

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 521-I Challenge You

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Helanie:

"We saw the video clip, and we are really sorry—really sorry for what happened to you. Or what Zellu did to you," Vonston, who had previously looked at me like I was some liar, had his eyes down.

"That doesn't prove anything. She must have taken off her pendant for Zellu to—," As Alpha Diaz spoke up, I realized he wouldn't ever give up.

"Please, Alpha Diaz—I wouldn't want you to speak like that about a victim anymore. As for Zellu, he explained the whole story to us. Although, since he had been stabbed, he only experienced his own actions and talked about them. But they are enough for us to know Zellu is guilty," Vonston spoke bitterly to Alpha Diaz, shutting him down.

"But someone stabbed him. That is also illegal and a crime," Alpha Diaz hissed under his breath.

"That we are looking into. Only when we find his body can we proceed with that case. For now, I want everyone here to apologize to Helanie for not believing her when she claimed Zellu had caused her trauma," he continued, shocking Alpha Diaz.

"Sure, however, it doesn't prove the crimes of the others. They stand still. If anything, we now know that Helanie had relationships with multiple men. She is just mixing them all into one night when they happened on different nights. Some Alphas took advantage of her, probably after she took advantage of them using her pheromones, or maybe she used pheromones on some while on the others she used her beauty on them," Alpha Diaz wouldn't rest, and it had been made clear to me.

"I would suggest you not say such things. It is indeed true that only Zellu's crime has been proven. Romeo and Darius are still pretty much guilt-free—which is why he brought Helanie here," Vonston shifted in his seat, looking so low in energy.

"Since Zellu's case changed the whole narrative and even my little daughter looked me in the eye and asked me, 'Daddy, is she never going to be believed even when so many are claiming they hurt her?' I have to ask Helanie for a retrial. If she wants, she can continue with the case," Vonston left my mouth open when he mentioned his own daughter.

That's when I realized why he had been so low in energy. His own daughter questioned his way of bringing justice to the victims.

It's crazy how people only see things differently once it is their own loved ones showing them the mirror.

"May I have a say in it?" Darius raised his hand, clicking his tongue like a psycho.

"Sure, what do you want to say?" Vonston asked him. That's when the four standing beside me turned to him, almost in a threatening way. Lord McQuoid was sitting next to Alpha Diaz, giving him side-eye the whole time. He didn't even accept his greetings this time.

"I know Helanie will be rejecting Norman this full moon because they lied about the mate bond," he was so bold to predict that.

"What?" Vonston stared at me, and I shrugged.

"What is going on?" he asked.

"I find it bizarre that she did that, but it's okay. She is a young woman with so much happening in her life that she has been making wrong decisions through and through. I think it's safe to say that the only way she can rest with the accusations, after the criminals have already admitted it, is that she wants to marry me. That's the only thing I can come up with. She liked me, and she—she used her pheromones to trap me." It was a huge revelation, but also so stupid.

As the brothers started laughing, I could tell it became a problem for Darius.

"Darius, what makes you make such a big claim?" Vonston asked him, kind of giving him the same look others were giving him.

Even I had no clue what made him come up with such an outrageous statement.

"You will find out next full moon when Norman rejects her and I offer to marry her. Once we get married—you will see the positive change in her," he continued to make a fool out of himself. I saw Romeo physically distancing himself from his friend, glaring at him.

"You want to marry him next full moon?" Vonston asked me directly.

It was so funny that nobody was taking him seriously except for Alpha Diaz, who was giving such phony expressions of shock to make it look real.

"I'm glad you asked me—I have also made up some plans—a decision," I straightened my back and faced Darius and Romeo.

Romeo quickly stepped further away so that only Darius was in my line of sight.

"I am challenging you for your throne in a battle of Alpha Kings." As soon as those words left my lips, gasps erupted in the air.

Alpha Diaz was staring at his sons for never filling them in on the news.

"Really? Come on now, you don't even have a wolf. And I wouldn't want to fight a fragile girl whose only desire is to become a Luna or a Luna queen," Darius used a sarcastic, sympathetic tone, "It will be an unfair fight. Usually, it's powerful Alphas who think they can take the Alpha King crown, but she—" he pouted, clicking his tongue.

"Are you sure about that?" I asked, and this time, I watched his eyes widen as the two-toned color of my eyes flashed, hinting at my wolf's presence.

Darius stared at his friend, who then narrowed his eyes at me.

"Wow, Helanie, what is that?" Vonston questioned, Lord McQuoid getting up from his chair too.

"Her wolf has woken up. So when she was talking about challenging Darius, she's serious. That is the only way she wants to resolve this matter," Norman stated loudly, watching everyone's face for reactions.

Alpha Diaz looked so bothered and lost, his eyes kept moving side to side on the ground, as if he was trying to understand something.

And then there was Darius, who had quickly recovered from the initial shock.

"Sure, I accept it, but there are my terms as well," he declared, and everyone was suddenly all ears.

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

Chapter 522-My Life Is A Joke

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Helanie:

"If she kills me or gets me to surrender—which I doubt will happen—but if it did, she would get the throne. But I'm not heartless, I won't let her die. So when she surrenders, she will marry me. I'll give her the life she has always dreamed of," Darius made everyone watch his face, even with a puzzled look, while the brothers shared a glance before grunting in sync.

"You want to marry her?" Maximus hissed, stepping forward to attack him when Emmet gently tapped his stomach to stop him.

"She can handle him. He's a mouse in front of her," he whispered, and Darius started cackling, shaking his head.

"Alpha Darius, the way you keep talking about marrying her makes me wonder if it's you who dreamed about it," Lord McQuoid let out a scoff, and Vonston sighed as he probably agreed too.

"I just want this drama to stop," Darius probably realized how ridiculous he sounded. So he started changing his tone.

'Do it,' After last night, I hadn't heard my wolf until now. And she did catch me off guard.

'What if we lose?' I asked her in worry. That would be a very dangerous game we were playing.

'Trust me, we won't. Even with half our powers, we will win. Or—we would rather die.'

I took a deep breath and nodded my head. "I accept it."

Once again, the whole place went silent, and then Vonston gave a head nod.

"So it's decided. On 16 August, the battle between Alpha Darius and Helanie for the title of Alpha King or Queen will be determined," Vonston announced, causing everyone to stand up in support and respect.

Now I realized why others barely ever challenged someone. The chances of them dying would scare them off.

That's why they desired admission into the best academies—to at least learn how to twist the battle in a way that it leads to surrender.

We walked out, with the brothers surrounding me to make sure the crazy ones didn't get near me.

"I'm sorry," I heard Lord McQuoid say before I got into the car. "They all lied about you. It was one night full of horror that they are now making out to be a lifelong habit—or actions. There's no way a man being wrongfully accused of such a heinous crime would

want to marry the girl. It proves what a scum he is and that he is not innocent. Your accusations are right, and we stand with you." He gave me a smile, patting my back.

"Thank you so much, I'm really glad people are slowly coming around. But I will not rest until I have exposed every single one of them," I said to Lord McQuoid before I got in the car with Norman.

Once we settled in, we started driving back home.

"I think you will do it," Norman stated, his tone hinting he was certain I would be able to defeat that man.

"Hmm, what about Romeo?" I shifted in my seat, watching him, resting my head back, my face touching the seat's leather.

"We need to plan something big for him," he confirmed.

After that, I started zoning out a lot. Even when Norman stopped midway so that Kaye and Maximus could hop into the back seats, I didn't utter a word.

"Emmet is taking Dad home," Maximus told his brother, clearing his throat before speaking to me. "You okay?"

His voice was filled with concern. But there was nothing he could do about me feeling down. The events of that night couldn't be changed.

"16 August is in 45 days," I spoke up, smiling while a tear started to leave my eye. I don't know how Norman spotted it, but when he did, he hurriedly parked the car on the side of the road.

"What happened?" Kaye asked from behind.

"Helanie, why are you crying?" Norman asked me. Kaye jumped out of the car to open the door to my side and bend down to check on me. Maximus was trying his best to get a good look at me from the back as well.

"It's just that—my life is funny," Even when I tried to snort a laugh, tears spilled down my cheeks. Suddenly, I was so vulnerable.

"But what is going on?" Maximus inquired. I bet Emmet saw our car parked in the middle of the road and followed. He gestured at his father something before quickly heading our way.

"She's so upset," Kaye complained to his brother, who gestured for him to step aside. Once he was the one standing by the door for me, he ran his fingertips onto my cheek to push my hair off my face.

"16 August is her birthday. That is the night when—and now that day, she will be fighting him," Emmet spoke up, causing gasps from his brothers to hit my ears. I closed my eyes because I wanted the world to disappear to hide myself from everyone.

It was then I felt a hand turn me in the seat, his hard chest pressing against my face. I knew who it was.

Emmet.

"It's alright. Maybe it happened because you have to win that night. You're going to replace the memories of that night with something victorious. You have no idea what it means if you win. You'll be an Alpha Queen, the first one to challenge someone and win. You can have a say in werewolf court and even suggest rules that will help out victims," his soft and comforting tone made me take a deep breath and finally open my eyes. He broke the hug and cupped my face in his hands.

"All I know is that you will win. That the night of 16 August is not the night of your destruction, that night will be remembered as the biggest fall of an Alpha King," he said confidently, his brothers nodding and giving me support. When I thought I wouldn't be able to cheer up, he proved me wrong. I was suddenly smiling through tears. I will do it, and I will win.

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

Chapter 523-The Fool Is At It Again

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Darius:

"Huh! You want to marry that woman?" Dad had been yelling at me ever since I arrived home.

I sat on the couch with my body hunched over, elbows resting on my thighs, and my eyes squeezed shut at the complaint my father was making.

Ever since I had spoken to Helanie, I had been feeling so angry that I couldn't think straight.

"You know Vonston called me. He said I need to help you and that he thinks you might be obsessed with that girl. Do you have any idea what your statements today caused for

us? Everyone who used to think Helanie was the desperate one who wanted to marry an alpha is now suspicious of you," he kept going on and on.

My sister sat on a separate sofa, her eyes blank as if they no longer recognized me. I didn't get what I had done so wrong that my family wasn't believing me.

"It wasn't because of me. It was because of that loser, Zellu. He hurt Helanie and now we all seem like bad people. I just wish his death is a lie so I can get my hands on him and kill him myself for torturing an innocent she-wolf," I used as much anger as I could to show I would never do something like that.

However, a scoff from my sister silenced me.

"Do you really think you sound believable?" Her calm face but cold tone cut deep.

"You still don't believe me, do you?" I asked her, tears forming in my eyes.

"Still? You're speaking as if you've proven yourself to be innocent. Almost all of your friends have confessed, Darius. Do you think I'm an idiot? The fact that you have a sister and still did this to another woman—did you not think about what would happen if someone did the same to your sister?" Her eyes started to water and that's when my fists clenched.

"If anyone—anyone harmed you—I will burn—" I pointed a finger at her, but she started chuckling.

"Oh please, I'd rather have no one fight for me than ask you for revenge. That girl went through hell, her life was turned upside down because I failed to raise you. I just don't understand where I went wrong," she broke down and my father glared at me.

There was no lie in the fact that Jessica was our whole world. My father would bury me alive if I didn't prove myself innocent.

"And Dad, you—" I was shocked when she mentioned Dad too.

"The fact that even his friends admitted to being trash and still you're calling Helanie disgusting or acting like the idea of anyone marrying her is gross makes me wonder—Mom must be happier dying than seeing this version of you. That would've been hell for her," my sister was losing her mind, but I knew she was just hurt because of Norman.

I didn't want to believe she was choosing Helanie over me. But there were some rumors—I heard someone say—my sister had been digging up info about my friends.

Was she planning something against us?

"For the last time, I didn't do it. The others might have—but I'm innocent. Helanie is just taking her anger out on everyone who ever crossed paths with her. That's all I'll say," I got up and started to leave because my father had begun to yell at me after he saw my sister cry.

"We should have killed her when we had the chance. All of this could've been avoided," my wolf suggested.

"No! We made a mistake when we didn't check the area properly. If I had known she was alive, I would've caught her while she was still alone and forced her to marry me," I grunted as I walked out of the mansion and headed into the woods to shift.

"I don't think she'll marry us. Didn't you see the look on her face? The light in her eyes? I think we should focus more on getting better at combat instead of thinking about marrying her," my wolf groaned, trying to reason with me—but I didn't care. I had my own plans.

The only reason I was going to win was so I could make her marry me—and then I'd break all that stubbornness out of her.

"What about Rhiz?" he asked as I started to take off my clothes.

"Hmm, he's in hiding. I'm sure he's trying to avoid contact with anyone. But if I'm going down, baby, I'm taking everyone down with me," I let out a laugh as I noticed a notification on my phone.

Seeing Kaidon's name made me a little nervous.

I tapped the livestream and saw how many people were joining. Since he was also involved in the case, people were keeping a close eye on him.

"I know you all know me from the case. That's a terrible way to be known, but I want you to see me differently from now on," Kaidon said. "You need to know me as a coward. The one who gets abducted, restrained, and drugged so easily. I was given so many chances to do the right thing, to get her justice. Did I do it? Absolutely not. I made one wrong decision after another and that poor girl paid the price for it. I was drugged, so my words aren't taken seriously, but there's this memory that recently came back to me. My friends showed me videos of the man who used to bully me while pressuring me to take my anger out on the victim. During that time, I vaguely remember looking at her face while they pinned her down, and I noticed the pendant around her neck. That's all I remember. You know what that means? She didn't take her pendant off to seduce us. Her alpha boyfriend admitted he was the one who took it off—but she had it back on so quickly after we showed up. Otherwise, how did her scent drive us crazy but not affect her boyfriend? He was able to run away. In all these statements, there are holes. But one thing's clear—she was gangraped, and it was all our fault."

That fool kept going and I had to call his mother to get him off the live stream. We've been keeping him from going outside, almost chaining him inside his house.

I won't let him ruin this fight for me. I must marry Helanie.

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

Chapter 524-Taking A Road With My Husband

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Helanie:

"You seem very excited to stay at the hostel," Norman commented, watching me load some of my new stuff into the car to head to the academy for the weekdays. After I came home from the council meeting, I got a few calls from classmates who showed their support.

I didn't talk to them—or anyone—about the council meeting again. I needed some time before speaking about it. There was something that had stuck with me since the battle day was decided.

"Yeah, Jenny is coming today," I grinned, trying to open the back door of the car when Norman quietly opened the passenger side door for me.

I didn't argue and slid into the passenger seat. We argued a lot—like Tom and Jerry.

"And I'm so excited to see her," I babbled while he stood outside my door, fixing the seatbelt for me.

"She said she has some good news for me. I wonder what it is," I shrugged, getting comfortable as Norman handed me a water bottle.

He then walked over to his side, sat in the driver's seat, buckled up, and hit the road.

"So... what exactly happened to Jenny?" Norman asked, showing interest in the gossip for the first time.

Usually, he only paid attention to what the leave application said. But maybe because I was talking so much, he decided to join the conversation.

"Do you ever listen to me?" I complained, folding my arms across my chest and grunting at him.

"This is the problem with people who talk a lot. You didn't tell me anything—probably told someone else," he groaned.

I tilted my head, thinking back, and realized... I hadn't told him.

He was right—and I hated that.

"Fine," I groaned and looked out the window.

"Now tell me. What happened to her? I'm all ears," his voice softened a little, so I turned back to him.

"Lucy says the entity from the tenth floor went inside Jenny."

As soon as I said that, Norman lost control of the car and almost ran into a tree.

Almost!

Thankfully.

"Norman, are you okay?" I shouted as he slammed the brakes, both hands tight on the steering wheel, eyes wide.

"What made her say that?" he asked, not even mentioning his near-death driving.

"She says she hears the entity speaking in crowds but can't tell where the voice is coming from. But every time it happens, Jenny is always the one making eye contact with her," I explained, noticing how lost he looked. The way he was staring at my face really scared me.

"Then you shouldn't be staying at the hostel," he said suddenly, starting the car again to make a turn.

I quickly grabbed the steering wheel to stop him.

"Norman, I have to go. I know the entity is not in Jenny. I know Lucy might've confused Lamar and Penn somewhere, but I just know her observation is wrong," I protested, not wanting to head back to the mansion. I didn't want to be that person who runs away when her friends need help.

"Trust me, I'll be fine," I reassured him, but he groaned again.

"Okay, but you'll call me the minute you get a chance. Or—use that bracelet. It's not just a piece of jewelry," he muttered under his breath, pointing at my bracelet.

"Oh, yes, I can use it..." I looked down at my wrist and frowned, suddenly realizing something was missing.

"There's no button—there was a button I used to press to inform Emmet. The button is missing!" I started rambling in confusion, showing Norman the bracelet. But I was so shocked and lost that I accidentally shoved my hand toward his face.

"Yeah, it's broken," he said, touching my wrist. In fact, he held my wrist gently between his two fingers, and somehow, that simple touch made me shyly pull my hand back from him.

"You know I won't steal the bracelet. It's just a diamond bracelet now," he shrugged, pointing out that the main piece was gone.

"That's so odd," I muttered, feeling an unsettling sadness.

It was as if I was losing something I once had from Emmet. Almost like he was erasing himself from my life.

Not just mine.

I had heard Kaye and Maximus say the same thing earlier.

"Don't be sad. I can order a new one," Norman said, probably not understanding how I felt at that moment. But since he was always ready to fix things, I didn't want to argue with him.

His intentions were never wrong.

On another note, I hadn't married my mate like I had promised the Moon Goddess. I just felt like it happened for a reason.

"Okay, listen to me," Norman said as we arrived, leaning over my body to hold the door when I was about to step out, wanting to have one last word with him.

"Gosh, you could've told me not to get out. No need to jump in my lap," I leaned back, shyly complaining.

He instantly pulled away, fixing his gray coat.

"I didn't lean into your lap. Think before you speak," he sounded so childish before he fixed his posture to take a step again.

"If you notice Jenny acting weird, you'll text me. Promise?" He grabbed my water bottle from me, making sure he had my full attention.

I was already giving him my full attention, but he kept doing things like that when he was talking to me—taking away whatever I was holding so I could focus only on him.

"I will. Now let me go, or I'll think you're getting addicted to me," I teased. As soon as I said that, he quickly handed the water bottle back to me and scoffed loudly.

He was so adorable when he tried to act tough.

Getting out of the car, with Norman following behind me to grab my bag, I looked all the way up at the academy building and muttered,

"After I'm done with my mess, you're next, tenth floor. You've been out and about for way too long now."

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

Chapter 525-Catching Up

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Helanie:

"Congratulations on your wedding. I know it wasn't what you must have been expecting—but I'm so happy that someone stepped up to save you that night," Jenny kept murmuring while holding my hands, smiling from ear to ear.

"You need to tell me about the good news first," I puckered my lips playfully, trying to get the news out of her.

She looked so healthy and fit now. The last time I saw her, she was in a really bad state. She was so sick and throwing up. She could barely keep any food down.

Lamar sat on the bed, watching her face with so much love and care that it pulled at my heartstrings. The two were perfect for each other.

"I went to the hospital and got my test done, and the results came in," she giggled, squeezing her shoulders together to show her excitement.

My eyes widened and my mouth opened as far as it could, but I stayed quiet to let her say it herself.

Of course—otherwise she wouldn't be calling it good news.

"And I'm fine. I don't have any evil in me," she let out a laugh and I followed, hugging her.

"And you're married," she then pulled away with a pout on her lips and tears in her eyes.

"Temporarily," Penn, who had been sitting on Lamar's bed, leaned back and grunted.

"Yeah but—" Jenny stopped when she got a sharp glare from her brother.

Sometimes the tension in the room when all of us were together would grow.

"Anyway, I'm just worried how you're feeling about Emmet. Is he okay?" Jenny whispered in my ear as she hugged me. I guess Lamar had filled her in on the failed plan Emmet and I made about marrying each other. I had told him everything.

"I'm worried for him," I said to her, and she pouted, breaking the hug. That's when she looked around and groaned, "They're still making out on the terrace," she laughed at Gavin and Salem.

"Oh by the way, if the entity is not in me, it's definitely in someone else," she shrugged, staring at her brother and then Lamar's face, who both looked away because they had kind of believed that the entity might have been in her.

But Jenny was much calmer and more understanding than us. She understood that they were just worried for her.

That's when the door opened and in came Lucy, who raised her head, saw Jenny, and then put two and two together.

"Oh well, so the bitch is out there somewhere," she slapped her forehead hard.

But Jenny seemed to have more to add.

"Did you leave the muffin there that night?" Jenny folded her arms, questioning Lucy firmly.

"No, but you might want to ask Salem," she shrugged, rushing into the bathroom.

The look of realization on Jenny's face confused me.

"What's the story with the muffin? Are we getting a treat or something?" I asked Jenny, my eyes drifting behind Penn, who had been staring at me until he got caught.

"Let's just say it's the kind of sweet you don't eat from strangers," she said. It was as if her brother had been waiting for a signal. He jumped off the bed along with Lamar and headed to the terrace, knocking on the glass door to get the attention of the two lovebirds.

"Can you two come over here?" Penn yelled, steadily clenching his fist.

"Please guys, whatever this is, I want you all to be nice and kind to Salem. Let her speak, and nobody should disrespect her," I reminded them, starting to worry that this might be about something serious.

Lamar gave me a nod while Penn sighed, probably agreeing.

Finally, Salem and Gavin came in, all smiles—until they noticed everyone staring at them.

"What's going on? Did my sister do something again?" The fact that she always felt everyone looked at her differently whenever her sister messed up made my heart ache for her.

"No! But—I have a question for you," Jenny cleared her throat, speaking very gently to her. "That night when I got sick, there was a muffin in the room. I probably should've avoided it, but since it was on Lamar's bed, I ate it. You know the rest," she explained, and my jaw nearly dropped to the floor.

Is that why she got sick? Someone left a drugged muffin on Lamar's bed?

"You want me to investigate who might've done it?" Salem asked.

"No, we're asking if you had anything to do with it," Penn said, stepping in—and ruining everything. He came off so harsh that she suddenly looked teary-eyed.

"No, I would never. I swear to the Moon Goddess," she said, clearly upset.

"Guys, why are you even asking her that? I'm sure there's no way she would betray us like that," Gavin spoke up, not raising his voice but calmly standing up for her.

"We're not—" Jenny instantly started explaining, but I guess the damage had already been done.

"Lucy told us to ask you. So I thought maybe—" Penn muttered, his hands in his pockets.

"Dude, chill—" Lamar slapped his stomach lightly, giving him a look to stop talking.

"Oh, she told you guys I did it and you believed her?" The sad look on Salem's face wasn't what I wanted to see.

"Anyway, I didn't do it. In fact, it would make more sense if my sister did it and Lucy tried to stop it from getting reported by delaying Jenny's hospital visit," Salem said, her tone shifting in a way that didn't feel good.

"We already knew you were innocent," I added, sounding like a hypocrite, because we had let Penn say otherwise with full confidence.

"By the way, I just remembered I had to be somewhere. I'll see you guys later," that little voice crack made me step forward and hold her hand to stop her. Then—I pulled her into a tight hug.

"You're special to us," I whispered, and she gasped.

As we broke the hug, she smiled widely, "Guys, it seems like our Helanie got her wolf."

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

Chapter 526-The Missing Bastard

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Helanie:

"Yeah, she has double-colored eyes and fur," I giggled like a teenager—which I was, but I'd forgotten about it.

"Tell her—tell her about the battle," Lamar pointed at Salem and then at Jenny, asking me to share the news.

"Oh, I've challenged Darius to a battle for his crown, and before you guys worry, I'm ready for it," I spoke up quickly, trying to stop any concerns before they came.

They looked concerned, but then they all wished me good luck and said they'd love to be there when I train—which I was doing every day with the brothers.

"Guys, did you see Kaidon's live a few hours ago?" Gavin asked.

"Yeah, it was traumatic to listen to, but it probably explained a lot to the council," Penn spoke up, feeling guilty and trying to talk more with Gavin and Salem after wrongly accusing Salem under pressure.

"I heard Kaidon is trying to stay safe and away from the culprits—even though he's one of them too, but still—" Jenny explained. That's when Lucy walked out of the bathroom after taking a shower.

She looked at all of us sitting together on the floor and sighed.

"Why did you lie and say I had something to do with the muffin?" Salem asked her, not letting the lie slide.

"I didn't. I asked them to ask you—I didn't blame you. Maybe it's in *their* hearts that they don't trust you," she shrugged, making all of us clench our jaws.

"Anyway, the entity is out there. Don't expect me to be nice. And if I were to give some advice, I'd say—be bad," Lucy was trying to convince us she was helping, but I had to stop her.

"You didn't think the entity was in Jenny, did you?" I folded my arms over my chest. It must've been the confidence in my voice, because suddenly everyone was staring at me.

"What makes you say that?" Lucy asked.

"Because you knew Sydney drugged that muffin. And the reason you didn't let Jenny go to the hospital was because you were afraid Sydney would get caught. So stop acting like we trust anything you say," I hissed at her, watching her tilt her head and smile.

"I guess I need therapy," was all she said before walking past me.

It left us all stunned. Was that an admission to drugging Jenny?

"Anyway, we're headed to the carnival, aren't we?" Jenny clapped, talking about Rudy's pack's carnival.

"Great, he'll have plenty of time to flirt with someone else's wife," Penn muttered under his breath. He never hid the fact that he hated how Rudy always acted perfect around me.

"Are you coming, Penn?" I asked, and he tiredly nodded.

"I have to. Someone has to make sure Rudy stays in his lane."

That wasn't good. I didn't want Penn to ruin the carnival with his bitterness toward Rudy. That would only make Penn look bad too.

The next few days leading up to the carnival were amazing. I would take classes, then train with the brothers, return to my room to eat a lot, and then go to bed. Sydney was unusually quiet after everyone told her to back off from me. There were times when other classmates would stare at her too long, silently reminding her to either be nice to me or not talk to me at all.

Although she wasn't the type to let anyone control her actions, this time I was giving her the benefit of the doubt. But that didn't mean I believed she wasn't plotting something behind my back.

And then, it was the day of the carnival.

"I'll be fine. You take care of Emmet—make sure he doesn't forget everyone," I said to Norman over the phone. He had been blowing up my phone, asking me to share my location and all that. He was never really the overprotective type—or should I say, the clingy husband type—but it wasn't a bad kind of clingy.

His concern for me would sometimes fill my heart with so much peace. It felt like I'd achieved something. After all, this was Norman I was talking about.

"Okay, eat well, and try to train with Penn whenever you have time," he warned me gently on the phone. I'm guessing the brothers were extremely worried about me fighting Darius. Of course, Darius wouldn't be sitting around doing nothing either.

"I will. Take care," I said, hanging up after we'd talked for another fifteen minutes.

As I turned around, I saw Jenny and Salem standing by Penn's car, smirking.

"Oh, I miss you, wifey," Jenny said in a deep voice, mimicking Norman.

"I miss you too, baby. Even though I say I hate you, deep down inside—very deep down inside—I miss you," Salem added dramatically. My cheeks turned red. I'd never thought about Norman in that way, so them joking about it made me playfully glare at them.

"She's coming with us," Sage snapped her fingers in the air as she arrived, just when everyone started piling into Penn's car.

I was fine with it. Penn's car was going to be packed anyway with Lamar, Gavin, Penn, Jenny, and Salem. I didn't think I'd be able to fit in.

I waved at my friends before getting into the car with Sage and Rudy.

The way Penn rolled his eyes made Gavin and Lamar chuckle. I could tell the vibe in their car would be way more fun than ours.

The journey was great. As expected, Rudy was in a good mood. He made me sit in the passenger seat as he drove. We sang, ate food, and after many hours, we finally arrived at his pack. My friends were a little late, but Rudy had already asked Sage and Arlo to stand at the entrance and welcome them to their guest rooms.

"The one upstairs is your room," Rudy said, walking away since he had to go see his father.

It was late, so I didn't have time to meet his parents. I rushed upstairs to the room where my bags had been placed to freshen up. Once inside, I cleaned up in the bathroom and changed into grey sweatpants and a white shirt.

But when I stepped out of the bathroom, I saw something I didn't expect.

The eyes—the hair—the way he smirked.

It was him.

"Rhiz!"

The missing piece of the puzzle in the portrait of that bastard.

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

Chapter 527-Missing My Wife But Too Embarrassed To Admit It

Chapter 527: 527-Missing My Wife But Too Embarrassed To Admit It

Norman:

I looked around the room and sighed. I didn't know what had gotten over me. Even though she didn't stay here for long, she had left her scent behind. The room seemed so empty. I can't believe I was missing her annoying voice. When I lay down on the pillow, it was soaked in her scent. And I felt ashamed to admit it—she smelled so good.

I shook my head and sat up in bed, grabbing a book from the side table to focus on something else. I hated how my mind kept going back to thoughts of her.

"Remember, I hate her," I reminded myself—something I'd said in the early days of meeting her.

"Liar. You had a fucking boner just by seeing her naked."

That's why I preferred my wolf staying silent. He was inappropriate and never sided with me.

"Shut the fuck up!" I grunted at him, rolling my eyes. I walked over to the side table and grabbed the glass of wine I had poured for myself some minutes ago but hadn't taken a sip of.

"Is it because your dear wife doesn't like it when someone drinks too much? Because she remembers the way our brother forgot about her after drinking so much?"

He didn't care what I was thinking about him—he just kept going.

"I swear, you need to shut up," I hissed at him, "and watch me drink it all. I'm not afraid of anyone," I said through clenched teeth and downed the whole glass in one go.

"Helanie's calling—"

As soon as my wolf said that—without realizing that if she really was, I'd get a notification—I spat the drink out in reflex and started frantically looking for a place to hide the glass, as if she could somehow see it.

"And someone said they're not afraid of their wife," he teased. "Besides, I understand. Not everyone gets lucky to have a wife like her. Have you looked at her face? She's so pretty, and she has a body of—"

He shut up.

And I thought maybe his daily vocabulary was done for. But nope. Ever since I got married and marked Helanie, he hadn't stopped yapping—as if he had woken up from a long slumber.

"Of course you saw it. What am I even talking about? You saw more than just her face once," he continued, reminding me again why I felt so at peace when he was asleep.

"You've lost your mind. I was marrying Jessica, and I will—after Helanie rejects me."

But saying that made me suddenly feel so low.

So, I poured myself another glass of wine—just to prove to my wolf that I wasn't changing for Helanie.

She was my brother's mate. And someone who annoyed me so much.

"Aha, and then you took online classes to learn how to crochet so you could fix her torn sweater. Did you tell her you didn't get it mended outside, but sat in your room like a grandma and fixed it yourself?"

I had a fear that memory would be brought up.

I hissed at him for reminding me of that time. "You're nasty. I did it because I didn't want anyone to know I paid to fix a sweater for any woman. You know I don't like anyone thinking—"

My explanation was cut short when my wolf started laughing loudly.

Oh, I hated him. He made my blood boil.

"Yeah, right. I mean, you could've just left her sweater in the woods," he mumbled.

"I tore it, so I had to fix it," I groaned, sitting back in the chair, already worried he'd bring up other stuff I really didn't want to talk about.

"And what about the tattoos—"

That was it. I had to shut him down.

"Hush, before I put you to sleep by force."

That threat always silenced him.

"You're so mean. Let our wife come back—I'm gonna complain to her, and she'll beat you up."

Of course he had to get in one last hit before going quiet.

That's when my phone started ringing. It was Jessica calling.

"You know what? Watch me flirt with the one I will marry," I said as I picked up the phone.

"What is it, Jessica?" I asked, then groaned. Why couldn't I sound normal?

"Where's Helanie? I've been trying her phone, but she's not responding," she asked, and I shot up from my seat, panic already settling in my chest.

"She went to the carnival. Rudy's pack—the Hollow Mist pack," I said, more to remind myself that it was fine. It's fine. Maybe she's just busy.

"Norman... Did you just say the Hollow Mist pack? As in Rudy's—"

She paused, swore, then shouted.

"Fucking hell, no! Do you know who he is?"

The panic in her voice told me Rudy wasn't just some academy student.

"Tell me. Now." I gulped, already grabbing my keys.

"Norman—Rudy is the stepbrother of Rhiz. They barely ever talk about each other because of their differences, but Rhiz stays in that pack."

She grunted, and I swear my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"We better hurry. I have a really bad feeling about this."

I hung up and immediately tried calling Helanie, but just like Jessica had said, her phone was out of reach. I guessed—for the safety of the guests and the pack—they had disabled all connections, even the internet.

"Maximus! Kaye! Emmet!" I ran out of my room, yelling their names.

"What's wrong?" Maximus was the first to emerge, looking disheveled, like he was going through something of his own. He looked... drunk.

"Helanie is in—"

I didn't even finish when Maximus rushed downstairs.

"Danger? Trouble? Stress? What?" he asked, not wasting time, like he already knew we'd be hitting the road soon.

"Rudy has a stepbrother—how the hell was that not disclosed in his documents?" I snapped, glaring at Kaye, who was already hurrying toward me to follow.

Emmet came out wearing a shirt he was still buttoning up.

"What about him? Tell me!" Kaye insisted as we headed for the cars.

He's Rhiz.

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

Chapter 528-Under Arrest And Hopefully Tortured

Chapter 528: 528-Under Arrest And Hopefully Tortured

Helanie:

That fear I used to feel whenever I faced one of them after that night—I would start shaking, freeze for a few seconds, and tears would fill my eyes, it was no longer there.

But this time, I stood tall. Confident.

I didn't know why, but it felt as if I had been waiting for this moment to arrive.

Rhiz clicked his tongue as he locked the door behind him. He was trying his best to look intimidating. And I say this with the utmost respect—but I wasn't scared of him.

I calmly folded my arms across my chest and raised a brow. This confidence, this calm—it had to be coming from the one who had finally awakened inside me.

"I see you're not crying for help anymore," he said, turning around and leaning back against the door. His hands slipped into his pockets.

"I used to think of you as a monster. The big bad wolf who got me that night," I said quietly. "I thought when I saw you again, I'd shatter all over again. I used to picture your face and wonder—will I be able to look at it without falling apart?"

I met his eyes, kept my voice low, calm.

"But now that I'm seeing you, standing right in front of me... I realize you were only scary because I made you scary. You were only 'manly' because you attacked a vulnerable woman without an active wolf."

The way his smirk faltered just because I wasn't afraid—that told me everything I needed to know.

"Ohh, confidence," he sneered. "Well, will it hurt your feelings to know I already knew you've grown confident? I've been hearing all sorts of nonsense—court cases, trials, challenges—"

He kept talking, but I started laughing. The sound of it silenced him.

"That's why you were hiding," I said simply.

His smirk vanished completely.

"You know what," he growled, stepping toward me, "you looked even more gorgeous when you had my cock down your throat and couldn't speak. Remember how you cried? Begged us to let you go. Your pendant in your neck but it was so easy for us to tell everyone that it was off."

He hissed, expecting me to flinch.

"You shouldn't have come here alone," he said, getting closer.

I didn't move. I didn't need to.

"I'm not the same girl you remember," I said, my voice calm and sure. Even with him towering over me, I didn't fear him. I was ready.

He laughed.

"You? What can you do?"

He bent down to level his face with mine, trying to emphasize the height difference.

Was that his move? To remind me he was taller? Bigger?

Before he could blink, I punched him in the stomach. Hard.

He doubled over, gasping for air.

Before he could straighten up, I kicked his legs out from under him. He crashed to the floor with a loud thud.

I stepped back, breathing steady.

He looked up at me, eyes wide, shock written across his face.

"You trained," he said, coughing.

I nodded. "Every day. For people like you."

He got up, slower this time, and swung his fist at me. I ducked easily and grabbed his arm. Twisting it behind his back, I shoved him against the wall.

"Next time," I whispered in his ear, "think twice before you lock me in a room. Because trust me—it'll be deadlier for you."

He looked like he'd just met the biggest shock of his life.

I kept him pinned, my fingers wrapped tightly around his neck. Every time he tried to grab my arm or retaliate, I blocked him with my free hand—calm, precise.

"You feel it now, don't you?" I said, cold and low. "I'm not scared anymore."

I held him there a few seconds longer before letting go. I wanted him to feel it—that he'd already lost.

But he was stubborn. Of course he was. There was no way he'd admit defeat to me.

The second I stepped back, he roared and charged, throwing a punch straight at my face.

Too slow.

I ducked, caught his arm, and twisted it sharply. He cried out in pain. I yanked him forward and drove my knee into his stomach. He collapsed to his knees, coughing violently.

Still not done, he lunged at my legs. I jumped back, spun around, and kicked him across the face.

He hit the ground hard, groaning, blood trickling from his mouth. Watching him struggle only solidified my belief in my power. And I began to wonder—would it feel this satisfying to fight Darius too?

"I shouldn't have drunk so much before facing you," he muttered, coughing and trying to blame the alcohol in his system.

I had noticed it too—his slower reactions, his sloppier moves. When he brought it up, I started to wonder if that was why.

"I'll see you in court," I said coldly. Now that I knew where to find him, I would drag him to face justice.

But just as I turned to leave, his voice made me stop dead in my tracks.

"But did you enjoy it?" he sneered. "My cock in you? When you're facing me in court, just remember—I fucked over your friend's little sister and killed her too."

Rage snapped through me. I turned too fast, blinded by fury—exactly what he wanted.

Before I realized it, he was behind me. He caught my fist mid-air, spun me around, and threw me onto the bed. He scrambled on top of me, trying to trap me beneath him.

"Anger isn't your biggest power," he smirked.

But before I could strike back, the door burst open—and in walked Rudy, with people behind him.

Not just anyone.

His mother. And Vontson.

"Alpha Rhiz," Vontson hissed, his tone cold and sharp. "You are under arrest for attacking Helanie."

Rhiz's eyes nearly popped out of his skull as the warriors stormed in, grabbing him and dragging him off the bed like a ragdoll.

"Wait! Let me explain—I've been framed!" he shouted.

Rudy reached over to help me off the bed, then turned to Rhiz, expression unreadable.

He looked at Rhiz, then at me, and finally said, "You did him pretty dirty. I'm proud of you."

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

Chapter 529-Let's Punish The Asshole

Chapter 529: 529-Let's Punish The Asshole

Helanie:

"You're shameless enough to approach her again? And even corner her?" Vontson yelled, his eyes bloodshot with rage.

"I didn't do anything!" Rhiz snapped, his voice rising. "I didn't know she was coming here. I was looking for a restroom when I found her in the room. I had just come out of the bathroom when she was standing by the door, locking it. Then she took off her pendant—and seduced me! But when I started fighting it—she hit me. She attacked me."

"The only reason I gave in to her pheromones before was because I thought she wanted me too. I didn't know she'd turn around and call it rape. But this time, I was fighting hard—"

Rhiz had been rambling since he got caught. I had a feeling he was going to blame everything on my pheromones.

"But you need to understand," he added, grasping at straws. "Her pheromones make you commit a crime."

Gavin's expression hardened. He'd clearly been waiting for that excuse.

"Take it off," Gavin ordered, his gaze shifting to me.

"What?" Rhiz blurted, thinking Gavin was speaking to him.

"I said take off that pendant," Gavin clarified, looking straight at me. "Let's see if anyone in here loses their mind."

I nodded and stood up from the sofa, unfastening the pendant. I knew it might get awkward, but I had to show them my pheromones weren't as dangerous as Rhiz claimed.

As I stood tall, everyone exchanged uncertain glances before turning their eyes to me.

"I'm sensing something... but it's very mild. Like a faint scent," Lamar said, turning to Penn for confirmation.

"Yeah. I smell something faint, but it's not seductive," Penn agreed.

"I don't even sense anything," Vontson added with a shrug.

Rhiz looked like he'd just lost a major battle.

"It—it didn't use to be like that. She—she got marked by her mate, right? That's why—listen—" Rhiz started to stammer, his words growing more suspicious with each pause.

"But didn't you just say her pheromones made you lose control?" Rudy said with a smirk, his tone dripping with disbelief.

"You stay out of it! You're the problem. Why would you bring her here?" Rhiz snapped, pointing accusingly at Rudy.

"Because I wanted to expose you," Rudy replied coolly.

Everyone turned as an omega entered the room, carrying a laptop. With all eyes on him, he set it on the table and pressed play.

The room filled with silence as a video began to play—a recording of my earlier interaction with Rhiz in the bedroom, where he confessed to everything.

It was a moment of undeniable relief. The truth was finally out.

Rudy's mother stared at his face in shock—and so did everyone else.

"You set the camera up to catch him?" she asked, a huge smile forming as she patted her son's back.

"I wasn't going to let him get away with it," Rudy said, smiling at me.

The rest of the room slowly broke into relieved, proud smiles, but Rhiz looked like he was coming undone. That is when Lamar broke free from the grasp of Gavin and attacked Rhiz. However, being an alpha, Rhiz was going to retaliate when both Penn and Gavin started beating him up as well.

"My sister was just so innocent—she wasn't born to pleasure you," Lamar was yelling and crying, kicking him along with the others. I saw Vonston gesture at his warriors to not stop them.

After they gave him a good beating, we all gathered around Lamar to give him a hug.

"And to think my husband married his mother and brought her in—thinking her son could one day become Alpha—it just blows my mind," Rudy's mother hissed, eyeing Rhiz from head to toe with disdain. He had been back on his feet, all bloody.

As they spoke, Salem and Jenny rushed over to stand beside me, quickly filling me in on the real history between Rudy and Rhiz.

Apparently, the reason Rudy had enrolled in the academy was to battle Rhiz. The two were meant to fight for the crown—a decision made by their parents. But instead of agreeing to a fair surrender rule, both sides had wanted the other to die. That's how deep their hatred ran.

The battle was supposed to happen soon. But now... it wouldn't.

"Alpha Rhiz," Vontson said coldly, stepping forward. "I've already informed your mother to come here—to stand by as your dethronement is finalized. And not just that—you'll be punished for your crimes against Helaine. At this point, I don't trust a word from any of you. I'm just waiting for the battle between Helaine and Darius to see any truth."

With a snarl, Vontson hurled his glass across the room. It hit Rhiz squarely in the chest, and Rhiz groaned.

Then Rudy's father arrived, and it turned into a chaotic family reunion.

He walked straight up to Rudy's mother and apologized—deeply—for ever choosing a woman who failed to raise her son right, who made Rhiz into a monster.

Rhiz's mother came in shortly after, only to slap her own forehead in shame when she watched the video. Both mothers apologized to me and Lamar. Rudy's father embraced me gently, assuring me he would accept any punishment I wanted to give his son. Whereas they knew no amount of apologies could comfort Lamar at the moment.

It was a complete mess. A whirlwind of emotion and truth.

But deep inside me, I couldn't fully react. I felt... numb.

After everything was done, Lamar and I chose the punishment ourselves: eternal damnation. Rhiz was sentenced to be thrown into the underground prison—forever. There, he would serve as a slave to the other prisoners, stripped of his rank and pride.

As we walked out of the mansion, the brothers arrived.

Norman was already fuming. He rushed out of his car, grabbed Rhiz—who was going to receive 200 lashes and was being escorted to the prison transport—and began beating him mercilessly.

Kaye, Maximus and Emmet followed close behind, ripping off their jackets, ready to join in.

I witnessed firsthand what it meant to be attacked by warrior-blooded brothers. They could tear someone apart.

It took several warriors to hold them back and explain what had already happened—that Rhiz had been exposed by his own words.

Finally, the brothers stepped back.

Rhiz was thrown into the prison bus. He never apologized. Even when the council offered to reduce his lashes by 100 if he simply said sorry—he refused.

The only thing he muttered before being taken away was:

"I regret not killing her that night."

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

Chapter 530-Not A Hero I Wanted

Chapter 530: 530-Not A Hero I Wanted

Helanie:

"Congratulations, you're now the only Alpha of the pack," Sage said, hugging Rudy while others crowded around him with congratulations.

His parents had already left, and so had the council heads—retiring to the guest rooms, now able to enjoy the upcoming carnival with peace of mind. The culprit had been caught, and they didn't have to witness a battle for control of the pack after all.

"I heard you beat him up pretty badly," Norman said, pulling my attention as he and the brothers returned from their conversation with Vontson about my battle with Darius.

"He was drunk," I recalled quietly.

"Still—give yourself some praise for your achievements," Kaye uttered, oddly avoiding my eyes.

"Vontson mentioned something," Maximus added. "He said Rhiz will be punished with 200 lashes every week for the murder of Lamar's sister.?"

The room grew tense. Our eyes drifted toward Lamar, whose face had paled. I felt awful for him. Watching that video must have been traumatizing. Jenny was at his side, gently hugging him and keeping him grounded.

I wanted to do the same... but something else had been burning inside me.

Everyone had been calling Rudy a savior, a hero. But I had something to say about that.

As I began walking toward him, people around us stepped aside, making space, expecting me to thank him—maybe even call him my hero.

Even Rudy straightened his posture, a smug smirk on his lips as he extended a hand toward me.

Did he really think I was going to hug him?

I raised my hand—but not to shake his.

I slapped him.

Hard enough that the sound echoed in the air.

Gasps rang out. Whispers started rippling through the air. Everyone looked shocked.

"Helaine—what...?" Rudy asked, rubbing his cheek in disbelief. Even Sage looked displeased.

"He helped you, Helaine," she protested.

"He helped himself," I hissed back. She turned to glare at Rudy, as if demanding an explanation.

"I was just trying to help you... by getting a confession out of him," Rudy said, trying to explain, but I kept shaking my head. The brothers quickly rushed to my side.

There was no way he could fool me like he had others fooled.

"You did it because you didn't want to risk battling him. You think I'm a fool?" I snapped. "You didn't even tell me your big plan. You literally pushed me into a room with someone who traumatized me—again."

My voice cracked with the fury and pain I had held back.

"The right thing should have been you telling me about the whole plan and asking me if I will be ready to be alone in a room with him," I screamed at him.

"It took you time to show up with the warriors. What if I had been too shocked to defend myself? What if he had done something terrible before you arrived? You didn't care about what seeing him again would do to me. A little warning could've saved me so much pain."

I took a breath, steadying myself before continuing.

"Thankfully, I had my wolf to help me stay grounded. Otherwise, your quest for a crown would have broken me. And now you want credit?"

I stared him down.

"You killed two birds with one stone—so don't act like you did it just for me. You had a camera set up, and all that time in the car you didn't say one word about what you were planning. That wasn't protection. That was calculation."

"And the fact that he knew his stepbrother could be dangerous—he didn't even mention Rhiz when applying to the academy," Maximus hissed, his fists clenched tight.

"You did it for selfish reasons. Really a dick move," Sage added, slapping Rudy on the back of the head. He lowered his head, ashamed.

So... he understood the weight of what he'd done.

"I just... didn't want to lose any battle," Rudy muttered. "And I wanted to come off as a hero to Helaine. I wanted her to choose me."

His words meant nothing. His actions had already screamed the truth.

"You used Helaine to secure your crown," Penn spat. "You're no better than Sydney."

I could already hear the echoes of, 'I told you guys—there's something off about Rudy,' coming from nearly everyone now.

"Sydney—" Rudy suddenly perked up as if finding an excuse. "She called me... and kind of convinced me it would be a good idea—"

"The fact that a junior, who publicly hurt Helaine, was able to manipulate you like that?" Emmet scoffed, shaking his head. "Maybe we need tighter screening before letting anyone enroll in our academy."

He turned to grab his coat, probably in search of a drink, but when our eyes met—he saw the look on my face. The hurt. The exhaustion.

He stopped.

"Well," Norman said with a heavy sigh, "I know it doesn't matter much now, not after all the training we gave you... but you're expelled, Rudy."

Of course, expulsion wouldn't really matter to him now. He'd found a shortcut to power. He didn't care who he hurt to get it.

If only he had told me about his plan. I would have helped—gladly. We could have taken safety measures. But he never considered that. He never considered me.

"Helaine, please—listen to me—" Rudy's voice cracked as he reached for me, but Kaye slapped his hand away.

"We're leaving. You enjoy your carnival," Kaye snapped, signaling Maximus to help gather my things from the mansion. I wasn't going back in there.

"We're leaving too," my friends said as they passed Rudy, each one hissing their disappointment at him.

If it weren't for my wolf grounding me through Rudy's betrayal, I might have believed him. Might have thanked him, like everyone else had planned to.

Everyone had been so busy celebrating Rhiz's downfall, they didn't notice the deeper betrayal playing out in the background.

"I'm coming too," Sage finally muttered. She gave Rudy one last shake of her head before turning to join us.

And just like that, it was decided.

We were leaving.

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

Chapter 531-His Naughty Wife

Chapter 531: 531-His Naughty Wife

Helanie:

It had been a few days since we returned from that carnival. We hadn't enjoyed it, and even though I had been angry with Rudy and never wanted to see his face again, I was still relieved that Rhiz was taken away.

"Ahhh!" I sighed as I landed on my feet again.

"Impressive," Norman commented, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth.

Since he wasn't the type to let me win or even allow a single punch through without defending with everything he had, I found it fun to tell others that I did beat Norman in training.

"Thank you," I smiled, giving him a small bow. Kaye and Maximus had done their parts too.

We fought, and I was able to knock them out of the circle a few times, but they were still very soft on me. I noticed they would hesitate before throwing a punch at me.

As for Norman, he mostly defended himself.

With Emmet, though, things were even more different. He would only teach me strength and tips for different techniques. He refused to fight me at all.

"How does Chinese sound for dinner?" Maximus asked, rushing to my side while Norman walked ahead. Emmet would first take my classes and teach me techniques, but he usually didn't stay for my fights with my three brothers.

"Perfect," Kaye said, clearing his throat. He had been acting a little strange. In fact, now that I think about it, there were a few moments when he was a bit too rough with me today.

In the circle, he was growling and grunting a lot. But in the end, he came over to apologize for being too harsh.

I liked it.

It would help me fight better.

Once we got home, everyone went straight to their rooms while Norman and I sat outside to eat dinner.

After we were done, Norman grabbed the dishes to take them to the kitchen.

I would've loved to help him with the chores, but my body was aching a lot after training. Although it wasn't as bad as before, it still left me feeling rough.

"So, you're making the eldest one wash dishes for you?"

It was Charlotte. I rolled my eyes and crossed one leg over the other.

"Wait till you see him give me foot massages," I said, watching her face turn red.

"Do you enjoy men's attention?" she hissed, her fingers wrapped around the back of the chair.

Even the nice weather didn't help her bad mood. That's why I sat in the garden—to avoid seeing her or talking to her inside. But she was such a problem, she came outside just to annoy me.

"Umm, my husband's attention? Of course! Who doesn't like that? Ohhhh! But some of us can't get any," I pouted, watching her clench her jaw at my words.

I knew how much I could hurt her with just my words. That was the problem with her—she could say all she wanted, but the minute someone gave her the same energy back, she'd lose her mind and cry about it to Lord McQuoid and her mother.

"Besides, when did you switch sides?" I noticed her frown a little.

"I thought you'd be on my mother's side, but hanging around with Darcy—tsk tsk tsk. Such an opportunist you are. And all that for a man? Who doesn't even want you," I puckered my lips, acting like I was feeling bad for her.

But in reality, I wanted a reaction out of her—and it seemed like I had gotten one.

She was trying hard to hold back her tears before she started rambling.

"When did you see me—hang around with Lady Darcy?"

That was her concern?

Oh, yes. She didn't know that we knew she and Darcy had lied about her being mates with Maximus. So she must be scared and worried we'd seen her with him.

"Didn't she introduce you to everyone that day as her son's mate?" I tilted my head, watching relief flash across her face, but she quickly covered it with a grunt.

"What are you doing here, Charlotte?"

Norman had come out, and the second I saw him notice Charlotte standing with me, he quickened his pace to approach us.

"I was just catching up with my cousin. Heard she'll be battling Alpha Darius. I'm worried for her," she said in a much sweeter tone, making Norman stare at her with a bored look.

"You don't need to worry about that. She'll do fine. As for you standing here trying to annoy her—quit these habits. If she complains..."

He pulled one hand out of his pants pocket to point at her while the other stayed in—so intimidating.

"But I wasn't annoying her," she pouted—but it was genuine. Her concern for her image was always real.

"Oh, she's not annoying. It's just that she has a very annoying face," I shrugged, getting up to wrap my arm around Norman's.

The way I did it—she looked furious.

Instead of going to her fiancé and trying to win him over, she was getting mad that Norman was giving me attention.

And then there was Norman—he shuddered the moment I did that.

"I'll go into my bedroom with my husband now. A woman has some needs, you know?" I mumbled in a seductive tone, turning to walk away with Norman after I left Charlotte outside—with tears in her eyes.

Norman didn't say anything until we were inside the room.

That's when I unwrapped my arm from around his and crawled into bed, taking off my purple sweater. I'd already showered and changed before dinner, so I was just ready for a good sleep.

But my dear innocent husband shocked me when he made me realize he had taken my words a little too seriously.

"About the needs part—"

He got my attention as he scratched the back of his neck and cleared his throat, "I don't know how to... do it with you because—it... is..."

Somehow, I had a wild thought and just wanted to tease him.

"It's okay. I can guide you if you're a beginner," I said.

The way his head snapped toward me was pure gold.

"I know how it's done, okay? And my stamina can be unmatched. I can do it with you without any breaks for two days straight. And trust me—"

That's all he said before he suddenly stopped and realized something.

"You are a very... naughty girl, Helanie."

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

Chapter 532-My Husband Never Sleeps

Chapter 532: 532-My Husband Never Sleeps

Helanie:

Norman didn't say another word after that and rushed into the bathroom to shower and get ready for bed.

I guess he finally realized I was only saying that to get under Charlotte's skin.

"Was he really ready to do it with us?" my wolf asked, making me lie in bed, wondering what Norman's next move would have been if he hadn't figured out I said that just to annoy Charlotte.

"I don't know. I can never understand him."

Of course, she had seen my thoughts and everything from my memories, but still, we hadn't talked about our mates like that yet.

"But you tell me about yourself. What name do you want?" I asked her.

I had never been given any wolf connection classes before. Since I didn't get a wolf at the usual age, they kicked me out of those classes.

"I have a name. And I'm sure you'll like it," she said. She was such a tease.

But honestly, she had become one of my best friends.

"What is it?" I asked, and she giggled.

"Cora," she said sweetly.

"That's a perfect name for you," I replied, genuinely happy to be talking with my wolf.

We spoke for a few minutes before I passed out. I was so tired I was already asleep even before Norman came out of the bathroom.

But I was woken up by strange noises in the bedroom.

I sat up with my fists clenched, body ready to fight, until I figured out where the sounds were coming from.

Norman, for some reason, had laid out a mattress for himself and was groaning in his sleep.

Usually, he isn't a very deep sleeper. It always seems like he's just resting or lightly napping.

But that night, he was really asleep—deeply.

I reached over to the lamp on the side table and turned it on, focusing on Norman. He looked so restless on the mattress.

I wondered if it was because he felt guilty about the earlier comments and decided to sleep on the floor.

"Norman," I said softly, getting out of bed to reach for him.

He had a frown on his forehead and one hand over his chest, clutching it like he was holding his heart.

"Don't, I heard him say in his sleep." He was probably having a nightmare.

"The pain—it's too much—just let me go."

The way he was muttering, shaking his head from side to side, made my heart ache.

"Are you okay?" I asked him, but he was in such a deep sleep that I couldn't get through to him.

"I would rather die."

He was breathing heavily now, and that's when I reached out and touched his arm, trying to wake him up.

"Norman—Norman, wake up. It's just a nightmare."

At first, my attempts were futile. I grabbed his arm and gave him a firm shake.

Not only did I wake him up, but I must've startled him too, because he suddenly grabbed me by my arms, flipped me onto the mattress, and pinned my hands down.

"Norman."

I whispered his name, shocked. His eyes were red, his face twisted in a look of rage.

"What are you trying to do?"

He hissed through gritted teeth, demanding an answer. But within seconds, his expression shifted as he realized it was me—not an intruder or a threat.

"Helanie?"

He frowned, squinting through the dim light to get a clearer view of my face. The moment his eyes adjusted, he looked down at his hands holding me and quickly let go, moving off me.

I sat up slowly, cheeks flushed, my body stiff with awkwardness. That shouldn't have happened.

"I'm so sorry. I thought you were an intruder."

He kept his gaze down, sitting on his knees with his arms resting on his legs, scratching at his scalp nervously—hoping I wouldn't question him further.

"You were having a nightmare," I spoke after a few moments of silence.

"Oh."

He didn't seem too surprised.

"I guess I fell asleep," he uttered.

Now that was odd.

"Hmm? Why are you saying it like that? You sleep every night, don't you?" I kept my tone gentle, even though I was clearly taken aback.

The way he avoided my eyes told me there was something strange behind that simple statement.

"Norman, you do sleep every night, right?" I asked again, this time more directly. I got on my knees, leaning closer as I waited for his answer.

"I don't sleep—not like everyone else does. I always keep one eye open." He shrugged as if it wasn't the craziest thing in the world to say.

"Huh? How can someone not sleep and still function properly?" I stared at him, trying to make sense of it.

"Maybe that's why you don't function right at all." I nodded to myself, watching him narrow his eyes at me.

"No seriously. I think that's why you're always so grumpy. Why don't you sleep?" But his frown deepened at the question.

"I'm not grumpy. You're just too annoying," He said it like it was a punchline, but it wasn't anything new—I already knew he thought that.

"Is that why you were still ready to do me?" I don't know why I said it. The moment the words left my mouth, both of us turned our heads in opposite directions, embarrassed.

"I wasn't ready to—"

He grimaced, stopping himself. That's when I noticed the sweat on his neck. I reached for a tissue and leaned forward to wipe it away, but he caught my wrist before I could.

"What? I'm not doing anything," I said quietly, my wrist still held in his grip.

"Just change your shirt. You're all sweaty." I mumbled. He let go, and I pulled back, a little confused by how weirdly he was acting.

I stood up and started walking toward the bed. Halfway there, I paused and glanced over my shoulder to check on him.

That's when I saw him pulling his shirt off to change into a clean one—and something on his arm caught my eye.

A bite mark. On his left arm.

It wasn't just a mark. It looked... strange. And for some reason, it gave me the weirdest feeling.

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

Chapter 533-He Has Her Bite Mark Tattooed On His Arm

Chapter 533: 533-He Has Her Bite Mark Tattooed On His Arm

Helanie:

"What is that?"

I didn't know why I was so shocked and freaked out for him that I didn't even wait for him to put on a new shirt. Also, once it was hidden, he would never tell me what it was.

As he turned around, surprised, I saw another strange thing in the middle of his chest.

"And what is that?" I pointed at the handprint on his chest.

"Helanie, would you like it if I saw you without a shirt on?" That was his way of trying to teach me not to stare, but it came off very weird.

"I want to know what these are. And in return—you can watch me completely naked," I snapped at him because of his reaction.

He would go shirtless around others when he was shifting, but he acted all moody around me?

He quickly put on a white shirt, then placed his hands on his waist and looked at me with a complaining expression.

"Nice abs though," Cora commented, and my eyes moved down to his stomach, even though he was now fully dressed.

"Later," I said to her, copying Norman's pose and putting my hands on my waist too.

"What was that? Are you going to tell me or not?" I demanded. He knew everything about me and my life, so I should know about him too.

"That's none of your business," he said in a bitter, bratty tone, trying to shut me down.

"It wasn't a bite mark—it was a tattoo, that's what it was. Why would you get a handprint and a bite mark tattooed on your body?" I complained, realizing he was getting angrier by the second.

"You're being very nosy, Helanie," he said, pointing his finger at me. Before I could snap back, my eyes landed on my purple sweater—and then a memory hit me.

As it did, I gasped and covered my mouth with both hands.

"What? What do you remember?" Even the way Norman asked made me wonder if I had caught it right.

He suddenly looked so interested, even stepping towards me to ask what I had realized.

"Don't," I warned him from coming closer. Not because I was mad at him, but because I was so shocked.

"Tell me," he almost jumped up and down like a child when demanding the answer.

"That is—that is where I bit you that day when my sweater—oh, is that my bite mark?" It was a huge reach, but it had to be.

I remembered feeling so guilty for biting him for too long.

"No—that's not your bite mark," he refused straight up, but the way he stepped back and looked so upset wasn't helping.

But I did feel bad for him. He looked so upset when getting confronted. But why the heck would he have my bite mark tattooed on his arm?

"Whose handprint is that?" I asked him, not remembering if it came from me. But at least the bite mark—I was certain that's where I bit him.

"Okay, I'll be honest with you," after a few minutes of him walking back and forth, looking so agitated, he finally decided to give me a clear answer. "After you bit me, I went to see Jessica because I was angry with you. I told her to bite me in the same spot because I only want one woman to be biting me—and then I tattooed her bite mark on my arm," he stated, and now I felt like a dumbass.

"Oh," my energy wasn't the same anymore. The fact that I had assumed so much was so embarrassing for me. I shouldn't have assumed that big. Of course, there's no way he would tattoo my bite mark on his arm.

"And this handprint, it's also Jessica's," he answered, and now he looked confident, and I was avoiding eye contact with him.

"Oh," was all I could say.

"No, I could embarrass you just like you were trying to embarrass me, but I won't do that because I'm not you. I'm not Helanie, who wants to embarrass me all the time by asking me such hard questions," he was using a much sterner tone, and I realized I had been playing him a little too hard.

"Who said I was trying to embarrass you? I was just curious," I muttered under my breath before letting out a sigh and facing him again.

"So you don't sleep at all?" I asked again, changing the subject now that I was the one who had ended up being embarrassed.

"I don't," he replied.

"Hmm. When my parents were divorcing, I had a really hard time sleeping. So my mother would sing a this lullaby to me, and somehow, I would always fall asleep so peacefully. I'm not sure if it will help you—" I stopped myself because of the way he was still staring at me with his eyebrow raised.

I shouldn't have assumed he had my bite mark tattooed on his arm. Now he'll think I'm interested in him and wanted it to be my bite mark so badly.

"It will help," however, he suddenly shocked me with his response.

"Okay," I cleared my throat, giving little head nods.

"Umm, get in the bed," I pointed at the bed, and he walked over very steadily to lie down.

I got in the bed, and after gathering much courage, I tapped my hand in my lap. I shouldn't have, but I just remembered my mother doing it that way.

"What?" He looked shocked but changed his tone to sound casual.

"My mother used to do that. She would always make me rest my head in her lap and run her fingers through my hair—" I was trying to convince him that I wasn't trying to do anything weird and thought it would take some time before he even listened when he shocked me more by suddenly lying down and placing his head in my lap.

Oh my!

My heart stopped. I didn't think it would be such a huge deal for a man to only place his head in my lap, and my heart would go crazy.

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

Chapter 534-Singing Him A Lullaby

Chapter 534: 534-Singing Him A Lullaby

Helanie:

It was late, and the weather had turned even more pleasant when it started raining. The rain tapped softly on the window, and the room was quiet. Only the small lamp beside the bed was on, giving a warm, soft light.

I was feeling strange in my heart; his hair smelled so good that even though his head was only in my lap, I could smell the amazing scent of his shampoo.

He lay across the bed, his head in my lap. His eyes were closed, but I knew he wasn't asleep. His face looked calm now, but I had seen how tired and lost he seemed all day, every day.

Especially now that I had been spending nights in his room, I realized he was always awake.

I slowly ran my fingers through his hair. It felt natural, even though everything between us still felt strange. There was something we weren't saying. Something heavy in the silence.

I looked down at him. He looked peaceful like this. Safe. Like he could finally sleep well.

The lullaby just came out, soft and quiet, almost like a whisper.

"Sleep now, love, the night is near,

The stars are out, the sky is clear,

As the ships on seas gets near,

Sleep now, love, the peace is real,

No more worries, no more cries,

Just close your eyes and hear my sighs..."

He didn't say anything. He didn't move. But I felt his body slowly relax. His breathing became slower, deeper. He was letting go, little by little.

I kept singing.

It was the oddest thing I had done with him. But somehow, I did it, and not only did he sound at peace, but I was at peace too. I liked the way he was breathing so calmly now.

There were moments when my mind drifted to his statement. He didn't want any other woman's bite on his body but Jessica's. It made me feel so guilty.

I had stolen his chance to be happy. I had married him when he could have been with the woman he wanted. And all this time, I hadn't thanked him properly.

'Asshole!'

I grunted at him, and my wolf huffed.

'I thought you wanted to thank him,' she sounded so confused.

'I will—I am thanking him. Resting him to sleep is my way to thank him,' I muttered.

'But he is such an idiot—asshole—a rascal—ugh, I want to pull his hair,' although I felt that way, my fingers never did anything to hurt his hair.

It was so silky smooth.

'Then what are you so mad about?' Cora questioned.

'It's just that he—' I paused and then added, 'never told me he was having trouble sleeping,' I let out a deep breath as I realized I had been looking for an excuse and finally found one.

'Ohhh—please! Fool someone else. I live inside you. You're jealous,' the minute she said that, I frowned and almost stopped singing.

'You're funny. Why would I be jealous that he made Jessica leave a bite mark over my bite mark?' As soon as I said that, my wolf started snickering, and I knew she was onto something.

"I never said you were jealous of the bite mark," she replied, as if she had done something. It wasn't impressive at all.

"Maybe you don't remember that you live inside me, and no, I'm not jealous of Jessica. If anything, I should be ashamed of myself that I stole her mate—even if only until the next full moon, but I did."

I remembered the way he avoided my eyes when talking about the tattoos. He must miss her a lot.

I ruined their happy ending. And I should be careful around him because now I was friends with Jessica, and she didn't deserve to get betrayed by me.

After that, even I fell asleep, after I made sure Norman was asleep too. I mean, he fell asleep fifteen minutes before I did.

I was in a sitting position the whole night, but somehow, I was fine. I didn't feel any body aches throughout the night. However, we both jumped awake at the hard knocking on the bedroom door.

Norman raised his head from my lap, his eyes swollen and lips all red. I could tell he had a restful night. His hair was messy, and his eyes could barely open.

"You—were sitting the whole night?" was the first thing he said, even when there was someone outside who had to be in desperate need.

"I was fine. At least you rested well," I smiled and noticed how lost he looked, like he had actually slept well.

"That is so odd," he pulled away, running his hand through his hair in confusion.

"Norman, someone is at the door," I pointed at the door, and he realized there was indeed some commotion outside the room.

"I'll check it," he said, getting up while still being so sleepy. I think if nobody had knocked, he would have stayed sleeping. How long had it been since he'd slept well?

He reached for the door while I stayed sitting, thinking maybe we could go for round two.

'Round two!' my wolf let out a laugh, making me roll my eyes at her. It was a little too early—not really—but I had just woken up, and she was taking my words as dirty talk.

Norman opened the door and stepped back when the warriors sent by the council stepped inside.

'Back off, my wife is in bed still,' Norman snapped, suddenly pushing them out of the room.

I grabbed my sweater and put it on, jumping off the bed to see what was going on. Once Norman was certain I was ready to face them, he snapped his fingers at them to hurry up.

"Is it about the battle? Are there any more requests from that loser?" Norman started grunting, his arms stretched out to make sure no one could come inside the room.

However, it was when I saw his brothers come through with the warriors that I had a feeling something bad had happened.

Before his brothers could say something, one of the warriors spoke up. "Norman Arrow McQuoid, you are under arrest for the murder of Alpha Zellu."

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

Chapter 535-My Husband Got Arrested

Chapter 535: 535-My Husband Got Arrested

Helanie:

"The weapon found had Norman's fingerprints on it, and his DNA was all over the crime scene as well," Lord McQuoid explained to me while his sons stayed on the call with the council heads. Emmet was standing among the warriors with Norman in our bedroom.

I was asked to wait for Norman outside in the living room while they discussed the issues in there.

My mother stood beside Lord McQuoid, always silent, like a shadow.

"So? They're going to arrest him for it? Let's just say, even if Norman did do it, why would they arrest him for killing a scumbag like him? Zellu confessed to murdering his sister. Doesn't that count as guilty and worthy of the death penalty?" I was rambling, but also listening to my faint heartbeat.

"But I know Norman didn't do it," I added quickly. Charlotte had a weird look on her face as she stood in the corner with her arms folded over her chest. Her mother, as always, stood with her like a statue.

"They won't punish him for the murder since Zellu confessed to murder and rape. But they will punish Norman for using the forbidden weapon on an alpha. We had a deal with the council and the packs that we won't use weapons, especially that one, on any alpha," Lord McQuoid said, and it was then that I began to realize Norman was in trouble.

However, I was certain Norman didn't kidnap Zellu. At least one of his brothers would have found out.

"What punishment will he get?" I inquired, watching their faces as my heartbeat slowed.

"They will stab him with the same dagger and make him confess his dirty secrets in front of everyone and then put him in prison for ten years," Lord McQuoid sighed, looking so tense and exhausted.

"No!" I muttered to myself before starting to scream. "NOOO!" I stomped my feet, getting irritated at the injustice.

"Helanie, it's not up to us to do anything. We can either hand him over or start a war," Lord McQuoid said, gesturing at Charlotte to get me water, and I saw how she rolled her eyes before dragging her feet to get it.

"No, no, no! This is not fair. Then let's do the war," I said. As soon as I said that, Charlotte almost dropped the glass.

"Are you crazy? We'll be outnumbered," Charlotte complained with a hiss.

"So what? You want my son to get punished?" It was Darcy, who had arrived after probably hearing about the arrest of her son.

"But I'm just saying—," Charlotte bit her tongue before stepping away.

"Don't speak when it's about my son," Darcy hissed at her, and Charlotte quickly ran to stand beside her mother.

"Darcy, why are you here?" Lord McQuoid turned to her, his tone harsher than ever.

"Huh? My son is getting arrested, and you're asking me why I'm here?" she yelled, looking over his shoulder at me.

"You! You're the reason he's getting arrested. All your dirt is being thrown at my sons, don't you feel guilty?" she screamed at me, and my mother slowly started to walk to the side, where she could see us all properly.

"I will not let him get arrested," I said confidently.

"Prove it, then." As soon as she said that, I started to head back to the room.

Somehow, Lord McQuoid started chasing after me.

"Helanie, there's nothing you can do," he let out a cry, trying to hold my hand. It was the first time I had seen my mother move. She ran out of the living room, probably to see why her mate was so determined to stop me from whatever mistake they thought I was going to make.

"I'm not going to let him get arrested," I let out a cry, freeing my hand and rushing upstairs. But Norman and Emmet were already walking downstairs with the warriors. He saw me and frowned, gesturing for his father to back off from stopping me.

"What's going on?" he asked, taking quick strides to reach me where I was now.

"You are not getting arrested," I stomped my feet again, sobbing.

"Helanie—don't cry, it will be fine," Norman uttered, looking around until his eyes landed on his mother. She rushed past me, almost pushing me out of the way to hug her son.

"I'll bail you out, don't worry," she started to cry, but I watched Norman stare at me as I cried behind her.

"Helanie—calm down. Nothing will happen," Emmet walked over to my side for comfort.

"Helanie never shows us this side of her," Even through all this worry, I heard Maximus complain to Kaye, who shrugged with his hands in his pant pockets.

"You're not arresting our brother," Kaye raised his voice, and Maximus nodded. I quickly agreed with them by bobbing my head.

"It's alright, I don't want to go against any law," Norman took more strides downstairs after breaking the hug with his mother.

"Why not?" his mother asked, her eyes quickly moving to me.

"Because me not obeying can ruin Helanie's battle. We don't want a war, we want justice," Norman hissed under his breath, trying to make everyone understand.

"She wants justice. You are all just fools playing along," Darcy hissed before she noticed Norman glaring at her.

"And while I'm gone, you are not allowed here. No one who will make things difficult for Helanie will be allowed here," he raised his voice so that his brothers could hear and make it happen.

"You're not going anywhere," I yelled, and everyone turned their attention to me once again.

"You know what—I was the one who abducted him and then stabbed him," I said with my chest held high, getting gasps from around me.

"Helanie," Norman grunted, an angry look on his face that made my lips quiver.

"And you're angry at me now?" I covered my face in my hands as I sobbed some more.

"Don't you dare—," Emmet warned Norman, who I could hear protesting.

"Anyway, we found his DNA at the scene, so we'll be taking him with us. Are you coming?" the warrior asked Norman, just to know if Norman was ready to listen or protest.

"I'm coming," with that, Norman started to follow after them.

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

Chapter 536-Has She Fallen For Him?

Chapter 536: 536-Has She Fallen For Him?

Emmet:

"She's a mess. It's only been a few hours, and she hasn't stopped crying, passed out twice, and hasn't even let a single drop of water go down her throat," Maximus grunted, shaking his head as he fisted his palm.

I heard him, and I had seen her too.

It was like someone had reached down my throat and grabbed my heart in their fist. It wasn't easy to see Helanie show so much love and concern for my brother. I was worried for him myself and would do absolutely everything to get him out, but the way she showed it, it was different.

"She had done something similar for us. Even more. Remember when we were taken by the Glimard? She chased us in the snow to rescue us and found us," my wolf shocked me when he took her side. I always thought he didn't want me to accept her.

But I also knew why.

Accepting her means making her go through the pain I carry. My wolf would rather see us suffer alone than make our mate feel it too.

"So what, Maximus?" I took a stand for her, because I always would, no matter what. "That only shows what a ride or die she is. Our brother has done everything for her in return for nothing. I'm glad she took that stand, because what you didn't see, I did," I nodded, forcing myself to smile even when it wasn't easy for me to cope with that information.

"What did you see?" Kaye questioned.

We were having a meeting in the garden, away from everyone, trying to figure out how to help Norman out. But it was a little confusing that they had found his DNA everywhere at the crime scene.

But I trusted my brother when he looked me in the eye and told me that he had nothing to do with it. There is no amount of evidence that could outweigh my brother's words for me.

"Norman looked slightly at ease. I guess he was surprised Helanie took such a bold step for him. So we should be thanking her for giving him some peace before he was taken away," I stated, watching them nod reluctantly.

"Now what do we do? If he stays in jail for another day, Helanie will lose her eyesight from crying. Which is a bit odd—and I'm not judging or complaining—just pointing it out," Maximus quickly explained so I wouldn't lecture him again.

"She acts so mature and stubborn around me—," he stopped when Kaye had to add something.

"Distant and aloof with me," he grunted, almost pitying.

"Decent and very obedient with Emmet." Since I didn't say anything from my side, Maximus shared his own observation.

"But she acts like a spoiled brat—a cute one, in front of Norman," Maximus was right. It made me feel a little jealous too.

"Not little. If we can use the heat inside you, we can light the world up in flames," my wolf groaned at me.

"Anyway, let's see what could be done—" I stopped talking when I saw a maid running towards us.

"Helanie Niles is crashing out," his words made us exchange a glance before rushing out of our seats to check on her. And just like the maid had said, she had locked herself in the room and was throwing things around.

"Step back," I gestured at my brothers before I shouldered the door open. The inside of the room was a mess. She had broken every vase in Norman's room, every chair was thrown against the wall, and every door was in pieces.

"Norman wouldn't be very happy," Charlotte sang in her mocking tone, causing me to turn and give her a harsh glare.

She quickly straightened her back and looked down. I also noticed Helanie's mother standing among us. She was trying her best to look like she was only here for the drama, but she couldn't fool me. I could see right through her. The way she was biting the inside of her cheek and blinking constantly was a hint that she was worried for her daughter.

"Helanie," I stepped into the room, making sure she didn't step on the broken pieces of glass.

She threw her body into my arms and began to sob again.

"Get her out of the second floor. Don't leave anyone behind," I whispered to Maximus, gesturing at Charlotte. I knew she didn't care at all about Helanie, so she shouldn't be standing there watching her suffer.

Maximus walked out, pointing at Charlotte to follow him, while Kaye started to leave to get the maids and other servants out for a few minutes.

"Helanie, it will be alright," it felt like committing a crime when I hugged her back. But at the same time, it was the type of crime I wouldn't mind being punished for. I never thought I'd be able to hold her in my arms again.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have dragged you brothers into this mess. Now he will be in prison—" She broke the hug and stomped her feet, one after another like a child throwing a tantrum.

Her eyes were swollen shut at this point. The idea of my brother being in prison for even a minute was killing her.

Her mother quietly stepped into the room, the only one with us at that moment.

"It's not your fault. And my brother will be out in no time. We will offer a huge deal and free weapons—we'll do anything to make them release Norman. It's not like Zellu's life means more to them than some good weapons," I said, though I wasn't sure it would work. Not that they cared about Zellu after he committed his crimes. But the other

Alphas were scared of the weapons being used on them, so they wanted to make a statement by punishing Norman.

But my words were enough to make Helanie stare at me with hopeful eyes.

"They will free him?" she asked, her big eyes wide open and teary.

"They will release him," I said. It wasn't me who said it, but the woman watching her silently.

Her mother.

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

Chapter 537-She Is The Queen

Chapter 537: 537-She Is The Queen

Ursula:

Watching my daughter have a breakdown was not something I had expected. I didn't think she would care that much. She would be worried, sure! But to cry like that over a man who had been so harsh to her before, and only agreed to marry her just to reject her on the next full moon, shocked me.

I knew there was nothing going on between her and that man. It was just his way of saving her that night.

But the way my daughter was crying left me worried.

"I said, I have a feeling they will release him," I corrected myself since Emmet had been staring at me.

Watching my daughter hug and cry on this man's chest was so hard for me.

I didn't want anyone to touch or be close to my daughter. She deserved someone better. She should have lived her life away from the mess of this place and these people.

"Give her some water—" I said, breaking my cold attitude.

I always walk away when she cries. It kills me inside to see her in pain.

"They will punish him," my innocent, beautiful Helanie said as she broke the hug with Emmet and looked into his eyes while complaining.

She was so naive and beautiful.

I turned around and quickly walked out of the room, dialing a number.

"Change the plan. Is there anyone who can take the blame?" I asked my man.

"There is one. He's very sick and dying anyway. I bet he would love to serve you, Queen. What do you need us to do?" he asked.

"Tell him to confess to killing and stabbing Alpha Zellu. Say he stole the weapon from—"
" I paused when I remembered that girl, Sydney.

I had heard about her bullying my daughter. "Say he stole the dagger from Beta Coombs. As for the motive, tell him to say he wanted Norman to take the blame because he wanted to be a part of the rogue academy, and Norman didn't let him in."

I knew what this would do. The proud and mighty Sydney would feel the shame of her father not being able to protect such a dangerous weapon—one he had recently bought to protect the border from a deadly monster they had faced.

After I hung up the call, I desperately wanted to go back inside, but Darcy had come back to the mansion and I had to stay away from Helanie.

As I was walking downstairs, I found Emma and her daughter waiting for me on the first floor.

"We aren't even allowed on the second floor now?" Emma complained.

"That's right. That Helanie is such a bitch," Charlotte grimaced, and I had to force myself to nod even though I couldn't help but wonder what Charlotte would look like with all her teeth knocked out.

"Anyway, she brings bad luck. Her husband got arrested because of her," Emma kept talking even as I tried to walk away from them.

I hated the way they talked about my daughter. The day I stop hiding my love for her, they'll see what I'll do to them.

"And did you look at her face—"

That was it. My daughter was crying upstairs, and this Charlotte was making fun of her?

"Charlotte, have you done something to your skin? Why is there so much breakout?" I turned to her and asked. She instantly stopped talking about my daughter and touched her face with her hands.

Her mother looked at her skin too, but seemed confused.

"It looks fine to me," Emma said.

"Really? Look at that—it makes her look unkempt," I pointed at the corner of her mouth, pressing my nail in on purpose, and she winced in pain.

"Her hair is also looking really dry. What's going on, Charlotte? Maximus already doesn't pay attention to you. If you keep looking like this, he might not want to accept you at all."

I watched Charlotte's eyes fill with tears—and it was such a satisfying sight.

Uh-huh! She wanted to laugh at my daughter?

"I'll go get a salon appointment," Charlotte rushed out of the room while Emma followed her.

I sat in the chair and stared outside the window.

'What is going on with our daughter? How will we help her get away from these men—' my wolf groaned, letting out a small cry.

'I'll need to figure something out,' I said as tears glistened in my eyes.

'What if they truly love her and won't agree to sacrifice her just to save themselves?' I knew my wolf would ask that question sooner or later.

She wanted our daughter to be happy and safe—and who could be better protectors than Norman or any of the three brothers? But I wasn't just looking at one side of the situation. The other side was much darker.

'They are their mother's sons. They'll hurt her and break her. My daughter doesn't deserve that. I've faced too much, lost the love of my life and my children. I won't let them use my daughter for their own gain too. Sometimes I even wonder if she'll ever be able to have children—the pain of that loss is too much,' I sighed as tears began to form in my eyes.

In a distant memory, I was holding hands with my mate—the one who was nothing like the others. He brought me to his ship and promised to show me the world. We both forgot that people weren't as clueless as we were.

'Our daughter is much more powerful than us. Ursula, I was wondering if it's time—' she went quiet when I straightened up in my chair and gently touched the chain around my neck.

'She doesn't need that pendant to hide her pheromones anymore. They're fading, I heard. And now that she's challenged that jerk—shouldn't we help her find her full potential?'

I understood my wolf's point clearly, but she didn't fully understand the dangers of doing that.

'And let them call her a monster? That would be too risky. We must protect our daughter and find a way to help her leave this place and reunite with her people. That's the only way,' I decided I would take my daughter away from all these people—after she gets her revenge.

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

Chapter 538-He Came Back And I Lost My Control

Chapter 538: 538-He Came Back And I Lost My Control

Helanie:

I don't know what had gotten into me, but I had lost my mind. I wanted to throw things and go find Norman.

"And do what?" my wolf asked, a hint of cheekiness in her voice.

"And beat him up for giving up. He should have fought and refused to go," I cried again, stomping my feet as I paced the hallway outside Emmet's room.

He had made me come out of the room so he could get it cleaned before I hurt myself.

I was getting annoyed with them making me their priority and not putting themselves first.

I had walked all the way to Emmet's room, and when I turned around to head the other way, I saw Emmet coming toward me.

"He's back," he said from a distance, pointing his thumb over his shoulder.

"What?" I stopped dead in my tracks, eyes wide.

"They set him free," he repeated, still walking.

And sure enough, right behind him, I saw Norman standing at the end of the hallway. For a moment, I thought about pinching myself. Maybe I had fainted and this was some kind of twisted dream where the Moon Goddess wanted to mock me.

But no! He was real. And he had come straight to where I was, to show me he was back.

I ran like crazy, smiling wide and crying tears of joy.

However, I didn't notice—or realize—that Emmet might have misunderstood until I passed him.

He had stopped and was staring at me as I crossed him.

At that moment, I could have stopped, but I don't know why I couldn't. I ran until I jumped into Norman's arms and hugged him.

He caught me as I wrapped my legs around his waist and held him tight.

"You idiot—" I started to mumble, still holding on.

His hands were in the air until he placed them on my butt when he probably noticed I was slipping.

That's when I raised my face from his neck and smiled at him.

"You're back!" I said. That brief moment of eye contact meant everything.

I thought he'd be upset when he came back. Norman had a huge ego, so being taken to the prison must have hurt his pride.

But no!

The way his eyes were glowing as he held me tight didn't show even a hint of hurt pride.

I buried my face back into his neck—until I heard Jessica's voice.

"Norman?" her soft whisper made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. It was as if I had completely forgotten about her existence.

I quickly unwrapped my legs from around his waist and slipped down.

But Norman's smile faded, and I had to pull his arms off me myself and step away from him.

Jessica, who looked shocked at the way I had hugged her fiancé, now came rushing into his arms.

I noticed Kaye and Maximus standing behind her as well.

"You are here," Norman uttered like he was in disbelief. He must be so worried that his lover had caught him carrying another woman. And it wasn't even his fault.

It hit me all of a sudden that I had been such a fool to forget—he wasn't my husband at all.

And the fact that I did that... it just didn't make sense. His hug had felt so natural. The way I held him—it hadn't felt wrong at all.

"Norman! I've been so worried," Jessica said, still holding onto him tightly.

I realized I shouldn't be standing between them—or even around them. So, I decided to walk away.

But then I felt a hand holding mine.

It was a gentle touch, but one that screamed: I want you here.

I turned my head and saw Norman holding my hand.

As Jessica let go of the hug and smiled at him, I quickly twisted my wrist free from his grip.

I felt like such a homewrecker.

Not only had I taken her fiancé, but now I didn't even seem to understand boundaries.

Thinking back to my history with Norman, anyone would think I'd be careful—not even a mistake, not even if I were drunk and alone with him.

Then why was it so hard now to stay within limits?

Why couldn't I stop messing up around him?

First, I had made him lie with his head in my lap—and now this.

"You know I've been so worried. I called everyone and even started an investigation. If they hadn't set you free, I would have offered to take your place," Jessica said, smiling brightly at Norman.

The way her hands rested on his chest, the way her eyes locked with his—it was magical.

I should have never come between them.

"They said someone took the blame. Some guy who stole the weapon from Royal Beta Coombs," Norman said, stepping back just enough that Jessica's hands dropped from his chest.

"Helanie, you must know him, right? He's Sydney and Salem's father," he added, turning to me with a lighter tone.

I only nodded.

I didn't want to stay there, but the way Norman kept talking to me—like he didn't want me to leave—made it hard for me to walk away.

I was desperate for a reason to leave.

"Welcome back home, brother," Emmet's voice came from behind me. I hadn't even noticed he'd walked down so quietly.

"Thank you," Norman replied, though his expression told me he saw something I should see too.

So I turned around—and saw Emmet staring at me.

His eyes held disappointment.

Shit.

He had seen me jump into Norman's arms... along with my other mates.

And Norman's fiancée.

I was the problem.

I felt like the reason everyone was getting hurt.

"I'll take a walk. I was too worried about you, Norman" Emmet said, turning away and walking off quickly, not meeting anyone's eyes.

"Emmet—" Norman tried to call after him, but Emmet didn't stop.

I saw Kaye and Maximus share a look—like they were silently talking, trying to decide what to do next.

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

Chapter 539-The Guilty Mate

Chapter 539: 539-The Guilty Mate

Maximus:

I have never seen Emmet lose his calm like this before.

He didn't even listen to us and grabbed his wine bottle to head out of the mansion.

"I'll go after him," Kaye gave me a hand gesture to stay behind. Since Kaye had been going through his own messed-up phase of the curse, he didn't want to be around Helanie for too long. It would be a disaster if he attacked her.

As for Emmet, he needed someone with him in case he forgot everything and went missing.

As Kaye and Emmet left the mansion, my attention went back to Helanie. She was standing alone in the hallway while Jessica was all over Norman.

The awkward look on Helanie's face was no mystery. She had probably realized that she acted on her feelings.

Now what kind of feelings—that's what concerned me.

And then there was Norman. He was holding her hand, not letting her walk away, and staring at her, while Jessica was clearly more interested in talking to him than letting him get distracted.

But I was bothered.

Deeply bothered.

I had never seen my brother let a woman jump at him like that. It was such a terrible sight for me.

"Helanie," I had to step in and get her out of that awkward moment. And to also remind her that Jessica was my brother's fiancée, and it should be her with Norman.

She finally snapped out of it and walked toward me, walking past Norman and Jessica—but a bit too slowly.

She approached me and gave me a head nod so that we could walk away.

I followed her outside, straight to the garden.

"I must say I am disappointed with you," I started, watching her lower her head even more. "Jessica is a nice girl. You should have thought of her before—" I wanted to make her realize she needed to keep her distance from Norman, but when I saw her lower her head even further, I stopped.

"But then again—it's not like you did something unforgivable," I changed my tone, but it didn't affect her. She had her hands in her lap, rubbing them together and blinking nonstop. She probably wanted to hold back the tears. Was she hurt that Jessica caught her with Norman, or was it something else?

Could it be that she was jealous?

No!

I shook my head to dismiss the idea. Norman isn't even her mate.

"Helanie! Come on, it wasn't a big deal. You were just feeling guilty that Norman got arrested because of your case, so when you saw him free, you got emotional. It's not that big of a deal. I'm sure Jessica didn't mind it either," I wanted to keep talking until she felt better.

"I will go rest in—" she finally looked up from the ground but instantly went silent. I narrowed my eyes at her, waiting for her to finish what she meant to say.

After a careful moment, she added, "If you don't mind, can I sleep in the guest room?"

I felt like her words slapped me. I guess she first wanted to ask for my bedroom, but then she must have remembered Charlotte. These women in our lives were becoming such a hurdle to being with Helanie—it was starting to really annoy me.

I wished Helanie would rest in my room.

"Of course, Helanie. This is your mansion—go ahead, take any room you want," I whispered with a smile, hoping she'd at least feel a little better. But simple words couldn't bring back the smile she had lost.

As I watched her walk away, I didn't care if she was jealous or feeling something for Norman. I would still put her happiness first.

'And do what?' my wolf groaned inside me.

'I'll gift her something amazing,' I smiled as I got up from my seat. I had a plan in mind—a perfect one.

"Make sure you stand outside her room, and no woman in the mansion goes in to disturb her," I warned a guard to stay outside the guest room and stop anyone who might cause trouble.

As for me, I had somewhere to be. After taking a ride with my rather grumpy wolf, I arrived at Benita's café.

"Hello," I said as I walked into the café, raising my hand to wave at the customers. Benita ran out from behind the counter.

"Maximus, what business do you have here?" her tone was harsh this time.

"Aw, Aunty, don't be like that. That's rude, isn't it? Aren't you supposed to welcome your customers with a smile?" I pinched her chin playfully while looking around to spot her loser of a son.

"She forgets her job, doesn't she," said the voice I had been waiting to hear.

It was Byron, who had been summoned by Lamar.

The moment he walked in, the look on Benita's face said she wasn't happy. Of course she wasn't. Byron was the one who had been challenged by Kaidon for the alpha title.

Byron was also the person she always claimed had bullied Kaidon.

"Alpha Byron!" Now that it was the alpha of her pack, she had to bow down out of respect.

"What would you like to have?" she finally asked, pointing to the table while signaling one of her servers to help us out.

"Let's see... what do we want?" Byron clicked his tongue, strolling between the chairs before turning around with a dramatic look. "Your son. Where is he?"

The playful smirk on his face disappeared as he got down to business.

"My son? Alpha, why would you want to see my son?" Her eyes lingered on me—she had probably realized I had something to do with this.

"Is she supposed to question an alpha?" Byron muttered, asking me.

"I haven't been in a pack since I was a kid but—no!" I replied with a sharp tone. I had developed a strange dislike for the woman standing in front of me because of how badly she treated Helanie, even after learning her son had been part of that horrific night.

"He's in the house," she finally replied, now that she didn't have a choice.

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

Chapter 540-The Weird Crush Of Romeo

Chapter 540: 540-The Weird Crush Of Romeo

Maximus:

"What are we going to do there?" Lamar asked us.

I had been speaking with Lamar for two days. I realized that if I wanted to win Helanie back, I might as well befriend her friends. Even if it would be a little awkward since I'm their professor, I didn't care anymore.

"So—Byron needs to talk to him," I pointed at Byron, who nodded.

"I feel kind of guilty for him ending up like this. And it's not like I bullied him just to be a bully," he added quickly, not wanting to seem like the bad guy. "I just didn't like that he was hanging around those guys."

He finished just as we arrived at the house. But when we turned around, we saw Benita rushing toward the house like a headless chicken.

"I'm sorry, don't you have a café to take care of?" Byron asked as he watched her open the main door for us.

"No, not really. The waitresses will handle it. I have something to do at home anyway," she said, hurrying in before us, clearly trying to make sure her son wasn't alone when we got there.

"Benita, my dear," Byron gave her a smirk and turned to her. "Why don't you go wait in the café? You can come back and finish your business here later. It's your pack alpha's order."

The way Byron glared at her while keeping his voice cheerful must've been enough for her to realize her time was up.

Did she really think she could hide her son and the problem would just go away?

Especially when her son didn't even want to stay hidden?

"Then let me speak with him first," she said, her body language full of hesitation and nerves—enough to make us eager to know what was really going on.

"Sure," Byron replied, giving her the space. She rushed straight downstairs.

"Are we going to wait for her to come back up?" Lamar asked, and I exchanged a glance with Byron before starting to chuckle.

"Of course not. Let's go catch her red-handed," I said, and we followed her down to find her quickly trying to unchain her son. She had him tied to a bed, with wolfsbane needles all around the room.

"What a heartless mother," Byron muttered, making her jump and step in front of her son like she could block our view.

"Step aside, lady," Byron gestured with his hand. I let him do most of the talking—I wanted to save my energy for now.

"But he's my son and he wants me in the room," she stuttered, clearly panicking.

"Or maybe not," I added, stepping forward and walking up to Kaidon.

I guessed that after his last outburst, she had chained him up and drugged him so much he couldn't even fight back. As if he even could escape those chains.

It was just so heartbreaking.

"Kaidon! Do you want this lady in the room?" I asked as I crouched down next to the boy in distress.

"No! I want justice—against myself and the others—for that girl whose life we ruined," he said without even taking a breath, then broke into tears.

"There you go, witch! He doesn't want you around," I stood up straight and gave her a harsh look, though my voice stayed fake and sweet.

"But he's my son, I know him—" she began her rambling, but Lamar stepped in, wrapped his arms around her, and led her to the door, then up the stairs.

"Your son is not your problem anymore."

With that, he let her go, came back, and shut the door behind us. We unchained Kaidon and offered him some water. However, we noticed Byron staying unusually quiet throughout the process. He wasn't as talkative as he usually was.

There was a hint of guilt in his posture as he leaned against the wall, silently watching us prepare Kaidon.

Once Kaidon was settled in a chair, Byron cleared his throat and said, "Hi."

The way Kaidon raised his eyes to look at him gave us the sense that the two had once been best friends.

Before we came here, Lamar wanted to talk to Byron about that night in question. Byron had promised he wasn't there.

But then we remembered the live stream, and it made sense—Helanie hadn't seen Byron that night in person. She had seen the videos Romeo and the others played on their phones, using Byron's clips to mock and provoke Kaidon.

That's where she recognized Byron from.

"I guess I should thank you— for always trying to pull me away from that group. But I was so dumb, lost in the fame that came with hanging around them, that I ignored how shady they really were," Kaidon started speaking again, once more showing his guilt.

I just couldn't bring myself to feel sorry for him. He had been part of the reason Helanie suffered, and my emotions were—complicated.

"Well, you got what you craved so badly—fame and attention. But I guess my way of helping you wasn't right either. I started bullying you, pushing you to leave them instead of staying close and making sure you didn't mess up," Byron admitted, slouched over, head down.

"You being nice wouldn't have changed anything. My mother would never have let us stay friends anyway. She wanted me to fight you and take the alpha title," Kaidon probably realized how toxic his mother had really been.

"Anyway—I want to ask if you're ready to help us. To help the victim," Byron straightened his back and looked Kaidon in the eyes.

Kaidon nodded right away. But the moment he glanced at me, I looked away.

It just wasn't easy for me to see his face and not want to punch it.

"Tell us anything that might help. It's just Darius and Romeo left now," Byron asked. Without hesitation, Kaidon started talking.

"Romeo was the one who came here and helped my mother tie me up. And during that time, we've been talking. He's shared some stuff about himself. One of those things... is his interest in Charlotte—he's liked her since they were really young."

My ears perked up the second I heard her name.

'I guess she's going to make herself useful after all,' I muttered to myself.

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