved, and he claims to have been under the Flame of Lust, so he thought

it was a dream or a nightmare. We can get his memory back," he kept his voice low, making it sound more comforting.

"What else did Emmet tell you?" I questioned again.

"Honestly, just Kaidon's name. He said we should wait for you to talk. Kaidon's name was brought up because he wanted to find him," he explained.

"I don't know what happened—but I want to know. You have my word that justice will be served," he looked determined, causing my body to relax a little.

"It is okay to feel this way," he started again.

"But I am back to zero. I learned to fight, defend myself, and even became a good student. Only for all of it to collapse," I stuttered, and tears started spilling down my eyes again.

"You are not back to zero. This is you! This is proof that it was your final straw. You are finally out of that place where you were too afraid to even think about it. The reason you had a meltdown was because the emotions finally surfaced. Helanie, you forced yourself to move on from the trauma. It doesn't work like that. You are back and better. This Helanie is the one I want you to be—with a mix of your crazy, sassy side," he smiled at his own words, making me crack a smile too.

"So tell me, what do you want to do?" he questioned, extending his hand for mine, but he quickly retrieved it. I was staring at his hand too.

"They will leak those videos," I uttered meekly.

"Over my dead body," he said, his voice harsher this time.

"Those videos will be gone. The pictures will never be seen again. Have some trust, will you?" He finally extended his hand again, making me stare at my small hand.

"Just take the first stand, we will always be there for you. You are not alone in this fight, you have us, and our priority remains you, no matter what," he said even more determinedly this time.

I kept watching him and then his hand before I shakily extended mine and placed it in his. His hand was warm and big but firm and strong.

He tightened his fingers around mine and asked me again, "So take a moment and then tell me, what do you want to do?"

"I want to tell the truth to the world now. I want to take a stand and finally punish them," I hissed with determination while he smiled at my confidence.

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

- Chapter 447-The Bad Daughter

Chapter 447-The Bad Daughter

Chapter 447: 447-The Bad Daughter

Helanie:

After I had a talk with Norman, he let me rest. I was putting together all the details in my head so that I'd know what to say when I talked to everyone.

"So, you have finally come home?" Emma stormed in, making me jump and crawl away in bed.

"Look at you, acting all scared and traumatized. How are you traumatized now? You were fine then. How can someone suddenly feel so frightened and full of sadness after months have passed?" The look of disbelief on her face was what had bothered me all this time. This was what I had been so afraid of when thinking about telling someone about that night. The questions they would ask would be hard for me to answer. Because they weren't calculated responses; they were my emotions, my feelings.

"You lied about rape, didn't you? How can so many men have fucked you, and you still survived? You must have liked it," she placed her hands on her waist and yelled, almost like she was laughing at me.

"And now you are here to capitalize on that freaky night to make it even more beneficial for yourself. You think a group of alphas would have nothing better to do than to find a wolf-less girl to fuck? They can have any girl they want, so why would they force you?" She was asking all the questions that I had been afraid of hearing.

"Don't look at me all sad. I am not one of those people who don't know the truth. I am a woman too, and I know how a woman can lie. You were here, and sure, you had some bruises and marks, but that was just a fun time and your own kink. How could a raped girl travel so much and then get admitted into an academy? Like, make it make sense. Weren't you supposed to be too scarred to do anything? And then I saw you smile and laugh and enjoy life—how could a dignified woman do that? A woman with self-respect would have ended her life," she hissed, stepping toward me. I was silent. I couldn't even say a word.

"Thank goodness my daughter is nothing like you. My Charlotte is innocent. She would never do anything this disgusting to cause her mother stress and shame. I am proud of

my girl, and I wish nobody ever has a daughter like you," she hunched down and hissed in my face, pinching my chin to make me raise my head to her level.

"But I—" I uttered, and she hissed at me.

"No! You are a bad daughter. You have caused so much shame to your family. You have hurt your mother with your words. Look at Charlotte. Don't you think you would be jealous of her? My daughter has never done a single thing to make me cry. She wouldn't even say a word that would hurt me," as she kept yapping, I felt her being pulled away from me by force.

"So what do you want Helanie to do? Marry your daughter?" Salem pushed her back, shocking her.

"And who the fuck are you?" Emma yelled, but Salem squared up.

"If you come to her and say one more word—" Salem grabbed her hair in her fist, shocking her.

"Go away. Find pleasure somewhere else, you desperate, horny woman," Salem was quick to understand what kind of things would make Emma feel humiliated.

"What the heck—" Emma freed herself and ran toward the door, too frightened to say another word.

"I will tell Lord McQuoid now," she yelled from the door, rushing out. I heard a little argument outside, and I could tell maybe Norman had spotted her. He then opened the door fully and brought her back in, his hand around her arm as he pushed her toward the bed.

Emma looked like she had been harassed by a mob. The woman who had just told me I was being dramatic now looked completely shaken up by just a few harsh glares and a rough grab from Salem and Norman.

"So, what do you say to people when you're being an ass?" Norman asked her, slipping his hands into his pockets.

"I am sorry," Emma said to me before sprinting out of the room as soon as she was done. Salem gave me a smile and sat down on the bed with me.

"Hold my hands," Salem requested, stretching her hands out for me to hold. I hesitantly placed mine in hers. Every touch made my body startle visibly. There were times when I thought I should stop being so scared or jumpy. I didn't want people to think I was being dramatic. But when I forced myself, and the relapse happened, it was even messier.

They would never truly understand my feelings. The brutality of someone taking another person's body without permission. People wouldn't even let someone taste their food without permission. Ask these men if they would let anyone drive their car without their permission. A body is an even more sacred possession of one's soul.

But people who didn't understand would never understand.

"Everyone is here. They want to hear what you have to say," her voice softened, her wolf helping her comfort me. And honestly, I didn't know her wolf was a symbol of healing. Her voice made me feel so relaxed that my body felt light.

"Don't be surprised. My wolf's specialty is healing," she uttered when she noticed I was examining her a little too deeply.

"Are you ready?" she asked, and I gave her a nod. Norman stepped out of the way as I got out of bed and walked downstairs with Salem holding my hand.

We entered the living room, and sure enough, every single person was there—even Penn and my friends.

I sat down on a chair placed near the fireplace while others stood or sat in front of me. It was time for a big confession, the secret to be told so that I could finally fight for myself openly.

"I took admission for revenge," I started.

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

Chapter 448-All Together And Standing Beside Me.

Chapter 448: 448-All Together And Standing Beside Me.

Helanie:

I kept my head down while telling my story from start to finish.

"It was also then that I promised the Moon Goddess I would not accept my mate until I had my revenge," I said, steadily raising my eyes to look at Kaye. His mouth opened in shock, but he kept his reaction subtle.

"One of them was Rayden, the other is Kaidon. Then there's Zellu and Romeo—I haven't met the others," I added.

Everyone was silently watching me, while Penn took deep, heavy breaths. He hadn't lifted his eyes from the ground this whole time. And when he did briefly, I saw the tears in his eyes.

"And you all trust—" Emma, who had been standing in the corner, opened her mouth, but Norman hissed.

"Stay out of it," he muttered.

My mother sat in the corner, keeping her head down. Charlotte flashed a smirk here and there every time she heard me talk about that night. It was like she was happy I went through it.

"You're hearing this? You think our nephew would do something like that?" Darcy asked Lord McQuoid, who refused to look me in the eye.

"I didn't know our cousin was born with only pureness," Maximus scoffed at his mother.

"But he is born with our blood. We would never do something like that," Lord McQuoid hissed at his son. I watched my mother stretch her neck before staring at her fiancé.

Her eyes shifted to mine, and for a brief moment, we looked at each other before we both looked away.

"I will speak now, and I request everyone to let me finish," Lord McQuoid sighed, straightening his back in his seat. "I am not questioning your story. But this is a serious accusation. I have seen women lie every day. I am not saying it didn't happen—it did. And the one who did it got his punishment of death. Rayden was responsible, there was proof of it. But there is literally no proof to go against such powerful alphas. And it would be wrong to accuse innocent people," Lord McQuoid said, causing Emmet to scoff and roll his eyes.

"We could give them some of those herbs or use those weapons to make them tell the truth," Maximus sighed, shaking his head as he mentioned the deadly weapons that forced people to confess.

"Maybe you're forgetting that we signed an agreement stating those weapons will only be used during war and never on any pack's alpha," Lord McQuoid reminded his sons.

"Besides, an alpha carries a lot of his pack's secrets. You want him to reveal those? That's why these weapons are never used on alphas," Lady Darcy quickly jumped in to defend them.

"So what do you think I should do?" I lifted my head and asked Lord McQuoid, who seemed pretty upset about the recent events. The lack of eye contact made me see the doubt in his eyes.

"I am sure there were others involved, like you claim, but how can you be so certain it was Romeo? Maybe it was someone like him. Did he tell you his name that night?" he asked, keeping his tone neutral.

"Yeah, he gave her his address and submitted his CV too," Maximus commented, taunting his father for his question.

"Son, these questions—and even harsher ones—will be asked later," Lord McQuoid turned to glance at Maximus, who was hunched down with his elbows on his thighs, his eyes shooting daggers. He was constantly shaking his left, showing anxiety.

At that moment, I could tell that apart from Darcy, Emma, Charlotte, Lord McQuoid, and possibly my mother too, everyone else believed me. Kaye was another story. I could no longer recognize him, despite him showing a little concern.

"That is right. Helanie has no proof to go after them," Lady Darcy sighed. In fact, she seemed to smile a little too comfortably.

"And then she's saying they have videos of her. Do you want to go public with the accusations with no proof? The real culprits will release your videos—what would you do then? And you said they are not visible in the videos, so it will be just bad for you," Darcy shrugged, making me close my eyes and take shallow breaths. She was trying to scare me away because, deep down, I was sure she had little fear that Romeo might be guilty.

"Don't worry about those videos. The internet will be shut down for a while," Norman hissed.

"And how will you do that? You're just a rogue—maybe a future rogue king—but you cannot control the alpha kings and if they will allow the shut down of the internet," Darcy was quick to use a stern voice with Norman the moment he tried comforting me.

"Our brother said it's taken care of," shock hit Darcy when it was Kaye who supported his brother. She gave him a look, almost like she was asking if he knew where he stood in this matter.

"The internet connections have been destroyed somehow—maybe due to snow," Kaye shrugged, making it clear that he had done something.

"Well, sharing videos is still possible, isn't it?" Lady Darcy folded her arms over her chest, making Emmet let out a laugh, which caused her to check her posture.

"I was just talking to the council—and there has been an issue. Since we haven't taken care of the Gims, the snow is spreading to the packs now. So—I don't think we can work until they provide us access to their packs and manually conduct a checkup on everyone's phones," Emmet added, making Darcy's jaw drop.

My mother had been sitting still, rubbing her palms anxiously and taking slow, steady breaths. She hadn't moved a muscle or spoken a word. After some time, I thought she was a statue.

"You will let those monsters attack innocent people for her crazy story?" As Darcy slammed her hand on the table and yelled, Norman turned to her and slammed his hand down even harder, breaking the glass. Then, in the same aggressive tone—only more powerful—he responded:

"Short answer? Yes!"

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

Chapter 449-The Culprit In My Feet

Chapter 449: 449-The Culprit In My Feet

Helanie:

"I can't believe our trainer's mother is so evil," Salem whispered in my ear as she sat with me on the chair. The trainers and their parents had stepped out to have a conversation. Only Charlotte was left behind with my group of friends. She looked like she was now getting bored since no one was entertaining her. I had never known she would grow up to be so evil. He was a spitting image of her mother. People who benefit from people and find pleasure in other's misery. My mother had acted weird throughout the time. She barely raised her eyes, almost like she wasn't even breathing.

"So, you're all students of Vortex?" Charlotte asked after finally putting her phone down in her lap.

Penn hadn't been able to raise his head while leaning back against the wall.

"Yeah, that's all you have to say? I thought you'd at least have the decency to say a word or two of comfort to your cousin," Salem taunted, crossing one leg over the other.

"I'm sorry that happened to you," Charlotte said to me, her eyes empty of any sympathy.

"Now, can you please leave? You see, it's just us friends left." Well, of course, it's Salem. She hasn't changed much, but now she was directing her mean energy toward the people who actually deserved it.

"Maybe you should watch yourself. You're standing in my mansion," Charlotte hissed at Salem, who scoffed, making Charlotte clench her jaw.

"Can somebody please make her go away?" Penn finally snapped, making Charlotte shoot a harsh glare at everyone before stomping out of the living room.

Now that it was just my friends, Penn started pacing around. "None of you thought I should know?" he yelled, making Lamar look away.

"At least you should have told me, Lamar. I would have done something about it. If not now, back when Rayden was hurting her. You guys hid so much from me." He was yelling at the others, but when he turned to me, he looked defeated and sniffled. "I'm so sorry—I had no clue—Goddess! You went through so much, and you didn't tell anyone. How did you keep going with so much pain in your heart?" he asked, barely making eye contact with me. I didn't even know why he felt so guilty—he hadn't done anything wrong.

"Helanie! I believe you. I believe every single person you're pointing at is guilty. We'll get the truth out," he said, walking over and kneeling in front of me, holding my hands.

"You don't need proof?" I asked.

"No! We know you. It's one thing for someone who's always lied and gotten people in trouble to make such claims. Even then, a proper investigation is what Alphas should do. But in your case, sadly, I know everything you said is true," he said again, his eyes full of tears as the brothers walked in.

They were talking to each other when they suddenly stopped and watched my interaction with Penn.

"Penn! We'd like to speak with her," Emmet cleared his throat, gesturing for Penn to step aside. One by one, my friends started leaving the living room. But I caught Emmet sizing Penn up as he walked away.

"It's always the thirsty ones who jump in to look good," Maximus commented, making me roll my eyes.

Penn wasn't doing it to get in my good books—he was already in them.

"They've called Romeo in. Do you want to face him?" Norman asked, watching me give him a nod.

"Bring him in," Norman said to Kaye, who walked out without looking my way.

A few seconds later, everyone else returned—and so did Kaye, with Romeo. But the way he brought him in left everyone gasping. Kaye had Romeo in a tight grip, holding him by the back of his neck.

"Kaye, he's your cousin," Darcy quickly jumped in to free her nephew, but Kaye didn't let him go just like that. Instead, he shoved him so hard that Romeo landed at my feet.

"Nope! He's not. I'm not related to him," Kaye shook his head, wrinkling his nose in disgust.

My eyes stayed on Romeo as he lifted his head and met my gaze. I recalled the threats from days ago, and my body started to heat up.

I can't believe they put me through this stress all over again.

"I don't know what she's talking about. I didn't do anything," Romeo hissed, looking deep into my eyes. But the minute he turned to the others, I noticed the shift in his tone.

"I'm innocent. I don't know what made her lie about me," he said, sounding so sincere and naive that even Darcy looked sad for him.

"You didn't tie her to the tree?" Emmet yelled, held back by his father when he tried to attack Romeo. At least the brothers believed me—I knew that much.

"No! I didn't!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "What makes you believe her and not me?" He jabbed his finger into his own chest.

"Whatever grudge she has against Alphas is making her point fingers at everyone. Literally every Alpha ever—" he continued.

"You're all crazy for believing her over your own blood," Darcy snapped, and Lord McQuoid averted his gaze from me.

"Maybe she doesn't remember the faces correctly?" Lord McQuoid suggested, making his sons look at him in shock.

"The student who aces every exam? Whose memory is so sharp that we teach her one thing in passing, and she remembers it perfectly? You're saying she has memory issues?" Kaye stepped forward, calmly questioning his father.

"And not to mention—she's not even lying."

That voice was new. Someone had just joined in.

"Oops, am I late?" Lucy peeked in, making us all stare at each other before turning to her.

Even Romeo looked slightly confused by her comment.

"What the—Lucy," Gavin mouthed, looking worried about her arrival.

"Somebody ordered the truth," she smirked.

Everyone silently watched as she posed like she was standing in front of cameras.

"And I deliver," she added, a creepy grin spreading across her face as she locked eyes with Romeo.

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

Chapter 450-A Help From Her!

Chapter 450: 450-A Help From Her!

Helanie:

"Umm, so! I was dating this asshole because I didn't know he was a creepy person," she stated, her voice high-pitched, her hands doing all the drama.

"Huh! And you think we'll listen to someone who looks and acts like a whore?" Darcy judged Lucy from her tiny skirt and top.

Lucy gasped dramatically before pouting and pulling her phone out of her pocket.

"She's mad because I dumped her," Romeo called out before she could say anything.

She looked up from her phone and faked another gasp of shock. "No! I dumped you! Your fucking dick stinks. Ew."

Her words made everyone look away as she quickly bit her tongue and mouthed the word "sorry."

I didn't know what she was doing. I thought she would be enjoying all of this.

And why did she even come here?

"Get out of here right now. This is a serious issue. We don't need someone who doesn't even know how to talk or act," Darcy yelled in her direction, but Lucy just rolled her eyes and stuck her tongue out at her. Even the trainers were watching her in shock.

Emma and Charlotte were clinging to each other in the corner as if they were afraid of being under Lucy's scrutinizing gaze.

"Anyway, so as I was saying—I have proof that Helanie isn't lying, but this fuckhead is a liar," she shrugged, waving her phone casually with a smirk on her lips.

"There's no way you have proof because it's all a lie," Romeo quickly jumped in to defend himself, glaring at her the whole time.

"Don't fucking look at me like that. I survived a fatal fall. I'm not afraid of little boys like you," she pointed a finger at him, making him clench his fists.

I could only imagine how angry he was, knowing he couldn't put his hands on her at that moment.

It was scary how hard he was trying to silence her. So whatever she had, it could help me.

"Who even let this thing come here?" Emma thought her voice was low enough, but since everyone had gone silent, her comment ended up being a little louder than intended.

It reached Lucy's ears, and she turned to glare at Emma. "You're one to talk? You live off your friend's relationship with the Lucan King. You're a leech. And so is your—ew—daughter, who has no sense of fashion, by the way," Lucy rolled her eyes, snapping her fingers sassily.

"Lucy!" Norman hissed, and Lucy quickly straightened her back. I noticed the way her eyes lingered on Norman for a moment before she gently bit her bottom lip.

"Yes, professor, am I being a bad girl?" she replied in a sultry tone.

Even in such a stressful situation, I got to see Norman look completely awkward. He turned tomato red. He wasn't very comfortable with people flirting with him.

"Behave. Say what you have to say," Maximus interrupted, saving his older brother from the awkwardness.

"I have proof," she repeated.

"We heard you the first time. What is it?" Darcy folded her arms over her chest.

"No! I won't talk to you because you're so rude. A girl was gang-raped, and instead of showing kindness, you're being mean to her. You're not a girl's girl," Lucy continued until she noticed the brothers glaring her down.

"Okay, okay, I won't get distracted again," she added and held out her phone to Norman.

However, as Norman reached for it, trying to take the phone from her hands, she pulled it back—only so she could say something.

"I'm not a bad person," she uttered to him, tilting her shoulder slightly up to touch her ear. "I'm a good, good girl, sir!"

That tone was so weird.

"Okay, I'll give you an award for it," Norman muttered, but before she could pull any more stunts, he quickly snatched the phone from her hand, this time with little to no reaction to her antics, and started staring at the screen.

"What am I looking at—what the—" he hissed, grinding his teeth.

Lucy jumped beside him and bit her tongue again. "Oh! I'm so sorry. Those are just some bikini pictures I took. That's not what I wanted to show you."

She had set him up on purpose. He looked so disturbed—almost like he had seen a ghost.

"Here, this!" she finally played something, and I could tell exactly what it was.

Norman watched it, his expression turning dark, and then turned the phone to the audience. His eyes locked onto Romeo, his jaw clenched tight.

It was the CCTV footage from the hallway—where Romeo had hit me on the back of the head to carry me outside. He had ropes slung over his shoulders too, the same ones that were used to tie me to the tree.

"See, he had asked me earlier to turn off the cameras because he didn't want the battery to die or something. I don't know, he was doing a bunch of convincing, but I didn't. I just thought it was weird that he wanted the cameras off," she shrugged, turning heads toward Romeo, who had lied so well when questioned about that night.

"I—" he stuttered, stepping back. The minute the brothers rushed at him, he ran and hid behind Darcy.

"Mom, step aside," Maximus yelled, his eyes locked on his mother.

"Over my dead body," she hissed, spreading her arms to protect her nephew.

"I swear it was just a joke. I wanted to see how the top students of the academy would react. I messed up when I couldn't untie her because I was so drunk—" Romeo was lying again, yelling from behind Darcy's back.

"You've lied so well before that I'm wondering how much worse the truth is," Emmet growled, grabbing his mother's arm.

Darcy's face twisted in shock—she thought Emmet wouldn't dare touch Romeo as long as she stood in front of him. But Emmet pushed her aside, making her stumble into Lord McQuoid's arms, and then punched Romeo straight to the ground.

"Enough!" their father yelled as the brothers, one by one, joined in, kicking and punching Romeo. They all froze at his command.

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

Chapter 451-Let The Monster Eat The Culprits

Chapter 451: 451-Let The Monster Eat The Culprits

Maximus:

"Fine, he admitted to one mistake. But that doesn't prove anything else," Dad had disappointed me greatly.

But I understood he was looking at it from the perspective of the council. They would ask for solid proof because we were going after some top students from their academy and also big alphas.

"We will still need proof," Dad hissed, warning us not to make things complicated by doing something reckless when we didn't have enough evidence.

"Sir, if everything has been said and done, can we take her back to the hostel? She needs rest and to be away from toxic people," Lamar requested, his eyes on Helanie. Then he looked at our mother, Emma, Charlotte, and finally at Romeo.

I was surprised to see Lamar's growth. The only reason I was allowing him near Helanie again was because he meant well—he was genuinely always there for her.

"Sure, take her home," Norman gave him a nod, letting them take Helanie away. I desperately wanted to spend time with her, to hold her in my arms.

But I knew she would never let me. As soon as Helanie walked away, I noticed Charlotte staring at me.

Dammit!

Why did the Moon Goddess make her my mate?

I didn't want her. And after what Helanie told us, I would die before accepting Charlotte. I wanted Helanie. Just her and nobody else—now more than ever.

Even if I have to make my brother, Kaye, reject her, I will do it. I will not stop until Helanie is mine.

But we weren't done yet. Norman grabbed Romeo and started taking him to his study, with us brothers following after him.

"Now, tell us, where is your phone?" Norman pushed Romeo onto the chair while I locked the door behind us. Kaye had a knife in his hand, while Emmet stood awfully still, not even moving a muscle, glaring at Romeo.

"This is my phone," Romeo looked at all of us before handing his phone to Norman after unlocking it. I couldn't even breathe the same air as him. To think my cousin had hurt my mate was making me go insane.

To think he had touched her against her will, or that he saw women's bodies as objects, made me want to puke.

Letting him breathe another second was making me hate myself.

"This is a new phone, Romeo. Do you want me to spell my demand out to you?" Norman yelled in his face, hunching down over him.

We let Norman do the talking. He could make Romeo pee his pants within minutes.

"I changed my phone. My old phone broke," Romeo explained, but his body was shaking so badly that his words were coming out all wrong.

"You take me for a fool?" Norman placed his hands on the chair's armrest and leaned toward his face.

"Brothers—why are you doing this to me? She doesn't like me because I am dating her ex-best friend," Romeo let out a cry. I could tell he was shocked that we weren't immediately believing him.

"The best friend who came out and said a lot of negative stuff about you?" Kaye hissed at him, while Emmet silently watched. I was beginning to wonder if Emmet was holding back, charging himself up for a more brutal attack on Romeo.

I wouldn't mind. I would happily join him.

He was lucky Helanie wanted her culprits to admit to their crimes. Otherwise, my fist would have been down Romeo's throat already by now.

I kept feeling this rage in me, this disgust for my own blood.

The things they did to Helanie, the things Helanie recalled—I felt like the world should have ended that night. Nobody deserved to live when her right to live her life on her own terms was taken away from her.

"I need your old phone."

This is why we let Norman interrogate him. We would lose our temper, but Norman kept his priorities straight.

He was going to get the phone to find the videos. If we could find them—even if there was no face—we could prove Romeo was there because he was recording.

"I threw it away," Romeo stammered again. Of course, he was lying.

"If you think you can get away with it just because you won't admit it, you're wrong," I stepped forward, towering over him in warning.

"Every day you live after today will be worse than your death," Kaye stepped beside me, standing shoulder to shoulder.

"A woman is not your property. You made a grave mistake, and on top of that, it turned out to be Helanie," I hissed.

"Either you confess, or—your every inch will go through hell every single day," Norman joined us, standing in line with us.

"So pray that death comes to you sooner, Romeo. It's going to be a hell of a ride for you and those bastard friends of yours," Emmet finally snapped out of his trance and stood in line with us.

"Brothers—" Romeo couldn't even come up with another word.

That's when our mother barged in—the woman who couldn't stand with another woman even when it was clear Romeo had attacked her.

"Huh! For heaven's sake, he made a childish mistake. He didn't want to leave her out there; he just didn't realize how tightly he had tied her," Mother was quite a piece of work. She was blatantly believing him, even though I was sure she knew she sounded ridiculous. But her hatred for Helanie, because of her mother, was overshadowing everything else.

"Go ahead, take him away. He is not related to us anymore," Norman said to Mother, who looked quite shocked before hiding Romeo behind her once again.

"I will not allow this," she looked Norman dead in the eye.

"Nobody cares what you allow. We have made our decision. We will find the others and make them all confess," Emmet was always vocal about his disagreement with our mother's actions.

But it was decided. The Glimards would stay. We wouldn't fight them. We would let them invade the packs and kill every one of them.

This is what they deserved for hurting my mate.

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

Chapter 452-Let's Kill The Snowman

Chapter 452: 452-Let's Kill The Snowman

Helanie:

"Nobody else knows," Lamar whispered in my ear as soon as we entered the hall again. Rudy and Sage were busy chatting with their other friends, but when they saw me, they quickly rushed toward me.

"Where have you been?" Sage held my hand, giving me a quick once-over from head to toe before stepping back so Rudy could approach me.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his eyes scanning me.

I didn't know how long my truth could stay hidden, but since the culprits would remain silent for the sake of their reputations, I would stay silent too—preparing a better plan this time.

"She was tied outside by the bad guys."

Just when I thought Lucy would behave, she walked in and said it in the sassiest tone. "And we're going to make sure the bad guys don't come near her again, okay?"

I rolled my eyes at her.

"What? Who the fuck tied you outside?" Rudy's muscles tensed, his eyes turning red with anger.

"It's alright. The trainers have taken care of it," I reassured them, but Sage and Rudy exchanged a look and shook their heads.

"No! We will not allow some outsider to come and hurt one of our own," Sage announced louder than ever.

"Give us the name."

Sage demanded it, and just as I saw Lucy open her mouth, I shot her a look. I didn't think she would listen, but weirdly enough, she did.

"We'll let you know. Right now, the trainers are handling it," Lamar convinced them to let it go for now.

"Okay, but listen, everyone! From now on, we will keep an eye out for each other. You hear me?" Sage yelled, grabbing the attention of the others present.

Sydney rolled her eyes and kept filing her nails.

Rudy had been extremely upset ever since he found out I had been snatched from the hostel right under their noses.

Later, we all sat together for a huge meal for once.

"Argona was gone for two days and left me in charge of the CCTV. That's why that asshole wanted me to delete the clips. I found out about them a day later, but I kept them in case you didn't want to talk about it yet," Lucy sat down beside me, a slice of pizza in her hand.

I could already tell Sydney wasn't happy to see Lucy talking to me.

"Why did you help me?" I asked.

My friends had gone crazy, dancing and celebrating as if we had achieved something huge. It was just a small victory for now.

"Well, I'm not a bad person, Helanie. I'm just... different now," she said, not using her usual high-pitched voice.

"Did you know about Jenny?" I asked.

"No! I'm not a hundred percent sure, but I have a feeling it's her. But if it's not her, then the entity is in someone's body—someone very cunning, hiding it perfectly," she sounded so creeped out whenever she talked about that entity.

What happened between her and the entity during her last encounter on the tenth floor? She never told us. She refused to tell us.

We all fell asleep after eating a lot. Emmet was staying at the academy for the night. It must have been around midnight when I heard murmurs around me. I have become a little more cautious of noises now.

As I sat up on the mattress, I noticed the top seniors peeking through the small hole in the window.

"What's going on?" The moment I asked that question, the windows started shaking again.

"This," Sage mentioned, talking about the snowstorm causing the windows to rattle.

"I think the Glimard have a different plan," Rudy said, stepping away from the peephole.

I instantly took over and looked outside through the small opening. The sight outside was scarier than ever.

"Wake everyone up!" I heard Sage yell at Sumit.

I kept watching, my eyes locked on the massive thing right outside the window. If they broke the glass and the snowstorm got in, they would get in too. Then, the entire building started shaking. Of course, we never thought it would get this bad.

"Arghhh!" Sydney screamed from outside.

We didn't even know she was on the second floor. She came rushing in, huffing and puffing.

"The windows are all broken on the second floor! That fucking Glimard is going to take off the roof and attack us all!" she screamed, causing others to gasp and scramble up.

"What do we do? We don't even know how to kill them," Salem complained.

"Of course we don't, because instead of finding a solution to these monsters, the trainers were busy catering to their spoiled stepsister," Sydney grunted, throwing a glare at me.

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Sydney." I walked past her, grunting as I brushed my shoulder against hers before standing at the door to make an announcement.

"Guys, we have to fight back," I stated firmly.

"And how do you suggest we do that? Or are you expecting us all to risk our lives just to save your ass?" she scoffed, making me hiss under my breath.

"We could also throw this one out to distract the Glimard," Penn suggested, and others quickly nodded.

"Yes, please," Lamar added, making Sydney look around at them one by one in shock.

"You're not serious, right?" she asked.

"Actually, we are. We need to get to Professor Emmet, and for that, we need a distraction," Rudy joined in.

However, I didn't have time to joke. My mind was racing, and I could only come up with one solution.

"We need fire," I said, watching them all frown in silence.

"Yeah, set Sydney on fire and then throw her at the Glimard," Gavin agreed, while Salem looked down. Of course, Sydney was her sister. She didn't defend her messy actions, but that didn't mean she would let anyone hurt her.

"No! Get your crossbows, arrows, or whatever you want to attack with. We are killing these little snowmen tonight," I hissed, determinedly walking away.

I heard all of them follow me to the basement where the weapons were.

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

Chapter 453-The Snow Monster Glimard

Chapter 453: 453-The Snow Monster Glimard

Helanie:

"I think this is dumb," Sydney kept complaining while the others grabbed their weapons.

The ones with swords would go after the glims, and the ones with crossbows and bows would attack the glimard. That meant Sage, Rudy, and I would be on the rooftop.

"Will this be enough?" Gavin ran toward us, putting down the alcohol on the stairs. We were hiding behind the rooftop door.

"Yeah, I hope so," Sage sighed before she started to tighten a piece of cloth and wrap it around her arrow.

We had three people helping us prepare bows. I had my crossbow with me.

On the count of three, I jumped in front of the door and launched a fire arrow at the glimard.

The wind howled around me, cold and sharp like a thousand knives. The arrow cut through the icy wind and struck the monster's arm. The flames hissed against the ice, melting part of it. The monster roared, shaking off the fire, but I was already launching another arrow.

"It's working," I heard Sage say.

I launched another, and it hit the glimard in the neck. It had such a weird high-pitched cry whenever it got hurt. Instead of blood, water flowed from the wounds.

My skin started to turn raw so quickly.

I quickly backed away because now I had to get my arrows ready while Sage stepped up.

As soon as she launched an arrow, the glimard threw sharp ice at her.

"Ahhh!" It came at such high speed that it struck Sage across her thigh, and blood splattered around.

Rudy's eyes widened. He threw his arrow down to hold her and stop her from falling. I was also worried about her, as well as my friends outside the hostel, out in the open, distracting the glims.

"Give me that." I grabbed the alcohol bottle from Gavin, took some arrows, and ran out onto the rooftop. I had to do it. We couldn't let the glimard rest and heal.

The moment it saw me running, it started shooting ice at me. A few small ones struck me, making me hiss and bite my tongue, but soon I ran behind the small rooftop wall on the side.

I fired again. And again. Each shot hit its mark, sending bursts of flame across the monster's frozen body. It howled in pain, the storm around it raging even stronger. Snow and ice whirled in every direction, but I held my ground. I couldn't stop now.

The only thing I noticed in that moment about my body was that in situations like these, I felt outwardly confident and bold. I could barely be scared of that monster.

The snow monster stood tall, its glowing eyes locking onto me. Its body was made of ice and swirling snow, its claws long and sharp. It let out a deep, rumbling growl that shook the ground beneath me.

I had run out of arrows. So it was time to run back, but that's when I saw Emmet come out. He must have run all the way from the academy to the rooftop of the hostel. He was coming in with a sword on fire.

The minute the glimard extended its sharp paw to grab him, Emmet swung his sword and cut its claws off.

The creature howled. But I also noticed how it didn't try to hurt Emmet. It was only coming for him as if it wanted to snatch him again. I remembered what I had been told about the glimard.

It only comes when it's summoned to deliver someone. Could it be that it was sent to take Emmet to someone? Because the only person the glimard didn't try to kill was him.

"Helanie!" Emmet yelled, reaching me and handing me more arrows.

"You okay?" he asked. "You shouldn't have come out alone. You know you make it so difficult for me to be at peace. I need to put you in my pocket so nothing happens to you." The fact that he was saying all that while helping me with the sword made me smile a little.

"After we're done with this, I'm taking you away and leaving this world," he joked before he jumped out again.

"Look at that," he said, as I pointed at the glimard. I shot an arrow, but at the same time, I noticed the glimard didn't shoot ice at me because I was standing too close to Emmet. It was definitely protecting him because it was summoned for him.

I was sure Emmet didn't notice it.

"Look at that, Helanie," Emmet said again, this time extending his arm and pointing between the glimard's eyebrows.

"That part is way brighter than the rest of its body. We need to aim for it," he said.

I nodded and launched an arrow, but I missed because the freaking glimard swung its arm and knocked the arrow away.

"Ugh!" I screamed in frustration when my arrow would go straight toward the target, but that damn thing would defend itself.

"That's it," Emmet said, giving up—or so I thought. Until I realized what he meant. He started running toward the glimard.

"No!" I ran after him, but he was faster. He jumped on the wall and then at the glimard, dodging its swinging arms and reaching its chest with a big leap.

I heard everyone yell and scream in shock and terror from under the hostel and behind me. Rudy had come out, shooting arrows at the glimard, which distracted it enough for Emmet to stay still and light his sword. Even Sage and I were now shooting arrows. It was all happening in a matter of split seconds.

And then—Emmet did it.

Emmet raised his sword and stabbed it between the glimard's eyebrows. The cold wind blew out of the wounded area, knocking Emmet down its body.

"NOOO!" I screamed, running toward the wall when I saw Emmet fall from the crazy height of the rooftop.

The scary part was that the moment he hit the glimard, the snow started disappearing. There were silver bars down there, and if Emmet landed on them, I was afraid he would get seriously injured.

The moment I looked over the wall, Emmet crawled back up, causing our lips to almost meet before I stepped back to let him jump around.

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

Chapter 454-Forget-Me-Not

Chapter 454: 454-Forget-Me-Not

Helanie:

"I'm sorry, we were about to—" I uttered, shyly tucking my hair behind my ear.

"Kiss? I wish we had," Emmet replied shamelessly, standing outside the hostel with me.

The glimard disappeared, and so did its glims and the snow. The temperature was back to how it should have been. The snow on the ground vanished like magic, too.

The others were so tired that they fell asleep after they transitioned to heal. It was just Emmet and me who stayed awake.

"How are you now?" he asked as I started walking beside him, strolling toward the ground.

The morning was arriving, and so were the brothers. They had informed Emmet that they would be over in some time.

"I'm good. I hate how I acted," I mentioned, remembering the time I ran away because of the threats. But that was a scary day.

"Don't ever do that again," he warned me. As we walked side by side, I felt his hand brush against mine a few times before he tangled his pinky finger around mine.

"I won't," I replied, not sure if I was being honest.

"You have us now. We'll make sure nothing happens to you," he reassured me, his tone so comforting.

"How were you when I was gone?" I asked, noticing him steadily hold my entire hand in his.

"I'll be honest with you—I was gone. I was lost. Norman told me... I almost didn't even remember you."

I knew he was being honest and sharing his side with me, but that part hurt me. I slipped my hand out of his. He noticed and stopped walking, turning to face me.

"I didn't mean it like that. I don't know what's going on with me, Helanie. I'm forgetting things now—even you! And that's what scares me the most."

The sheer horror and sadness in his eyes sent goosebumps over my skin. I never wanted to see him so down. But the way he was talking made it seem like it was a serious matter. Even I had noticed it before, so I knew he wasn't lying.

"Does your brother not know what's going on?" I asked, worried about what would happen if he completely forgot about me.

"Come with me," he said, holding my hand and quickly leading me away—away from the sight of the hostel's building.

Once we were behind the big trees, he pulled me closer and spun me around, pressing my back against the tree. He cupped my face in his hands and crashed his lips against mine.

My heart started skipping beats as he recklessly sucked my lips, almost like he had been hungry for years.

"I thought you wanted to say something," I managed to comment between heavy breaths when we broke the kiss for a moment.

Instead of answering, he crashed his lips against mine again, shoving his tongue into my mouth.

I instantly sucked on his lips hungrily, like a starving tigress.

"I am speaking... just to your soul," he mumbled, breaking the kiss only slightly before sucking on my upper lip again.

I pulled on his bottom lip, letting him pull me even closer.

This time, he turned us around so he could lean back and pull me onto his chest, my entire body weight resting on him. He spread his legs so I could fit perfectly between them.

His hands were holding my back before slowly moving down to grope my ass. That was new to me.

I hadn't had such interactions with anyone before. I had only shared a kiss with Kaye and made out a little with Maximus. But Emmet was different. His usual calm body language would shift into something more aggressive—like a beast who wanted to touch me everywhere.

We stayed like that, kissing and exploring each other. I mostly focused on his upper body, but his hands had slipped into my pants a long time ago. He had been massaging my ass for a while before I finally broke the kiss.

"I want to take you away from here for a while, even if it's just for a day," he said, his forehead resting against mine. He wouldn't stop giving me sweet, gentle pecks on my lips the whole time.

"I would love that too," I agreed, and he instantly smiled.

However, my eyes caught something on the side, and I pulled away from his arms. He looked offended, even pouting a little.

But I walked over to the side, plucked a flower, and returned to him while he watched me with those sexy eyes and a smirk that made my heart race.

"This is for you," I said shyly, extending my hand with the flower.

His eyes stayed on my face, making me lower my gaze even more. Then, he gently accepted the flower, brushing his fingers against mine.

"Forget-me-not?" he smiled at the flower, staring at it.

"I don't want you to ever forget me," I mumbled, realizing just how far gone I was in love with him.

I hadn't even realized I had such a crush on him until I pushed past my trauma and accepted that I deserved happiness, too.

"What if... some crazy twist of events makes me forget about you?" His question hit me hard, my chest tightening at the thought of not seeing myself reflected in Emmet's eyes.

"Then I'll make you remember me," I said confidently. His smile widened.

"I will spend the rest of my life doing my best to stay by your side and make sure you never forget me."

He kept watching my face, but slowly, his smile started to fade.

"What happened? Did I say something wrong?"

Honestly, I had grown up in a way that sudden changes in mood and expression meant trouble. So, it was instinct to ask.

"No, you did nothing wrong. It just reminded me of something," he muttered.

"Someone once gave me a forget-me-not, but hers had a lot of thorns. I remember how they pricked my skin—" he lowered his head and stared at his fingers before sighing and looking up. "I'm sorry! So, what were we saying?" he asked, trying to move past it.

But I had heard it.

Someone had given him a flower. Who?

And was she that important that he still remembered her?

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

Chapter 455-His Missing Love

Chapter 455: 455-His Missing Love

Helanie:

"Who gave you that flower?" I watched him hold the little blue flower tightly and listened to me ask him a question.

"Emmet! I want you to be honest with me. Do you love someone? I mean—has there been someone else before—" I bit my tongue when I couldn't bring myself to ask if he even loved me.

With a very gentle nod, he confirmed it.

"There was someone. Someone whose departure made me the way I am," he said, referring to his addiction to alcohol.

"Oh! Do you still love her?" I questioned.

"Helanie! She is... dead. Her love will always be in my heart. I hope you won't have a problem with it. I will never mention her in front of you," he held my hand and spoke lovingly.

"I understand," I replied with a smile. It made me feel so alive that the man before me was so wonderful—he knew the difference between past and present instead of disrespecting past relationships.

Things didn't go well between them because she passed away, which explains why she will always be a part of him.

"Well, I was meaning to show you something. Remember when Glimard took you away? We found you in front of the cave, and that's when I also found this inside the cave," I pulled the pink bracelet out and held it up for him.

However, his face changed the minute he saw it.

"You found it in the cave?" he asked, holding it and staring at it. There was a weird look on his face that made me understand that he knew who it belonged to.

"Yeah, the cave those things were taking you to, Emmet!" I felt so lost watching him examine it.

"What is going on? Do you know this bracelet? Have you seen it before?" I started bombarding him with questions. He was just staring at it in silence before he shook his head and looked at me.

"Umm, it belonged to her," he said, making my body flinch.

"Who? Your—" I paused when he added himself.

"Azura! She used to wear it all the time," he frowned, looking around as if he was searching for answers on the ground.

"Oh! That is odd. I heard those things are summoned to take something or someone to their master—whoever summons them," I recalled, watching him look up from the bracelet at me.

"Helanie, if I ever forget you, you will move on. You will not ruin your life coming after me," as soon as that slipped from his mouth, my muscles tensed up.

"That is not possible. Would you do the same if I forgot about you?" I asked, watching him sigh.

"I would want you to move on and be happy," he added, this time more firmly.

"Would you do that?" I repeated my question, annoyed that he thought that was an option.

"Tell me," as I put pressure on him, he finally spoke up, and what he said wasn't really what I wanted to hear.

"I will move on. I moved on from Azura too, didn't I?"

I stepped back from him and glared at his face.

"If this is your way of making me move on, then you are wrong. And very rude," I stomped my foot, angry that he had just told me a few minutes ago that he would never bring her up—yet he did. And just because he had moved on from her, he thought it would be possible to move on from me too.

However, he was lying. He hadn't moved on from her.

I turned around to leave, but he grabbed my hand, pulling me back.

"I just want you to be happy. You have been through a lot," he continued, wrapping his legs around my lower body when I tried to get away from him. He was still leaning back, making me lean over his body.

"Let me go. I don't even want to see your face right now," I lost it with him. Everything was going so well, but his one comment deeply upset me.

"Hey, I only said it so that you'd move on," he cupped my face, but I turned it to the side, refusing to look at him.

"Helanie, fine!" he scoffed. "I think I love you more than I ever loved her."

This was the first time he confessed.

My heart sank in my chest, and my face turned to him, my eyes wide open.

His confession of love threw me off guard. I didn't even expect him to say that, but he didn't stop there.

"I was shocked myself when I started falling for you. For a very long time, I convinced myself that I would see you as my stepsister, but this feeling of wanting you only grew. It was the way you talked and the way you didn't. The way you walked and the way you stopped. How you got angry and how you smiled. Everything about you made me go crazy. I couldn't help but love you more and more every day. It felt like a taboo because not only were you my stepsister, but my brother's mate too. Two of my brothers were fighting over you, and here I was, falling for you. And then I realized I was losing my memory. Helanie, I felt like I had been punished. The Moon Goddess showed me she could give me someone better than Azura—and take her away from me at the same time."

I let him speak, his words ringing through my heart like the strings of a guitar.

"I love you," he confessed again. This time, his hands rested on my back, just above my bra strap, holding me like his most prized possession.

"What does a man have to do to make his lover say something sweet in return?" he complained, and I finally cracked a smile.

"A lover?" It was about time. "Emmet! We are mates."

I watched his forehead crease slightly in a frown.

"The first night in your mansion, I felt a mate bond with you in the passage."

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

Chapter 456-Fucking My Boobs

Chapter 456: 456-Fucking My Boobs

Helanie:

"What?" he asked, his hands tightening behind my back, "why didn't you tell me," he seemed to zone out for a while.

"Shit!" he cursed under his breath.

"I thought I had a dream—the other day I was thinking about that random night when I had a dream that I felt a mate bond with someone. Helanie! Are you telling me you are my fated mate?" He was confusing me with his reaction until a huge smile plastered on his lips and I realized he was actually happy about it.

"We are," I have only said that part that he ran his hands down my ass and picked me up, dropping me on the ground and coming on top of me.

I watched him stand on his knees, his eyes watching me hungrily while he unbuttoned his shorts with one hand. His other free hand roamed over my body, reaching my shirt and lifting it up.

I felt so shy but excited at the same time.

The way his eyes lingered on my body gave me confidence. It was like he liked what he was seeing. His fingers gently pulled my shirt up. He had left his shirt open, his abs before my eyes. I lifted my hand and touched his abs, my fingers trailing down his muscles.

He was breathing so elegantly that I was getting wet between my legs. He then lowered his body after he had lifted my shirt till my red bra was visible.

"I deserve some treat, don't I?" he leaned into my ear and whispered in a husky tone, then raised his face, keeping it inches away from mine so that we were looking into each other's eyes when I felt his finger pulling my bra up and exposing my breasts. I shyly closed my eyes and heard him snicker a little.

"Why are your nipples so hard?" he whispered, purposely saying stuff that made me bite onto my bottom lip. His fingers shamelessly trailed around my areolas. My right boob was still in the bra cup.

"Look at them, they are so big and juicy," he uttered, trying to fit my boob in his one hand. I knew what he meant. My boob was squeezing out from the space between his fingers as he gripped it as hard as he could.

His touch was so unique. I wanted him to keep playing with my boob and he did. He kissed my cheek before going down. I felt his lips circle around my nipples and then gently suck them.

The next thing I knew, he pulled his hand behind my back and unzipped my bra, freeing my chest for his eyes to enjoy.

He cupped them both in his hands, making me stare at him shyly. He kept kissing and sucking my tits, pulling them out and kissing all over my soft breasts.

His naked chest pressed hard against my stomach, and my body shuddered as he lay on top of me to suck my tits. I felt something getting hard against my thigh.

"Ah! Do you mind if my warrior tastes your milk?" he uttered, getting up and taking off his belt. The way he sat on his knees and did that, all the while ogling at my breasts, made it so hard for me to not pull him over me and beg him to give me his all.

He pulled his belt out and snapped it, throwing it away before unzipping his pants. I got to see his giant dick for the first time. I quickly hid my eyes in my hand.

"Hey! Helanie," he laughed, while I turned my face down, not looking at him. I did get to see it for a few seconds, and damn, it was so wide and huge. It was also the cleanest one ever.

"Helanie!" he called out my name again, laughing even louder. His laugh was masculine and deep that I squeezed my body closer even more. I found him leaning over my back and kissing my naked back all the way up and down before getting rid of my shirt entirely.

I looked back at him again, and this time, he didn't waste a minute before shoving his cock between my boobs and massaging it. His firm grip over my boobs brought them together, swallowing his cock while he went in and out, groaning.

"Fuck! I could live in your body," he whispered, his jaw clenching, and his groans hitting the air even louder than ever.

He was so loud and aggressive as he rubbed his cock over my boobs, in between them, and then finally brought it near my face.

I was hesitant at first, but then I touched his dick, noticing how hard it was throbbing. I could barely fit it in my grasp. He was a tall and big guy, but I never thought he would have such a big member. And he was excited too.

I slid my hand closer to his dick, and he rested the head of his cock on my lips, rubbing it all over my lips before shoving it in my mouth.

My back was all wet from the cold and wet grass under me. I held his cock in both my hands, feeling his dick in my mouth. Emmet was running his hand through my hair while moving his hips in a rhythm to come in and out of my mouth. His dick violated my tongue, rubbing hard against it while going deep in my mouth, almost down my throat.

I didn't gag, though.

I kept my fingers tightly wrapped around his cock, sucking it so hard that he started to groan. I then caged his cock in my mouth, keeping it inside and sucking it, using my tongue all around it while he breathed loudly.

After a while, I let go, and his movements quickened. He was going in and out of my mouth like a machine until I felt him explode in my mouth.

"Ah!" he grunted, biting his tongue to stop himself from making even louder noise than he had been making.

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

Chapter 457-He Makes Me Feel Alive

Chapter 457: 457-He Makes Me Feel Alive

Helanie:

"You are so cute," Emmet whispered, caressing my cheeks nonstop. This was the fifth time he had woken me up because he couldn't stop touching me. He had carried me to his car and parked it far away so that we could sleep together in the backseat. It was a bit difficult for him, even though it was his black V-Class. He was too big for this kind of setup. Maybe that's why he couldn't fall asleep.

I could not thank him enough. My body had been going in and out of heat and I was so confused how to deal with it. I couldn't ask him for intimacy, I was too shy for it.

As he kissed me again, I smiled and uttered while opening my eyes, "how did you know?"

I heard him chuckle a little from behind me, "I felt it."

I think I will never forget this moment. It sort of charged my body. For a long time, I had been caged in my own sorrows. I had no clue how I would ever get out of it and accept my body again. Bht Emmet's extreme desire to be with me made me feel alive, love myself again.

"Hmmm," I snuggled onto his chest, closing my eyes again. He was holding me tight, his shirt slightly open but buttoned at the bottom. We had put our clothes back on after our little session.

I was happy.

No! I was ecstatic.

It was an amazing time. My body had finally moved past that trauma—at least to the point that it didn't freak out at my mate's touch.

"You know—after you take your revenge, we'll have the best wedding."

This time, his words made me wake up on my own. I lifted my face from his chest and looked into his eyes. He was really thinking about marrying me? About marking and accepting me? I was the happiest in that moment.

He was smiling, pleased with himself for breaking my sleep once again.

"You will wait for me?" I asked, and he frowned.

"It's the bare minimum, Helanie. It's not like you're asking me to stay away from you, and even if you were, I'd still wait," he replied, looking surprised that I had even asked.

"Thank you," I uttered, still feeling shy because I had always seen him as my professor. Lying on top of my professor's chest in the backseat of his car made me feel so naughty.

The fact that he seemed more alive again made me wonder if he did tell the truth when he said he loves me more than he loved Azura.

I shyly leaned over and kissed him on the lips before hiding my face in his chest again. He snickered.

"I want to devour you—like bite you!" he hissed, hugging me so tight I felt my bones crack a little.

"Be careful, you're a little stronger than me," I muttered.

"A little, you say?" he joked, making me lift my head and stare at his face.

He was so damn good-looking. From living a life of loneliness and desperation to lying on top of the most handsome, sexiest guy ever—it was really a good start.

However, while we were on the topic of fate, I couldn't help but remember something.

"What happened?" he noticed the change in my expression immediately.

"When I ventured out into the snow, I thought I was dying until—" I was so shocked that I hadn't thought about it again.

"Until?" His way of always being so attentive when listening to me gave me a warm feeling.

"I saw a woman in the snow." I zoned out.

He gently touched my cheek, bringing me back to reality.

"It was a woman—I remember her clearly now. She was wearing a white dress and was floating in the air." I sighed, shaking my head.

"Maybe I was hallucinating," I shrugged but noticed him zoning out.

"What did she do after you saw her?" he asked, showing more interest. I had a feeling he might have some insight on it.

"She, umm—came closer, held me in her arms, actually lifted me," I was shocked when I recalled that detail. "And she said—she wouldn't let me die. That she had kept me alive, that she had been looking out for me... something like that."

"And I think she was the one who took me to the cave," I finished and noticed how shocked he looked.

"Helanie, what you encountered was a divine being," he sat up, making me sit up with him.

"You met the Moon Goddess."

My heart skipped a beat—then several more. Goosebumps prickled my skin at the mention of that name.

"There's no way. Why would the Moon Goddess be on our land, and why help me? She hates me," I hissed as I recalled how she and I didn't exactly get along.

"Well, she certainly doesn't hate you, Helanie," he started again, pinching my cheek very deliberately. "And I don't blame her. Nobody can hate you. And—she came for you. She saved you."

I shook my head. He was being sweet, but I would never believe him when it came to the Moon Goddess. She hated me, so there was no way it was her.

"Why are you shaking your head like a jellybean?" he asked, pinching my chin before caressing my cheeks again.

He couldn't keep his hands to himself, I noticed.

"Emmet, she hates me," I repeated, this time with a sad sigh.

"Sure, she hates you but still gave you two mates—that doesn't tell you there's something going on with you?"

Now that he mentioned the mate bond, I noticed he had turned serious.

"Helanie, you are special. But why are you mates with Kaye and me? I'm trying to understand," he mumbled, looking lost.

Then I remembered something.

I had another mate—one I hadn't even told him or Kaye about.

"I, umm... also Maximus," I added, biting my tongue.

He did a double take and then sighed loudly.

"Something is definitely going on. The Moon Goddess wouldn't come down to save someone herself," he commented, sending another round of goosebumps over my skin.

"Who are you, Helanie Niles?"

This time, he looked me straight in the eye and asked seriously.

However, his phone rang, and we both knew exactly who was calling.

His brothers.

"They're here. Let's go meet them. But before we go—" He was about to get up when he nuzzled his face into my neck from behind and kissed me hard enough to make my whole body tense up.

After giving me a deep kiss on my skin—probably leaving a hickey—he got out of the car and moved to the front seat.

"They'll see it," I complained, touching my neck.

"Okay?" he shrugged, starting the car engine. "At least they'll know you're mine."

My body shuddered as I blushed.

He was so aggressive... and I kind of liked it.

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

Chapter 458-The Power Of Hickey

Chapter 458: 458-The Power Of Hickey

Helanie:

"So basically, once again, Helanie saves the day?" Norman asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

It looked more forced than anything because I could tell he was actually happy I came up with the idea of fire arrows.

"I did," I shrugged, making him roll his eyes before his gaze landed on my neck.

I watched as he squinted and bent down slightly to get a better view before I quickly moved my hair to the side where the hickey was.

We were standing outside the hostel with all the students behind me. They had all woken up by now.

"That was crazy, but Helanie, I'm impressed with your ability to do anything—"

Maximus started to speak, but then he frowned and shook his head. I quickly looked down to make sure my hair was still covering the hickey, but the wind was blowing it away.

"What is that?"

Instead of waiting until we were alone, since he was apparently that desperate to ask, he did it in front of everyone.

Thankfully, they were all behind me so they couldn't see where he was looking at.

"I got hurt last night. Anyway, I think those things came for Professor Emmet," I said, trying to change the subject.

As I turned to point at Emmet, I caught him smirking. I swear, this man—

"Yeah, and Helanie wouldn't let them take away her favorite professor," he stated loud and clear.

I felt so shy that I instantly looked down. He was bored all the time, didn't even pay attention until it was about me and then, his energy was different. He made sure I knew from his actions that he felt alive with me.

"True, we would never let that happen. But why would they want to take you away, sir?"

Sage jumped in, taking over the conversation.

The way she kept sliding closer and closer to Emmet made me uncomfortable.

"Maybe they were running out of snowmen," Emmet commented in a cold tone, but somehow, Sage found it hilarious.

She started laughing so hard that everyone fell silent, just staring at her until her laughter finally died down.

"Okay, everyone, I appreciate your help. It made me realize we're really building good warriors, Alphas, and Betas," Norman said, taking charge. "Since the rest of the staff has taken time off, I'm giving you all two days off as well. You can go enjoy your time with your packs and return to the academy to continue classes. The seniors will resume training, and the test will be conducted on the scheduled date."

Everyone cheered and began heading back inside to pack their belongings while I sighed.

"I am not going back to the mansion."

"She is not going back to the mansion."

Emmet and I said it in unison.

The three brothers exchanged glances before looking over at Emmet.

"Why not? It's her mansion too," Maximus argued, his face showing clear frustration.

"I'm not comfortable there," I spoke up since it was about me.

"Why? We'll be there," Maximus groaned, looking disappointed.

"It's okay. I'll get her a suite. She and her friends can stay there and take a break from all the trouble at the same time," Norman suggested, making Maximus turn to look at him.

"Maximus, leave it to me," Norman shut him down before he could argue.

Kaye kept watching my face in silence.

"Thank you," Emmet responded, and Norman narrowed his eyes at him.

"I mean, she'll be grateful," he added quickly.

"I am, thanks!" I said to Norman, though he kept staring at my neck, making me incredibly uncomfortable.

However, since he wasn't saying anything about it, I figured I was safe. But not from Maximus.

He wasn't the type to sit in silence and ignore something.

"Is that a hickey?"

Before I could react, he reached over and flicked my hair back, fully exposing my neck.

"Hey!" I protested, quickly pulling my hair to the front again.

"That is?" Kaye asked, raising an eyebrow, though he looked more amused than anything.

"Who—you know what, never mind. It's not my business," Norman muttered but then bit his tongue to stop himself from saying more.

"No, I want to know," Maximus placed his hands on his waist, making me glance at all of them one by one.

"It is indeed a hickey," Emmet spoke up.

I had expected him to save me somehow. I just didn't think he'd take such a direct approach.

"Okay, and how do you know?" Maximus turned to face him now.

"Guys, behave. It's her personal life. Let's not make her feel pressured to answer," Norman cut in, shooting a look at Maximus.

He wasn't very good at whispering, though.

"Maybe go make an announcement over the speaker. I don't think the ghosts of our ancestors heard you, brother," Kaye commented with an eye roll, making Norman step back, looking embarrassed.

"It's not just that. She's not just hooking up or dating someone—not that it would be an issue if she was. But I'm saying this because... I know who gave her that hickey," Emmet continued, making my heart twist in my chest.

"Who?" Maximus turned to his brothers.

In a subtle movement, Emmet turned his gaze toward me, smiling before he finally said—

"I gave her that hickey."

I heard a sharp inhale but didn't dare lift my head until I saw Maximus move in a flash of lightning and push Emmet back. He put all his strength into it, making Emmet actually budge quite a bit.

"Maximus," Norman grabbed him from behind and shoved him to the side, his towering figure stepping between his brothers.

"Why would you do that? You're my brother, and you know she's—my mate and my ex—" Maximus had tears in his eyes as he questioned his brother for breaking the so-called bro code.

Really?

"As if you didn't get engaged to Charlotte," I scoffed at his hypocrisy.

"That makes three of us. You might be next, Norman. Congratulations," Kaye turned to Norman and patted his back, making him shift uncomfortably.

"Don't be a jerk," Norman hissed, slapping Kaye's hand off.

"Fine, I can expect you to take revenge on me, even though Charlotte is my mate, so things are different. But why did my own brother do this?" Maximus didn't care if anyone heard him.

However, Norman was freaking out, glancing toward the hostel to make sure nobody was coming outside to witness the commotion.

"I didn't do anything, and neither did she. Just like Charlotte is your mate—she is mine."

Emmet squared up, his voice harsher than I'd ever heard before. I had never seen him respond to Maximus in that tone.

He was beyond pissed this time but he had also announced to his brothers that we are mates.

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

Chapter 459-One Missing?

Chapter 459: 459-One Missing?

Helanie:

The brothers had gone silent for a while before Maximus came at me and grabbed my arm, pulling me away from them. The minute I resisted, he stopped and turned to look at me.

"Please, I just need to talk," he said.

His request made me turn my head and look at Emmet, who had his eyes narrowed at us before he stepped up to have a word.

"Then I will be there too," Emmet added.

"Let's go. We all need to have a chat," Norman announced once he gestured at Kaye, who had been staring at me with his mouth slightly open as if he had received the shock of his life.

We all went ahead and sat in Norman's seven-seater while he drove us away from the hostel. I felt so odd sitting among them because the brothers kept huffing and puffing, blowing out air from their noses.

"Please breathe more loudly, all of you," I turned to them, briefly looking away from the window.

Maximus looked at Kaye and then at Emmet before he said, "I will obey you and behave."

"Sure, you're an obedient one," Emmet quickly caught on to what Maximus was trying to do.

"How is she mated to all of us?" Kaye complained, finally breaking the silence.

"Not me!" Norman fixed his mirror to glance at us. "And we will talk once we are in a safe place." He sounded way more annoyed than the others. Of course, he was angry because his brothers were now going to argue about yet another thing.

And arguing about a mate is even more stressful.

Norman stopped his car next to the woods and gestured for all of us to get out. We did as he asked.

"She is not mated to me," Norman reminded Kaye.

"And not me," Maximus said, making me roll my eyes. I wanted to tell him that I am mated to him, but I felt like if I did now, it would be even messier.

Norman shared a glance with Emmet because he knew that wasn't the truth and that I had felt the mate bond with Maximus too. However, even he knew telling Maximus would make him go crazy.

"How is it possible for an omega, like she claims to be, to have multiple mates?" Norman started, making Emmet sigh.

"And she was carried in a bridal style by the Moon Goddess herself." As soon as he said that, everyone turned to me and gasped.

"The Moon Goddess?" Kaye raised his brow, his lips turning into a straight line.

"Yep," Emmet confirmed.

"And her body heats up when she is stressed," Norman added, making Emmet frown. It does?

I remember Hans complaining during our test, but I didn't know it was a real thing and not just a figure of speech.

"So what are you guys suggesting? That I'm a witch or something?" I sighed at the topic of conversation.

"No! What we will do is—no one will accept you since it will cause issues between brothers," Maximus turned heads with his statement.

"Um, brother, with due respect, I don't think you can make decisions for mates." In a very nice yet firm tone, Emmet shut him down.

"Well, with a very humble request, it's either we all stay away from her, or I will not let any of you have her," Maximus was taking bold steps, so I had to remind him of something that would stop him from coming after me.

"You had your chance, and you screwed it up—" I shut up when he grunted.

"I didn't. I never intended to go along with my mother's plan, and you know how I will prove it?" he hissed, pulling out his phone to show me something. It was a text message he had sent to Kaye before he pursued me. In that text, he had confessed to Kaye that their mother wanted him to play me, and he told Kaye that he wouldn't. That he would befriend me, but not play with me.

"I wasn't lying," he hissed.

I felt shock hit me. And the way he came to save me made me believe he truly cared for me. But what could be done now?

I noticed Emmet looking at me, his face showing he didn't like where this was going.

"But you have a mate now, so calm down," Kaye put his hand on his brother's shoulder to ease him up.

"You don't get to say anything. You're just mad because she chose me over you," Maximus shrugged, causing Kaye to hiss at him.

"She didn't. Did you guys not catch when she said she had promised not to accept a mate until her revenge was done?" Emmet came to clear my name so that Kaye would stop accusing me.

"Oh!" Kaye might have remembered because his face relaxed before a smirk formed on his lips. "Then that means—I can still claim her. She didn't want to accept me because of her promise to the Moon Goddess. Same as you. You are her mate, so you two have to wait," Kaye smirked, his eyes shining.

"Enough!" Norman yelled. Having to listen to his brothers for too long had exhausted him.

"And besides—I don't understand why you are claiming Charlotte is your mate. Did you do it to hurt Helanie?" Norman finally snapped. I knew Norman didn't like Charlotte, but I

was worried that bringing up this topic might reopen some doors that should stay closed.

"I felt the mate bond with her in the woods. Remember I told you about it? That I could tell I had felt a mate bond with someone in the woods," Maximus sighed, making me cover my mouth in shock.

Is this what Charlotte told him?

Because the incident he was mentioning to Norman was the one where I was in the woods.

Norman stared at me and then mouthed, 'I have to tell him now. This is not looking good.'

I didn't want to stop him anymore. I had previously thought we were only hiding the fact that I was also his mate, but now we realized he had been lied to.

"Maximus—what I am going to tell you will break your trust in many people," Norman's words turned the air silent, "but you deserve to know the truth."

"That girl in the woods was not Charlotte."

Norman's statement shocked Maximus. He looked at all of us and then back at Norman, who very calmly added,

"It was Helanie."

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

Chapter 460-Everyone Betrayed Me

Chapter 460: 460-Everyone Betrayed Me

Maximus:

"Maximus," Norman snapped his fingers before my face to add again, "it was Helanie that night. She was out with Jenny to save Lucy when you were there. And that's when you felt the mate bond with her. You even dragged her with you for a while before her friends secured her from you."

His words were falling upon my ears like daggers. I didn't want to believe I had been fooled for this long.

"I don't know why you thought it was Charlotte, though," Norman muttered.

I turned to Emmet first, who looked like he had just been informed about an earthquake that would destroy the world. Then, I looked over at Kaye, who didn't seem pleased with the news either.

Helanie was the last one I looked at because I couldn't meet her eyes anymore. The fact that she knew she was my mate but didn't say it, and let her evil cousin exploit me, froze me in place.

Even when I accused her of not telling me about the pheromones, she didn't think she should tell me my feelings weren't just because of some pheromones?

The fact that they all kept it from me broke me. And then there was my big brother, the one who was only a few years older than me, yet I always saw him as a father figure.

"Mom told me," I said only that much before I smiled, a big tear rolling down my face. "And you didn't tell me either, brother. It seems like we all have our favorites, and I am no one's."

The fact that they had no clue what I had been dealing with all these months, thinking Charlotte was my mate, just shattered me.

"Maximus, I thought you had felt the mate bond with Charlotte too—" Norman attempted to come and hold my hand, but I shrugged him away.

"Really? When Helanie is mated to more than one person, there is a special meeting for it. But you all thought I had two mates—okay, so?" I laughed, shaking my head.

"And of course, I don't blame her for hiding. She had too much going on, and she didn't want a lycan added to her grief because she had already found the better version of the brother for herself. But I at least deserved to know the truth. That Charlotte—well, we are all screwed now."

I let out a laugh because I thought, since they didn't care about me, maybe they would care when they found out what a mess had been created now.

"What did she do?" Emmet asked, showing fake concern for me. I couldn't believe I fell for his lie when he said— *I was there for you that night, brother.*

"Maximus, I get it, we were wrong. But I thought Lycans could have two mates," Helanie's voice fell into my ears like a sweet melody. And even though I wanted to yell

at her, to complain about her cold-heartedness and unfair treatment, I couldn't do that to her.

The fact that those alphas had attacked her must have made her sensitive to men acting aggressively around her.

I contained my posture and turned to face her, flashing her the weakest and sweetest smile I could find within me. "I understand."

The way she sighed while watching me relax made me wonder if she still had feelings for me.

"Maximus, we all love you. We would never do anything to harm you," Norman came and hugged me, and I let him. All because I couldn't take my anger out in front of Helanie at the moment.

Emmet arrived and hugged me too, with Kaye joining in for a group hug. To them, it must have felt like we were brothers again, back to being close. But I couldn't bring myself to accept them as they were now.

They didn't care about me. They only felt guilty because I had to say out loud that I felt betrayed.

"Anyway, back to the main issue—" I attempted to divert the subject so they would feel like everything was fine. "Oh, sorry, there is no issue. Anyway, what do you want to do about the Alphas? I was thinking about finding Kaidon. They are probably hiding him in some pack."

"I will get my spy ready too," Emmet said, giving me a nod.

I wasn't lying when I said there was no issue. Helanie was just special and had three mates—what else was there to discuss now?

"Yeah, do that. It won't be long before those Alphas try something to cover it up," Norman agreed with my suggestion.

"So, you should get them the suite. I will go speak with Mom," I gave them a smile, not even staying behind to have another word with them.

I sped away on foot when Norman started blowing up my phone.

"Hm? I'm still on the way," I replied to him.

"You think you can fool everyone with your fake smile?" he said from the other side, making me scoff. Since Helanie wasn't around, I could act the way I wanted.

"I mean, you all fooled me too. What's wrong with me faking a smile?" I laughed at him, taunting him through clenched teeth.

"Maximus, I didn't know anything either. I thought a Lycan could have two mates because a Lycan is different from us," he gave me the same excuse the others did.

"Sure," I replied. "I'm busy right now. I'll talk to you later." I hissed, cutting the call and speeding up.

Mom was still home since the flights had been delayed due to the storms and turbulence. But she would be leaving soon, and I would make sure to confront her when she was at the mansion.

As I reached the mansion, I watched Helanie's mother pacing in the garden, and curiosity struck me. That woman had always been against her daughter—I wondered how she felt about her now.

Entering the mansion, I sped to the guestroom on the second floor when I halted outside, listening to my mother having a conversation with none other than Charlotte.

"My son will fall in love with you if you listen to me. But you will have to make sacrifices and change yourself for him."

Oh! So my mother wasn't fooled by Charlotte. The two of them had planned this against me.

Well then, I guess since my mother wanted to play a game with Helanie, it's only fair that I play a game with these two and show them who the best player among us is.

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