

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 501-Shame Is A Huge Word

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Helanie:

"Helanie, what are you doing here?" Norman asked, slowly pulling his hands behind his back.

"He forgot about me because he decided missing Azura was more important than being there for me," I stated, my voice breaking. Why would he do that to me?

"He must have forgotten, you know what he's going through," Norman tried to explain, but I shook my head—I wasn't going to be fooled by that reason.

"And he only remembered Azura? He told me he forgets about people when they're not around him. Azura hadn't been around for years, yet he remembered her?" I was feeling so drained and useless.

"Helanie, we should wait for him to wake up and then let him tell us what happened. Don't assume the worst," Norman was, of course, taking his brother's side.

"Let me see," I held my hand up for him to give me the pictures, and he shook his head.

"You're not doing that to yourself," he mumbled, not handing over the pictures.

"Norman, give me the pictures," I said, using a firmer tone, and he stood tall, like a statue.

"I'm ordering you to give me the pictures," I screamed, stomping my feet like a child—so worked up that I didn't care if I'd be punished for my behavior.

"Norman—" I warned him, but he didn't listen.

"I should've known you'd always take their side," I hissed and turned around, crying hysterically and loudly as I ran out of Emmet's room. I hated Emmet, I hated Norman, and everyone else.

While crying, I kept running toward the exit—because screw them, now I was free. Once I got to the gate, I saw the warriors closing it.

"Open the fucking gate," I hissed, realizing Norman had already called them to stop me from leaving.

"We're sorry, but the young rogue king told us not to let you go. He said you're too angry and the outside isn't safe for someone who's upset," the warrior said, stealing glances as he noticed how furious I'd become.

"Ugh," I screamed under my breath.

That's when I saw one of the warriors whisper into the other's ear, and they opened the door just a little—for someone's arrival. It was Kaye, holding Maximus.

Maximus had his arm resting over Kaye's shoulders as he carried him. The two stopped, and their eyes met mine.

Maximus lifted his head from where it had been hanging and slowly removed his arm from his brother's shoulders to straighten his back. His eyes briefly scanned me, noticing my dress, and then—it was like the realization hit him.

He suddenly looked so down.

But Kaye, on the other hand—I noticed something cold in his eyes.

"Is there a problem?" Kaye asked his warriors.

"Why is she crying?" Maximus managed to say quietly. It seemed like Emmet hadn't just let me down last night—he even forgot that if he didn't want to marry me, he should've been with Maximus, giving him blood.

So Maximus seemed weak. I could see a mark on Kaye's neck and could tell he had given his brother blood. But Emmet? He'd probably give so much that he'd pass out. Even thinking about his name made me angry.

"She wants to leave," the warrior told Kaye, who stared at my face, frowning.

I had a feeling Maximus didn't know the whole truth. Or maybe he did, but right now, he was just focused on why I was crying.

"Let her go," Kaye ordered, signaling the warriors to open the gate for me.

"Sir, she's not ready to leave," the warrior tried to stop him. "Norman, sir, said—"

That was all he got out before Kaye hissed at him to be quiet.

"I'll go with her. But don't stop her," Kaye added.

"I'll join you two," Maximus said, even though he could barely stand.

"You need to rest," Kaye turned to his brother. And even though I knew they were trying to help me, I had to interrupt.

"Can I please leave?" I stomped my foot, and they both looked at me.

"Okay. Let's go," Kaye gave in and grabbed Maximus's arm, patting his back for support.

The minute the gate opened, I ran out like crazy. I was crying, speeding up while they followed behind me.

I was sniffing so loudly, I bet they could hear me. After a few minutes, they were walking beside me, with Maximus grunting in pain.

I slowed down when I realized he was trying to keep up and putting too much pressure on his body.

I eventually came to a stop, sitting on the side of the trail, out of breath. Kaye and Maximus sat down on either side of me.

"Did you not want to marry Emmet?" Maximus asked softly.

"She didn't marry Emmet," Kaye said before I could respond.

I turned to him sharply. "Norman must've told you, didn't he?" I raised an eyebrow at Kaye.

"No, I arrived," he finished—and my jaw dropped.

"I came, but Norman—he had already married you. I don't understand why he was in such a rush to do it, like he was scared someone would show up and ruin his plan," Kaye started talking, and I watched Maximus get up and face us.

"What do you mean by 'Norman married her'?" he yelled—well, almost yelled. He tried to raise his voice, but the exhaustion in his body probably held him back. He sounded grumpy.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Our dear older brother, who knew we were both mated to her, went ahead and married her. It's like he'd been waiting for that day. A perfect betrayal. He knew all our secrets, our curse, and still attacked us the moment he got the chance," Kaye punched the air while Maximus started pacing around anxiously.

"He didn't betray anyone. He only helped me," my voice cut through their scoffs and grunts, and they both looked at me.

"He had his eyes on his brother's mate. Shame on him," Maximus hissed, not even bothering to hear me out.

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

Chapter 502-Big Hero

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Helanie:

"You two are blaming the wrong person," I sighed, after hours of crying in front of them, wailing like an idiot.

"Why! Why is my life like this? I want to skin those Alphas alive. Why did Emmet decide to drink and abandon me... Why—" I had said all that for hours.

I was finally back to my senses. The fact that the two gave background noise—Kaye grunting and Maximus scoffing—made me feel like I wasn't alone after all.

"Norman was getting married yesterday, but he delayed it. He knew what he was going to do. Or else, he could've just said—oh, I'll get married, and so will Helanie and Emmet," Kaye rambled, shaking his head in disbelief.

"And how are we all so sure that Norman didn't encourage Emmet to drink—" Kaye finally went quiet, probably realizing he was being too harsh on Norman. He was taking it too far.

"Do you all ever realize you put way too much pressure on Norman? And because everyone relies on him, he ends up upsetting a few," my words made them fall silent.

"You just got married to him and you're already taking his side?" That little complaint came from Maximus.

"I'm just saying. I was really harsh to him at the council's office—even when it wasn't his fault. If anything, he was my savior last night. He knew how much everyone would hate him, yet he accepted me. Do you think he wanted this? Kaye, Maximus, go to his room and see for yourselves how he had been preparing for his wedding. I freaking stole his chance at happiness. I became his burden, so I'm asking you two not to do or say anything that would hurt him more," I said it all in a very calm and steady voice. I had cried my heart out, but now I had to get back on my feet.

"What about that picture? You said he didn't even let you hold those photos," Kaye hissed, reminding me of the moment when my mate was drunk with his ex's pictures.

"I shouldn't have put Norman in that position. I can't ask him to betray his brother and invade his privacy." I want to grow up now. Accusing and blaming the wrong people wasn't something an adult should do.

The two were staring at me with teary eyes before Maximus tapped the back of his hand against his brother's to get his attention.

"You're also with Kesha—why were you standing up to marry Helanie?"

Now that the target had changed, Kaye scoffed and shrugged.

"I'm not going to answer you," he hissed, while I shook my head and smiled at the two bickering. A lonely tear slipped down the corner of my eye, and I sighed at the thought of going back to the mansion and facing Emmet again.

"I'll head back now. My head is spinning, and I think I really need sleep. You two should rest too," I said while getting up, accidentally losing my balance. That's when I felt two arms steady me.

I looked up and met the beautiful eyes of Kaye. His fingers moved gently against my skin, almost twitching while he held me still, mid-air.

"Kaye!" Maximus groaned, smacking him on the back to break our eye contact. "Let's go home."

Kaye let go once he was sure I had my balance again.

I walked ahead of them while the two followed me like I wasn't their student anymore—they were mine.

Once we were back home, I saw Norman at the gate, hands on his hips and eyes narrowed—not at me, but at his brothers behind me.

"Go to your room, Helanie," Norman said as he walked past me.

"What the heck were you two thinking? Not only are you low on energy, but having her out right after what happened last night—she would become a target. I have to be there for her first public appearance—" I heard Norman yelling at his brothers. The way the two started to shrink under his tone reminded me of how they used to treat Emmet before.

"And you think we wouldn't be able to handle anything coming at her?" It was Kaye now, standing face to face with his brother.

"I don't need anybody standing up for me," I said, and Norman turned, his eyes locked on me.

"I said go to your room. I'm talking to my brothers. Don't worry—you'll have your moment to explain yourself too," he said in that cold, professor-like voice that really got on my nerves.

"Oh really? What about you? You couldn't even show me those pictures. You're a hypocrite. You even hid the truth from me and told the warriors to do the same—about Emmet being drunk and passed out in a bar!" I yelled, avoiding Kaye's eyes because I had told him it was okay of him to not show me the pictures.

Honestly, I was just mad and looking for something to scold Norman for.

And it was crazy how the man I used to have so many reasons to argue with... now I couldn't even come up with a real one.

"Okay, I hear you. Now go back to your room. Everyone else is waking up," he said, pointing his whole arm toward the main gate. I stomped my foot in frustration.

"Don't control her," Kaye groaned.

"Yeah, don't act like you own her now," Maximus added with a grunt. That's when I realized I was just being stubborn. Norman hadn't done anything wrong, and he was getting all the heat.

"I'm going inside," I cut in quickly, and they all went quiet.

But just as I was walking away, Norman—who couldn't whisper to save his life—said something that made me stop in my tracks.

"We have to make sure she's safe when she sees the news."

"What news now? Didn't you save her, big hero?" Kaye hissed.

I turned at that point, but Norman had his back to me.

"A video of Zellu has gone viral. He's admitting to his part in the crime."

Norman had no idea what he'd just told me.

I rushed toward him, catching him off guard as I shoved my hand into his pants pocket to pull out his phone. He practically jumped like I'd dropped a bomb in his pants. But I had to see that video with my own eyes.

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

Chapter 503-My Dear Husband.

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Helanie:

"I promise to show you the video, but you need to go back inside first," Norman kept repeating while not unlocking his phone screen for me. At the same time, I saw a lot of notifications from Jessica on his number. That's when I started to realize he was in a tough spot because of me too. He had to run around and make sure everything and everyone was okay. And in return, no one even cared to listen to him.

"Okay," I obeyed once again, just because he had saved me from a huge mess last night.

We walked together, with me a little ahead of them, toward Norman's bedroom. My heart was pounding and my mind was racing with different scenarios playing in it.

But Norman saying Zellu confessed to the crime was kind of a spoiler—but it was still news I wanted to hear.

Once in his bedroom, I held out my hand and asked him to show me the video he was talking about.

My phone had no charge, and I was pretty sure Maximus had left his phone at home after leaving for his transition last night.

As for Kaye, I watched him quickly scroll through his phone. Not everything had to be a competition, but it seemed like it was for him.

With a sigh, before Kaye could find the video, Norman unlocked his phone for me and then played the video, handing it to me.

Everyone went quiet and their attention shifted to the phone in my hand.

It was Zellu in the frame, tied to a chair and all bloodied.

However, the way his skin was turning blue made me wonder if he had been poisoned or something.

"Ahh, it was me that night. I had cornered that girl, Helanie. She was begging and crying for me to stop. A demon had taken over my mind and I didn't want to stop... I didn't stop. I remember nibbling on her skin and biting it. Her flesh tasted so good that I wanted to consume her like a cannibal." I quickly looked away and paused the video.

The graphic details had been blocked from my mind, but every once in a while, I still had nightmares—sharp pain in the same areas that were hurt that night.

I took a deep breath and played the video again.

"I did it. She had her pendant on, but I didn't care. I wasn't there by accident—"

As he let out a chuckle, my frown deepened.

What did he mean by that?

"I was told I would find the most perfect, gorgeous woman there that night. So I made my way to the place where that girl was. I was offered a lot for it—to ruin her and kill her—"

I gasped, even shoving the phone into Norman's hand, but the video kept playing even after I sat down on the couch with my head in my hands.

"The mission was to get rid of her, and I'd be freed from the recent mess-ups in my academy. Fellmoon was about to expel me, but this night—this one mission—undid all the damage for me. I was back with zero bad records. And yes, I did kill my little sister. I didn't like women thinking they could be something."

He talked about his sister for the rest of the video, and after it ended, silence filled the room—until Maximus finally spoke.

"Saw that dagger in his arm? It has many names, and one of them is the Venom's Kiss—the one that makes the victim hallucinate or remember things like they're living through them again," Maximus explained, making me lift my head from my hands.

"Somebody stabbed him with a weapon that Alphas aren't supposed to be stabbed with?" Norman asked.

"And the blue on his skin explains the poison used in the dagger," Kaye added.

"But who would have planned this? Someone went out of their way to hire those Alphas to do that to Helanie?" Maximus said, bringing up the one thing none of us could ignore.

Their eyes turned to me, and I looked away. Great. So it was a planned attack.

"The only person I know who knew I'd be there is Altan. He was the one who begged me to meet him there that night," I added, clenching my fists tightly.

"Then we better get our hands on him," Norman hissed.

"Wait, but who could've stabbed Zellu?" I asked, watching them all look completely lost. I was too.

That's when the knocking on the door reminded us that the others had probably seen the video by now.

Norman opened the door to a maid, who peeked in secretly, and her eyes widened when she saw me.

"Lord McQuoid wants to see you and the others—and maybe her too," she pointed at me awkwardly, clearly confused about what I was doing there.

"Tell him we'll be there in a second," Norman sighed, waving his hand for her to leave so he could talk to us first.

Once she left, he shut the door again and sighed, "Okay, listen everyone—let's just keep our hatred aside for now and please cooperate?"

The fact that he wasn't just talking to his brothers, but looked at me too, honestly broke my heart.

He thought I hated him for marrying me?

I guess he had no reason to think otherwise, since that's basically how I treated him.

The two brothers nodded and walked out, while I stayed behind with Norman. As they were leaving the room, I whispered,

"I don't hate you."

I noticed his body shudder. He could be so weirdly obvious sometimes.

We began walking toward the staircase when Norman cleared his throat—and his brothers stopped too. The look on Norman's face told me he was annoyed that his brothers didn't realize he only wanted to get my attention.

"We can take the elevator," he muttered, avoiding my eyes.

"Why? Because you think she's too weak—" Kaye started questioning him, but Maximus gave him a nod.

"Not now," Maximus told him, and Kaye went silent.

"I'm just saying, we're all tired," Norman added.

I remembered how he used to shame me for taking the elevator.

But I was tired—so I went and took the elevator with my dear husband.

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

Chapter 504-My Mystery Mate And His Shocked Mother

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Helanie:

"I don't understand anything. Why is she here?" Emma was the first to let out a scoff and question my presence. Everyone was gathered in the living room, but Norman had made me sit on a chair alone, his body blocking me as he stood in front of me with his giant self.

"You do realize we won't eat her alive, right?" That was Lord McQuoid, pointing out how Norman wouldn't let anyone even see me.

Norman stepped away slowly but stood tall, arms folded over his chest like he was ready to fight.

"May I speak with her?" Lord McQuoid asked his son, clearly taunting him for being so overprotective.

"Ask her. She's her own person," Norman told him, making Lord McQuoid grunt in annoyance.

My mother was standing behind Lord McQuoid's couch, eyes down, nervously rubbing her palms.

She had been sniffing a lot.

Emma and Charlotte stood together, both with the biggest frowns on their faces.

"I'm here. What the hell is going on? Who stabbed Alpha Zellu?" Darcy had just arrived—perfect timing.

Great. I'd get a weird welcome after marrying their dearest and most capable son.

But the living room felt empty.

I knew why.

Emmet was probably sleeping.

Every time I thought of him, my heart cried tears of blood.

"What is she doing here? Why isn't she with Kaidon?" she grimaced, and I watched my mother lift her head and glare at Darcy. That was the first time I ever saw my mother react to someone speaking to me—or about me. Mostly because Norman would handle others so I didn't have to stay on alert anymore.

It's not that Emmet and the others didn't do the same.

With Emmet, I knew I was safe.

I used to love being defended by him. But now his heroics were soaked in betrayal and abandonment.

Because in the end, he didn't come to rescue me.

He didn't come to make me his.

"That's because her husband is here," Norman said loudly.

Everyone gasped—except for Lord McQuoid and my mother.

I had a feeling they already knew something.

But how much? I couldn't tell.

"What are you saying? Kaidon is here?" Darcy looked completely clueless, not even entertaining the idea that someone else might be my husband.

"No," Norman sighed.

"Then—" As she looked around and her eyes landed on Maximus, she gasped and covered her mouth. Charlotte noticed too, and her eyes widened. She quickly turned to look at her mother and grabbed her hands to calm her down.

"Maximus, what have you done?" Darcy asked.

My mother gulped, her eyes locked on the unfolding scene.

"Maximus, did you really marry her?" Charlotte didn't let Darcy have a word with her son alone. She ran to stand between them. "Is it because I couldn't dress nicely, like you wanted?" she complained, already crying.

"Step away, you fool. That's not the only reason a man would never love you," Darcy, distraught, couldn't hold it in anymore. She pushed Charlotte out of the way, causing Emma to run and hold her daughter while glaring Darcy down, before Darcy turned back to face her son.

"Why? Was she the only one left? Did she manipulate you, gaslight you—" she started screaming and crying, hitting her son's chest. Kaye and Norman exchanged a glance, and Kaye mouthed to his brother, "That should be you."

My mother had grabbed a glass of wine and kept taking sips from it.

Norman rolled his eyes and then shook his head a little. I didn't think Norman was scared of his mother being upset with him.

"It isn't Maximus." As soon as Norman said that, Darcy let out a big sigh, while Charlotte smiled, hugging her mother.

"Although I wish it was me," Maximus's bold comment hit the room like a shockwave.

"What?" Lord McQuoid seemed completely clueless. But Charlotte's jaw clenched. The main question still hung in the air:

Who was my husband?

"Kaye," Darcy then turned to focus on Kaye. "I gave you Kesha. Oh no! Why would you throw it all away? You were so desperate to do the right thing and be the best. That's why I gave you Kesha, my prized possession, the best of the best, and this is how you cherished her? You replaced her with this skunk?"

As Darcy yelled, Norman groaned and stepped forward, but it was the glass in my mother's hand shattering that turned everyone's attention to her.

"Kaye," Darcy looked back at her son after silently staring at my mother.

"Please tell me you didn't do that. Kesha is perfect for you—what am I going to do now?" Somehow, she looked more scared than Kaye would have been if he'd left Kesha.

"You're lucky it's not me either. But I'm unlucky because I couldn't be there in time," Kaye didn't hold back either, making Charlotte look at her mother, then at me. The way they stared at me told me they were already calling me names in their heads.

"Oh, I'm so glad it's not you," Darcy sighed, a hand to her chest. She started breathing heavily, then sighed and slapped her forehead.

"Is it Emmet? Did he do this to mess with me?" she asked Norman, who steadily shook his head.

"It's not Emmet either, Mother," now all eyes were on Norman as he squared up, almost like he was ready to fight if anyone said anything wrong. "I felt a mate bond with Helanie last night, so I married her."

I watched everyone's faces show mixed emotions. Lord McQuoid slapped his forehead and looked down. Charlotte looked angry because the big brother who had everything under control married me, giving me some kind of authority, maybe. Emma looked disgusted, while my mother dropped to her knees and started crying. I should've known she'd be devastated when she found out she couldn't marry Lord McQuoid because I had married her stepson.

"Oh, Norman..." Darcy stepped back from him, her hand to her heart. She looked petrified.

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

Chapter 505-My In Laws Are A Mess

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Helanie:

After Norman told them he married me, everyone just went silent. My mother cried on her knees while Lord McQuoid took care of her. Darcy had no idea who to be angry at or who to be jealous of. Emma and Charlotte looked deeply upset as well. I just sat in my seat with the brothers surrounding me.

Kaye had filled us a glass of wine, and I accepted one because I needed something to keep me calm.

"Let me order you some pizza," Norman whispered in the loudest voice, and his offer was followed by Darcy scoffing and finally breaking the silence.

"She is not a child. Why do you have to baby her?" she screamed from her couch, her fists clenched.

"Neither are you, Mom, so calm down," Norman muttered, stepping up and breaking the protective circle they had formed around me.

"You've lost your mind! After years of hard work and achieving so much, you went out and chose her?" she wrinkled her nose hard, pretending to gag at the thought of me and her son being together.

"What's wrong with her?" Maximus folded his arms, reaching his mother's couch almost like challenging her.

"She's the one who's pointed at every alpha she's met for sex," her choice of words was so bad that I felt like chugging down the whole glass, so I did.

"The word you're looking for is gang-raped," Kaye corrected her, keeping his voice down.

"Huh, hasn't it been proven that she—" she shut up, and I had a feeling she knew something too. "Well, some did. Others, she enjoyed it with. She's been through so many guys, yet my most cherished son thought she was the best for him? Oh, goddess, what are we going to say to Jessica?"

"You don't have to say anything to her. I'll speak with her," Norman grunted, but she kept shaking her head. Lord McQuoid helped my mother up and then gestured at Emma, who probably didn't like that she had to leave and miss the drama, and then in the direction of where their bedroom was.

Emma reluctantly walked over to take my mother away, but she refused to move and stood up to listen to everything.

"Why did you do that, Norman?" Now, this time, Lord McQuoid asked. He even avoided looking my way.

"I felt the mate bond with her," Norman said out loud for his mother to lift her head and stare at him.

She was no longer crying, and it was a sudden change.

"That is not possible," she said in a very confident and creepy tone, challenging Norman, who smiled.

The interaction screamed that there was more to the story.

"And why would that be, mother?" he cocked his head, and as his eyes moved to Darcy, she straightened her spine and shrugged.

"I don't know, but why would the Moon Goddess make her anyone's mate?" she changed her tone, sounding very low, but not crying or screaming anymore.

"Well, the Moon Goddess surely doesn't listen to you. So the truth is, I felt the mate bond with her and married her. I would not leave my mate at the mercy of some old man with children or her rapist, which should have been the main topic of conversation—" Norman sighed after the questions and yelling ended.

"Have you watched the video, Father?" As soon as Norman mentioned Zellu, Darcy started silently whimpering again.

"We did," Lord McQuoid pointed to himself and then looked at my mother. Weirdly enough, my mother had been giving me a direct stare. She had been looking my way with a sad look in her eyes.

"And what do you have to say about that, Father? Do you still believe she's lying? There's truth everywhere. Every alpha that she accuses comes out and admits being wrong. Then why is it that she is still not believed?" Norman stood face to face with his father, his head down to match his father's level.

"The council called," Lord McQuoid said and sat down, gesturing at Kaye to fill him a glass of wine as well.

"They want Helanie back in the court, but they also have questions for you, brothers. That weapon that was used on him was under the terms of not being used on the alphas and Norman, you were supposed to keep them in your lockers," he explained, and I started to wonder if that would cause the brothers trouble.

"Why all of them? Why not interrogate Norman only? He is the one who keeps these things safe," that was none other than my mother speaking up for the first time.

Her eyes were on Norman, a very new hatred bubbling in her eyes. But what shocked everyone was that, for the first time, she was not trying to butter up her stepson.

"Well, he was with me the whole time," I hissed in response.

"He could have hired someone to do it. Zellu had been missing for over a month now," she argued, making me stare at her in disbelief.

So, this was her taking her anger out on Norman?

"I mean, it makes sense, right? Norman had liked Helanie and waited for the perfect moment to stab Zellu to show Helanie why he is the best for her," she just made up a whole story, while others watched her in silence.

"Oh no, you're not pointing a finger at my son. Your daughter is the problem here, how dare you try to put my son in trouble?" Darcy got up in haste to slap my mother.

Her hand raised and her breathing erratic, but the minute she faced my mother, she froze for a second.

My mother had held her hand and was glaring right into her eyes. "You will not touch me."

The way my mother screamed and suddenly the lights went out filled the room with gasps, and goosebumps formed on my skin.

Then the lights were back on and my mother had freed Darcy. My mother was glaring at her in the eyes while Darcy had stepped back from her.

"Okay, we don't need this right now," Kaye stepped up and hugged his mother to the side while Norman and Maximus faced my mother.

I didn't like this kind of energy.

So I got up and stated, "I'm going to rest now. The rest of you can fight or argue, whatever you want to do."

I walked out of the living room, only to see someone in the passageway through the window. It was Emmet.

He had finally woken up.

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

Chapter 506-Breaking His Heart

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Helanie:

I knew I should have just gone to my room—Norman's room—but I had to confront Emmet. He had not only broken his promises, but also my heart.

I went straight to the passage and stood in my spot, watching him like a hawk. He was scratching his scalp and looking around, fixing his shirt when he raised his head and our eyes met.

I watched him lower his hand and then quickly start walking toward me.

"Shit, shit, shit. The night passed?" he asked as he reached me. "But you're here, so... did we do it?" he asked with a smile, but his smile slowly faded—probably because he couldn't find the memory of us getting married last night.

"I'm here," I replied. I heard footsteps behind me and had a feeling it was the brothers.

But thankfully, no one interfered.

"I—" he scratched the back of his head again, once more looking around, completely clueless.

I had imagined screaming and hitting him when he woke up. But once I was in front of him, I couldn't do any of that.

I had so much respect for him, and the bond we shared was so pure, that I couldn't even disrespect him. Even after he disrespected our love and bond by abandoning me when I needed him the most.

"You didn't come last night, Emmet," my voice broke, but I managed to snifle back the tears with much difficulty.

"Huh? I didn't—then—" he paused, his eyes staring into mine. I bet he noticed the tears appearing in my eyes and the hurt look forming on my face.

"Please tell me what happened." As he tried to walk closer, I stepped back to create distance between us—and he noticed it. He frowned and looked up from my feet to my face, his mouth slightly open, surprised that I had stopped him from coming near me.

"You were passed out drunk last night while I waited for you at the court," I said, a tear rolling down my cheek, followed by others.

"I abandoned you?" The look of shock on his face was exactly how I had imagined he'd react. Maybe this would finally give him the reality check that he wasn't over his ex. That he chose her over me. That he only remembered her, even though she hadn't even been with him for a while.

"You were missing Azura," I said, and he stepped back. The guilt in his eyes made me frown.

"You had pictures of her with you—her bracelet in your hand—while you drank yourself out of your mind, sir," I added respectfully.

"No, no! I did that?" he began pacing back and forth, looking so guilty.

"You did. And I waited—" I stopped talking because I broke down.

"Helanie, I'm—I'm so sorry. I'm such an asshole. I just didn't know she was still in my mind like that. I'm really sorry, please forgive me," he said, starting to drop to his knees while crying—which I'd never seen him do before.

Norman rushed in to support him and keep him standing.

"Mistakes happen. And because you're forgetting your memories—it's understandable why you forgot Helanie, right Helanie? It's okay, right?" Norman turned to me, tears in his eyes as he asked me to set his brother free from the guilt.

"No!" I shook my head and watched the two of them stare at me, with Emmet closing his eyes and silently sobbing. "It's not okay, and I don't understand either."

I knew I was being selfish for putting Emmet through such heartbreak. But if I didn't, he would think I was fine—and that after rejecting Norman, I would go back into his arms. But that's not what I wanted anymore.

I just couldn't be in that position again.

"Helanie, after you reject Norman—you're okay to go back with Emmet, right?" Maximus stepped forward, trying to get the inside scoop.

"Nope," I said loud and clear.

Norman was staring at me like he wasn't happy with me. But I had to say it, so my words wouldn't be used against me later.

That's how Kaye twisted our breakup when he accused me of being the reason. And then Maximus did the same thing. He didn't believe our breakup was valid because there was a misunderstanding.

"We had a chance, and you blew it, Emmet. And although—I'll never be able to hate you for it, I can't love you after that. You left me when I needed you the most. And if you think about it—if your brother hadn't been there, I might've been married off to my rapist or one of the men Alpha Diaz had picked for me. What then?"

I started crying hysterically because I hated the fact that his brothers thought it would be that easy for me to give Emmet a second chance.

"I'm sorry our love ended like this. But I really am sorry that it did," I managed to say with difficulty as I turned around and started walking away. I heard the brothers comforting Emmet, and then I saw them give each other a big hug while I walked into the mansion alone.

"You finally got what you wanted—" Charlotte and her mother were probably waiting for this moment. When I pushed Charlotte while continuing to walk, she gasped.

"Mom, she pushed me!" she cried out.

I commented without turning to her, "Well go cry about it, bitch."

I went to the room and crawled into bed for a good sleep. I just knew Norman wouldn't get in the same bed as me, because I knew he would respect my privacy.

I was under the blanket and had slept peacefully. When I woke up, I realized it was already evening.

I yawned and sat up, rubbing my eyes, which only smeared my mascara down my cheeks even more.

The smell of freshly baked pizza turned my head toward the table. Norman was sleeping on the couch in a sitting position, his neck stretched back and head resting against the back of the couch.

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

Chapter 507-Better Put Norman Away

Chapter 507: 507-Better Put Norman Away

Ursula:

"I am so sorry. If I had even the slightest idea my son would ruin our relationship, I would have done everything to stop it," McQuoid had been trying to comfort me for a while, but no amount of comfort could change the fact that my daughter was in the very hell I had tried so hard to keep her away from.

"Ahh," I sighed, turning my head to the side and looking out the window. I was sitting in my armchair with McQuoid on the floor beside me, his head in my lap.

"If you want, I can make them reject each other on the next full moon. I'm sure once I talk to Helanie and remind her that you deserve happiness too—" He woke me up from my thoughts when he mentioned my daughter.

"Helanie? She's naive. She hasn't done anything wrong. Norman must have convinced her that marrying him was the right thing to do," I spoke in a calm tone, unlike the way I had outside, in front of everyone. I had broken down so badly I even surprised myself.

"Yeah, and I'll have a word with Norman," he continued, but my sigh cut him off again.

"McQuoid, if it hadn't been one of your sons, it would've been that Kaidon," I clenched my jaw at the mention of that good-for-nothing alpha.

The minute I get my hands on him, I'll skin him alive. His confession means nothing to me. I don't care if he was drunk or drugged—he hurt my daughter. That's all I need to know to decide someone is my enemy.

"I know. But we thought... Altan would step up and stop her from marrying Kaidon," McQuoid lifted his head, probably to look into my eyes and see my reaction.

I let out a scoff, shaking my head.

"I really thought that Alpha would redeem himself. My daughter used to love him, you know? The fact that she went to that subway for him broke me. She must've trusted him so much to go there with him," I sighed again, feeling like someone had ripped my heart out.

"Alpha Diaz attacked the men I sent to free Altan last night. He killed them because they wouldn't tell him who sent them," McQuoid and I had planned to free Altan so he could marry my daughter.

I'll do anything to get my daughter married to him and make her the Luna of the pack she once desperately wanted to live in. I want her to find happiness somewhere far away from these rogue king brothers.

And Norman!

He's the worst. He only cares about his brothers. When the time comes, he'll gladly sacrifice my Helanie to save his useless brothers.

"McQuoid, I'll ask just one thing of you," I knew that my dear boyfriend understood by now that I didn't hate Helanie.

That he needed to let me handle it my way—and he did.

"What is it, my love?" he looked into my eyes and asked.

"You will not make my daughter feel guilty for getting married. No one will. This is her first marriage—I want her to cherish it, to feel like a bride, for once, and to feel free, like the world isn't out to get her. As for us, we can stay as lovers," I felt bad as I said those words to McQuoid. I knew how much our marriage meant to him.

But sadly, it meant little to me.

The only thing I cared about was my daughter. Otherwise, I would've died when they took away the love of my life.

When they fed me to the animals, day in and day out, to get me pregnant. The torture of those days still lives inside me.

Sadly, my daughter went through something similar—but thankfully, not every night like her mother.

But my daughter is a warrior. She is special, born out of love.

She's stronger, and she knows how to stand up for herself.

However, even though my whole existence is about my daughter, that doesn't mean I'll let her stay with Norman.

My daughter should enjoy the happiness of marriage—but after that, she will be married off to someone with no ties to the rogues.

That might break her heart, but I can already see she has no real feelings for Norman.

She married him to save herself, so let's just say she'll be respected even more if something were to happen to her husband.

She'd live a better life as a widow than spend the rest of it with Norman.

And if what I was told is true, the others want her too.

To be mated to all the rogue brothers? I can't let that happen.

After McQuoid promised to make Helanie feel at home, he walked away to wash his face and take a shower. That's when I made the call.

There were only a few people I trusted completely. And nobody knew about them.

They come out once in a while from the sea to help me.

This time, I had something very important to ask of them.

"I've sent you the DNA of someone. I want it all over Zellu and the weapon after you're done killing him. That bastard has no reason to stay alive anymore. He could come back, make up stories, and point his dirty finger at my daughter. So please, can you place the evidence I'm sending you?" I asked, using a flat tone.

"Sure, we'll do that," he replied and hung up.

I nodded and began to hum, smiling as I listened to the sound of the waves in my ears.

I can't wait for Norman to be gone. And then I'll need to figure out how to get rid of Maximus and Kaye.

The two of them openly said they wanted to be with Helanie.

As for Emmet, he was foolish enough to choose booze over my daughter last night.

But at least it saved him from the fate waiting for Norman.

"I worked really hard to steal the weapon from Norman's care. I won't let that go to waste," I smirked.

There are perks to living with your enemies—you get to strike when they least expect it.

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

Chapter 508-Facing His Fiancé

Chapter 508: 508-Facing His Fiancé

Helanie:

"If you want, we can go out for a while," Norman said after he came out of the shower. His black shirt was all wet—he hadn't dried himself properly. I could tell he wasn't used to putting on clothes right after a shower.

But I appreciated that he didn't come out in just a towel.

Just the thought made me bury my face.

I had devoured the pizza like I hadn't eaten in days—which, to be honest, wasn't a lie. Everything I ate while staying with my parents back home felt like it came with a side of taunts and scoffs.

Living there wasn't as hard as it used to be, but that was only because their words didn't hurt me anymore—and they wouldn't dare lay a hand on me now.

"Okay, I'm sorry," Norman sighed and slowly walked over to the couch, sitting beside me. His whole body turned toward me, one leg bent with the foot resting on the other thigh.

"For what?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"For... asking you to give Emmet a second chance. It was really selfish of me. You have every reason to be hurt and not forgive someone who broke your heart," he said, his tone honest, and I was a bit surprised.

"It must be so hard," I turned to him, watching the way his brow furrowed.

It felt strange sitting face-to-face with him like this, in his bedroom, on the same couch, with the door locked.

"What is?" he asked, looking like he genuinely wanted to fix whatever it was I found difficult.

"To only focus on other people's happiness. To try so hard to fix everyone else's problems," I mumbled. I was surprised it took him a moment to realize I was talking about him.

"Umm, no! It's fine. It's nothing," he said, clearly confused by the way I had put it.

"You do realize your only reason for living isn't just to serve others, right? You have your own priorities. Things you love. A life you want for yourself," I said. I didn't even know what made me say all that, but I could tell it shocked him.

"This is what older siblings do. You'd do the same for Vani," he said with a shrug, like I expected.

"I wanted to ask you something," he said quietly, shifting to face forward, looking away from me.

I couldn't believe he was acting shy while I was just staring at him.

"Go ahead," I replied.

"What do you want to do about those Alphas? Do you still want to go with the plan—make them confess somehow—or... if you want, they can be taken care of," he said without looking at me once.

I shook my head at him, kind of in disbelief.

Such a big, tough guy—having soft, shy moments like this—it was actually kind of cute.

"If I punished them, everyone would see them as martyrs. They don't deserve that. And all the Helanies out there—the ones who didn't speak up or couldn't—will never get justice either. I want—" I stopped talking as it suddenly hit me. The answer had been right in front of me all along, and I had overlooked it.

I jumped up from the couch, and even Norman looked surprised, adjusting how he was sitting.

"I want to fight DID— I mean, Darius," I said. I didn't know how many people even knew him by that name, but I wanted to fight him.

"Fight him?" Norman tilted his head.

"He's one of the cadets in line to become the Alpha King of the North, right? So if I challenge him, I can fight for the throne by the end of this year," I said. I knew it was a long shot, but deep down, something told me I could do it.

Of course, Norman looked stunned.

"Umm—Helanie, the fight only ends two ways. Either someone gives up or they die," he explained, but it didn't shake me at all.

"Okay?" I shrugged.

"Can't we do it some other way?" he asked, and I shook my head.

"No. There's no other way. Darius would never confess. I want to take his throne, that's it," I said firmly, stomping my foot. Norman slapped his forehead in disbelief.

"Let's do it," I said, standing tall. He spread his arms wide, his eyes narrowing like he was silently asking 'What are you doing?'

"You want to fight him now?" he asked as he got up and put his hands on his waist. That's when I noticed how small I looked standing next to him.

"I want to train now, you dummy," I said, making him blink in surprise.

"Don't look so shocked. You know I think you're a dumbass," I added, watching his jaw nearly drop as he bent down a little to look me in the eye.

"You are going to obey what I say. I'm doing this—and you're helping me train," I said with confidence and turned toward the door. I didn't really plan to start training right this second—I just needed a moment away from being in the same room. I wanted to go out and get some fresh air like he suggested before.

"Okay, now you're ordering me?" I heard him scoff behind me.

"Of course. I'm your wife," I replied as I opened the door, then turned around just in time to catch his face turning red. His ears always went bright red anytime I said something slightly bold. This time wasn't even that bad.

But I hadn't realized someone was standing right outside the door—and she had heard me call her fiancé my husband.

As Norman's eyes shifted behind me, I slowly turned around and faced Jessica.

Her eyes were puffy, her nose red. She had clearly been crying for hours.

"You're his wife?" she repeated my words, and a big tear rolled down her cheek.

"You—" she gasped, then raised her hand to slap me across the face.

To be honest, I deserved it.

The pain in her eyes was so deep, I didn't even try to stop her.

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

Chapter 509-I Am Not A Homewrecker.

Chapter 509: 509-I Am Not A Homewrecker.

Helanie:

I half expected her hand to land hard on my cheek and knock me down. But when that didn't happen and I found Norman standing beside me, I thought he might have stopped

her from hitting me. But that wasn't the truth either. He had indeed arrived to prevent the slap, but it was Jessica herself who had stopped her hand.

"I can't even hit you," she muttered, tears falling down her face.

"Jessica, it's not her fault," Norman stepped between us and gently held my hand to pull me behind him. I saw Jessica watching his hand over mine and I instantly pulled away from his grip.

She was noticing every single move so closely that it started to worry me.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt her, Norman. I'm hurt and sad, but I know it's not her fault," she explained, as if justifying why she had stopped herself from hitting me.

"Can I come inside? I feel even more humiliated not being allowed into a room filled with things I chose," she asked me directly, making Norman scoff.

"You don't need to say anything to her," he said in a defensive tone. I realized that whenever he spoke up for me, more tears would fall from her eyes.

"Come in, please," I said—I needed to talk to her. I didn't find her threatening for some reason.

Which was strange, because I thought she would be angry and might yell or hit me.

I stepped aside, and so did Norman, and Jessica walked in. The way she looked around and took a deep breath made me feel incredibly guilty.

She then went ahead and sat on the couch. I rushed to grab the empty pizza boxes off the table before her, when Norman grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"I don't want you to clean up in front of her or anyone," he said. I didn't know why he thought that was a bad thing, but he began picking up the boxes himself.

And once again, Jessica noticed.

I sat with Jessica on the couch, but when Norman was about to sit beside me, Jessica cleared her throat and held my hand.

"Can it please be just the two of us?" Her request made me look at Norman, who frowned and shook his head.

"Say what you have to say in front of me," he told her.

"I just want a moment alone with her," she insisted again.

"Jessica, I'm the one who hurt you. I'll talk to you—please don't involve her," he said. He sounded so sweet and gentle, even though it wasn't his mistake.

He must be in so much pain, sitting across from her and not being able to hold her. He must have loved her in his own twisted way to marry her. I knew Norman—even when he was cold-hearted, the people he kept close were the ones he was willing to do anything for.

"But I just want to have a heart-to-heart with her," she added, almost pleading. I felt bad for her. The way she looked at Norman, even after he had betrayed her, made me wonder if her love was really that pure—that even after her fiancé had cheated on her, she still couldn't look at him with disgust.

I remembered myself.

I didn't look at Emmet with disgust, but I was angry at him.

"It's okay. I'll speak with her," I said, and as soon as I did, Norman rolled his eyes and scoffed.

"Fine, you two talk," he finally agreed, only to lean back on his sofa and hold his phone in his hand. "Just imagine I'm not here."

The way Jessica smiled at his action made me feel even more guilty.

"Norman, we want privacy," I had to be firm so he'd listen without making me argue. All while Jessica watched us. I had a bad feeling she was noticing every bit of our interaction—and probably getting hurt.

And she had every right to. I remembered seeing Emmet with Sage once in a shop, and I had completely lost it.

"Fine," Norman finally grunted and walked out of the room.

But before he was completely out of sight, he mouthed to me, "Text me if things get out of hand."

"He acts so differently around you," she said, more to herself than to me.

"We argue a lot. We are just two different personalities," I replied quickly, making it clear our banter wasn't some kind of secret love language.

"I'm sorry," she said, and my heart jumped into my throat.

"What are you apologizing for?" I asked, confused—and feeling worse because I had taken her mate, yet she was the one apologizing. It didn't make any sense.

"For being related to that man—" her jaw clenched at the mention of her brother. That surprised me.

"He's denying everything and swearing on his life. But every time I look into your eyes, I feel like I'm drowning in guilt. My brother... I raised him like a mother. I don't know when I failed to teach him about consent. I feel so responsible," she said, covering her face with her hands as she broke down.

I was stunned to hear one of the Alpha's family members sound this remorseful.

I thought she'd be angry that I dared to accuse her brother.

But I guess I was wrong about her. No wonder Norman had chosen her.

"You being here and saying all this means a lot to me. I've only heard people mock me or look at me with doubt—until the Alphas finally admitted what they did," I said, still holding her hands.

"I know it's not enough. But it's all I can do right now," she sighed. "Can I ask you something? Please answer honestly. Did you two—cheat on me during all those months you've known Norman?" The way her eyes filled with tears made me feel sick with guilt.

She didn't deserve any of this.

And I was definitely not a homewrecker.

The difference between Kesha and Jessica was that Jessica and Norman had been together for years. But Kesha came after Kaye and I had already developed feelings for each other—we had even felt the mate bond.

But now, I had to answer Jessica.

And whatever I said next would either fix things or destroy them.

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

Chapter 510-Making A New Friend.

Chapter 510: 510-Making A New Friend.

Helanie:

"I just want to know the truth so I can decide whether to feel upset or insecure," she said with a laugh, but it was such an uncomfortable whimper that I had to look away.

I couldn't watch her be this hurt anymore.

"Please tell me, because I know that mate bond thing is a lie. That, I know for a fact. His mother told me he can never feel the mate bond with anyone. So please, just tell me," she started pleading, and her words about Norman never being able to feel a mate bond caught me off guard.

"Why? I mean, did she tell you the reason?" I asked, watching her shake her head. But she quickly came back to her main question.

"Please tell me he married you just to stop you from marrying someone else," the moment she said that, my eyes widened in surprise.

I guess, deep down, others had sensed it too.

"You're right. I was never going to marry him, but we were left with no other choice," I said. The moment those words left my mouth, she sighed in relief, pressing a hand to her chest and smiling softly.

"Thank you so much. Thank you for freeing me from this burden of rejection. Does that mean—you two will be rejecting each other at the next full moon?" Her lips were trembling, her eyes filled with tears as she looked at me.

"Yes, we will. Jessica, he's still yours. I never meant to take him away from you. I'm so sorry. I was pushed against the wall and he was the only one who could save me at that moment," I started explaining, and thankfully, she looked a lot calmer now.

"Oh my—I've been so worried," she said, and then started crying. "You know what—I'll be your friend, and I'll help you with everything. In fact, that one missing Alpha—I know about him. He goes by Rhiz or Riz among his friends, but he's actually the Alpha of a broken pack from the East West. The minute you accused the others, he ran off. But from what I've gathered, he might still have his phone on him. I'll try to get more info and keep you updated. Especially about those videos you said they made of you."

It felt like a huge relief to see her being so supportive.

"Thank you, that would mean so much," I said. It was surprisingly easy to talk with her.

"I know you're a lot younger than me, but I'd love to hang out sometime. Helanie, just be careful around Darcy. She's not someone to mess with. If there's one thing I've learned

about them, it's that Darcy always gets her way," she said softly, wiping her cheeks as she spoke.

"You'll have your groom back by the next full moon," I told her one last time.

"I trust you. And now that we're friends, and I'm getting to know you, I feel much more at peace," she said, clearly more relaxed.

"I'm so grateful you came here to talk to me. I was sick with worry about facing you. I thought you'd come at me full force," I smiled through my tears as she held my hands.

"I couldn't. The moment I raised my hand, I realized I was becoming my brother. Helanie, it's not easy for me to say this because the brother I'm talking about isn't just my brother—he's someone I've always seen as my child. He grew up calling me his mother. So when I say this, I truly mean it: if you can prove his guilt, I'll make sure he gets punished," Jessica continued to surprise me. "I loved my brother, but believe me, I hate him now even more deeply. The idea of him coming home after what he did to you—" she clenched her jaw and wiped her tears before taking a deep breath to calm herself again.

After we finished talking, we called Norman in. I stepped outside for a walk to give them some privacy. That's when I came across Kaye and Maximus sitting in the garden, while Emmet was about to leave.

He had just stood up when he saw me, and his steps froze.

"Helanie," he whispered, his eyes lingering on my face a little too long—longer than they used to.

"Umm, may I have a word with you brothers?" I asked softly, rubbing my hands together nervously.

"What is it about?" Emmet asked, sounding so worried—as if I was about to ask him for rejection, which I still didn't fully understand why I hadn't done yet.

"Sure," Maximus replied, giving a quick glance at Emmet, who sat down again. The way Emmet looked at me reminded me of when he used to stare at me with love in his eyes. We used to get lost in each other's gaze.

I sat down, keeping my eyes on my hands because all three of them were staring at me like I was about to announce something huge.

Now that I knew all of them wanted to marry me, I couldn't help but feel shy around them.

"Umm... I've decided to fight Darius," I said while taking deep breaths, "for his crown."

I looked up and saw the confusion all over their faces.

"Helanie—I don't doubt you—but it'll be hard," Kaye spoke first, shifting nervously in his seat.

"You're worried I won't surrender? That I'll fight to the death? I want to do this. If none of you doubt me, then help me train. I want to take his throne. I want to strip him of every bit of happiness. I want the council to remember that I never wanted to marry an Alpha—I am an Alpha now," I said, feeling something rise inside me.

Maybe it was what Zellu's confession had sparked in me, but I suddenly realized how powerful the title of Alpha—or Alpha King—really was. When they speak, others listen and obey.

"I'm with you," Emmet was the first to speak.

Then Maximus and Kaye nodded.

So it was decided: I would fight Darius.

But there was a twist—a twist I would only reveal on the day of our match.

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