

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 461-The Ritual To Make Him Mine

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Charlotte:

I hid outside the door while his mother greeted him. My heart pounded louder whenever I heard him speak.

Then she asked me to join them. I noticed Maximus looking very uneasy with my presence.

"What is she doing here?" It was as if he ignored whatever his mother had said and asked for an explanation again.

"She is your mate," Lady Darcy announced, causing Maximus to not even look surprised. Instead, he looked disgusted by the idea.

My smile started to fade. Seeing disgust in the eyes of someone you love dearly is heartbreaking. Maximus' love was all I had ever wanted. But he avoided me like I was a disease. Even when he used to date around, he never chose me. I wasn't even worth flirting with.

"Mom, I'm not here to be part of some joke," he hissed, waving his hand at me, silently telling me to leave.

"We are not joking. Charlotte will fill you in on the truth," Lady Darcy glanced at me, signaling for me to step forward and speak for myself. It wasn't easy to look into Maximus' angry eyes and talk to him about being mated to him.

I could tell he wouldn't want to hear it.

"It's true. I felt the mate bond with you in the woods," I tried to sound like Helanie, even copying her body language. Maybe if he saw Helanie in me, he would date me to get over her.

"Bullshit," Maximus hissed.

"Well then, how do you explain her knowing you felt the mate bond with someone in the woods?" Lady Darcy folded her arms over her chest, making Maximus look slightly

uncertain. He was already hurting, so he didn't realize his mother could have filled me in.

"I can't accept her," he said softly but firmly.

"Don't you want to be free from this curse? Just accept her and be free—you know you can't love like this forever," his mother used the same excuse about his curse and stepped closer to him. "Your mate isn't even afraid of you. Can you imagine that? If someone else found out their mate was a lycan, they would have quickly dumped you and moved on."

Lady Darcy knew exactly what she was doing. We had to plant seeds of doubt in his heart about Helanie.

"Besides, I'm not asking you to marry her forever. You need to break the curse, remember? Or else—you will become a danger to your brothers. Do you want that?" I watched Maximus' face pale.

Everyone knew the brothers meant everything to each other. And Maximus, no matter how hard he tried to act carefree, wasn't as detached as he pretended to be. He loved his brothers and took pride in the fact that they loved him too.

"Or do you have someone in mind who would accept you? Someone who is your fated mate? There is only one, and that is her," she continued.

I could tell Maximus was struggling with the thought of accepting me because it would upset Helanie.

"I mean, even Helanie—you see how she once lived as a rogue, but now she's dating better people," I didn't know why I slid that in, but it was my way of reminding him that Helanie wasn't in love with him. Given the chance, Helanie would go after anyone and date them without thinking about how it would make Maximus feel.

For Maximus, he had an excuse to accept me. I was his fated mate.

"And my son cares about his brothers. How long can they keep looking after him?" Lady Darcy asked Maximus.

"Kane and Norman have put their lives on hold for you. You owe them this much. You don't want to become a danger to them, do you?" she continued. With careful thought, Maximus finally nodded.

"It's not like I have someone else who loves me," he muttered.

Thankfully, this was exactly what I wanted to hear from Maximus.

Now he had a reason to accept me without feeling guilty about betraying Helanie.

After nodding his head, he rushed out, probably to go for a run. He didn't even say out loud that he would accept me—just gave us a hint.

"Now, it's up to you to make him fall in love with you," Darcy turned to me, giving me a sharp look, as if telling me to be ready for whatever challenges came my way.

"What about Helanie?" I asked, still wondering how we could get rid of her.

"Ugh! That slut, I'll take care of her and her mother," Darcy punched her palm, probably remembering how Helanie's mother once stole her mate.

"But your work isn't done yet. We'll need to perform some rituals to show Maximus that accepting you will truly break his curse," Darcy added.

She had already told me that Maximus would have to take part in some strange rituals with his mate to be freed from the curse.

In this case, Maximus would have to give a large amount of his blood to his mother for her to perform a ritual. That scared me.

I didn't know Darcy could do something like that. Did she have a witch on her side? That was terrifying.

"Do I need to give my blood too?" I asked.

"No! We're not actually doing any ritual. Your blood is insignificant. We'll just make it look like we took your blood. Since you aren't needed at the start, I'll take the blood and come back saying we've started the ritual," she explained.

She was talking in a way I didn't fully understand, but I trusted her. Especially because I didn't care about anything else as long as I got Maximus.

However, I couldn't wait to tell Helanie that Maximus was mine now.

Oh, sweet goddess, she was just his girlfriend, while I would be his mate.

And thanks to his mother, who somehow found out that he had felt a mate bond in the woods—with some random girl he probably killed and ate.

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

Chapter 462-A Secret Santa

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Helanie:

I felt so bad for Maximus. After hearing everything, I realized we broke up because of a misunderstanding.

"He'll be fine," Emmet elbowed me as we walked together. I was kind of perplexed myself, why be mated to more than one? And why to the three brothers?

I was supposed to be at the hotel soon, but I couldn't get Maximus' face out of my mind.

"Did Charlotte do something?" I stopped and turned to look at Emmet.

"He said something, but it was so vague that I couldn't make much sense of it. But I'll talk to him, don't worry," Emmet reassured me, his fingers brushing against mine as we strolled together.

"Thank you for everything, Emmet," I spoke softly, letting him intertwine his fingers with mine.

"Thank you for letting me walk beside you," he tightened his grip on my hand, holding it firmly. "Let me drop you at the hotel. You should get some rest. There's a big ceremony coming up, and I want you to attend it."

Our fingers slowly untangled as he walked toward his car to open the passenger-side door for me.

"What ceremony?" I asked.

"Remember that woman from one of the family functions?" Emmet asked, almost zoning out as if he was struggling to remember which event he was referring to.

"Kesha?" I guessed, but he shook his head.

"Jessica. She's been Norman's fiancée for a long time, but now they're finally planning to tie the knot in two weeks," he explained, smiling as he helped me put on my seatbelt.

"Oh, that's great news! Sad for the woman, though. How is she able to put up with someone like Norman?" I hissed, pouting as I recalled what an asshole he was most of the time.

"Ehh!" Emmet laughed. "He's not that bad. And as for Jessica, she knows how to handle him. She keeps him calm, and well—even though Norman isn't your typical boyfriend type, she understands him and rarely complains. I guess that's why he stays with her," Emmet spoke so softly, his deep voice so soothing that I could listen to him for hours.

"Maybe that's why I've never actually seen him with her," I muttered, trying hard to recall any moment when Norman had gone on a date with Jessica.

"That's Norman for you. He laid out his terms, and she agreed. They almost broke up once, but one night—when we were struggling to control Maximus and I had given too much blood to my brother to the point where Norman had to drag me away—Jessica stepped up and gave Maximus her own blood."

It seemed like Jessica was truly a good person.

"She had always been there for us. In fact, she was always there to support Kane whenever Mom would ignore him. And I guess that's why my brother chose her. He always wanted someone who would love his brothers the way he does," Emmet sighed, and I instantly realized he wasn't okay with the idea of it.

"You don't like her?" I noticed his reaction, so I asked. But he was quick to shake his head.

"That's not true. We've all been friends since we were kids, and I respect her a lot. It's just that I don't like how my brother thinks his wife or mate has to be just as devoted to his brothers as he is. Don't get me wrong, it's great if she wants to be there for his brothers, but—I think choosing her just for that makes me wonder if Jessica is purposely working so hard just to be accepted by him. She needs to understand that she deserves someone who will love her, take her out on dates, and not expect her to become just another brother to Norman's brothers," he spoke in a sad tone, with a hint of disappointment.

"You said Norman laid out the terms, and she chose to accept them," I shrugged, not understanding why she would agree to that.

Why would anyone want to marry someone who shows no compassion for them? But then I shook my head and smiled, remembering my own stupidity—how I used to go out of my way to please Altan just because I wanted to marry him.

We wrapped up the conversation on a much lighter note before Emmet dropped me off at the hotel where my friends were staying. They were already in the suite, I had heard.

"Goodbye," Emmet puckered his lips, making me blush as I shyly glanced at him—only to see Salem stepping out of the hotel, looking upset.

"Now go," I mouthed, and he gave me a look as if leaving was the most painful thing he had to do.

Once he drove off, I walked over to Salem, who probably hadn't even noticed me. She was on a call with someone, pacing around anxiously.

"Dad, she is my friend. I don't care what Sydney says—Helanie didn't do anything. Helanie was with us the whole day, so back off," she muttered, hissing angrily.

But it was the mention of her father that caught my attention.

Her father was talking about me? What did I do now?

"I don't care. I'm telling you, Helanie was with us." She hung up and sighed, staring at the sky.

"What happened?" I didn't want to startle her, but she was so lost in thought that she almost yelped. Her hand flew to her chest before she smiled.

"You scared me," she complained, but then she hugged me and cupped my face in her hands. "You okay?" she asked softly.

It made me feel so good. Her hands were warm, and her touch was so soothing.

"Salem, tell me what's going on. Is your dad mad at you for staying over with me?" I noticed her body flinch a little at my question.

"That's not it. I didn't want to tell you, but—" she sighed, biting her bottom lip.

"Tell me, please," I insisted.

She finally opened her mouth, but what she said next left me in shock.

"Zellu has gone missing."

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

Chapter 463-She Is My Daughter!

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Ursula:

"Why didn't you believe my daughter?" I asked McQuoid, holding back the storm that had been building inside me.

I had enough. I stayed quiet, followed all the rules, only to find out that my daughter had been tortured over and over again.

"Ursula, it's not about trusting her words. I can't do anything in this case without evidence. The council will ask for proof. There's no DNA test, no witness, no one, and nothing to support her claims. How can you expect us to file a complaint and win? They will tear Helanie and her character apart in this case," he argued, pacing from one corner of the room to the other.

I couldn't sit in front of him and keep my emotions in check. I jumped up and walked into the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

Once in front of the mirror, with my hands on the sink, I broke down.

"I can't take it anymore," I cried out, tightening my grip on the basin.

My reflection looked terrifying.

"Our daughter went through so much—and we—" my wolf whimpered with the same pain.

"And we thought we were doing everything right," I whispered.

"What are you doing?" she asked when she noticed me grabbing the makeup.

"I have to go pay someone a visit," I said, aggressively putting on red lipstick.

"What? You think I shouldn't go?" I stopped briefly to ask. Not that I would change my mind. I was going to do it no matter what.

After getting ready, I checked my phone for the details. I knew what I was doing would get me in trouble, but I needed to do it.

There was no "my life" for me anymore.

I knew Lord McQuoid would be busy at this time. He was holding a meeting with his sons to talk about recent matters—ones that revolved around my daughter.

I couldn't rely on these men anymore.

Thankfully, Darcy had left with her two children, who I didn't even want to see around anymore. Her little son was sick, yet this woman was still going around causing problems in other people's lives. Talk about being a witch.

"Just drive straight—I'll give you directions," I told the driver, not giving him the exact location.

"Now stop here." After a few minutes, I made him pull over. When he did, I got out of the car and gestured for him to step out.

"You wait for me here. I'll be back in a while," I informed him, and he nodded, walking toward the woods—probably to take a run until I returned.

Now, I sat behind the wheel, my eyes on the road, determination burning in my gaze.

My daughter's face kept flashing before my eyes, and I had to work hard not to crash into a tree.

After a while, I arrived at the street best known for prostitution.

"Is he in there?" I gestured for my man to come and fill me in on the information.

"He just got there. He's waiting for his toy for the night," my man informed me, leaning down to peer inside the car window.

"Wait for my call, then burst inside to grab him," I said, getting out of the car and putting on a face mask.

There's no such thing as good luck or bad luck. It's just the people around you whose choices turn your life good or bad.

But I had a different complaint. I didn't agree that anyone had the right to make choices for my daughter.

For a very long time, I tried my best to keep her safe. To make everyone believe I hated her—that she wasn't my weakness. I thought if I stayed away from her, if she didn't call me Mommy, she would be safer.

But sadly, all my sacrifices went in vain when I heard what they did to my daughter. That's when I realized she had more than one enemy.

Unfortunately, her journey wouldn't be over just because these messed-up Alphas got punished. If she wants to survive, she must get away from the rogue brothers, their mother, and the organization.

But I'll do it all on my own—without involving her. My little girl doesn't have to fight. I'll do it for her.

I entered the dark room and saw the man sitting on the couch.

"Umm, honey, take off your mask. I want to see that pretty face of yours," he smirked, speaking in his disgusting tone.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll take off so much," I laughed, walking closer to him.

"Ohh, you're a MILF," he joked.

"Sure, but tell me something—why did you hurt her?" I asked, stepping closer until I was right in front of him. I bent down, hovering so that he could look me in the eye.

The mask hid my identity, but I wasn't trying to hide from him.

"What?" he groaned, leaning back, trying to act tough.

"Don't give me that look, little boy. I'm not afraid of weak little things like you." As soon as I said that, he straightened up, reaching for me.

But that's when I put my hand on his chest and pushed him back, stopping him from moving. He looked at my hand and then at my face, fear clear in his eyes.

"I'm only half as strong as my daughter, but you get the idea—I'll wait for her to fully grow and show you all what you messed with," my gaze darkened as I looked into his eyes, feeling his body tremble with fear.

"Who are you? What do you want from me?" The Alpha didn't seem so confident anymore. There was no one who had the right over my daughter. Years ago, I had promised myself I will take care of my daughter even if I have to never show her love again. My priority remained keeping her safe, that was all my life was for. And revenge! I had to avenge the death of my daughter's siblings.

"I'm Helanie's mother—and you'll be in my care from now on, Zellu," I hissed, raising my hand and stabbing him in the neck with wolfsbane.

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

Chapter 464-Endgame!

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Helanie:

"I am so glad that asshole is gone. I hope someone is torturing him right now," Lamar said, lying on the couch after we had a big meal.

The suite was perfect for us. We had an indoor pool, and our whole floor was booked just for us.

I wasn't upset that Zellu was kidnapped, but I would have appreciated it if he had confessed to his crime.

I didn't want people to feel bad for him—which I had read about online. Some people were actually upset and worried for him.

"Anyway, are you going to the mansion for Professor Norman's rehearsal dinner?" Salem asked, with Gavin resting his head in her lap as she ran her fingers through his hair.

Penn wanted to stay, but he left to check up on his sister. I could tell Lamar desperately wanted to go and be with her, but he was giving her space. Besides, her parents were having some trouble in the pack. Ever since Rayden's death, I heard Jenny's father had been acting up.

He was constantly on medication because he would wake up and go around looking for Rayden—to punish him.

"Yeah, I will. I don't want to hide. I'm not the one who did anything wrong," I shrugged, even though I was slightly worried about being around those people again.

"Romeo will be there," Gavin reminded me, his eyes suggesting I skip the rehearsal dinner.

"It's okay. I can deal with him. Besides, the more he's around me, the more he will show his true colors," I said, but the way they went silent made me believe they were against the idea.

Also, since they wouldn't be there, I would be by myself.

But as soon as that thought crossed my mind, I received a message from Emmet, and I felt like smiling from ear to ear.

Did he hear me?

Emmet: Please come to the rehearsal dinner. I will be with you every second of the evening.

I smiled, lying down on the bed. Salem and I were sharing a bed while the boys were sleeping in the living room. There were other rooms booked, but we decided to stick together.

"Can I ask you a question?" Salem asked, whispering while we lay in the dark, staring outside the big window at the starry night.

"Sure, what is it about?" I inquired.

"Is there—ugh! I don't want to upset you, but I have to ask. I've been itching to—" She shut up when I turned to her, lying on my side and giving her a look.

"Okay, I'll ask you," she braced herself and finally spoke.

"Is there anything going on between you and—Professor Emmet?"

Her question made my soul leave my body.

"Hey, I won't judge you. I just noticed the way he behaves around you. And then, when he was climbing that wall and you two almost—well, we all noticed. While others might not have thought too much about it—I saw Emmet staring at your lips. He even puckered his lips, probably thinking you two would kiss—"

After talking way too much, she instantly bit her tongue and turned her back to me.

"Okay, goodnight."

I guess she was feeling embarrassed for asking me that question.

"He is my fated mate—," I muttered, noticing her body shudder.

She then very dramatically turned around to look at me. "And so are Maximus and Kaye."

I watched her jump up and stare at me. "They are all your mates?"

She asked so loudly and clearly that the door slammed open, and Gavin barged in.

"What is going on?" he asked, but it was Lamar who came from behind him and grabbed him by force.

"You kill her, and I'll get rid of his body—," Lamar yelled, causing me to slap my forehead while Gavin struggled to break free.

"I was just talking about my mates—," I glared at Lamar, signaling him to let Gavin go.

"What? You're telling them about your mates?" Lamar shook his head at me.

"Dude, let her speak. We're her friends," Gavin elbowed Lamar, finally breaking free.

I sat them down and told them everything. They were shocked the entire time.

"Wow, you must be very special then," Salem said after I finished talking.

"I think I knew," Gavin shrugged, scratching his head.

"Anyway—tell me—who are you picking?" Salem grabbed my hands and scooted closer, looking excited.

"Yes, tell us," Lamar did the same—the same guy who was ready to kill the two, or at least joked about it when he thought Salem was just finding out about my mates. Now he was all in for the gossip.

"I've already broken up with the other two. I'm kind of dating—or, I don't know what's going on between me and Emmet," I admitted, feeling like a teenager.

My youth had been stolen from me once—first by my stepmother and father, and then by the Alphas who thought I was nothing but their toy.

But now, I got to live the years I had missed out on, and I was all about it.

"But—okay, hear me out—it's cute and all, but what about Kaye and Maximus? I mean, Professor Kaye and Professor Maximus," Gavin laughed slyly, making it obvious that now that they knew my trainers were my mates, my friends were free to use their names without any titles.

"Maximus wasn't at fault. You two had a misunderstanding. And as for Kaye—I think he got hurt too," Salem explained, but I shook my head.

"I understand, but a breakup is a breakup. Besides, I can't cheat on Emmet," I wanted them to understand that I had to be loyal to Emmet. But I guess they saw it differently.

"Emmet is a perfect choice, but the other two might make things messy. A mate's acceptance is very important. The rivalry among lovers is a big deal—so imagine competing for the attention of their fated mate," Lamar was probably right.

I had already experienced a little of that today, and it was so unpleasant.

"Anyway, I hope you and Professor Emmet are endgame. You deserve someone like him," Salem held my hand and gave me a reassuring look, and I appreciated it a lot.

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

Chapter 465-My Stepbrother Is Getting Married

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Helanie:

"This looks good," Salem said, checking my hair.

"You guys are going to see Jenny. How is she?" I pouted, feeling bad that I couldn't meet her. Today was Norman's rehearsal dinner, so I had to be there. Lord McQuoid had called me and requested that I forget how everyone had reacted to the previous incident and attend the dinner because my stepbrothers wanted me there.

It was funny how they used to be against the idea of me stepping into the mansion, and now they were the ones who wanted me there.

"Salem will be comforting her, but other than that, she's fine now," Penn explained, sitting on the couch in the back and watching me get ready. He had been doing this for some time, and I couldn't help but feel shy.

Not in a romantic way. But more in a way that I wasn't very comfortable with someone staring at me.

"Tie her hair in the back with that ribbon," Penn said, pointing at the box he had gifted me earlier. There was a beautiful blush-pink ribbon to go with my pink dress.

Salem was so good at hairstyling and makeup. I looked so much better tonight after she had gotten me ready. She had curled my long blonde hair to perfection and applied beautiful pink-toned makeup.

She even gifted me a pair of stilettos from her own collection. I refused too many times, but when she wouldn't listen, I paid her back.

I had saved a lot, and with me working non-stop here and there, I had a good amount saved.

"All set," Salem stepped back and clapped her hands, smiling at me.

"Wow—," Penn said, his eyes checking me out shamelessly.

"You look gorgeous," Gavin complimented me, while Lamar, who had been on a call with Jenny, lifted his head from the ground and gasped.

He was a little over-the-top dramatic kind of guy.

"I am speechless," Lamar said. "Jenny, hey! I'll send you Helanie's picture. She looks so gorgeous." He excitedly jumped off the bed and hung up on Jenny to take my photo.

I had spoken to Jenny a few hours ago, but I wanted to check on her every few seconds.

"Why don't you all stand beside me?" I asked my friends, and they all got closer. Even Lamar joined in and held his arm up to take a group selfie.

Penn made sure he was standing on my right as the picture was taken. Without these idiots' support, I could never have had these happy moments.

After I said goodbye, it was Salem who drove me to the mansion. Penn tried his best to get me to accept his offer, but I kept dodging, and thankfully, Salem understood. So she insisted on taking me to the mansion.

"Do you think you'll feel the mate bond with Norman soon?" The drive was so silent and peaceful until Salem decided to ruin my peace.

I almost threw up in my mouth.

"No! He is my stepbrother," I quickly argued against the idea.

"Umm, they're all your stepbrothers," she laughed, making me pout and shake my head.

"Please don't give any ideas to the Moon Goddess. She will gladly latch onto it just to hurt me," I rolled my eyes, looking outside the window.

I always use a bitter tone for the Moon Goddess.

"Even when she herself came to save you? Come on now, forgive her already. It's not her doing, but her people's," Salem argued. She was always on the Moon Goddess's side. I never thought she was the type to be so thoughtful and all.

I had told them about the whole Moon Goddess thing as well. Penn still had no clue about my mates, so there was that. I didn't know how he would react to the fact that I was mated to my stepbrothers.

"But I'm serious. Why only three brothers?" Salem continued, and I shook my head once again. I didn't even want to think about it.

That would be crazy.

"Well, then Professor Norman will get rejected the very next minute," I scoffed, folding my arms over my chest.

"You mean on the same full moon night? You do know for a better and less painful rejection, one must mark or reject only on a full moon," she reminded me—something I had already learned in the last few hours.

But I knew there was no way Norman was my mate. There was no chemistry, no feelings, and no connection there.

"Ahh! By the way, the top seniors—Sage and Rudy's group—won the test today. I'm guessing they'll be on the cruise with us."

"That's great. What about Arlo's team?" I hated the thought of him being on the same cruise as us. He was a messy person through and through, no matter what.

"Yeah, I didn't say his name because I knew you'd be annoyed. But don't worry, you'll have us," she sighed at the mention of Arlo being on the cruise with us before she parked the car in the long driveway and gestured, "There you go, princess. All your mates must be waiting to get a glimpse of you."

She made me roll my eyes at her before getting out of the car. "Please drive safely. I might stay in for the night."

I didn't want to, but I made that decision so that Salem wouldn't have to drive all the way back to the pack's hotel where we were staying.

"Alright, have fun," Salem waved her hand, assuming I wanted to stay in for the night, and then drove off.

I walked down the long path, my hands clasped together. The number of cars in the driveway and parking lot told me there were a lot of guests here tonight.

"Helanie!"

I raised my head from the ground to see Emmet standing on the porch, waiting for me. He wore a black shirt and black khakis. His long hair was tied in a messy man bun. His eyes shone so beautifully as he stared at me.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, stepping forward and extending his hand to offer me support.

Without any hesitation, I held his hand and joined the rehearsal dinner with him.

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

Chapter 466-Hunt For Peace

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Helanie:

"Everything has been prepared so well, especially the dinner," one of the ladies from Darcy's side of the family complimented, making her proudly shrug her shoulders.

"Your sons look so handsome. I can't wait to see Norman," she added, making Darcy smirk in pride.

The lady had been everywhere. She had already checked out the menu and was now insisting on hearing speeches from everyone.

She seemed messy to me.

"But where is your cousin? Is she and her family not invited? Isn't she married to your ex husband's brother?" As soon as the lady asked Darcy, I saw Darcy's eyes turn to me. Sadly, I had been standing right next to her. Actually, I was by the TV, sitting comfortably when she arrived and sat right on the couch beside this lady.

"Isn't Romeo doted on by your sons?" the lady added, giving me a hint about who she was referring to. The hair on the back of my neck stood at the thought of Romeo attending the rehearsal dinner. I would have never come here if he was coming.

But the brothers had promised me that Romeo wouldn't be seen on the property, and they kept their promises.

However, I was still hoping Romeo wouldn't show up just to be messy.

"Some slut has stepped into my sons' minds. But don't worry, it won't be long before they realize Romeo is their true blood and the others are just opportunists," her tone turned so bitter, and I noticed her side-eyeing me, which made the other woman look at me and then nod as if she understood exactly who Lady Darcy was talking about.

"I've heard rumors that the missing Alpha had an ongoing feud with her. The Alphas don't want their children to be associated with this girl. Yet, you have come home and become part of the family. Not only is she probably behind Alpha Zellu's abduction, but she is also a wolfless creature," the lady continued, scoffing at me.

"I'm sorry, but are you talking about me?" I snapped my fingers, watching the horror spread across their faces as if I had just stolen their kidneys.

"If so, then you need to use better words. You can't just call me a wolfless creature and then accuse me of abducting an Alpha. Make it make sense," I hissed at her, grabbing the orange juice out of her hands—the one she hadn't sipped from—and taking a sip right in front of her.

"You can have it. It lost its taste after you touched it."

With that, I shoved the glass back into her hand, spilling some of it on her dress.

She looked so shocked and disgusted, yet she couldn't make a sound because she could tell Emmet and Maximus were standing just at a distance, watching the interaction like hawks.

After a few seconds of me staring them dead in the eyes, I decided to walk away. That's when I saw Emmet and Maximus give me a proud smirk for standing up for myself. I also caught a glimpse of Darcy walking over to her sons to complain, but they simply watched her throw a tantrum silently—with those same smirks still on their faces—likely pissing off their mother even more.

I did make a very victorious exit, but once in the hallway, I stared around in confusion.

I had left the living room like a hero, but... what now?

I was supposed to sit there and wait for the rehearsal to start. Since Jessica hadn't arrived yet, everyone was pretty much just walking around and drinking casually. I hadn't seen Norman around either.

However, as I ventured to the second floor, I heard some noises coming from Kaye's room—it was the first one at the top of the stairs.

I hesitated. Should I stick around or leave? Kaye hated anyone outside his door.

Then, I saw Emma downstairs and made up my mind to stay.

Still, I began walking away from Kaye's room to avoid getting caught. I would hate for him to think I was eavesdropping on his conversation.

But what if they were being loud? Would it be my fault if I accidentally overheard something?

"It's okay. It's normal to feel this way," I heard Kesha comforting Kaye inside his bedroom.

I frowned. What was going on with him?

Even with all the complaints I had about his recent change in behavior, I still cared about him. Deep down, I was grateful for the time he had helped me heal and taken care of me. He was the first one to show interest in me.

I didn't stand too close to the door, yet I could still hear them from afar.

"You don't get it. I feel suffocated—" Kaye complained, his voice rough as he coughed several times, trying to clear his throat.

"Kaye, baby! It's normal sometimes. Your basic instincts are kicking in. You just need to go hunting soon," Kesha responded casually, as if it was nothing to worry about.

Maybe that was just her personality. I wasn't one to judge.

"Hunting? That's the solution to my problem?" He grunted at her. Even from outside, I could feel the tension in the room.

"What else can be done? Do you want to starve it until it unleashes and hurts the people you love? You need to accept the truth of who you are. That's the only way you'll ever be happy and not want to die," her tone turned sharper—bitter and sassy, probably exhausted with his complaints.

But I was lost.

What exactly were they talking about?

Who did Kaye need to go hunting for?

Werewolves didn't just feel the urge to go out and hunt randomly.

"Ugh! Tonight is your brother's night, let's just focus on what drinks we'll enjoy. And by the way, keep your feelings to yourself, remember! It's Norman's night," she dismissed his concerns, shifting the conversation to something else.

But something didn't sit right with me.

I didn't know why, but it felt like Kaye was crying for help.

And sadly, she wasn't the one who could save him.

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

Chapter 467-His Mate Isn't Fond Of Me

Chapter 467: 467-His Mate Isn't Fond Of Me

Helanie:

I rushed downstairs before they could get out and see me outside the room. Kesha was the last person I would want to mess up with. Kaye loved her and really cared for her, so he would definitely take her side, and that would hurt.

Not that he would be wrong. He had every right to defend his chosen mate.

"Where were you?" Emmet saw me and quickly walked over, a drink in his hand.

As soon as I tried taking that drink away, he pulled his hand behind his back.

"What are you doing?" He raised his brow, smiling as he asked me.

"You need to quit drinking," I said in a firm tone. I wanted to be there for them and help them out just like they had been helping me.

"Um, what?" He smiled as if he couldn't believe what I had just said.

"Why? Is that too much to ask?" I placed my hands on my hips, Kaye's concerns still in my mind.

I couldn't bring myself to smile when I was so lost in the thoughts of the conversation I had just overheard.

"No! You have every right, but I'm impressed by the boldness," he said as he slowly brought his hand forward and gave me the drink. The minute I grabbed it, I tried to down it in one go.

Or at least I thought I could. The moment it started running down my throat, I coughed, and the whole drink splattered on my face.

"Hey," Emmet grabbed the glass and started rubbing my back in concern. "Let's take you to the side," he suggested, helping me to the kitchen. He handed me a napkin and even helped me clean my face and hands.

"Now, tell me, what was that?" He placed one hand on his waist and the other on the counter before lifting me by my waist and setting me on top of it.

"I was outside Kaye's room, and I heard some things," I admitted, afraid he would judge me. But instead, he seemed genuinely interested in what I had heard, so I continued. "Something is going on with Kaye, Emmet. He and Kesha were talking, and Kaye was telling her how he feels suffocated. She was telling him that he should go hunting."

I didn't want to hide anything from Emmet. It was about time we all paid attention to what was happening with Kaye. He had been struggling for a while, and we had only been avoiding it.

"Hmm, that's odd. Why would he go hunting to calm his nerves?" Emmet questioned, thankfully looking as confused as I was.

"I thought I was overreacting. But Kesha sounded like—she didn't—" I stopped talking because I knew I wasn't in a place to judge them. But I just couldn't help giving my opinion.

"You are being dramatic."

The low-pitched voice speaking directly to me sent a shiver down my spine. Emmet only turned his head to look at the person coming in and then stepped aside, his posture still the same with his hand resting on the counter beside me. But we didn't look too close or anything.

"And what about my behavior? I know how to calm my baby, and I was doing that. If I started to freak out, he would freak out. You are in no place to judge me. In fact, who even are you?" Kesha's voice was so stern that I felt like I was being scolded by a teacher.

She wore a black dress with sequins. Her short hair was curled, and chandelier earrings dangled from her ears.

"I was—" Before I could finish, I watched Emmet stand straight with his arms folded over his chest.

"She is family—don't you even know that much?" he asked Kesha, whose grip on the glass she was holding tightened, but she forced a smile on her lips.

"But that doesn't mean she should interfere in my business with my mate," she continued, not even using her bitter tone with Emmet.

"I have known you brothers since I was a kid, and even you know that Kaye is sort of an attention seeker."

The moment she said that, I felt a burning sensation in my chest.

"Every time something big is happening, he somehow wants attention on himself. And I realized he was doing the same tonight, so I nicely tried to help him out and also reminded him that it's Norman's night," she argued, making me clench my jaw.

Thankfully, even Emmet didn't like how she described Kaye.

"My brother is not an attention seeker. When he seeks attention, it is his right. But when has he ever wanted attention for himself when it was someone else's big day? You have no right to make it sound like your business when it's just my brother's business. It is not something between the two of you," Emmet used a much sterner tone with her, and I hated how she was glaring at him. She didn't even blink or take another breath.

For a moment, I wondered if she had gone frozen.

"He was complaining about being suffocated, and you told him to go hunting when you didn't even believe in his complaint? How is that sensible? You fooled him into thinking that would help when you don't even think there's a problem?" I continued as I jumped off the counter to stand straight.

She was way too tall, and with her high heels, she easily towered over me. But the tallest one beside me among us made me feel safe.

"Helanie, is it?" She cracked her neck as she stretched, making me wince at the sound of it.

She was trying to act tough in front of me. "Oh, you're the one who always makes the ceremonies about herself. May I ask what you've been doing in the kitchen with your stepbrother?"

It was almost as if she was trying to threaten me into backing down—or she could spread rumors.

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

Chapter 468-The Groom-To-Be

Chapter 468: 468-The Groom-To-Be

Helanie:

As soon as I saw Emmet square up, I gestured at him with my hand. I got this.

"I was talking to him. Why? Have you never seen two people talk before? Or did you think that just because I'm their stepsister, we can't even have a conversation? Exactly how dirty is your mind?" Since she was gaslighting me, I decided to do the same.

"As for Kaye, it doesn't matter what ceremony he complains about his discomfort at—he deserves all the attention. We will continue to focus on his health first, and I'm sure Norman would do the same." I used Norman's name since she had manipulated Kaye into staying quiet for Norman's sake.

I hated Kesha. At least Charlotte would show some emotions and reactions, but Kesha wouldn't. She would instantly glare people down as if she was planning something big in her head. That was what made me so uncomfortable.

"Anyway, you should head back to the party," Emmet waved his hand at Kesha, who stared at his hand and then at his face—almost like she was absorbing the insult.

She was so odd and crazy.

As soon as she stepped aside and turned around, I heard her let out a small yelp—from nearly bumping into someone.

She stepped back and then turned to us, making us see Kaye standing in the doorway.

His eyes landed on me, then moved to his brother before settling on Kesha.

"It's okay, I don't get insulted so easily," Kesha hissed, but I could hear the lie in her tone. She was definitely offended.

She grabbed Kaye's arm and dragged him behind her. I wondered—what really happened here?

"It's fine. I'll speak with him," Emmet gave me a look of understanding.

"But we didn't say anything wrong, did we?" I thought about my conversation with Kesha. Not once did I say anything that would insult Kaye.

Maybe he was upset about us talking back to Kesha.

We both walked out of the kitchen, but as soon as we were in the living room, Maximus stepped between us. There was definitely space between us, but I knew what he was doing. However, I was distracted by Kaye and Kesha.

I saw Kaye standing next to his brother, who was introducing him to some lady, while Kesha stood in the corner of the living room by the bar. The moment her eyes landed on Kaye, I noticed Kaye start to touch his collar a lot—almost like he was undoing the buttons of his shirt. He was even sweating.

Winter was over, but there was no way he should be sweating like that when summer hadn't even arrived yet. Besides, they had air conditioning in every room and space.

"Baby!"

Just when I thought I could focus more on the weird couple, I heard Charlotte come up beside us.

I could see her through my peripheral vision, but I acted like I was oblivious to her.

"Charlotte, my dear," Maximus's tone shocked me. That was when I couldn't help but turn my neck toward the couple. Even Emmet was watching them in confusion.

Charlotte wore a blue dress with light makeup and curly hair. She was smiling from ear to ear as she stared at Maximus.

"What are you wearing?" Maximus pouted, and I could see the huge grin on Charlotte's face.

"You don't like it?" she asked, giving her dress a good swirl.

What was going on? What lie had she told him to convince him she didn't lie about being mated to him in the woods?

I noticed Emma standing in the corner by the bar as well, her eyes on her daughter and a huge smirk plastered on her lips. She definitely wanted a rich man for her daughter, which I don't blame her for. She could have a choice, but going above and beyond to deceive someone just to make them her daughter's mate was pretty wrong.

"No! I want you to wear what I left in your room for you. Go—change and let the hairstylist style you," Maximus smiled, using an overly flirtatious tone that seemed completely fake at this point.

"You got me a dress?" I saw her eyes widen, and a huge smirk formed on her lips when her eyes shifted to me.

"Of course, why not? You are my fated mate, after all."

As soon as he referred to her as his fated mate, I began to wonder if he was onto something. I saw Emmet shake his head as well.

"I'll just go and change," she snapped her fingers and ran out of the living room, making her mother frown in bewilderment.

My eyes went back to Kaye and Kesha, and Kaye was dripping with sweat, constantly rubbing his face with a tissue, itching the tattoo on his neck, and pulling at his collar as if he was having a hard time breathing.

"Hey."

But our attention was diverted when the groom-to-be arrived.

Norman wore a white shirt with black pants, his wet hair falling over his forehead.

He looked good, even though he had decided to keep it casual.

"Brother! Congratulations," Emmet reached over and hugged him first, congratulating him on his wedding in a week.

They planned the rehearsal dinner a week before because the rest of the week was going to be Norman's week. His brothers had planned multiple bachelor parties for him.

"Hey brother, you're about to step into the new stage of your life. Now focus on yourself," Maximus gave him a hug, but I could still see the sadness in his eyes. Had they not made up after the argument?

"Thank you. But that's something I can't do. I will never put you after someone," Norman patted Maximus's cheeks, and I saw Maximus's eyes shine with hope.

Kaye excused himself and arrived too, giving his brother a very long hug as if he was going somewhere.

"Dude, what happened to you? Let's help you with this sweat," Maximus said to Kaye, and Emmet, who had already heard my concerns, gave me a head nod that he would take care of Kaye.

As the brothers walked away, Norman straightened his back to face me.

"How do I look?" he asked, looking so happy.

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

Chapter 469-And There He Was–The Leader

Chapter 469: 469-And There He Was–The Leader

Helanie:

"You could do better," I joked, and he rolled his eyes.

"How do I look?" I asked and noticed him instantly looking away.

"I wasn't staring," he rolled his eyes.

"Never said you did," I grunted, confused why he thought that is what I was insinuating.

"So, how are you, mated to all my brothers?" He rolled his eyes like a sassy guy when he mentioned the fact that I was mated to all his brothers.

"I'm happy as long as I'm not mated to all of the brothers," I commented, making him narrow his eyes at me.

"Oh come on, I don't ever want that either. I'm already watching my brothers suffer—that's enough," he scoffed, looking like a spoiled brat.

"Are you going to spend your evening arguing with me? It's your night. Stay positive," I shrugged, watching him nod his head.

"Anyway, I'm happy you came," he changed his tone and sounded serious now that he was talking about something more important.

"I couldn't skip it. And I'm glad Romeo isn't here tonight," I replied.

"Of course, Helanie. He's never going to be around us again. I don't care how closely he's related—even if my own brother had done it—I would've kicked him out of my life," his words felt heavy but also refreshing.

The fact that he wouldn't even spare his own brothers for that crime and sin made me see him in a new light. A light of respect.

"You're still not my favorite stepbrother," I joked, not wanting to make the night about myself.

He let out a deep breath and then muttered, "Nothing can be done about a mischievous one like you."

However, our conversation ended when a hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned, revealing his mother to me. Even though she wanted her son's attention, she was staring straight at me.

"Son, when a groom arrives, he's supposed to meet his mother first. But sadly, others have been keeping you busy," she said with a bitter tone, clearly upset that he had been talking to me for too long.

"Hello, Mother. How are you? Had a few too many drinks already?" Norman sighed and replied in a much more sarcastic tone.

"No, I'm sober," she replied. "The kids are fine. Davon is doing better now, but I don't know how long it'll last before he gets sick again."

It was odd how she randomly brought that up, then hugged her son and started crying on his chest.

I wanted to look for Kesha and tell her, 'The only dramatic person here is Darcy.'

I gave Norman a nod and walked away from the two of them. I didn't want to be around his mother—or any toxic person—for too long. As soon as I was outside the living room, I came face-to-face with Kaye again.

"You okay?" slipped out of my mouth before I could even catch my breath.

"I'm fine, thanks for caring and standing up for me earlier." I didn't expect him to actually thank me.

"That was nothing," I told him.

"It was everything to me," he used a gentle tone, making me smile at him.

"Just let us know how you're feeling, Kaye. Sometimes, powerful creatures have a hard time adjusting to their powers. Needing guidance and support doesn't make them weak. Sometimes, a little help is all it takes to put a leash on a powerful beast," I ended with a playful touch, and I could tell he liked what he heard.

"You think I'm powerful?" he asked with a smile. I had learned to move on from my past and stay calm, no matter what had happened between us.

"And I called you a beast—did you miss that part?" I kept the joke going, and somehow, his face brightened again. He looked relaxed, and the shine in his eyes had come back too.

"You're amazing. I don't know how you do it—but you're just a wonder," he tilted his head, his eyes focused on my face, and complimented me in the nicest way.

But if my life were really that simple—where I could just be praised and that would be the end of it—I would've never had to worry. But that's not how my life works.

As soon as my eyes shifted behind him, I saw Jessica walk in. Even though she looked beautiful in her pastel dress and light makeup, I couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling. Kaye followed my gaze, then excused himself, rushing over to greet her. She had her father with her and a bunch of wealthy alphas and council members.

She looked happy and confident, but for some reason, her smile made me uncomfortable.

I didn't understand it. I wasn't jealous of her—not at all. In fact, I was happy for her and Norman. But then why was my heart racing? I could hear waves in my ears, and it wasn't a good feeling.

I looked down to take a deep breath, then looked up again. This time, I saw all the brothers rushing in to greet the bride. Emmet and Maximus were full of smiles. Their mother had come out with Norman, but it was someone else slipping through the crowd that caught my eye.

A brown-haired guy with hazel eyes and a body covered in tattoos stayed locked in my sight. Then, my ears went silent—only to hear the words he had once said to me as he towered next to me.

"If we had met under different circumstances, I might have courted you. But I have to kill you, or else you'll go around ruining my reputation."

"Ahhh!" I gasped, stepping back and covering my mouth as I recognized him—the leader of the group from that night.

It was the most disgusting feeling, watching him smile and then stand right next to Jessica. Then I noticed how much they looked alike.

I saw Norman walk forward and hug 'my rapist', and then Jessica smiled at him and stared up at him. They all adored him—or at least respected him.

"Brother, tell them about your training," Jessica said, helping me realize what their relationship was.

He was Jessica's baby brother.

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

Chapter 470-Piece Of Shit

Chapter 470: 470-Piece Of Shit

Helanie:

I was shaking, my body overwhelmed with so many thoughts racing through my mind. Every time I told myself I wouldn't react like a scared kitten when seeing one of my rapists, I ended up reacting the exact same way. He was so tall and I recalled how I had thought he would crush Altan if he wanted. Never thought I would see him around my mates. But they were still taller than him.

Soon, I knew I'd have to face him, and the brothers would try to introduce me to him. I couldn't let that happen. I had to leave before it got to that point. I began taking slow, steady steps away from the crowd, carefully slipping out of sight and hiding behind a wall. As the crowd moved and the brothers started looking around, I was sure the search in their eyes was for me.

They had told me they'd introduce me to everyone—they weren't ashamed of me being part of their family. It was partly because of the recent rumors about Zellu having some kind of issue with me before he went missing. That's why Salem had been told by his father to keep his distance from me.

Once the crowd headed toward the backyard where the rehearsal dinner was being held, I slipped out through the front door.

Out in the open air, I gasped and clutched my hair in both fists. I was beyond enraged but helpless. So all those alphas were related to powerful people.

"I can't stay here."

That was my plan now. It wasn't just Romeo anymore—this family had another one of them, someone else I didn't want to be near. I grabbed my phone and dialed Lamar's number, my fingers trembling.

"Hey, are you calling to rub in all the amazing food you're having without me?" he joked, sounding chill and happy. He had no idea he was about to hear something that would ruin his mood. I hated being the reason my friends felt sad.

"I saw him," I said softly, and I heard him grunt.

"Is Romeo there?" he asked.

"No. Um... another one of them." It was so hard to keep searching through all those faces in the crowd from that night.

I just wanted a normal life. When I had that steamy moment with Emmet, I really thought my life had restarted. I thought I'd finally have moments like that—some playful, some sweet, some that made me blush. But that was just a lie. The misery wasn't over, and now I had to face another big blow. I wanted to be ready for what's to come next.

"Did you tell the brothers?" Lamar asked, sounding deeply worried for me.

"Nope, not yet. I don't think now's the right time. There are so many people here... if I say anything, I'll be in trouble," I said, remembering how everyone was bowing to Jessica's father. His son was about to become the Alpha King of North—it meant he had more power than the rest of them. It was a huge deal.

"Okay, but wait somewhere safe—we're coming to get you," Lamar said. It sounded like he was already on the move. I could hear him struggling with his shirt and everything.

"Aren't you going to ask me who it is?" The minute I asked that question, I heard the sounds of him getting ready come to a stop. Silence. It was like he already feared the answer.

"The bride-to-be's baby brother. The soon-to-be Alpha King," I announced, clenching my jaw at the thought of that monster being chosen as a leader.

"That's horrible. How could that happen?" Lamar asked.

"Rich and powerful people get away with almost everything," I hissed. If I hadn't recognized him—or if I hadn't survived that night—he would've gone on to become Alpha King, walking around freely and targeting more innocent people. And what makes me think he'd ever stop?

For all I knew, going against him would be dangerous and almost impossible.

"Just forget about it for now. We'll deal with it. Right now, we need to get you home. One thing at a time," Lamar said, and he was right. I gave a small nod, even though he couldn't see it.

"I'll be waiting," I said before hanging up the call. I wrapped my arms around myself when I heard movement behind me, and my heart sank into my chest. From the moment I heard the sound to the second I turned around, it was just a few seconds—but my mind flooded with fear.

What if it was him? What if he had spotted me and come out here to finish the job—to silence me for good?

But when I finally turned around, I came face-to-face with none other than a very angry Lady Darcy.

"So now it's one of my son's brothers-in-law?" she snapped. She must've heard everything. Her jaw was clenched tight, her eyes red with the kind of rage that only comes from tears and fury. I swear, if her sons didn't care about me, she would've strangled me right here with her bare hands.

"Please leave me alone," I said, still visibly shaken.

"Trust me, nobody wants to be around you. Isn't that what's making you so upset? Huh?" she spat. "You're mad because none of the alphas wanted you. And now that my sons gave you a bit of attention, you think you own them. One of them's getting married, and suddenly you're making accusations against his brother-in-law to stop the wedding? Is that your plan?"

She was hissing the words at me, her fists clenched so tightly, probably just stopping herself from yelling and drawing attention. But her voice still carried all the venom.

I felt sick. Disgusted by a woman like her.

"Your imagination is wild. Not everyone's a cunning piece of shit like you," I muttered, letting my anger loose on her because she pushed me there.

"What did you just call me?" she gasped. Once she managed to rein in her emotions, she raised her hand—to hit me.

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

Chapter 471-It Is All Getting Messy Now

Chapter 471: 471-It Is All Getting Messy Now

Helanie:

And she would have been successful, due to my emotions making me lose control over my body, had someone else not arrived in time.

"What makes you think you can abuse her, Mother?" Kaye hissed at her, his hand holding her. She looked like she had seen a ghost.

I'm pretty sure Kaye, always wanting her attention, had never raised his voice at her like that before.

"She called me a piece of shit," she quickly complained, and Kaye looked up from her face to me. It was the kind of look that didn't need an explanation.

"What happened here?" he asked me that time as he stepped between me and his mother.

"Nothing. I just want to go back to my hotel room," I said in a quiet voice.

I didn't have a home, so I always had to explain what I was calling "home."

"Sure, you should go back to where you came from. You shouldn't have come here in the first place," she hissed at me. "And don't look at my son like that. He's not leaving his brother's rehearsal dinner for your messy self."

She kept hissing and almost spit in my face until Kaye moved and blocked me from her sight.

"And then you wonder why she called you something a little offensive," Kaye hissed back at his mother, who grunted.

I saw her step to the side so she could see her son's face, staring at him with a confused look on her own.

"Now, tell me what's going on?" Kaye changed his tone, crouching down as he placed his hands on his knees to reach my eye level.

"I just want to—" I stopped when he refused to accept that excuse.

"Is there someone else you spotted in the crowd?" he shocked me by guessing the exact reason I wanted to leave. I stared at his face with wide eyes and my mouth slightly open.

"So I'm right. Who is it? If you don't know him, come with me and point him out," he said in his rough and aggressive voice, his jaw silently clenching a little too many times.

"Really? You want her to go in there and ruin your brother's moment?" his mother jumped in, shocked to see her son interact with me like that.

"A moment, when there's a rapist among the people we're supposed to sit and eat with?" Kaye straightened his back and turned to his mother, his eyes shooting daggers at her.

"Look at you, you're acting completely different. Is that what she's teaching you? To disrespect your mother?" she complained, barely glancing at me.

"She's not teaching me anything. In fact, she always stands up for me, worries about me even when I don't deserve her worry," his words made his mother gasp.

I don't know what she was so shocked about.

"You wanted to be my favorite son, and now that you have my attention, you want it to die down because of her?" she slid in the idea of him being her favorite just to make him listen.

But Kaye shook his head. "Took me so long, didn't it? But Helanie never asked for anything from me. She always stood up for me, no matter what. I never had to become a hero for her to defend me."

His words didn't just make his mother cover her mouth—they touched my heart too.

"As for the moment, I'm sure Norman—" Kaye stopped mid-sentence when he saw his brothers come out of the mansion. Emmet and Maximus seemed to have been looking for me.

The minute they saw us all together, the smiles disappeared from their faces. Emmet rushed to my side, turning me toward him and cupping my face in his hands.

"You've been crying?" he asked, and from the corner of my eye, I saw his mother's reaction.

She looked horrified. That's why she rushed between us and pushed us apart.

"Have you gone crazy? What was that?" she yelled at Emmet for how he was behaving with me.

"Helanie recognized one of the rapists inside," Kaye jumped in to shift the subject, because the way Emmet was glaring at his mother made me believe he was about to do something reckless.

Maximus and Emmet turned to me, empathy clear in their eyes.

I hated being in this situation over and over again. That awful feeling of "what if they don't believe me this time?" hung in the air.

"Who is it?" Emmet asked, while Maximus took slow, steady breaths.

"It's no one. She's ruining Norman's moment," Darcy hissed, shooting me a look that told me to keep quiet. I wasn't planning to say anything right then, but her trying to control my life pushed me too far, and I blurted it out.

"Jessica's brother."

They went silent before Emmet grabbed my hand, ready to drag me back inside.

"He's not getting out of here alive tonight," Maximus agreed with his brother, and even Kaye started pacing right beside me.

"No, I won't let you all ruin your brother's moment!" Darcy yelled, running to block our path. She stood in our way with her arms stretched wide.

"Your brother has done so much for you all. All his life, he's spent every second thinking about you. And now, for once—on the one night that's supposed to be his—you're going to ruin it for him? Do you have no shame? No love for him?" she was hissing, tears forming in her eyes.

"So you want us to go inside and share a meal with the guy who hurt Helanie?" Emmet yelled back at her.

"I used to think you were selfish, that you only loved yourself. But I also thought maybe it was because you were naive—because you were desperate for affirmation, for proof that you were powerful and loved. But I was wrong. You're just a cruel woman."

Emmet's words were harsh. They pulled a sharp gasp from her.

But I didn't want to start a scene here, not among these rich people who would likely take that guy's side right from the start.

"I don't want to confront anyone right now," I said, and they all turned to look at me.

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

Chapter 472-A Kiss Of Goodbye For The Night

Chapter 472: 472-A Kiss Of Goodbye For The Night

Helanie:

After I told them I wanted to wait for the dinner to end before we tell Norman, the brothers decided to drop me home. Emmet called Lamar and asked him not to leave the suite.

"I don't think all of you should be missing out on the rehearsal dinner. Your mother is right about one thing—since it's Norman's dinner, we should handle this in a way that doesn't bring him shame," I said, sitting in the backseat with Kaye on one side, while Maximus and Emmet sat in the front. Emmet was driving.

He'd been taking his anger out on the poor steering wheel for a while now—hitting it and honking at invisible obstacles.

"My brother will not be happy after he finds out what is going on. He will not be focusing on the dinner or anything," Emmet uttered, his eyes showing emptiness but his deep sighs proved he was distraught and worried how Norman would feel about marrying in the family of my rapist.

"I'm sure Norman would've done the same if he found out about this," Kaye muttered, his fist pressed to his mouth, biting himself every few minutes.

"What's going to happen next? He's a powerful one," I said, feeling unsatisfied with everything. The rogues had left the packs years ago. They were strong, but they had no authority over pack matters. If the packs decided to start a war—even if the brothers survived—their people, the handful of them from the mansions, wouldn't be able to fight back. They'd be outnumbered.

I knew that much.

"Don't worry about anything. It'll be taken care of. We'll find a way," Emmet said through gritted teeth, adjusting the rearview mirror to glance at me—until Maximus reached up and tried to tilt it for his own view.

"You two do realize she's stressed out, right? No need to fight just to catch a glimpse of her," Kaye muttered under his breath.

My phone beeped, and I checked the text with a frown on my forehead.

Professor Dick: Where are you?

I change his name every once in a while. It was Norman texting me.

"Who is it?" Kaye leaned in and grunted.

"He didn't text any of us—" he started, but as if on cue, his phone started ringing.

"The first message was for her. My brother is weird," Kaye added before accepting the call and putting it on speaker.

"Where are you all? That's not fair," I heard Norman complain for the first time, but there was a playful tone to it.

I quickly gave Kaye a look, silently asking him not to tell Norman anything yet. We'd need to talk about this in private, not in front of a whole community of Alphas who already hated me. They didn't even know my name properly and had a habit of accusing me of always causing trouble with the Alphas.

"We had to drop Helanie home. She wasn't feeling well," Kaye said casually.

As soon as he said that, I heard Norman briskly walking on the other end of the call until he reached a quieter area. His footsteps were so heavy.

"Why? What happened? Did someone say something to her? Damn it, we should've asked someone to keep an eye on her so nobody bothered her," the concern in Norman's voice shocked me.

Sure, he had been there for me many times, but I always thought that was because of his brothers—or his sense of duty to do the right thing.

"Yeah, it's not that. We'll let you know soon. Hey, by any chance... is Darius staying for dinner?"

I noticed Maximus nod at Kaye, like that was the right question to ask. They didn't want to share a meal with him.

"Yeah, why? That's a weird question," Norman replied from the other end.

"Nothing. It's just that ever since he got into Fellmoon, all he talks about is how great he is and blah blah," Kaye said, clearly running out of excuses.

Norman was quiet for a few seconds before he added, "Listen, I don't like him either. But let's just tolerate him for Jessica's sake. She's been looking for all of you."

That made me realize—even he didn't like him.

Kaye nodded at Emmet, as if asking what they should do now. I could tell none of them were okay with sharing a meal with the rapist.

"It's okay. We'll use it to our advantage," Emmet said, and Kaye agreed.

"We'll be there in a minute," Kaye told Norman.

"Wait—what did Emmet say?" Norman asked, but Kaye had already ended the call.

They dropped me off, and Emmet wanted to say one last thing before leaving.

"Don't stress over anything. We won't let anyone get away, okay?"

He cupped my face in his hands, standing behind the car while his brothers watched from a distance.

As Emmet leaned down and brushed his lips against mine, Maximus grunted, and Kaye started clicking his tongue in mock annoyance.

"Goodnight," Emmet said, breaking the kiss and rolling his eyes at his brothers.

"Drive safe," I said, pulling away from him and giving a nod to his brothers. They gave me small, half-hearted smiles and straightened up.

As I walked past them, I noticed how they tried—almost hesitated—to have another word with me. But that Chapter of my life was over. I couldn't get close to them again.

"That's not fair. How come he gets a kiss and we don't get anything?" Maximus muttered, still not ready to accept that we had broken up.

"Because we messed up," Kaye admitted.

I was already in the elevator, staring at the buttons and expecting to see the tenth floor. It would be so weird to see it again. Because tonight, I felt broken all over again.

Once I entered the suite, I was welcomed by my friends. I ran into Lamar's arms and cried my heart out. The others joined in while Penn kept grunting, saying we should ambush Darius and get rid of him.

I don't think I've broken down like that in a long time.

But I had a feeling—things were only going to get worse from here.

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

Chapter 473-Humiliating The Nuisance

Chapter 473: 473-Humiliating The Nuisance

Maximus:

"So here's the plan: get Darius's phone," Emmet said, driving the car. Kaye and I had been staring at him, probably wondering the same thing.

Women hate alcoholic men... why the hell was Helanie looking past that? Or maybe she thought he'd stopped drinking.

"So, you're going to sabotage him?" my wolf grunted at me.

"I'll do whatever I want to make sure Helanie is okay. As for you, I know you don't want her, so I won't need your help in this case."

I never understood why my wolf was so against the idea of me and Helanie being together.

"Well, that's because only one of us knows it all. She's not good for us, and we're not good for her. Besides, it's not like you can ever mark her. Remember, to mark her, it needs to be done on a full moon night? How do you plan to do that in your lycan form? And how will she mark you?"

He raised a valid point, and I hated him for that.

It's not that I wasn't aware that my relationship with Helanie had been ruined for so many reasons. I sighed, realizing Emmet might have told her that he would wait for her. I could tell even Kaye felt like a fool for rushing things with her.

"Aren't you two even listening to me?" Emmet raised his voice, and both Kaye and I exchanged a glance, making sure we both knew what we were thinking.

"Why do you get so intimate with her in front of us? Is that your way of rubbing your relationship with her in our faces?"

I couldn't hold it in anymore. Helanie was my mate too. I didn't like how they all just ignored the fact that I hadn't done anything wrong, yet she broke things off with me over a misconception.

"Maximus, you know I would never do anything to hurt you, right?" Emmet asked, but I refused to believe that.

"Sure, you were always there for us," I rolled my eyes hard.

"I am. And I will always be. You and Kaye are like my little babies, you know I love you two the most," the sadness in his voice made me feel just a little guilty before I

remembered Helanie and I stopped believing Emmet's words again. If he cared and loved me so much, he would ditch Helanie and leave her for me.

"Tell me something—how would you take care of her when you're in the middle of your binge nights? She'll be waiting for you, while you'll be drunk and passed out in the hallway. That's what you used to do for us," Kaye intervened, bringing up the right kind of questions to hit him with the fact that we hadn't forgotten about his past habits.

And just like that, now that it was about us, he went silent.

"You used to act so cold and distant, but whenever you're around her, you're smiling more. You make stupid jokes and even laugh. Why? Why didn't you do that for us? Did you hold some anger or resentment towards us?" I grunted, looking outside the window as I recalled those times when he'd act like he wasn't even there with us.

"That's not true. I didn't want to get too close to you just to—" he shut up when Kaye finished his sentence for him.

"When we needed you, you were passed out somewhere. Aren't you going to do the same for Helanie? You just proved you never tried for us," Kaye finished with a sigh, adjusting in his seat with difficulty.

"So that you two aren't looking for me when I'm already there," Emmet uttered, and it made no sense.

We arrived at the mansion again, and the moment we got inside, we were told that Dariushad to leave the dinner because of an emergency call from his trainers. It was odd. My brothers and I exchanged glances, then looked at our mother. Did she make him leave so we wouldn't confront him? Did that mean he knew Helanie had seen him? But he must've known before coming here; he's friends with Zellu and Romeo.

It only meant we needed to be more careful with him.

Then came the next part of the evening: the rehearsal dinner. But before we went in, Norman came over to ask each of us individually what had happened. We all told him to wait until morning.

At the same time, eyes turned to Charlotte as she walked down the stairs, heading to the venue with the rest of us.

Gasps and secret laughter erupted at her outfit. She managed a wide smile, thinking that even if she looked ridiculous, it was something I liked.

She was wearing a black tuxedo with her front hair in spikes and the rest in a messy, oversized bun—bigger than her head. She also had dark blue and purple makeup on

her face. And of course, she was wearing the craziest, highest heels she could barely walk in.

"Oh no, why would she do that?" I heard Jessica complain. I didn't want to ruin their night, but I guess this would be a memory to laugh at for years. Emma rushed over to her to help when she tumbled in the heels for a little too long. I could tell Charlotte was aware of the eyes on her, but she was looking through the crowd for me.

Once she spotted me, she hastily grabbed her mother's hand and walked over to me. I noticed my brothers looking at me in disbelief.

But it was my mess to deal with. She wanted to be my mate, huh? Then she should be able to take all the blows from me.

Once she approached me, she smiled, but when I asked her a simple question, her face fell.

"What are you wearing? I left the dress for you under my suit that you just wore."

The way her face fell, and the embarrassment that took over her, caused everyone to burst out laughing. I hadn't left another dress for her, but now the maid would leave it there to confuse her.

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

Chapter 474-In Court, Facing My Family

Chapter 474: 474-In Court, Facing My Family

Helanie:

I could barely go to sleep that night. Salem being there for me helped me calm down and stop crying after a while. I didn't even change and fell asleep in bed. I could tell Salem took off my shoes and fixed the blanket over me. I was too scared of waking up to face the harsh reality, so I kept my eyes shut tightly for the rest of the night.

But I woke up to some noise outside our suite. As I sat up in bed, I saw my friends waking up as well. Gavin and Lamar rushed into the room, looking confused.

Penn followed, quickly buttoning up his shirt and fixing his hair to answer the door. Salem rushed out behind him. The two were from powerful packs, so they decided to be the ones to check what was going on first.

We just had bad feelings. I thought Darcy had come with Jessica to bombard me with insults. I dragged my body out of bed and tiredly reached the door of the room, watching Penn open it.

But it wasn't Darcy, and it wasn't Jessica.

"We are here to arrest Helanie Niles for faking her death in her pack and running away from her punishment," the warrior outside announced, causing my lips to part and a hopeless gasp to escape. It was like hearing a story that had the worst ending.

The warrior's eyes traveled behind Penn, and the look on their faces grew harsher.

"We have her here," he announced, pushing past Penn, but he could barely budge him.

"Hey!" Salem shouted, pushing the other guard back when he tried to get inside.

"Your Highness, we respect your rank and father, but please do not stand between us and justice. The law demands her arrest and arrival at the council center. She will be asked to present her side. So, let's do things the right way. You stopping us won't help; it will only anger the council," the warrior said in a stern tone, speaking to Penn. But Penn shook his head. Gavin and Lamar had stepped in front of me to block their view.

But I walked out from behind them and walked over to the warriors, presenting my hands.

My friends were shocked and didn't even like the idea, but I knew what the warrior said was right.

I couldn't run; I wouldn't run. I didn't do anything wrong.

As soon as they slapped the silver handcuffs around my wrists, I took a deep breath and then exhaled.

Now was the time. No more hiding.

They didn't drag me or anything but let me walk out and walk among them. I didn't lower my head and kept walking with determination. I knew the minute I saw the council, I might feel differently. But it was natural.

They made me sit in the back of a car with other cop cars driving around me as if I were some dangerous serial killer. Throughout the time, I kept looking outside the window. It's not that I wasn't scared or sad, I just refused to beg before anyone.

Then four cars joined us, surrounding us from every side. I recognized them.

It was the brothers.

My posture changed, my back straightened, and my eyes brightened with a little smile cracking across my lips as well. I never realized how relieved I felt whenever they were there. Now that they were driving right beside the cops' car, I relaxed. I would have their support once we arrived at the council center.

I also spotted Salem and Penn's car behind us.

All my friends and mates were going to be there. But I wondered what happened. Did Darcy complain once finding out I was going to point at him next?

Even his name brought shivers down my spine. I remembered him from that night, and he was the worst. He was the one who had demanded that all his friends move away for some time because he wanted to be alone with me. He even demanded that I tell him he was the best among the others and that I wished it was only him that night.

I didn't.

They had done worse to me that night, so I wasn't afraid of them killing me. I didn't submit to any of their demands, but they forced me into many anyway, with me fighting back the whole time.

The moment had arrived when the cars parked in front of a huge white building, and the door to my side opened.

Before the warrior could drag me out, I watched him get pushed away, and Emmet came into my view. He gently wrapped his fingers around my arm and helped me out.

Norman had a huge frown on his forehead, but his eyes were hidden behind the sunglasses. He approached, his white coat flying as the wind grew stronger. Maximus and Kaye were following after him.

"Why is she in handcuffs?" Norman asked the warrior, his finger pointing at the handcuffs and why my hands were tied behind my back.

"That is protocol," the warrior replied, using a much-respected tone.

"Cut the crap. You wouldn't follow the protocol when big names are involved in any case. Free her from these things," he hissed at the warrior, who looked over at the royal gamma. Once the gamma nodded for him to follow Norman's words, the warrior stepped forward to uncuff me, but Emmet snatched the keys from his hands and uncuffed me.

Everyone was watching us.

I began to walk with the brothers beside me, friends behind me, and Norman and Kaye in front of me.

Once inside, I could feel my body shake. It was a huge hall, and then there were elevators going up.

They took me to the back side of the building where a huge wall had some warriors outside with many people inside. This was where they were going to question me.

I entered the hall, and my heart dropped into my stomach.

It was my parents, my so-called family in my view.

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

Chapter 475-I Left Her Behind.

Chapter 475: 475-I Left Her Behind.

Altan:

"Why did you leave me behind?"

I saw him in the shadows, standing there—someone I had betrayed.

"Everyone is right about you. You're a coward."

I grimaced in my sleep, the finger pointing at me making me turn over in bed.

"You're such a coward."

"I didn't want to leave you—behind—," I gulped, trying to wake up. I knew I was in deep sleep, paralyzed. And I needed to wake up.

But just when I thought I could, I saw her behind him.

Now both of them were pointing their fingers at me.

"Helanie—" I wasn't shocked. She always came to my dreams to haunt me.

What I did that night would stay with me. She didn't deserve it.

The way she asked me to stay with her, begged for them to leave her alone—I would never forget that.

"He's always like this. He leaves the people who love him behind," he said to Helanie. My heart trembled and tears welled up in my eyes.

"No! I didn't leave you behind—" I screamed, and that's when I finally forced myself to wake up.

Life had become such a weight on my shoulders. Nothing felt interesting enough to keep me going. I had no goal, none at all—except finding a way to do something about a crime that had been committed.

That night, those Alphas... they all did her wrong. But how could I get justice for her when she was no longer here to speak up? When there was no record of any crime?

I dragged myself out of bed and took a shower, getting ready for breakfast with my so-called righteous family.

As I held my phone and looked at the notifications, I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

Sydney: where are you?

Sydney: The seniors are done with their test so the academy is giving us all some days off before we start a new semester.

Sydney: I was hoping we could spend some time together?

I didn't reply to her. There was a time I was fond of her, maybe even loved her. But not enough to stop seeing other people. I dated many, and one of them was Helanie.

I was only infatuated with Helanie and thought of her as a friend. She was so beautiful that I wanted to keep her around like a trophy. But after that night, I couldn't forget her.

The injustice she faced was all my fault.

And then I couldn't bring myself to love anyone again—even my love for Sydney faded.

"Morning," my dad grunted, clearly taunting me for not greeting him first.

"Good morning," I said as I sat at the table with him and my mother, who was too busy on her phone to even lift her head.

"Altan! I want you to go to training," Dad said. The mention of that intense training—meant to disconnect me from the world—made me raise an eyebrow.

I had wanted to go for that training after Helanie's death, but Dad refused. Now, him suddenly asking me to go? That was suspicious.

"What is it this time? What are you trying to stop me from?" I asked, watching him glare at me.

"Are you suggesting I'm playing some kind of game with you?" he hissed. "I've already prepared everything for your journey. Finish your food and get going."

That wasn't normal. I looked over at my mother, who finally put her phone down and stared at us like she was trying to snap out of whatever world she'd been lost in.

Mother had always been that way, but one bad incident had left her even more traumatized.

"What's the rush?" I asked, confused.

Suddenly, Dad got up and tried to snatch the phone from my hands. I pulled back and got out of my seat.

"What is going on?" There was no way he wasn't freaking out about something.

"There's been an issue, and I want you gone before you get dragged into it," he hissed, trying to get behind me and take my phone again. He was sending me away to training—where I'd have no phone, no contact, and no way of knowing what was going on.

"Dad, what is it? What issue? Why would I be dragged into it?" I asked, keeping my tone firm. But I already had a feeling what was coming. My dad was a control freak. He hadn't even given me his crown, while most Alphas had already passed theirs to their sons.

My dad loved power and control.

"It's just some pack tax stuff," he waved it off, holding out his hand for my phone.

"And how does that concern me? I'm not even a crowned Alpha yet. You should be the one going into hiding—which means you haven't paid the taxes. Why wouldn't you?"

I watched his face change color, but a notification on my phone distracted me.

I pulled my hand forward and unlocked my phone, stepping behind the table to put space between us.

It was a message from one of my high school friends, and it grabbed all of my attention.

David: Hey, did you guys know that girl Helanie who died months ago? She's been resurrected somehow. They caught her alive and are now presenting her to court for a trial—apparently for running away from her punishment.

The hair on the back of my neck stood up, and my eyes locked onto my father's face. He groaned, shaking his head at me.

"Is that what you've been hiding from me?" I couldn't even form a full sentence as a whimper slipped from my lips.

"Ugh! I didn't want you to go all crazy. I haven't paid so much for your therapy just for it all to go to waste the minute you read the news," Dad waved his hand to dismiss me.

"Huh? You think I don't deserve to know? That guilt has been killing me—" I yelled, tears streaming down my face.

My mother rushed over, hugging me, sobbing as she watched me break down.

"Nothing has changed. She should have stayed dead—and if not, I'll make sure it happens," my father's eyes glinted with something dark, his finger pointing straight at me. "And if I have to kill you too, I will."

His reputation and ego won once again.

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

Chapter 476-Seeing All The Old Fellas

Chapter 476: 476-Seeing All The Old Fellas

Helanie:

I watched Sullivan glare at me, his eyes wide and bulging as if he were seeing a ghost. I could tell he was shocked that I was alive. He had his brown hair styled to the side with a lot of gel in it. Nothing seemed to have changed about him.

Next to him was Larissa, my stepmother, looking angry. She had red lipstick on, with a lot of gloss, and a golden dress. It looked like she had come for a Halloween party.

Then, my eyes landed on my father. The man who couldn't protect me. He didn't seem to have any emotions in his eyes. He was watching me with cold eyes and a bored expression on his face. But there was some emotion he was hiding—probably fear of having to return money to the alpha of the pack, whom he had tricked with the lie of my death.

It was so hard to sit here and witness everything.

My stepmother's eyes narrowed at Emmet, and I watched her zone out before she gasped and covered her mouth. Emmet had told me he had visited my family, so I guess this was her realizing it.

"Helanie Niles," the council's head spoke up. The old man adjusted his glasses and then looked at the papers in his hands. My eyes moved to his side, where the four jury members were watching me with great attention. They sat on either side of the council head.

"It has come to our attention that you faked your own death and ran away without the consent of the alpha of your pack. Not only did you insult Alpha Diaz by doing so, but you also escaped your punishment," the man with a bald head, big glasses, and a white beard said, putting the papers down and staring at me.

I then turned a little to the side and watched Alpha Diaz sit with his Luna. The memories of his son dating me flooded back, and tears started to form in my eyes.

Being back among the people who had abused me my entire life was definitely going to be hard on me.

"What punishment?" I asked. "Did you ask them what they were punishing me for?" I continued to stand up for myself.

Alpha Diaz shifted in his seat, looking disgusted by my voice.

"You've been involved with more than one alpha—committing adultery and then accusing everyone else around you. You were also found walking in public inappropriately," the man added, reminding me of the day when I had to walk my way back home with barely any clothes on my body.

"You also faked your death. However, we will have a trial for it. All the accusations will be presented, and you will be asked to give your side. Until then, you are ordered to return to your pack and home."

My heart sank at the orders. I looked around at the brothers, and they immediately sprang into action.

"She cannot be forced to go back to that pack," Norman said, his hand turning into a fist.

"Norman Arrow McQuoid, I have heard a lot about you. You are a control freak, and even after you left the packs, you still seem to hold power over everyone. However, that won't work on me. There are certain rules set by the packs and their alphas that cannot be changed. Helanie must return to her pack. The only way she can leave her pack is with her alpha's permission," Mr. Vonstan said, seeming intimidated by Norman.

"I'm glad you know so much about me, but I'm sad that I know a little about you. The thing is, you're sending her back to the place where she was abused, and an attempt was even made on her life. That's why she ran away," Norman didn't budge, but I could tell he wasn't happy that he was reminded he had left the pack many years ago with his parents.

"Norman, you should have stayed in a pack and become an alpha king. Maybe you would have been respected then. But you can't leave your pack and then demand the same treatment as an alpha and alpha king. Anyway, I hear your concern, and I'm giving you my word that she will be safe there. However, for any rogues to come by and meet her, you will need the alpha's permission. I hope you won't become a problem because the packs will be ready to answer and defend their rules," that seemed like a threat.

As I watched Norman straighten his back, along with his brothers standing up, I saw the old man take off his glasses.

It would get messy if I didn't stop it.

"It's alright. I'm ready for it," I uttered softly, and the brothers turned to look at me in disbelief. "I'm truly okay with it. I'm no longer that Helanie who can be abused."

I reassured them, even though deep down, I didn't want to go and stay in the same house as my father or stepmother.

"Young girl, I admire your patience and willingness to obey the orders. You have my word, no harm will come to you. And if you are in the right, justice will be served," Mr. Vonstan said, giving me a nod.

I wasn't sure how much justice he would be able to serve, but I was ready to take that stand. As Mr. Vonstan hit the bell to dismiss the court, I turned around to leave with the brothers. That's when the main door to the hall opened, and I saw a very disheveled man appear before me. It seemed like he had been running for a while.

Right before my eyes stood Altan. His eyes were as big as balls, and his mouth agape.

"You're alive," he whispered, but I was able to read his lips. As a smile started to cover his lips, I narrowed my eyes at him, and I watched his smile fade away.

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

Chapter 477-Not Deserving To Be An Alpha

Chapter 477: 477-Not Deserving To Be An Alpha

Altan:

Months Ago:

I was shaking as I sat on the seat and the train started. My vision was blurry as I scrolled through the numbers on my phone.

"Hello, warrior—I need you at a location, I'll tag you—," I stuttered. "Get as many warriors as you can and do it quickly."

I hung up and lowered my head, remembering her misty eyes.

"You did it again." I was shocked when I raised my head and saw him sitting across from me.

"I couldn't outnumber them," I said, making excuses again like a damn coward.

"Hmm, so you didn't even try? That girl came all the way to that abandoned place on her birthday for you, and this is what she gets?" He clicked his tongue and shook his head, reminding me what a loser I was.

"I should go back," I said as it hit me that by the time the warriors arrived at the location, it would already be ten minutes after the attack.

"You should've called the warriors right next to her, all the while making sure she was safe," he disagreed with the way I had run away.

"I get it, I messed up. But I'm going back there. Everything will be fine. And about calling the warriors—I couldn't do it in front of them," I said, rushing hesitantly to the side to pull the chain, but the train didn't stop. I even ran to the front and demanded they stop the train, but they didn't. They only stopped it at the station.

Still, only fifteen minutes had passed by then.

"One minute is enough to kill someone," he said from behind me, getting off the train with me. But right in front of me—there was hope.

My warriors were heading straight toward me.

"What are you doing here? You were supposed to be at the location!" I yelled at them, grabbing the royal gamma's arm to drag him toward the path so we could go save Helanie.

"We came here for you, young lord."

However, the way the warrior pulled his arm free from me made me frown at him.

"Well, I don't need your help. She does. Let's go," I said, panicking. With every minute passing, I was getting more anxious.

"We're sorry, but it's the alpha's orders," he whispered.

And just as I turned around to ask him what he was talking about, I felt a warrior behind me stick a needle into the back of my neck.

"What the—what did you do?" I instantly rubbed the back of my neck and glared at him.

"We're really sorry. Your father asked us to bring you back to the mansion," the warrior said.

And in that moment, my heart nearly stopped.

"No! I cannot go home—she is all alone there!" Tears streamed down my face as I tried to fight them off, ready to run to the location. I should've stayed and defended her. Trusting anyone else when she trusted me was my mistake.

"We are sorry," the warrior said again, holding my arms.

I yelled and screamed, kicked and fought, but the wolfbane in my system had started to wear me down.

"Your highness, you should have never taken her there," one of the warriors muttered, confusing me. But I had no time to argue with him. I passed out.

I woke up, tied in chains. I couldn't tell how long it had been, but the weakness in my body told me I was still under a heavy dose of wolfbane.

I looked around through the darkness and realized where I was. I was in the basement, chained like an animal.

"Father—" I screamed as loud as I could. "She needs my help."

I screamed again and then sobbed, lowering my head in guilt.

"Tsk tsk tsk," then he appeared again, standing before me with his arms crossed and his eyes showing that I had let him down once more.

"First me, and now her. Did you not learn anything at all?" he asked, and I clenched my jaw.

"I should have stayed there. What happened to her? Did they hurt her?" I asked, and he shrugged.

"How do I know?"

However, the door to the basement opened, and I watched my mother walk in with a few guards. She had tears in her eyes as she approached me and lovingly wiped my face.

"Mother, what happened to her? Why am I chained?" I asked, and her lips quivered.

"You are chained because you are a prisoner, just like me, my son. And as for that girl... her father demanded to know if you had an affair with her. They wanted you to accept her—" she paused as I started nodding.

"I will. It was my fault what happened to her. I will accept her and give her respect—tell Dad to tell the council about it, please," I begged her, but she turned her face away, crushing my heart once more.

"It's too late for that. Your father told them you denied ever having anything with her. And that... your father, he demanded her life—from her father." My world shook beneath me, but I couldn't fall to the ground. The cruel chains kept me in place.

"No! We must stop it!" I begged her again.

Dad didn't realize he was once again letting me fall into deep regret.

"I told you, it's too late. She's gone. She has been for a week now."

A week? I've been tied up for a week and couldn't do anything for her?

Present time:

Dad had tied me up again, trying to stop me from seeing Helanie, but things were different this time. My mother untied me, and I ran like a madman, escaping the warriors to reach the council center.

Once I opened the gate, I came face-to-face with the girl I had betrayed. She was standing there, her eyes filled with grudges. I wanted to hug her, but the way she narrowed her eyes at me made me realize— I was one of her enemies.

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

Chapter 478-My Family Never Saw Me Smile

Chapter 478: 478-My Family Never Saw Me Smile

Helanie:

"Don't worry, I'm fine," I finally arrived at the pack. The brothers didn't want to let me go. They tried calling everyone, but sadly, the decision couldn't be changed. It was only after the court hearing that I realized why someone would prefer being a rogue. But to be a rogue, they need permission—that was one of the crazy and outrageous rules the alphas have come up with.

"Don't worry, I'll stay around," Penn said as he was driving the car.

Salem stayed beside me, and so did Gavin and Lamar. They could come and go since they weren't rogues. For Penn and Salem, it would be much easier to visit me as Alpha Diaz wouldn't want to upset their parents. But Lamar and Gavin could be forced to leave.

And I knew Alpha Diaz would do something like that just to put pressure on me.

"Keep this with you," Lamar steadily slipped a dagger into my bag, but Gavin shook his head.

"Don't get her in trouble. They'll check her bags and stuff," Gavin pulled the dagger out, refusing to let me carry anything that could make me seem like a threat.

"Guys, I'll be fine," I said, reassuring them since they kept freaking out.

"How? Are you taking that old man's words seriously?" Lamar hissed, cracking his knuckles.

"Nope, I'm taking my training seriously. Guys, I'm not that timid Helanie, trust me," I rolled my eyes playfully, just to comfort them.

I didn't know what would be waiting for me at home.

"Just a question, Alpha Diaz's son—" Penn started, and Salem quickly added,

"Oh, Altan? He's my sister's fiancé and mate."

Her answer shut down Penn, who adjusted the mirror to stare at me.

I understood he had some questions about my face-off with Altan. We didn't speak. I wouldn't. I hated his face, and the way he had the nerve to look upset and relieved at the same time angered me.

I wouldn't be fooled by any little alpha anymore.

But it was time for me to get out of the car and face the people who had tortured me throughout my childhood. It was crazy to stand before the same house and in the same neighborhood again.

As soon as I got out of the car, I noticed the neighbors coming out, some peeking through the windows, looking so disgusted with me.

Penn and Lamar grabbed my bags while Salem and Gavin made sure to stay with me.

"Hey! You're from a bigger pack, right? You're a royal beta's daughter, what are you doing with her?" one of the old neighbor ladies yelled. I remembered her so well. She used to always accuse me of seducing her husband, the bald, big guy who would catcall any woman he saw on the road.

"You are an omega, hush! You're not allowed to speak to me," Salem waved her hand at her, causing the woman to be filled with shock at the disrespect.

"Please take care of yourself, okay? And call us if you need anything," Salem held my hand as Lamar and Penn stood outside the door, noticing it had been left open but no one came out to welcome me. Of course, they wouldn't.

"Sure, and you guys don't worry too much about me. No one can harm me anymore," I hugged her back, speaking in a loud voice so I wasn't afraid of anyone hearing me talk now.

I stepped into the house with the others and found it empty. But just then, someone rushed inside with fresh flowers in her hands.

"Vani!" I screamed happily, feeling the warmth of her embrace as she hugged me.

"I've missed you so much," she started tearing up, making me cry with her.

"I collected these for you," she handed me the flowers, then looked at my friends. "Are they your friends?" she asked.

"Hey, I'm Salem, he's Gavin, my boyfriend," Salem stepped forward, introducing herself.

"I'm Lamar, Helanie's brother," Lamar smiled, and Vani looked so happy.

"I'm Alpha Penn," of course, Penn had to use his rank to show I was friends with someone strong and powerful.

"I would have loved to be happy that she has an alpha friend, but they're sucky—you know, the previous alpha—" As Vani continued to be herself, I had to give her a look to stop her from talking. I noticed Salem looking at us. She was the one I was hiding this conversation from. Being associated with Altan was the last thing I wanted to do.

"Anyway, you guys should stay. I baked some cookies for Helanie," Vani clapped her hands as she was ready to head towards the kitchen when her mother bolted out of her bedroom.

"Don't you dare waste our money on her or her friends!" Well, there you go. Larissa was probably dying after seeing me alive.

"Are you all staying?" she asked my friends, who instantly shared a glance and then glared back at her.

"You guys should head back home now. I'll be resting too." It was true that I was tired. I suggested my friends leave before my stepmother insults them, and the issues end up at the council and Alpha Diaz.

I wasn't ready for another mess.

"Where are you taking those bags? That is my daughter's room now!" Larissa yelled at Lamar and Penn.

"Which I can happily share with my sister," Vani put her hands on her hips, giving it back to her mother.

"Well, I guess we're leaving you in safe hands," Salem joked, and I laughed, watching Larissa's jaw drop.

Oh, I forgot— they had never seen me laugh before because they hated when I smiled.

"Wow, it's almost like she's never seen you happy before," Gavin said to me, his eyes on Larissa, who was staring at my friends like they were ghosts.

"Well, things have changed. Show them all your fifty shades now," Salem winked at me, giving me a pat on the back.

She was right. While I was at it, I was going to take some sweet revenge.

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

- Chapter 479-Farting In Fear

Chapter 479-Farting In Fear

Chapter 479: 479-Farting In Fear

Helanie:

"How did you do it? How did you manage to stay alive and make so many friends?"

After a while, my stepmother couldn't take it anymore and rushed into the room to have a word with me.

She wasn't even letting Vani stay in the same room as me. My friends had left some time ago, so I was pretty lonely in the house that once used to be my torture house.

"Did nobody tell you to knock before entering someone's room?" I asked, shaking my head at her while holding the book in my hand. This was the book Emmet had once given me about an omega who turned out to be the most powerful man ever.

I hadn't read this book, so since I was here, I decided to give it a try.

"What did you say to me? Sorry, I guess I heard you talk back to me," that was her way of warning me.

"Then go clean your ears. I'm not sitting here repeating myself to you," I hissed, sighing.

She stood in the doorway, looking so shocked.

"You think—you can talk back to me?" she yelled. Of course, she wouldn't let it go. And I could see her point. I had been so silent my entire life that the idea of me talking back to her—or even talking to her at all—seemed outrageous to her.

"Sullivan!" she screamed, making me realize the others were home too. And of course she had to call her crazy son to back her up.

"Niles! Come here, look what she is doing," she had her fists clenched, screaming as loud as she could to the point that the veins in her neck were popping out.

My heart did skip a beat but I kept my expression intact. I remembered the way Dad and Sullivan used to beat me up for hours until I passed out.

Tears tried to show up in my eyes, to grieve the poor old Helanie, but I swallowed them back quickly. Now was not the time to cry about what happened in the past.

"What is going on here?"

My dad arrived first, a look of disgust and so much anger on his face that I had to put my book down. I was sitting on the chair with my legs up on the table when they decided to interrupt my peace.

"She is talking back. She's saying so many disrespectful things—"

Larissa had her hands in her hair, seemingly going crazy that I grew a tongue.

"Oh really?" my father hissed, grunting at me as he started to take off his belt.

That belt.

The way he used to take it off before would always make me beg and try to get away from him.

But this time, I got up from the chair and fixed my dress, ready to fight back.

"Oh, you! You think some academy can change your roots? You are still that pathetic little girl who used to beg me for mercy," my father yelled and raised the belt to strike me—when I held it.

The look on their faces would stay with me. Larissa had her hands covering her mouth, her eyes wide open.

But it was my father who won the best expression award. His lips were trembling, his eyes moving from my hand to the belt.

"Don't you ever raise your hand at me again. I won't just defend myself—I'll fight back, and you'll wish I didn't," I hissed, looking him straight in the eye as I almost spat in his face.

I quickly twisted his hand and pulled the belt out of his grip.

"What is going on?" Larissa complained, and the moment I turned my attention to her with the belt in my hand, she ran and hid behind my father.

"This is—disrespectful. You're a brat—even if you can—you shouldn't—be threatening your father,"

My father—who had never looked so scared before, who had never looked even slightly affected by my pain—was suddenly shaking?

"Get out of my room. I'm done pretending to be weak or whatever you wanted me to be," I yelled, whipping the belt in the air.

The two of them jumped like scared cats and ran toward the door.

As I whipped again, Larissa farted and then yelped.

"Ugh, I hate her," she cried, running out with her husband.

That part, I didn't expect from her—but I guess crazy people get scared easily.

I turned around to throw the belt away when my eyes landed on the mirror. The big mirror I was never allowed to look into.

I was never proud enough of myself to look at my reflection—but today, I looked like I had actually achieved something.

I could finally look into my reflection and feel proud.

I sat down to read my book again before I got hungry and left the room. I saw Larissa and my father sitting in the lounge, looking worried and upset. And when they saw me, they looked even angrier.

"Where are you going?" Larissa got to her feet, calling out for me.

"To get something to eat, since you weren't decent enough to make dinner," I said. I bet my words felt like daggers to her.

They were so shocked they just sat there on the couch, staring at each other's faces.

"Huh, people here hate you. And since when did I become your maid?"

She made me laugh a little. I used to do all that for her.

It was fun watching her get so riled up.

I ignored her and reached the door when it opened—and the person coming in blocked my path.

"Don't worry, I'll teach her a lesson. That attitude she brought here is something only I can handle," he said, eyes narrowed at me.

I knew I'd have to face him eventually.

But this time, I wasn't backing down.

"Sweet stepbrother. If you don't want to fart like your mother out of fear, step aside," I warned him, my words making him even angrier.

"Try me. I'm not my mother," he growled, placing his hand on my shoulder, his fingers digging into my skin.

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

Chapter 480-The Alpha's Regret

Chapter 480: 480-The Alpha's Regret

Helanie:

Seeing Sullivan again like that, squaring up to me, made my heart sink. I gulped but tried to do it discreetly.

"Step out of my way," I hissed, clenching my jaw. I wanted to stay focused and use everything I had learned at the academy—all the skills the brothers had taught me, especially in the combat classes.

But it was normal to feel shaken in my body when facing old enemies.

"So, what was going on?" he asked, chewing bubble gum like he didn't care, taking slow steps toward me.

"I won't repeat myself. Get out of my way."

I remembered him as someone with a lot of strength. But now that I thought about it, I'd never seen him train or do anything related to combat.

"Ohh, so what if you repeat yourself? Gonna cry?" he pouted, faking a crying face and mimicking a child's voice, "Or will you call your friends to come save your ass?"

But the second he grabbed my arm, I reacted.

It was pure reflex. Norman and Rudy had drilled it into me to act fast the moment I felt threatened by someone's touch.

As soon as Sullivan hit the floor, I realized why he always seemed so powerful before. It was because I never fought back.

I had made them monsters in my mind, given them so much power that even when they were just as weak as me, they looked like beasts.

My confidence shot through the roof, and a smile of pride and self-worth spread across my lips.

"She's possessed by a demon!" Larissa screamed, running over to her son—who didn't lift his head.

He just lay there, staring at the ceiling.

I could tell that it wasn't from pain, but from the fact that a girl had kicked his ass.

I knew Sullivan inside and out. He was a misogynistic little bitch.

I sighed and walked out the door. Maybe I'd get lucky and find a cafe.

I remembered there used to be so many cafes and restaurants in my pack, but I never got to visit any of them.

While walking down the road, I could feel eyes on me—heads peeking out of windows, people grunting.

These people had hardwired hatred for me, and that wasn't going to change.

But a few things had changed—enough that they didn't dare come out and say anything to me now.

I reached a cafe just a few houses down and stepped into the empty place.

There was absolutely no one else around at this hour.

I sat down, and the waitress came out, raising her eyebrow at me.

The hostile reactions from everyone used to bother me so much.

I used to compliment them nonstop, thinking maybe that would make them stop being mean to me.

But now I don't care.

I gave her my order without throwing in any compliments, and I bet she noticed—because she asked:

"Is that it? You're not going to say something about my hair?"

There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"Yeah... you actually need to find a new stylist," I said, pouting as I used my fingers to show her where things were going wrong.

The look of complete disappointment on her face was amazing.

She scoffed and turned around, heading back to the kitchen, while I stayed seated and checked my phone. I had some texts I needed to reply to.

Top Senior_Rudy: Hey, heard about everything. Let me know if you need my help.

Top Senior_Sage: Just when I think there's no more mystery around you, you surprise me. Full support from me and my pack.

There were similar encouraging messages from all my friends and packmates. It was fulfilling... until I came across Sydney's message.

That Bitch: So you're from my mate's pack? Lol. I'm gonna have so much fun with you now.

I rolled my eyes and responded to everyone except her.

"Helanie!"

That's when a familiar voice broke my peace.

My whole body tensed, and my eyes started to water—not from misery, but from the old me who used to rely so much on this person.

I looked up, and our eyes met. But the love in my eyes had faded away now.

He looked like a mess—hair all over the place, bags under his eyes.

Why? Did he cry because I wasn't dead?

That's when the waitress returned and placed my order on the table, her attitude changing instantly when she noticed Altan in the room.

"Your Highness," she said, quickly bowing, clearly thrilled that an alpha had come into her little café. She'd be bragging about this for weeks.

"Can you please give us a minute?" Altan asked her, surprising her even more by showing interest in speaking with me. My body would jolt every time he opened his mouth and I heard his voice.

"There's nothing to talk about. And actually—never mind. I'm not hungry anymore. Bring me my check, please."

I told the waitress, who looked very uncomfortable, that a mere omega was speaking to an alpha like that.

"Do you know who he is?" she hissed, slamming her hands on the table and leaning in, clearly trying to win brownie points.

"She knows. Now leave us alone," Altan snapped, causing her to glance at him, then back at me.

She looked confused—some people are just too ignorant.

As she turned to leave, I heard her mutter under her breath,

"Look what you did—you got him so angry."

"Helanie!" he said again, sitting down just as I got up. Of course, he followed.

"Please, just listen to me. I want to apologize."

I was already walking toward the counter to avoid him, but those words stopped me cold.

He wanted to apologize?

I turned around and stared him straight in the eye, my frown deepening with every second.

"Sure! What are you going to apologize for? For leaving me in that abandoned subway like a coward? Or—for playing with me while you were engaged the whole damn time?"

I yelled so loud the waitress gasped from behind the counter.

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