

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 541-Suddenly So Shy

Chapter 541: 541-Suddenly So Shy

I woke up in the guest room, feeling fresh as I hadn't thought about everything for hours. At times, I just wish I could sleep a lot so I wouldn't have to face the harsh world.

However, I thought I was waking up alone—but nope!

In the corner of the room, the comfortable chair where I used to sit and read was occupied by a big figure. I didn't have to look too hard to recognize him.

It was Norman.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes and keeping my tone sharp with him.

He raised his head from the back of the chair and then groaned, stretching while getting up. I looked away. I just did.

'He is just stretching. If you were a man, you'd have a big boner right now,' my wolf made me roll my eyes at her.

She was making everything sound sexual just to annoy me.

"You were sleeping here," he replied as he walked over to the switchboard but waited so I could give him the go-ahead before he turned on the light.

I fixed my shirt and then gave him a nod, so he switched the light on.

"Why are you sleeping here?" he asked, slowly sitting at the edge of the bed.

"Oh, I thought you and Jessica would want to spend time together so I—did you two spend time together?" I asked, feeling like such a sneaky bitch.

Why would it matter to me if he was talking with her or not?

"Yeah, we did," he looked down and scratched the back of his neck.

"Hmm," I didn't have anything else to say to him but this, "then why did you come here? You should have stayed in your room."

I didn't try to sound too harsh or—

'Jealous?' Cora snickered.

'No! That's weird.'

"But you were here," Norman got up from the bed to walk behind me.

"You don't have to follow me like an obedient child, you know," I grunted at him, not knowing why I was being so annoyed with him.

I didn't want to see his face, but if he walked away, I would've been angry too.

"I'm heading to the bedroom," he replied as he kept following me. We reached his bedroom and I was hit with another awkward situation.

The whole furniture and decor were replaced because I freaking broke the old stuff.

"I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have—," I instantly turned around, thinking he would be upset.

Norman was known to be very aggressive and always grumpy. However, the way he shrugged and walked over to his closet made me wonder if he even cared.

"It was just furniture anyway. Emmet has good taste," he praised his brother while I kept staring at his face.

I didn't want to remind him since it wasn't my place, but the furniture he didn't care about was Jessica's choice.

"Anyway, I have a few questions to ask you," he changed the topic while picking up a shirt from the closet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why not take off the pendant already? Your pheromones are gone," he said, making me look down at the pendant on my neck.

"I keep thinking about it myself. All it needed was for someone to mark me? Could it have been anyone?" I asked him, but more like to myself.

"Well, maybe," Norman shrugged.

"What about you?" I asked and raised my head again to watch him frown at me.

"What about me?" he pouted, watching my face to figure out what I was trying to ask.

"Why can't you feel a mate bond?" My question was definitely not what he expected. He looked slightly caught off guard. But then he straightened up and walked over to sit down on the couch in front of me.

"You know about my heart—I have four heartbeats—it's not easy for my heart to feel anything. It just doesn't work normally," he said under his breath, not able to hold eye contact with me.

"And not many people know about it. But your mother does—" I realized why she instantly knew we were lying about the mate bond thing.

"Yeah," he shrugged.

"Why?" I asked, and he smiled.

"She's my mother, she knows about me," he answered with a laugh.

"No, I mean, why do you have four heartbeats? I don't remember you telling me what exactly happened. How did you end up with—four heartbeats?" It sounded crazy to even say it out loud.

I was genuinely curious to know the story behind his heart.

"I was born this way," he said, which made me frown and shake my head.

"If you don't want to tell me the truth, you can just say so. You don't have to lie about it," I snapped, placing my hands on my waist.

In a very calm and annoying tone, Norman replied, "Fine."

I sat up straight, thinking he'd finally share it with me, when he let me down with what he said next.

"I don't want to tell you."

I narrowed my eyes and raised my hand to slap his chest, but I stopped halfway. He didn't flinch at all. But that's not why I stopped. My eyes were on his chest.

Instead of slapping him, I gently placed my hand on his chest to listen to his heartbeats.

He lowered his head to stare at my hand and then looked up to meet my eyes.

Our eye contact held as I kept listening to his heartbeats—it was kind of scary.

Somehow, from hearing his heartbeat to feeling his chest, my hand slowly moved toward the opening of his shirt.

I was struggling inside, trying to pull my hand back, but I didn't. Instead, I slid my hand under his shirt and toward his heart. My body felt the heat from his skin.

His jaw clenched, but he didn't seem angry at me. His hand rose and gently held my arm, rubbing it until his hand reached my shoulder.

He then moved it back to where my hand was on his chest and started to unbutton his shirt.

As soon as I saw him do that, I snapped out of it and pulled back.

"Umm—yeah, four heartbeats," I looked away as I spoke. He got up quickly too.

"I'm unbuttoning my shirt so I can change," he explained in an awkward tone.

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

Chapter 542-My Dirty Desires And My Wife

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Norman:

"I'll go shower. I didn't even clean up when I got home. You chose to go and sleep in the guest room," I mumbled, annoyed that she didn't want to spend time with me but would rather have me sit with Jessica.

'And before you say anything, I'm not jealous that she didn't want to. I just wanted to comfort her since I heard she'd been pretty devastated after my arrest.'

I told my wolf to shut up before he started rambling again.

'I didn't even say anything,' he chuckled, and I grunted.

"By the way—I didn't think you'd cry for me," I said, turning to watch her grimace at me.

"I didn't. I was just pretending to make others think 'oh, she's crying for her mate,'" she was such a terrible liar.

"In fact, I was like 'maybe this arrest will make him decent,'" she added with an eye roll, somehow really starting to get under my skin.

"So you didn't care? Then why did you—hug me?" I asked, my eyes narrowing at her. If only she were smarter, she'd notice the look on my face.

"To make—Emmet jealous," she said, and the way my heart dropped, I felt like a criminal.

"Oh," I nodded.

"So you broke all the stuff and everything just so you could make him jealous?" I asked, my tone serious.

"Yeah," she shrugged.

I just kept staring at her, feeling that weird fire rise inside me.

"Hmm, well, I was missing Jessica a lot too. Her touch—her kiss," I sighed as I placed my hand on my chest.

"Good, as you should," the force she put behind her words made me nod in understanding.

I didn't know what was going on with me. I wasn't jealous. Just disappointed. But why? I didn't know.

'You don't want to admit it,' my wolf spoke up.

"Anyway, I'll shower and change—and then we can discuss if we should reject each other before or after your battle with Dariius, since the full moon is on the same day," I reminded her that we were going to reject each other—just in case she thought I was catching feelings or something.

'I don't think she even thinks you're catching feelings.' Of course, my wolf wasn't on my side. 'But are you?'

I ignored him again and watched Helanie's face for a reaction.

"Oh, I want to say after, but that would mean I'm being too cocky about winning," she sighed as she dropped down into the chair.

I noticed her neck—I don't know why—but she had such a perfect neck. I remembered how good she smelled when I marked her.

'Be careful, our sleeping soldier might wake up,' my wolf warned, and I instantly looked down to check on my pants before grunting at him.

'I'm not a pervert. And she's not even that attractive,' I hissed at him.

'Is she not?' he asked, and my eyes sneakily lingered on her face again.

She had such a beautiful and perfectly sculpted face with gorgeous eyes that I couldn't lie again.

But I was annoyed. She had hurt me so much.

'A she-wolf is able to hurt the stone-cold Norman? That is news,' my wolf kept going but I had a plan in mind.

Norman never loses.

I would not let her get away with her lies or phony 'I didn't care' attitude.

'Way to win a woman's heart,' my wolf commented but I didn't argue with him. I wasn't winning her heart.

I was just trying to get the truth out of her.

I suddenly held my phone to my ear and started pretending to talk to someone,

"Oh? They are coming to arrest me again?"

As soon as I said that, Helanie's attention was driven back to me. The way her eyes jumped out of her sockets was such a pleasure to watch.

She got up from her seat and kept watching my face.

Suddenly, a wave of comfort struck me again.

"Hmm, it is okay. Just stop fighting, I will accept the punishment. It is only ten years," I said and instantly ran toward the bathroom with a shirt wrapped around my arm.

I heard her come after me but I had locked myself in as if I didn't see her.

I opened the shower so that she knows I am not even going to share it with her since she doesn't care that I got arrested.

'You are so evil,' my wolf scoffed.

I put my phone down and then smiled when I heard her knock on the door.

She must have a cute pout on her lips, her soft gentle hands knocking.

I reached the sink and took off my shirt, my eyes drifting to my waist where she had wrapped her legs around my body.

'Are you going to tattoo her legs too?' that was it. My wolf was losing his mind.

He was going way too hard on me now.

'Do you ever shut up?' I was confused how he was so talkative and active now.

'What were you doing unbuttoning your shirt?' I knew that question would arrive soon.

I closed my eyes and sighed until I heard a little knock on the bathroom door.

A smile crept over my lips knowing who it was.

'And she said she doesn't care,'

I might be an evil person to be so happy after causing stress to someone. But I was honestly so happy.

I couldn't understand why getting her attention suddenly meant so much to me.

'Suddenly? You have been tattooing her touch on your body, crocheting her sweater, being all jealous—'

He shut up finally when I grunted at him.

After a few seconds of silence, I grimaced.

'I don't know what is going on with me. She makes me want to lose myself. I—know it is so wrong and forbidden for so many reasons—'

Finally, I was able to utter those words to at least my wolf,

'I am embarrassed and everyone will hate me. But you are right. I want her attention. I want her—to let me touch her.'

That was it, I had said it.

After avoiding it, avoiding talking about it with my own self, I had finally said the truth.

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

- Chapter 543-Angry Or Hungry?

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Helanie:

With teary eyes, I gently knocked again.

"They're going to take him away again," I complained to Cora, who was giving me attitude now.

"And? I thought you told him you didn't care. You only cried so you could get Emmet's attention."

That's the moment she picked to call me out on my lie?

"I was lying, okay? If I tell him the truth, he'll give me that smug face. This man is so arrogant, sometimes I just want to claw him—hit him—" I clenched my fists tightly, not understanding what kind of emotions these were, or why I was so frustrated with him.

"Can I be honest with you?" she asked, and I quickly nodded my head. I would love some honesty right now.

"I think you want to be under him."

Her words didn't make sense, so I tilted my head as if asking her to explain herself.

"You want rough, wild sex with this handsome beast of a man. That's all I can come up with. You want to claw him—kiss him until he bleeds—"

My cheeks flushed red while listening to her.

"No! Shut up. Why would you say that? That is so—" I hugged myself and squeezed my legs closer.

"Come on, you act so stubborn and bratty in front of him. You know he punishes people when they annoy him. And you want a different kind of punishment from him. It would be great to see the master tame his wild tigress."

She was so shameless, saying stuff like that—but why the hell was my body reacting weirdly?

I swear I felt my nipples getting hard, and it bothered me so much.

"Now can I make my own confession?" she asked. And honestly, even if I had told her not to say a word, she wouldn't have listened.

"I want us to be f*cked by the three mates so bad—"

I shut her up after that.

"Norman."

Now that she had angered me, I punched the door harder. I wasn't acting bratty with him because I wanted to be punished by him. I was just too comfortable with him.

I've never had someone take care of me like that. To see me in my annoying self and still be kind to me. To put up with my tantrums. So I just liked it when a big, bad wolf was so gentle with me.

After a while, he came out all wet, his shirt turning see-through. Even though I was so worried, the first thought that came to my mind was to ask him if he didn't know how to use a towel. But then I held it in.

"I have to go—they're coming for me," he said with a straight face.

I stood in front of him, barely moving, suddenly feeling down. I thought the pressure was over—no more stress about him getting arrested again.

"Please don't go."

As soon as I said those words, a big tear rolled down my cheek, and he stepped back to hunch down and look at my face.

"I am not," he said and lifted my head instantly.

"But you said—"

However, it took me a whole minute to realize what this asshole did.

"I just wanted to prove a point. 'Please don't go,'" he mimicked me with a pout on his lips and in a soft tone, and I lost it.

"You think this is a joke? Just to prove me wrong for lying about not caring when you were going, you decided to break my heart again?" I yelled. That's when I saw the look of guilt on his face.

"I—I..." he scratched the back of his neck. But I already got it. He was a walking asshole without a soul.

"You're a bad person. Why would you hurt me?"

I slapped his chest once, then again, and then again—until he suddenly grabbed my wrists and spun me around, pinning me against the wall.

He did it so fast and out of character that I just stood there like a statue.

He leaned over me, his face barely inches away, staring into my eyes.

"Why won't you stop?" he whispered on my face, causing me to frown in confusion.

"What did I do?" I whispered under my breath, lost.

"Just stop!" he hissed. Then he shook himself out of whatever hell he had lost himself in and stepped back, letting go of my wrists.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, not meeting my eyes.

"I'll go prepare for the training. Come downstairs when you're ready."

He didn't look me in the eye when he told me the plan. Then he walked out of the room quickly.

'I think I angered him. I should not forget Norman doesn't like stupid actions—and of course, me hitting his chest was such a disrespect.'

I felt so guilty. Why did I do that?

'Umm! Honey, with utmost respect, he wasn't angry—he was horny as hell. He didn't want to hit you, he wanted to fuck you.'

Cora's take on the whole situation left me with flushed cheeks.

There was no way—no way he was horny for me.

That's Norman. Norman doesn't like me like that. He only feels sorry for me.

And why the hell am I so interested in what he thinks of me instead of being mad at Cora for making everything so sexual between us?

As I walked out of the room for training, I still had Cora's words in the back of my mind.

I heard Emmet had gone for a run with Kaye, so that would mean it was only Norman and me at the training ground.

That would be a bad, 'bad' idea.

But thankfully, I spotted Maximus entering the mansion.

"Maximus! I'm glad you're home. We were just heading to the training ground," I stepped in his way and saw his eyes light up.

However, the minute I brought up training, his face fell.

"Ah, about that—I'm sorry, but I don't think I can be at the training ground today. I have some important work to do," he said, making me nervous.

Being alone with Norman? No!

"Could that work—"

Before I could ask him to join, I saw the 'important work' appear from behind me, walking up to him.

"I'm ready! Thank you for taking me out on a date,"

It was fucking Charlotte in a red, gorgeous, sultry dress.

So he was ditching training with me—for someone who had lied about being mates with him?

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

Chapter 544-So Hard In His Shorts

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Helanie:

"Oh, umm." Maximus probably realized I had caught him because he tried to open his mouth, but I held up my palm.

'Asshole. He could've fucked us, but no—he'd rather go for that raggedy-ass bitch instead,' Cora made me look away uncomfortably.

What the hell is wrong with my wolf? Why is she always so horny for our mates?

"Oh, Helanie, I hope you don't mind me taking away my mate for a while. You can go ahead and train with Norman—or whichever brother you can emotionally attack today," Charlotte said with such a victorious smile on her lips that I unintentionally glared at Maximus for it.

He awkwardly looked away before grabbing her hand to walk her out of the mansion.

'Don't worry, he'll only be getting a handjob while the others hit the major holes,' Cora hissed, and I had to correct her.

'What the hell is wrong with you? You're making this weird. Stop saying stuff like that. I'm not going to have—sex with all of them,' I muttered while walking toward the exit.

'We'll see,' she replied, way too smug. Sometimes I wanted to tell her to shut up and go back to sleep. But I loved her too much to imagine losing her again.

In no time, I was in the car with Norman. Weirdly enough, he had opened the passenger seat door for me, as if he didn't want me sitting in the back.

'I told you, he's angry,' I reminded Cora. He wasn't horny or anything—he didn't like me disrespecting him.

She didn't respond, probably because she hated when anyone challenged the little story she had made up in her head. I got that she was in heat for her mates most of the time, but why Norman? He had marked us. We hadn't marked him. And he wasn't even our mate.

Once at the training ground, Norman started taking off his wristwatch. He was wearing a white shirt and gray shorts.

His leg muscles were so big and strong that I—

'You want to be crushed between his thighs?' I hissed at my wolf before getting into position.

The silence made everything worse between us. We started, and I tried my best to stay focused.

The forest was quiet. Only the sound of birds and my fists hitting Norman's hands filled the air. We were training in a small open space. Trees all around us. Sunlight came through the leaves and made soft shadows on the ground.

I was tired, but I didn't stop. Norman watched me closely. It almost felt like he was waiting to criticize me at any second. His narrowed eyes didn't help either.

"Again," he said.

I hit his hands—one, two—then stepped back. My heart was beating fast. Not just from the training. It was something else. Something strange. Something warm in my chest when I looked at him.

Maybe Cora's words were making me act up?

My eyes kept drifting to his shorts to check if he was hard.

He wasn't.

She was freaking wrong.

"You're still holding back," he said.

"I'm not," I replied in a grumpy tone. He had chosen striking drills for today's training. He wore pads on his hands, and I was punching them.

He stepped closer. His voice was calm, but his eyes were sharp.

"Then prove it."

I tried to punch again, but he caught my wrist. Before I could react, he turned me and gently pushed me against a tree. I froze.

He didn't hold me tightly—just enough so I couldn't walk away.

And once again, I started wondering if what Cora said was true.

His body was close. Too close. I could feel his breath on my cheek. My back was against the tree. My chest nearly touched his. His hands were still on my shoulders, but it didn't feel like a fight anymore. We looked at each other for a brief moment before my eyes dropped to his lips. They were soft and pink. When I looked up at his eyes again, I found him staring at my lips too. There was a seriousness in his eyes, a frown on his face—his gaze gave me tingles.

My heart felt like it would explode. Then he let go. Stepped back quickly, like the tree had shocked him.

"You need to learn how to break a hold," he said. His voice sounded strange now. Lower.

"Okay," I said. My voice came out small—I was torn up with mixed emotions. Why was I so focused on him and how he felt? I had no clue.

He moved behind me, tossed the pads on the ground, and wrapped one arm around me. He showed me a move.

"If someone grabs you like this," he said, "don't pull away. Drop your weight. Twist. Then elbow."

But I did it wrong. I moved too fast and accidentally hit his leg. We both fell.

I landed on top of him. My hands on his chest. His face right below mine. Our legs tangled together. We didn't move—I just couldn't. And I didn't understand why he wasn't moving either. I looked down at him. His eyes met mine. Then flicked to my lips.

Again.

It was the same cycle. We just couldn't stop looking at each other's lips. I couldn't breathe.

"This is... training," I whispered awkwardly.

"Yeah," he said quietly. But he didn't move either.

That's when I felt it. His shorts getting hard against my thigh. I bit my bottom lip, wondering whether I should get up and check to confirm it—or stay like this because I wouldn't be able to handle the truth.

'Isn't he so handsome?' Cora asked, and I tilted my head, studying his features.

"Yeah, he is so handsome."

But my dumbass didn't say it in my head—I freaking said it out loud. And Norman heard it.

The way his lips curled into a smirk made me instantly jump up and back—only to lose my balance.

But he moved fast, caught my hand, and pulled me forward so I wouldn't fall on my back.

Which meant—I fell straight into his chest.

He wrapped an arm around my back to keep me steady.

Now our bodies were pressed together, my face tilted up, our eyes locked.

'Just fuck already. I can't take it anymore,' Cora begged in my head.

I gently pushed Norman away, tucking my face into my shoulder.

"We should head back home now," I whispered, not even looking at him.

Something weird was happening. And I felt— guilty.

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

Chapter 545-Not Going To Kiss Another Woman

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Maximus:

I swear, if Charlotte didn't help me, I would've lost my mind. Helanie saw me leave with Charlotte, so this mission needed to be done in a nicer and more perfect way.

"So, where are we going?" she asked me, clapping her hands happily and sitting up in her seat.

I stopped the car after we arrived at the hotel's parking lot, where I had booked a room.

"Maximus, what's wrong?" The moment I let out a sigh, she started questioning me.

"I'm in a hot mess," I sighed, leaning back in my chair.

"What kind of mess? I'm sure whatever it is, you can handle it," she gently placed her hand on the back of mine, and I felt a rush of emotions inside me. I never imagined her touch could do that to me. I used to have so many girlfriends and one-night stands. But falling for Helanie changed everything for me.

And now, Helanie's effect was so strong that Charlotte's touch was making me feel sick. It felt like I was being touched by something poisonous. I couldn't feel anything romantic.

"I can't do this alone. It's about Romeo," I turned to look at her reaction when I mentioned Romeo's name. She looked slightly bitter, though.

"Is it about Helanie's case?" she sat up straight, folding her arms over her chest.

"No! It's about him knowing my secret," I said, and she quickly turned to me again.

"Of course he knows—he must have found out when he used to stay over. But he'd never tell anyone," she tried to hold my hand, but I accidentally dodged it. I had to be quick and hold her hand back since I wanted this plan to work so badly.

"How do you know that? He's been blackmailing me lately. I need to do something about it—or maybe just leave everything—and everyone—behind and run away," I noticed the way she narrowed her eyes at me and then asked with interest,

"Even me?" she asked softly.

I turned to her and gave her a very sad look.

"Even you. Especially you. I can't let my secret hurt you. That's why I couldn't bring myself to get closer to you. I was scared of that secret—getting exposed one day. And then I'd have to move away, heartbroken. So I was trying not to fall for you—but this heart—" I placed her hand on my chest to let her feel my heartbeat, and I could tell she lost it.

"You've fallen for me?" Her tone was cheerful even though she tried to sound worried because I was upset.

"The day you told me we were mates—I started to see you differently," I lied shamelessly while looking into her eyes.

She smiled to herself and leaned back in the seat until my words sank in.

"But now I have to leave." I sighed, and she held my hand when she noticed I was trying to pull it away.

"No! Can't we do anything about it?" she jumped up in her seat in worry.

"What can we do? Romeo's not going anywhere," I scoffed, feeling like she was falling for it.

"What if—what if we get him arrested in Helanie's case? He'll no longer have the power to say anything. He'll be seen as a liar," she was heading exactly where I wanted her to go.

"But how would we do that?" I asked, letting her come up with a plan.

"That I'm not sure about. What if he admits to the crimes from his own mouth?" she sighed.

"Again, how? We can't force him—and we definitely can't just ask him to confess," I said, and when she zoned out, I decided to throw my final card.

"Unless," I mumbled, and noticed her ears perk up.

"Unless what?" she asked.

"Unless the woman he loves gets the truth out of him," I snapped my fingers like I just came up with the idea, and her face lit up.

"That's amazing. Men always confess to their loved ones," she giggled, probably thinking I was talking about her.

"Do you know his mate?" she asked.

"Not his mate—but someone he has a crush on," I gave her a side glance, but she didn't get the hint. Of course she didn't. She knew very well that no one in their right mind would have a crush on a liar and a bitter person like her.

"Great, let's go and get her on our side," she put her hand on the door when my next words stopped her, and she froze.

"Actually—she's already on my side," I held her hand and lifted it to my lips, kissing the back of it. That was the first time I showed affection, so she was so stunned that she didn't process what I was saying until I had to spell it out.

"He has a crush on you, Charlotte," I confessed, and her jaw dropped. However, she wasn't entirely upset. She liked attention—I knew that.

"Huh?" she asked while trying hard to hide her smile.

"All he talks about is you—and that drives me crazy," I faked anger, and that made her bite the inside of her cheek to stop herself from smiling in triumph.

"You know what, tell me what I need to do. I'll do it for you. I just didn't know men were so attracted to me. But don't worry, I'm only yours, so please don't be jealous of him." Wow. She was truly delusional as she held my hand and pouted, trying to comfort me.

I gave her a fake nod and noticed she was leaning in for a kiss.

'Do it and lose Helanie. Finally, there will be no fighting for Helanie,' my wolf hissed, reminding me how he didn't want Helanie to suffer with us—so he would rather lose her and accept this toxic mess.

"Charlotte, let's go home and make a good plan," I turned away, fixing my seatbelt to head home. No way was I going to kiss her and make a mistake that would cost me Helanie.

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

Chapter 546-The Long Creature—And Not Talking About My Husband's Dick

Chapter 546: 546-The Long Creature—And Not Talking About My Husband's Dick

Helanie:

I had been so confused that I sat with my head turned to the other side, and Norman kept grunting throughout the car ride.

"When are you going back to stay at the academy?" he asked, finally breaking the silence as we neared the woods.

"I should go today if you're so bothered," I hissed, and he groaned again.

"Why do you take my words the wrong way all the time?" Norman grunted, stopping the car.

"Because you say the wrong things all the time," I yelled back at him, and he started to unbuckle his seatbelt.

"Don't you freaking show me this aggression—I can do it five times better than you!" I raised my voice even more when I saw him acting aggressively.

However, he suddenly stopped and turned to look at me in the backseat.

"I wasn't showing you aggression." Even when he was grunting, he tried to lower the irritation in his voice.

"Then why the hell are you taking off your seatbelt like that?" I hissed at him, giving him direct eye contact.

Goddess.

Staring into his eyes made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. He was so manly and—

'Sexy?'

'Handsome?'

'Horny?'

'Edible?'

My wolf groaned, clearly expecting me to join her in her weird fantasies.

'Arrogant!' I confirmed.

"I was taking off the seatbelt to get out of the car and take this call," he said in a calm and firm tone, raising his phone to show me the screen.

It was Kaye calling.

"You can take his call here," I folded my arms over my chest and muttered.

"The reception keeps dropping, and he's been gone without a word for a while, so I'm worried," he replied, and this time his voice showed he wasn't joking when it came to his brother.

The road ahead might have a choppy connection, so he got out of the car and started walking back the way we had come.

'I don't know what's wrong with him, I complained again.' It wasn't like I wasn't aware of myself. Something was wrong with me too. I was suddenly so toxic toward him, like I was pretending to be annoyed with him, and that annoyed me even more.

She didn't respond, but soon I began to smell something. It was a weird, earthy smell coming from outside. My window was rolled down, so I caught it easily.

'Is it going to rain or what?' I looked outside, hoping it would rain because of how hot it was getting.

'Helanie, we are not alone,' Cora scared me when she spoke in such an alert tone. I was so used to her being flirty and mischievous all the time that I didn't realize how scary she could sound when she was serious.

'What are you feeling?' I asked her, noticing how dry my throat suddenly became.

"Ahem!" I let out a cough, rushing for the door and stepping outside to look around and see what was going on.

The humidity seemed to have gotten much worse in a matter of minutes.

The sudden heat attack was on a whole different level too. The mansion was all air-conditioned, so I never experienced such heat until I was outside. But it wasn't as bad as this.

I began to itch my skin, and that's when I noticed it was suddenly turning dry.

"Watch out!" Cora yelled. I was so focused on the heat and dryness that I didn't notice her warning. She forced my body to the side. That's when a weird, tall, brownish creature landed on the ground. It had been trying to attack me, but since I got out of the way, it crashed onto the ground instead.

Its face looked like a lizard. Its eyes were yellow and cold. Its body was long and thin, like a tall human, but its skin was rough and brown, like tree bark. It even had a long tail that moved like a snake. It looked like a nightmare.

I couldn't speak. My heart was beating so loud, I could hear it in my ears. It hissed and rushed at me.

"Norman!" I screamed for him, but noticed he had walked all the way to the end of the road. I couldn't see him, so I had to fight this thing myself. Pushing past the shock, I started to come up with a plan.

I had no weapon. Nothing. My hands were empty.

I jumped to the side, just missing its claws. My foot slipped on the leaves, but I kept my balance. My eyes searched the ground—rocks, a broken branch, anything.

There. A sharp piece of wood near a big tree on the side of the road. I grabbed it just before the creature turned back.

It came at me again, faster this time. I ducked low and shoved the stick up into its belly. It screamed, a sound that hurt my ears. Black blood spilled out.

It hit me with its tail. I flew back and hit the dirt hard. My ribs burned. But I got up. I had to. This thing was fast and creepy. It kept hissing, and that was another reason I kept getting distracted.

The stick was broken now, but I still held the sharp end. I waited. I let it charge again.

At the last second, I jumped to the side and pushed the stick deep into its neck. This time, it didn't scream. It just shook once, then fell.

It twitched, then stopped.

I dropped the broken wood. My hands were shaking. My clothes were dirty, my body sore.

I looked at the creature. I still couldn't believe what I saw.

"What are you?" I whispered. No answer, of course.

"Helanie." That's when I heard Norman finally coming into view.

"Are you okay?" he ran straight to me and pulled me closer to his chest, shocking me with his reaction.

However, he suddenly pulled away and looked down at the creature. "You killed it?" It was as if he was shocked too.

But why?

What was this thing?

"It's one of the most deadly creatures that the organization releases when they're ready to take over the world. It's their army," Norman didn't need to inspect it too hard when he told me what it was.

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

Chapter 547-The Recorded Date

Chapter 547: 547-The Recorded Date

Helanie:

"Does that mean there will be a war soon?" I asked Norman as his warriors loaded that thing into the trunk of their car.

"It doesn't matter. Our focus stays on your fight with Darius," Norman replied without looking at me.

"What about the organization?" I asked, almost knocking him over when I stood too close and he was about to turn around. He stepped on his own foot but avoided falling. I bit my tongue and stepped back, wondering if I had annoyed him. And clearly, I had.

"Why don't you just jump into my pocket then?" he grumbled, fixing his shirt.

"You're such a grumpy old lady. You didn't even praise me for fighting that thing so easily," I complained, but my mood shifted when I noticed the warriors share a look and glance at me.

'Yeah, read the room. Even the warriors know that ever since they got here, Norman has only praised you and talked about how much he admires your fighting skills,' Cora chimed in.

"This is Helanie, she's the one who bravely fought this thing," Norman pointed at me and said, but he sounded a bit sarcastic this time since it was the fifth time he'd said the same thing to them.

"You are so mean—" I stopped talking when my phone rang and Maximus's name popped up on the screen. I was annoyed and didn't even want to answer his call, but I had to since I needed updates on important things.

"What is it? Why are you bothering me while on a date with Charlotte?" I answered the call with a bitter tone. Norman narrowed his eyes because he probably figured out who I was talking to.

"I need you to come to a hotel room. I've sent my driver to get you. He'll be arriving at home soon, if that's where you are," Maximus's voice told me something was wrong. He sounded like he really needed to see me.

"Are you okay?" I asked, and his older brother looked more alert.

"Yeah, just come." As soon as Maximus hung up, I saw a car pull up and the driver step out to look around.

"I was supposed to get you from the mansion—but since I saw you here, can you please come with me?" The driver kept glancing at Norman, probably because he knew Norman liked to know everything about everyone.

"Why? What's going on? What was Maximus saying? Is he alright?" Norman stepped between us with his hands on his waist and asked all in one breath.

"He called me to come to a hotel room," I told him, and Norman zoned out.

"Why? Is he not okay?" He repeated the same question, and I narrowed my eyes at his face.

"Why don't you come and see for yourself? I know just as much as I told you," I said softly, really hoping he would come too. Also, because I was worried Maximus might be in trouble, and maybe his brother could help him better than I could.

Charlotte would cause a scene if she saw me.

"Okay," Norman nodded, instantly ready to go see his brother.

"It's okay, we'll take my car," Norman told the driver before he held the door open for me. I noticed a clear tension in his body language after hearing my call with Maximus. Once we sat in the car and he hit the road, I noticed Norman fidgeting around the steering wheel a lot.

"I'm sure he's fine," I broke the silence, and it seemed like he wanted me to say something.

"What if he's not? Has he done that before and it turned out to be nothing?" His voice lit up at the idea of it not being serious.

"He did. He actually told me he was attacked once but had planned a beautiful evening for me in the woods." I smiled as I recalled the evening. Wow! It feels like such a long time ago.

"Hmm," Norman grunted before adding, "Then what if it's a date and you're taking me with you?"

Oh shit!

"I didn't even think of that. You need to drop me here, I'll take a cab," I pointed at the side of the road, annoying him with my response.

"You're never serious," I heard him mumble under his breath before asking me in a very polite tone, "Would you go if he or... the others asked you out on a date?" He didn't make eye contact through the rearview mirror like he usually did when asking that question.

I didn't answer him. I didn't want to say it out loud, but I just didn't know. My wolf wanted her mates, and some things between me and my mates had ended because of misunderstandings or the messy situation.

We arrived at the hotel and were rushed through the back door. That part was so confusing. Then we were taken to a room on the tenth floor, where I was shocked to see Maximus sitting behind a laptop.

"Asshole, you scared me," Norman instantly cursed him out, and it made me realize how much he loves his brothers.

"I'm glad you came too," Maximus said, smiling at me. I looked around him, probably expecting to see naked Charlotte lying somewhere.

"Come see this, you'll understand everything," Maximus said as he tapped the two spots beside him for us. We sat down, and my eyes were instantly glued to the screen.

There were two people on the camera—one was Charlotte and the other was Romeo.

"I don't like her either," Charlotte said.

"Hmm, well, I don't like her after she falsely accused me," Romeo was still lying. But what was going on? Why were the two of them sitting in a room with wine bottles and so much food, with Maximus watching everything through a spy camera?

"You said it was all her pheromones?" Charlotte kept questioning him, and that liar nodded his head.

"Hmm, was she good?" she asked. My fists clenched.

"She was—" as soon as he said that, she started to get up, so he held her hand and stopped her.

I was so confused until Maximus said,

"Charlotte is in on it. We're getting a confession out of Romeo today."

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

Chapter 548-Too Cocky And An Asshole

Chapter 548: 548-Too Cocky And An Asshole

Helanie:

Maximus had filled us in on everything. Norman seemed a bit uncomfortable at first with the idea of letting Charlotte be in a room alone with a rapist like him, but then Maximus assured him he was watching closely and Charlotte had agreed to it.

Charlotte was trying her best to sound seductive on the tape.

"She was beautiful but didn't partake in anything, but it was a mistake. She got us in trouble by lying," Romeo was still sticking to his story.

"Oh! What about the others? The ones who confessed?" Her questions were deep, but her actions seemed to be distracting him.

"They must have met her on a different occasion," Romeo was clearly having a hard time focusing on the conversation.

"Can I use the restroom?" Charlotte suddenly asked, and Romeo nodded. As she walked away to speak to Maximus through the wire she was wearing, I narrowed my eyes at Romeo.

"He's putting something in her drink," I pointed at the screen, tapping it quickly in alarm.

"That is Flame of Lust," Norman stood up, but Maximus grabbed his hand and made him sit down.

"Charlotte, your glass has the Flame of Lust. Avoid the drink at any cost. Don't worry, my men are right outside the door," Maximus wasn't lying. The entire hotel was in on it at this point.

Romeo had been called to the hotel by Charlotte, who told him she'd found out that he had a crush on her. And he had quickly agreed to come.

"Good," Maximus sighed as Charlotte appeared in the scene again.

"So, we were talking about the night—did you and her used to meet a lot?" she asked, gently tapping the back of his hand. Every time she did something like that, he visibly lit up.

I hated seeing him so absorbed in her. It reminded me of his disgusting behavior that night.

"Once, twice—two times only. One was consensual, and the next time she had taken her pendant off to force me," he said while sliding the glass closer to her.

"Oh, but it's strange—you and your friend claimed she did it the first time with both of you. And there was no other time?" I saw what she was doing. She was confusing him.

"We said that?" As Romeo spaced out, Charlotte lightly touched the glass.

"Wait a minute," he turned around to grab his phone, probably to text and ask Darius. At that moment, she switched the glasses.

Wow! I hated to admit it, but she was good—and confident. That made her scary.

"I think he's training," Romeo smiled awkwardly, putting his phone down. His eyes were stuck on Charlotte as she finished the drink.

"Oh, the training—she's working hard too. What if she wins?" she asked, and he started laughing.

"She's either going to be dead meat or his wife on that day. She was dumb enough to come back and accuse us. I mean, she should've just accepted the others' apologies

and dropped the case. But no—she wants an apology from every single one of us," he suddenly got way too cocky, and that's when we understood why.

He knew that after drinking Flame of Lust, Charlotte would only remember what he said if he reminded her—something he would never do.

And Charlotte started to act right away. Maximus guided her well on how to behave to look like she was drugged.

"Let me tell you a secret," that's when my heart started to pound faster and harder.

"What?" she used a drunken tone.

"You see—Helanie—never lied," he held her hand and said the words loud and clear.

"She never did?" Charlotte cleared her throat, running her hand over her neck to show she was feeling the effects.

"Nope! We arrived at the station that night especially for her. She was there with that Alpha Altan. He was so horny for her," he commented with a laugh.

Tears started to blur my vision. I didn't want any attention at that moment, and thankfully, both Norman and Maximus kept watching the screen. Even though I could tell they noticed I was crying, they were kind enough not to point it out.

I wanted to go through this alone.

"Oh, because of her pheromones?" she asked, and he started laughing again.

"No, silly. Those pheromones could only make someone want her—get aroused. They wouldn't make someone rape her. And by the way, she had worn her pendant instantly," Romeo's voice was getting cockier by the minute, and it was getting harder for me to breathe.

"Then why did you do it?" she suddenly sounded serious, but he was so proud of what he'd done that he didn't notice the change in her tone.

"Because we were asked to do it. Someone needed help getting rid of her, and we helped. By the way—it was just one night and she was a virgin. Oh, we fucked her like animals—bit her—beat her up—and still, that bitch survived."

I closed my eyes. Finally, I felt an arm wrap around my shoulders.

Maximus pulled me into his chest and I hugged him tightly.

"She was crying—'please, no! Please, it hurts—'" Romeo was laughing as he remembered my cries.

"That's awful. You're such an asshole," Charlotte's steady tone made him suddenly stop laughing and stare at her.

"You're not... drugged?" he asked, and she shook her head.

"I didn't drink from that glass," she hissed, then got up. "If I knew you were such an asshole, I'd have never come here."

I guess this was the part where she was supposed to walk out, but Romeo panicked. He suddenly grabbed her hand, and I let go of Maximus. He would need to alert his warriors.

"What are you doing? Let me go," the panic in Charlotte's voice reminded me of myself.

"Well, since you made me say so much nonsense, you'll have to pay. How about I show you what I did to Helanie? And you won't even be able to make a fuss because I could say you brought me here to seduce me. And then, bye-bye, Maximus."

That evil monster—he was openly threatening her and pushed her over the table. The whole thing crashed down.

Panic settled in as the three of us rushed out of the room to save Charlotte.

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

Chapter 549-Not A Heroic Death

Chapter 549: 549-Not A Heroic Death

Helanie:

They opened the door to the room, but I was the only one who had stepped inside. It had to be me. The warriors were ready to step in but they were held back after I showed interest in entering first. I watched Romeo's expression change when his eyes met mine. He let go of Charlotte almost instantly and started backing away.

"What is she doing here—?" he pointed at me, asking Charlotte, who was gently rubbing her arm where he had grabbed her.

"You still don't get it, do you?" I asked, clicking my tongue.

I was a little scared to get too close to him since I had no idea how powerful he could be.

"It was a game—you trapped me?" He looked at Charlotte as if they had been in a relationship for years. That's how delusional he was.

"I don't owe you anything. You're a weirdo and a fucking rapist," she scoffed at him.

"Oh, then how about I take both of you down—" With that, he made it clear he still didn't know he was being recorded. He lunged at me with his fist clenched, and as soon as he attacked, I ducked, letting him fall over me to the ground.

I then got on top of him and started punching him.

I had no idea how far I was going—I just remember hitting him, with blood splattering everywhere.

I heard Charlotte scream in shock, but I didn't stop until Norman had his arms around me and pulled me away from him.

"You asshole—it's men like you who make the world a dirty place!" I was screaming at the top of my lungs, kicking and trying to get out of Norman's hold.

Maximus had walked in with the warriors. They were right at the door and had only let me in because I wanted to let out my anger somehow.

"She's crazy—" As soon as Vonston entered the room, Romeo changed his tone and pointed at me.

"She attacked an alpha," he claimed, hissing at me.

I could see betrayal in his eyes. He wasn't happy that his cousins were there defending me.

"Oh shut up, we saw your confessional tape," Vonston revealed that he had been sitting in a room with the other council members and had been watching the whole thing live too.

Oh, the look of realization on Romeo's face made me so happy.

Romeo started to visibly panic, his eyes turning red.

"They—they—" he was panting, unable to finish a full sentence.

"And we also saw you spike her drink," Vonston pointed at Charlotte, who had been staring at me the whole time. I guess she didn't think Maximus was doing it for me.

However, Maximus did walk over to her to ask if she was okay. I watched her nod her head but not use that moment as an excuse to grab him.

She usually did that. But something was different about her body language that day. She seemed dull and worn out.

"Huh!" Romeo let out a grunt. "I was drunk—"

"Oh, cut it out. Every single one of you uses this excuse once she beats you up," Vonston shut him down the minute he tried to use the same excuse as Rhiz.

"So what now? You'll throw me in jail for sleeping with one omega bitch? Why is her body more important than my crown? Why is raping just one woman so horrible that you want to dethrone an alpha? What can she ever do for all of you?" He took it too far when he asked that question. Norman looked around, gesturing at Vonston as if asking him if he should answer.

"I'll tell you why—" With that, Norman punched him so hard that he fell to the ground. "Even with your logic, she's more powerful and smarter than you could ever be. So, with your own logic, we'll choose someone powerful like her over a loser like you."

The look of shock and defeat on Romeo's face looked so satisfying.

I could tell he was getting ready to say something else when Vonston gestured to his warriors to arrest him.

"Put him in chains. We'll present him to the court so we can humiliate him in the best way possible," he yelled, rubbing his face with his hands.

As the warriors took him away, I slipped closer to Charlotte.

"Thank you," I said to Charlotte, who sighed and let the air out of her mouth.

"I did it for Maximus. Romeo was blackmailing him about something," she muttered under her breath, walking away after saying just that. I looked over at Maximus, and when he winked, I realized he had lied to her.

We all sat together in the car, driving to the council court. Romeo would be presented there. But there was nothing he could say that would change anything for him now.

However, in the middle of the ride, the big van that carried Romeo stopped. All the other cars stopped behind it.

I got out in confusion along with the others and saw Romeo holding a gun in his hand. He must have fought or tricked the warrior into stealing the gun from him.

"I'd rather go rogue than be punished for what I did to her. It wasn't that big of a crime. She survived, so why the fuck are we being hunted like monsters?" Romeo screamed, pointing the gun at me.

Norman kept trying to push me behind him, but I wouldn't let him take over.

"How do you feel now?" I asked, watching him frown. "How do you feel being violated?" My smirk made him clench his jaw.

"Oh, I'll show you when this bullet enters your body—" he screamed, pressure on his finger.

But before he could fire—a big brown thing jumped out from the woods and attacked him.

Screams erupted through the air as the thing chopped off his head in one swift move and ran away. It all happened so suddenly, and the only thing left behind was his body from the neck down.

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

Chapter 550-People Are Finding Out The Truth

Chapter 550: 550-People Are Finding Out The Truth

Helanie:

"Are you okay?" Norman asked, wrapping a towel around my shoulders to comfort me.

Charlotte and I had sat down next to the vehicles with cold drinks offered to us.

The warriors were taking Romeo's body away while his parents had arrived at the location.

They didn't speak to me, but I could tell they were hostile.

Darcy had shown up and cried the loudest, but her sons didn't let her come near me. That's why we were sitting a little farther from the scene.

"Helanie... are you okay?" a loud voice called out, and I turned to see Jessica getting out of her car and running toward me.

"She doesn't hate you?" Charlotte complained softly.

I got up from my seat and stepped forward to show Jessica I was also happy to see her. She ran straight into my arms and pulled me into a tight hug.

"Oh my Goddess, I heard the news. He confessed," she chirped, jumping up and down while still hugging me.

I laughed, and when we broke the hug, I noticed she was holding back tears. Her smile looked so fake.

Her lips kept twitching downward, almost like she wanted to break down.

"I heard his confession—" she sniffled, "almost all of them were part of horrible things. Just tell me... my brother... did he too?" She closed her eyes and clenched her jaw. Her nostrils flared when I gave a small nod.

"Jessica, I'm fine. I'm just glad justice is being served," I said quickly, holding her hand and rubbing it between mine. I noticed how badly shaken she was.

"It's so hard living in the same house and seeing him... every day. He's training hard, Helanie. Please focus more on your own training from now on. The battle is in a week. Forget everything else and focus on your mission," she said in a broken voice before forcing a smile for me.

"She's right," Vonston chimed in.

"I don't know what to say. At this point, I can't look at Alpha Darius and say he's innocent. But he'll never confess," he groaned, clearly feeling guilty.

"His loss will be my victory. His crown on my head will be my justice. I'll do my best for this battle," I reassured both of them, all while noticing Jessica getting distracted by Norman.

"Helanie! I heard you fought the Zharn? Was it easy to beat him?" Vonston asked, referring to the ongoing threat against the packs and rogue community.

"It was pretty easy, to be honest," I admitted. I remembered killing that thing in just a few minutes.

"Hmm, that's strange. They're supposed to be the best fighters from the evil organization," he mumbled, looking down at the ground as if searching for answers.

"What is this organization?" I asked.

"Helanie! Focus on the battle first. Our warriors will deal with the Zharns. When you're done getting justice for yourself, you'll most likely wear the crown of Alpha Queen. Then you'll learn all about the organization. You'll find out everything soon enough," Jessica said firmly, reminding me of what really mattered.

With a nod, I agreed with her.

"I'll go say hello to Norman," her face lit up as she whispered her next step to me. I guess meeting Norman was what she had been waiting for.

Her entire mood shifted from sadness to happiness as she began walking toward Norman.

Weirdly enough, Emmet and Kaye hadn't shown up. Maximus was busy with the warriors, checking security against the Zharns.

"She's going to steal Norman from you," Charlotte's voice pulled me back to reality. I turned to her, studying her body language. She didn't seem too threatening at that moment.

"I trust her. Besides, Norman is her friend too," I lied, avoiding the truth that she was still his fiancée and Norman had only married me until the next full moon.

"Hmm, it was disgusting," Charlotte said, folding her arms across her chest as she stepped closer to me, "his confession."

She bit her tongue and quickly looked away. "I used to think you were making stuff up. But then, one after another, alpha came out. I was still so arrogant that I didn't care much. I was able to separate you from your trauma and still see you as my enemy. But then—then I was alone in the room with Romeo," her eyes drifted off, lost in thought, "it was just a brief moment that he held my hand before you showed up. But those few seconds made me fear for my life." She paused, and I immediately grew concerned.

She didn't deserve to be alone in a room with that rapist.

"I'll be honest with you. Maximus told me we had to go in there for another reason. It was only after you barged into that room that I realized how Maximus sees me. The fact that he thought I wouldn't help get justice for a victim—that was a reality I had to face sooner or later." I had never seen her speak so calmly and sincerely.

"That's because you never sympathized with me," I said softly. Maybe it would help her realize that Maximus didn't assume things about her because of anything I said—he had seen her for who she was. He had lived with her, known her. And after all that, he decided Charlotte was a liar.

"You're right. Helanie, that man woke something inside me. In those few seconds he held my hand and I looked into his eyes, I lived a nightmare. I saw my whole future flash in his eyes if I didn't get away. My future looked like yours. A victim, all alone and hated," she sniffled, then took a deep breath and straightened up, her voice turning firm.

"I want to make things right. And I want to start by telling a certain someone the truth about something very important." Her tone was full of determination.

I followed her gaze—and saw her looking at Maximus.

Wait... was she going to tell Maximus that she had lied about being mates with him?

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

Chapter 551-Last Day

Chapter 551: 551-Last Day

Helanie:

"Good, good!" Norman clapped his hands, appreciating my effort. My eyes kept drifting to Emmet, who had been so quiet these days.

After Romeo's confession, Kaye and Emmet returned home. Kaye said Emmet didn't want to come back and just kept running.

Emmet, Kaye, and Maximus were now sitting next to a tree, watching me finish my training.

"That will be enough. You have to get home and rest a lot," Norman announced, checking the time.

It was early in the day, around 10 a.m. The brothers had decided yesterday that I would start training early and finish early so I'd have time to rest for the rest of the day.

"Tomorrow is a big day," Cora said.

I didn't say it out loud, but now that it was so close, I was slightly worried.

"Take a breather and then we can go home," Maximus said, his eyes wandering behind me at someone. I followed his gaze and turned around to see Charlotte coming toward us with the same big basket of food.

She had been doing that for a week. She would bring us food during training.

At first, I thought she might have added some drugs or even poison in it, so Norman went ahead and got it checked.

Since he always humored my suspicions, I was satisfied with him doing that. The food turned out to be fine.

But I still couldn't tell if the change in Charlotte could be trusted.

She could be playing a game.

"Can I speak with you?" As soon as she handed the basket over to Maximus, she asked him.

He turned to me, then to Norman, finally walking away with Charlotte, leaving the basket on the ground.

"Guys, you start eating," he yelled, making Kaye get up to take out the food. We all sat down to eat, and after a while, Maximus returned.

"She left?" Kaye asked, and Maximus gave him a head nod.

"She is weird. I don't know if I can trust what she says," Maximus groaned, shaking his head repeatedly.

I noticed Emmet sitting away from us with his knees up and his back resting against the tree. He held a sandwich in his hand, his elbows resting casually on his knees.

It was bothering me how distant he had become from all of us now. Norman probably noticed the same thing and grabbed his food to go sit with him.

"What did she say?" It was Kaye asking Maximus that brought my attention back to the subject at hand.

"She said she wants to tell me about the mate bond," Maximus took a big bite from the sandwich in his hand, but his eyes stayed on my face. I watched Kaye follow his gaze to me and then look away.

"What about it?" I couldn't keep the curiosity inside and finally asked him. I didn't want to be part of his personal matters, but I couldn't help it. He was taking too much time.

"That it was a lie, and that she's sorry. She doesn't expect anything from me except to ask that I don't tell my mother she told me the truth," Maximus deepened his stare into my eyes and blurted it all out with a clenched jaw. I was shocked.

Totally dumbfounded that Charlotte decided to speak the truth.

"Oh, that is unlike her," Kaye grunted along with his brother.

"I'm happy she told me the truth because I would have made her life miserable. However, I'm still angry that our mother planned this," Maximus took another big bite, and I could tell he was taking his anger and frustration out on the food.

"So what will you do now?" Kaye asked, his eyes flicking to my face before looking back at Maximus.

"I'll keep this a secret for now. We should only focus on this battle." Maximus was right. I didn't want to get distracted either. Still, it had been a good week with good news from all around.

After we were done eating, we gathered our stuff to leave. It was basically them lifting all the bags while I was on my phone.

"We'll come to support you tomorrow," Lamar said on the phone.

"I really miss you guys. I wanted to spend time with you all, but please understand every second was important for me to train," I apologized for my lack of communication with them over the past few days. They had been preparing for finals too. So we were all kind of busy.

"It's okay. We'll steal you back after tomorrow," Salem yelled on the phone, Jenny giggling as she agreed with her.

"If only I win this battle," I muttered under my breath, and their cheerful voices quieted down.

"You will win, Helanie. You must win," Lamar said.

"Hey, how are you holding up? You know you've been on my mind all these days," I said with a guilty tone. I wished I had been there with him. Hearing Rhiz's confession must have been so hard. He must have relived that night. But at least his pack members had apologized to him.

He was respected in his pack again, but I'm sure that wasn't enough to help him with the pain he'd endured after losing his sister.

"I'm fine. Thanks to you, justice was served for my sister, Helanie. Without you, I wouldn't have been able to get my dignity back either. And as for how I'm holding up—these idiots are taking care of me, so don't worry," he laughed when someone hit him on the back. Had to be either Gavin or Penn.

"I'm glad you guys are okay. So I'll see you all tomorrow," I said, forcing a gulp down my throat. I didn't say it out loud this time, but I could only meet them if I won.

The chances seemed slim, especially after I heard Darius had been training hard too. In fact, there were reports that during training, a group of Zharns attacked him, and he tore them apart in minutes. I was suddenly so worried.

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

Chapter 552-Last Night In His Arms.

Chapter 552: 552-Last Night In His Arms.

Helanie:

As the clock struck 12, I began to move around in my bed even more. I had requested everyone not to make a fuss about my birthday. I didn't want to celebrate this day—at least not until I had defeated Darius. And the chances of that seemed pretty low.

I had made the mistake of checking social media. Some of Darius's die-hard fans were praising how beastly he had performed in training this week.

There was also a statement from Darius that had trended for a few days:

Darius: I am aware of the gravity of my friends taking the blame. Of them admitting to the heinous crime they committed. However, I stand firm in my innocence. I was not involved. And winning this battle is now an even bigger mission for me, since I have to continue speaking out about my innocence. I am not guilty. I didn't commit a crime. I sympathize with the victim and I am ready to give her a good life. That is why I have chosen not to kill her. I will fight until my last breath, but I will not kill her. I will marry her to give her a good life, since it is not easy for rape victims to live a normal life. Helanie is traumatized and angry—she wants to punish all men. I am sure I can change her mind and show her that not all men are animals.

"Asshole," I hissed under my breath, recalling his statement. It boiled my blood to see young girls supporting him. Even some young alphas believed him, since he had made me seem like a man-hater.

"Helanie, why aren't you asleep already?" Norman almost scared me into screaming. I was so deep in thought that his voice startled me.

As always, he was sitting on the couch, staring at the ceiling. He must have realized I was tossing and turning.

"I can't sleep," I groaned.

He got up and walked over to my side of the bed. I sat up so he could sit down too. In a white shirt and shorts, he looked like he had just stepped out of heaven.

'He does seem—spicy—'

Before Cora could turn this moment into something awkward, I shut her down by speaking to Norman.

"I don't know what to do. I'm just so restless," I rubbed my face with my hands. "You know, I first joined the academy for this very battle. But then I began to wonder if they'd just admit to their crime and I wouldn't need to fight anyone. However, the last one, ugh!" I slapped my forehead a little too hard, so Norman held my hand and gave me a look not to do that again.

Somehow, I'd been so scared and restless that him holding my hand felt like an open invitation. Without a second thought, I scooted closer and rested my face on his chest.

"Hug me," I groaned when he sat there stiffly.

"Are you sure?" There was hesitation in his voice.

"Norman!" I raised my face and grunted at him. "Don't take it as something sexual. I just want comfort. If you can't give it to me, I can go ask my mates." I didn't know what was wrong with me. I was just so scared for tomorrow.

All eyes would be on me. And if I lost, Darius would come out victorious—and would marry me.

Ugh!

That was the agreement, and I had foolishly accepted it because I was too cocky at the moment.

However, when Norman quickly wrapped his arms around me to stop me from going after my mates, it changed my mind.

Maybe I can win.

"What if I lose and he marries me?" I whispered against his chest. His natural scent was incredibly intoxicating. Intoxicating in a way that could easily lead to arousal.

I nestled deeper against his chest and closed my eyes. His four heartbeats sounded like a melodic rhythm.

"You won't. Which is why—I was thinking we shouldn't reject each other tonight, or tomorrow. Rejection can cause pain, and you don't need to be dealing with pain before your battle," he said in a low voice.

"What about after the battle?" I don't know why I asked that question, but the moment it left my mouth, I bit my tongue.

"Oh," he uttered, and I raised my head from his chest.

"What about then?" I asked again, this time looking straight into his eyes.

"I mean—you'll be celebrating. Do you think we'll even have time to reject each other? And then you'll be in pain during the celebration. I think you deserve a day without pain tomorrow. Maybe next full moon," he said, avoiding my gaze.

"Right. I was thinking the same thing," I replied. I didn't smile too much, but something about that plan felt comforting. I leaned back into his chest and closed my eyes.

It was wild that I was hugging Norman. That he was the one providing me comfort.

Later, he got into bed, leaning back on the pillows while still holding me, and I slept with my face against his chest.

The anxiety and fear about the battle kept me from focusing on anything else—not even the fact that I was lying on top of Norman.

"Helanie?" Soft whispers tickled my ears, slowly pulling me from sleep.

"Hmm?" I burrowed deeper into the firm surface, even lifting one leg to rest on what I thought was a pillow. But the "pillow" was so hard—it felt like I'd placed my leg on a rock.

"Helanie, it's time. You don't want to be late," I felt a slight nudge and slowly began to wake up.

Placing my hands down, I lifted myself and looked straight into Norman's eyes.

"Ahh!" I screamed when I realized my leg had been resting on his thigh, my knee bent and touching the very obvious bulge in his shorts—and my hands were on his chest.

"It's okay," Norman said, watching me scramble off him.

"Ugh, is it morning already?" I checked the time and felt my heart race like a drum.

"Come on, let's get ready," he said.

It reminded me of those school days when I didn't want to go take an exam because I was afraid I'd fail.

But this—this was so much bigger than that.

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

Chapter 553-The Battle Begins Now.

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Helanie:

I showered and got ready in black shorts and a black top for the battle. On top of that, I wore a long white shirt until I reached the battle ring. I was so anxious, constantly licking my lips to moisten them. I had braided my hair to make sure I did not get distracted during the battle.

My heart was pounding hard in my chest. I didn't eat anything—just had a few slices of freshly cut watermelon.

Nothing could go down my throat in this state.

"Are you mad?" my mother stormed in just as I was about to leave my room to sit in the car with my friends and my husband.

"It's not a good day for an argument. I don't want to do this," I said, trying to step away from her, but she came in my way and blocked my path.

"Are you really going to fight him?" she asked, her face twisted with strong emotions of worry.

"Why do you care?" Her facial expression confused me.

"Because you are my—daughter," she said, a very confused look on her face like she didn't even know what she was saying.

"Oh please, you're just using this moment to mess with me. I don't want this today. Nothing you do will break my spirit," I hissed at her, and she calmly placed her hand on her heart.

"You think I would hurt you?" I didn't know why she was acting so strange all of a sudden.

Maybe she was feeling sorry for me. Or maybe she just wanted to make herself look like a great mother so she could cry and act like a victim when I die today. Because I've decided to fight until I'm dead and not surrender.

Surrendering would mean marrying Darius.

"Anyway," she sniffled back the tears and then suddenly jumped at me. I wish I had known she was capable of that. She pressed something against my chest for a moment before I pushed her back.

"What did you do?" I asked her, opening my white shirt and then pulling down the black top to check my skin.

There was something red on my chest, right over my heart.

"What was it?" I asked, quickly focusing on her hand. She was holding something in her palm—a pendant, maybe?

"Best of luck! You'll come back victorious." As if she hadn't confused me enough, now she wished me luck and suddenly looked so confident.

"What the hell—" I started, but she had quickly walked out of the room.

"Did you see what she did? Did you feel anything?" I asked Cora.

"Don't be dramatic. She didn't kill us. Just go."

However, I found it odd that Cora didn't want to say anything bad about our mother for all the wrong things she's done to us. I'd noticed it ever since she woke up, but never got the chance to talk to her since I wanted to finish the battle first—and then deal with our differences.

Taking a deep and heavy breath, I walked out of my room. Outside, the brothers were waiting for me.

"Helanie," Maximus stepped forward, "give it your all."

I gave him a nod, not even able to force a weak smile.

"Focus on his weak spots," Kaye said.

I turned to look at Emmet, and my heart ached. He had his hands in his coat pockets, his eyes silently staring at me.

"Let's go," Norman said, breaking my eye contact with Emmet.

The ride was hard to sit through. I kept rubbing my palms together and swallowing hard.

"Try not to be stubborn. If it comes to the point where you have to surrender—just do it. We'll take care of the rest. You won't be forced to marry that jerk," Norman repeated what everyone's been telling me this whole time. But I only gave him a nod, not really meaning it. I will fight till my last breath. Either he dies, or I do.

The ring was huge, a circle of dirt and stone. The ground was hard, worn down from all the fights that had taken place here. The crowd sat all around the edge, rising in layers like steps, higher and higher the farther they got.

I took a deep breath and felt someone pat my back, a small push to boost my confidence.

"Victory is just one step away," Norman whispered.

I nodded, taking slow, deep breaths while looking around at the people arriving.

It felt like the whole world was watching—every eye on me, waiting to see who would win. The stands were packed with pack members, shouting, cheering, or silently waiting for blood.

I spotted my family in the crowd.

My stepmother held an umbrella over her head to block the sun—a small fan in her hand to stop the heat from melting her makeup. She wore a yellow dress with red lipstick.

Then there was my stepbrother sitting among his friends, pointing at me and laughing. I knew they didn't believe I could win this battle.

My father looked indifferent too. No worry on his face, just discomfort from the heat bothering him.

"Hey, make sure you give it your all," Emmet said, making me look into his eyes.

"I want to see you win this battle—for every Helanie who was never able to find justice for herself," he whispered, his hand reaching toward my face, his finger gently touching the tip of my nose.

Even that small touch was enough to melt me. But my attention kept drifting to the crowd.

They were here to watch one of us die.

Then there was Alpha Diaz sitting with Altan, who had his eyes fixed on me like he had only come to see me.

"I don't want to lose in front of all these people," I murmured, my throat going dry.

"Who said you would lose?" Kaye clearly disapproved of my crazy thoughts.

"You just need to step in. You have no idea how strong your wolf really is," Maximus reassured me, and I started nodding again.

And then... he arrived.

DID – Devil In Disguise.

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

Chapter 554-Lost Everything But I Will Win

Chapter 554: 554-Lost Everything But I Will Win

Darius:

A week ago:

"Asshole, dumb fucker," I groaned, kicking a rock after hearing the news about Romeo's death. Why the heck did he go to meet that Charlotte? What was so special about that basic bitch anyway? He got killed for someone like Charlotte?

"It seems like she's doing really well. I heard from someone that before Romeo was arrested, Helanie beat his ass."

Of course, my wolf had to come out and try to scare me.

"Oh, fuck her. I'll take care of her. As for all that strength talk—it sounds like PR nonsense. She can never beat me," I groaned, clenching my jaw hard.

"You need to give it your all on the battlefield. Don't show mercy just because you like her," my wolf advised.

"You really think I won't fight her because I want to marry her? Huh," I laughed and clicked my tongue.

"I'll give it my best to win, and once I marry her, I'll fuck her every day and night until she realizes that even after all the training and big speeches, she's just my cum dumpster. I'll fuck the revenge right out of her," I grunted, feeling irritated.

One by one, all my friends died because of her.

That one night of pleasure caused all this.

"If only we hadn't taken that mission," my wolf cried out, reminding me who had sent us to that station that night.

"I don't regret fucking her. I just regret not doing something to deal with her earlier. If only I had offered to marry her right after that gang rape, I'm sure she would've miserably accepted it," I hissed.

"I don't think she would have. Those days are gone—when victims thought marrying their abuser would fix everything. People are awake now, or so they say. That whole stupid equality thing—and this idea that women can do anything—that's the reason why these weak women are raising their heads, fighting back, and even killing alphas," my wolf was right.

Helanie would've never agreed to marry me.

But I'll show her my strength when she loses the battle and is forced to marry me.

As soon as I heard snarling and hissing nearby, I became alert. It had to be those Zharns. I heard Helanie had fought one—what a lie.

I ran with my bag to get back home and, while doing so, uploaded a statement saying I had fought some too.

Once I got home, I sat on my bed and stared at the bottle of blue liquid in my bag. Before dying, Romeo had gotten it for me.

It was something that would help me during the battle.

I'd paid some people to spread rumors that I was training like a beast, that I'd fought Zharns and won.

It would give me a boost on the battlefield.

"Do you have a minute?"

A knock on the door made me aware of my sister's arrival. It had been so long since she came to talk to me, so when she did, I was glad she came over.

"Jessica, come in, please," I said with a weak smile. My sister meant the whole world to me. We used to be so close. And she used to be so proud of me, but Helanie ruined it for us.

"I just wanted to come and see you," she sat down on the bed, and I instantly rested my head in her lap like I used to before.

"I didn't do it," I lied again. She should have believed me—but instead, she believed Helanie.

"Shhhh," she ran her fingers through my hair and hushed me gently.

"You know—I love Norman a lot. I'd do anything for him. But there was someone I loved even more than Norman, and that someone used to be you. I loved you so much—I took care of you like I was your mother. I just don't understand... When did I lose you? When did you become so evil that you couldn't tell right from wrong? I'm just... mad at myself because—I let you become this monster who hurt innocent women," her voice cracked, and I closed my eyes, swallowing back tears.

"Darius, what would you have done if someone had done the same to me?"

The thought of her in that situation made me bite the inside of my cheek until I tasted blood.

"I would burn them all alive—but I didn't do it," I lifted my head and looked into her eyes, tears blurring my vision. "I didn't. She's lying—she's mistaken that I was there that night."

Jessica turned her head away and started sobbing.

"I know when you're lying. It's a shame that you don't even feel guilty. I've looked into her eyes, Darius. It's been so hard for her to prove she was innocent and to get justice. She had to make every single one of you confess to what you did. Before that, everyone was just as sure as you that they 'didn't do it.' You know... when someone gets raped or assaulted, it doesn't end there. That's when the pain really begins."

Jessica took a deep breath and slowly wiped her hand on her dress—the same hand that had just touched my hair. Seeing her feel that disgust for me... it only made my anger toward Helanie burn hotter.

Why couldn't she let it go?

It was just one night.

Just one!

"I'll prove to you that I'm innocent," I said. But Jessica stood up and walked toward the door.

"As much as I wish you're telling the truth... I'm scared you're not. Don't expect me to cheer for you on the battlefield."

She didn't even turn around to look at me as she said those words and walked out, closing the door behind her.

'I'm going to avenge all my friends' deaths. I'll make this Helanie feel real pain—the kind that makes her beg me to stop, but I won't. She couldn't forgive us for one night—I won't forgive her for my friends' murders either.'

That was final.

I would take the blue strength potion and beat her.

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

Chapter 555-The Final Battle For Revenge

Chapter 555: 555-The Final Battle For Revenge

Helanie:

Darius had his father and other senior pack members with him. They never said out loud who they supported, but they had probably come with him because they thought he would win. And they didn't want to lose such a strong alliance once he did.

I stepped into the arena, and the brothers went ahead to sit with their father. My mother hadn't come.

Darcy and Emma were treating this battle like entertainment, with popcorn and drinks in their hands. Charlotte sat with them, but she didn't look as mean as before. She even mouthed **"Best of luck"** to me.

The noise was deafening, but I didn't hear it. All I could focus on was the space between me and Darius.

The arena was wide open. No walls to hide behind, no way out. Just me, him, and the eyes of everyone around us.

The heat of the sun beat down on us, making the dirt feel even hotter under my shoes.

"Darius, we believe in you!" one of the girls screamed, making me clench my jaw when his smirk showed that, even after treating women like crap, he was still being supported by them.

The crowd was huge. Some were laughing, others whispering—everyone thought I was weak.

Darius was big, his muscles flexing as he shifted into a half-transitioned state, his claws scraping the ground. The crowd seemed to hold its breath, waiting for him to make the first move.

He looked at me with a smirk, his voice full of mockery. "Ready to lose and go home as my wife?"

I wanted to scream at him, to show him how much I hated him, but I couldn't. Not yet.

The signal to start came, and without thinking, Darius lunged at me. His claws swiped through the air so fast I barely had time to dodge. The crowd gasped. I felt the air rush past my face as I just managed to get out of the way.

I wasn't fast enough. I could feel the weight of his power as he turned to come at me again. The anger in his eyes burned brighter. But this time, I wasn't scared.

I took a deep breath, closing my eyes for just a second. This was it. There was no going back now.

I shifted. It hurt, but I didn't care. My bones twisted, my body changing, and I was no longer just me—I was something else. Something stronger.

He took a step back, his eyes narrowing. He seemed confused, almost like what he was seeing came straight out of a horror movie.

The audience suddenly went silent before gasping. Their reactions showed they had never seen a wolf like mine before.

With a growl, I lunged at him, claws outstretched. The force of my move hit him harder than I thought it would, and for a second, everything went quiet. The crowd was frozen.

Then, chaos...

Charlotte got up and yelled, "Helanie! We are with you."

I noticed her mother glaring at her with her jaw wide open.

"Yes, Helanie, show that jerk what you are capable of!" Lamar yelled, getting up, and my other friends joined him. The brothers looked so proud at that moment.

For a moment, I thought I had him. My claws connected with his chest, and I could see the shock in his eyes. But then, before I could land another hit, he recovered. He slammed into me, sending me flying back.

I hit the ground hard, the air knocked out of my lungs. For a second, everything went black. The roar of the crowd faded into a dull hum. My body was aching, but it was more than that—something deep inside me was unraveling.

I scrambled to my feet, my muscles shaking. Darius was grinning, enjoying every second of this. But that grin... it reminded me of everything.

Of the year he'd hunted me, tormented me. Of the nights I'd spent hiding, terrified of his touch, his damn grin. The memories flooded back in an instant—every cruel word, every painful strike, and that night.

His laugh echoed in my ears, and for a brief moment, I wasn't in the ring anymore. I was back there, in the dark, scared and alone.

My heart raced, my breath coming in short gasps. I could feel the old fear creeping back in, just like it had so many times before. The fear I'd buried deep inside me. The fear I thought I'd gotten rid of.

Darius was closing in, and I couldn't focus. I was frozen. Stuck in the past.

"Still weak. Of course, you could never train enough to fight me," he sneered, stepping closer. "I knew it."

I blinked, shaking my head, trying to push the memories away. But it was like I couldn't escape them. Every scar he'd left on me—mentally, emotionally, physically—was alive again.

Darius saw the fear in my eyes, and his grin only grew wider. He knew he had me.

But then, something inside me shifted.

I was not that eighteen-year-old who he had cornered in that underground station.

Darius moved in, slashing with his claws, but this time I didn't freeze. I moved.

I dodged, faster than I thought I could, and I felt the sting as his claws scraped my arm. But that wasn't enough to stop me. I was angry now, not scared.

With a loud growl, I charged at him, my claws hitting his chest. He staggered back, surprised by the force. I didn't give him a second to recover. I was on him again, my claws striking, my teeth snapping at him.

I threw him to the ground, not letting up. His eyes widened in shock, and I could feel him start to lose his confidence.

"You're not the one in control anymore," I snarled, pushing him down harder. The crowd was roaring around us, but I barely heard it. All I could hear was my heartbeat, steady and strong.

Darius tried to fight back, but I was faster. I grabbed his arm, twisting it behind his back. He gasped in pain, trying to get away, but I was too strong.

"How the hell—are you so fast—?" he yelled, almost like crying.

"How is she so strong?" That was my stepmother screaming at my father. "She is not your daughter. You're such a loser, and look at her!"

For a moment, everyone shut up to hear her, and then Salem yelled, "Oh, shut the hell up, wench!"

The crowd laughed before their attention shifted back to me.

He looked up at me, eyes wide with fear. For the first time, I saw it. He was scared.

With one last push, I threw him to the ground, pinning him there, breathless and defeated.

"What are you?" he barely whispered, gulping, with tears running down his cheeks.

And in a very overpowering tone, I hissed, "I am your karma, bitch."

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

Chapter 556-The New Alpha In North

Chapter 556: 556-The New Alpha In North

Helanie:

He used his strength to push me back and get on his feet when Cora suddenly started to howl louder than ever. In seconds, clouds started to fill the sky, roaring and lightning flashing through them.

The crowd looked up and gasped.

With a roar that shook the air, Darius lunged at me. His claws slashed, but I was faster—much faster. I darted to the side, my body moving like liquid. The crowd screamed in awe, their eyes wide as they watched the two of us clash in a whirlwind.

We circled each other, growling, eyes locked. He tried to get the upper hand, snapping at me with deadly intent, but I could feel the power in every strike I made, every move I took. My body was made for this fight, made to dominate.

He swiped at my throat, but I ducked, slamming my body into his with a force that knocked him off balance.

Darius was struggling now, his moves slow, unsure. His pride had always been his strength, but it was slipping. I was breaking through his defenses, one strike at a time.

He staggered back, growling in frustration. The fight had been going on for what felt like hours, the ground beneath us soaked with rain, and so were we.

I charged, my claws cutting through the air faster than I had before.

He barely had time to react as I slammed into him with a force that sent him tumbling backward. He hit the ground hard, a shocked gasp escaping his lips.

I stabbed him in the chest with my claws and saw his eyes widen. The crowd went completely silent at the brutality.

He began to gulp and sputter blood out of his mouth. He tried to move his claws around to slash my skin, but his claws could barely do any damage. My skin had turned into something solid.

"Please," he wheezed, struggling to lift his head, blood staining his fur. His eyes were wide with something I had never seen before—fear. Real fear. "Please... don't... don't do this."

We both transitioned back, only wearing shorts and a top, and he was only in black shorts.

I stood over him, my chest rising and falling with each breath, my claws growing and disappearing like it was that easy. He was on his knees now, his once strong posture broken, the cocky smile that used to haunt my nightmares nowhere to be seen.

I knelt down and clawed his thigh, my fingers digging into his skin, my claws going deeper and deeper.

"Ahhhh!" he screamed in agony. "Stop—your claws are—burning my insides!"

He began to wiggle like a worm on the ground.

"Have mercy on the lad," his father got up from the crowd and started crying.

"Please, son, surrender!" he cried even more.

At this point, no one was making a noise.

"Remember how you tortured me that night?" I hissed at him, blocking his father's pleas.

"I promised I would kill you with my own hands or I would never find peace," I muttered, watching his face turn red.

But even in that state of agony, he decided to use his last strike to break my happiness.

"Thanks for letting me know what you wish for," he stuttered before yelling, "I surrender!"

I frowned in disbelief when he broke into a smirk, barely able to hold it before he began to cry out in pain again.

"I wouldn't let your last wish come true. You will never be able to kill me," he let out a chuckle when the warriors arrived and forced me back from him.

"Ahhh!" He had his arm wrapped around his stomach as he stumbled and barely got up from the ground.

"You might have won—but you failed to prove me guilty," he mouthed, his father rushing over to support his body.

Vonston walked into the ground and stood beside me. "The battle was the most intense fight ever. Even the sky cried and joined these true. However, as promised—we will

choose the winner who will be crowned as the alpha king or queen. And without any shadow of a doubt, Helanie Niles is the new alpha queen of the North."

Those words and that title almost stopped my heart in my chest.

"Alpha queen?" I asked, turning my head to him.

"We wanted to bring in the crown too, but look at this rain," Vonston smiled, his tears hiding behind the rain.

"I am the alpha queen," I pointed at my chest and faced the crowd. Emmet, Norman, Maximus, and Kate started to walk towards me while the others were not allowed to overwhelm me.

But they were all clapping for me and crying happily.

As soon as the brothers circled around me for a group hug, I heard a little complaint from Darius's father.

"That doesn't prove my son's guilt. It's just that he is not an alpha king or an alpha anymore. However, the stress everyone has put on his shoulders by claiming he committed crimes made him lose today," the brothers stepped away to watch Seon Louise save his son's face.

"It is true, it doesn't prove anything. You might have won today, congratulations—but I am still innocent. Someone who was tortured to the point that he couldn't train," Darius hissed, and the crowd went silent.

"Ah?" I raised my brow.

"What? Am I not telling the truth?" The eye contact Darius gave me was enough for me to understand what he was trying to do.

"When I told you I wanted to kill you—you thought that was my wish?" I mumbled, but loud enough so that everyone could hear us.

"You said it," he sputtered, spitting blood out and then straightening his back.

"Hmmm! What if I tell you—it was my way of getting you to choose to surrender instead of dying by my hands?" I watched him frown and shrug. I knew he wasn't going to give up, even if I had killed him.

"You didn't want me to die?" he smirked, even when everyone was watching him.

"No! Or else—how would I have made you confess to your crimes?" I smirked, and his smirk faded.

"Now that you are not an alpha king—nor an alpha—I kick you out of my pack and make you a rogue," I hissed loudly, watching him frown for a moment and then shrug as if it didn't bother him much, until I added, "And as a rogue—I command the weapon of truth to be used on you."

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

Chapter 557-The Fallen Alpha

Chapter 557: 557-The Fallen Alpha

Helanie:

"You really thought stealing the crown from you was my end goal? You've been hiding behind the alpha crown for way too long. Your cockiness defeated you," I hissed, then gave him a pressed-lip smile.

"No! What is she saying? I'm already injured—she wants to beat me to a pulp now?" Darius held his father's arm and shook it, trying to get his attention.

His father's eyes were wide open, and all I could see was fear in them. I began to wonder if his father knew he had been lying.

"Darius—you really didn't think this was coming your way?" Emmet asked, stepping forward. I hadn't told anyone this, but there were times when Emmet would look me deep in the eye and smile like he knew what my end goal had been.

And him stepping forward, signaling his warrior to bring in the weapon of truth, confirmed my suspicion that he knew.

"Stop this—you're not allowed to stab me with that," Darius pointed at Emmet, warning him not to get any closer.

He held the dagger in his hand, making my heart beat louder. In the next few minutes, Darius was going to confess everything.

"Actually—yes, he can. He can do that," Vonston added, "Helanie has proven that not only is she physically stronger than you, but her mental ability is far ahead of yours. She is the true alpha queen North has always deserved." It was shocking to hear those words from him.

He had shown growth after the first trial. And after that, he didn't act blindly at all. I watched Alpha Diaz get up and grab Altan's hand, dragging him out with his warriors and pack members following. They didn't even sit down to hear the truth, but the big cameras would be broadcasting it for months.

My so-called family stayed though. My brother kept pointing at me, then at his chest, telling everyone I was his sister.

"Stop it!" Darius yelled when Maximus snuck up behind him and grabbed his hands behind his back. Kaye wrapped his arms around his father's shoulders and kind of dragged him aside to avoid intervening.

In front of everyone, Emmet stabbed Darius right in the stomach and let him fall to his knees.

"What have you done?" Darius screamed, his hands on the wounded area. He started to squeeze it as if that would help the poison come out.

Jessica had walked out of the crowd and approached us, her eyes filled with tears as she watched Darius.

"Now, tell me Darius—what do you remember when you look at me?" I stepped forward to ask him. It was so hard to do.

He lifted his head and growled, "Oh! You really want to relive that night, don't you?" The smirk on his lips appeared without him knowing. I could tell he was trying hard not to say it all.

But the dagger was pulling the truth from within him.

"You weren't that confident that night. Remember when you begged while quickly putting on the pendant as if that would make us stop? All of us stared at you before we attacked. How was it losing your virginity that night?" he started laughing loudly.

He kept going until I decided I didn't want to hear any more. I just wanted the truth and an admission of guilt—and he had done that.

But there was one more thing I wanted to know from him.

"Who sent you there that night?" As soon as I asked, Darius smirked.

Seeing him still alive in front of me was so hard. But I had to leave him alive so he could get the shame he deserves.

"Why? Why were you sent there that night?" I added.

"Hmm, maybe someone's father didn't like you hanging around his son," he watched me gasp.

"It was your boyfriend's father. Who didn't know his son was just fooling around with you. He was afraid his son was serious, so—he sent us there. And in return, he helped us with our reports at the academy. He wanted you out of his son's life," Darius cleared up all the questions in my mind.

I was stunned, and tears sprang down my cheeks. I got this punishment for love that wasn't even serious?

"Ugh, but you know what—I regret one thing now," he straightened his back and suddenly grabbed a sword from the warrior's hand and hissed as he lunged at me.

It was a sudden attack since nobody thought he was capable of fighting the poison in his body and taking this step.

But that's when Jessica grabbed the dagger from the ground and rushed in, attacking her brother from the side and stabbing the dagger into the side of his neck so hard that it came out from his temple.

Screams filled the air, and everybody began to run away from their seats.

As soon as Darius's body fell to the ground, Jessica sat down with him. She held his head in her lap and started crying.

"It's okay, baby brother. Everything is fine now," she began to speak, smiling through the pain.

We were all so shocked.

"You will be at peace now. This world is no longer for you. You have—broken the biggest rule. You have committed a crime against another innocent individual. But—but it will be fine now. You can rest. You don't need to see everyone hate you, right? I did it to help you, right?" she was sobbing and gently caressing his cheeks.

"Oh, my little brother. Let me sing for you," she sniffled, "I see your spirit, brave and strong,

Where you belong, where you belong. And as you grow, and make your way,

I'll be your anchor, come what may."

She had such an angelic voice that the rain suddenly stopped. The birds started to gather around her as she cried, holding her dead brother in her arms.

"In the next world, you will come back as my son, and my dear, this time, I will make you a better one."

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

Chapter 558-My Husband's Nudes

Chapter 558: 558-My Husband's Nudes

Helanie:

"Congratulations," Salem hugged me again while Lamar, Penn, and Gavin danced around me. They had been jumping up and down like little kids this whole time. Jenny kept mimicking how I would look once I got crowned.

"So, you're coming to the hostel tomorrow?" Penn asked, giving me a look that said I needed to stop making excuses and just join them already.

They had made plans that included hopping from bar to bar and doing everything I couldn't do because my life had been so hard.

"Yeah," I nodded, my eyes shifting to the brothers in the distance.

After Jessica killed her brother, she wasn't well. Her father and Norman took her home after managing to convince her to let go of Darius's body. Darcy and Emma rushed back home, grabbing Charlotte with them. But Charlotte seemed genuinely happy for me.

Now it was just me, my friends, and the brothers.

"Okay, so you go enjoy your victory with them today, tomorrow is ours," Lamar warned me, pointing his finger at me to make sure I didn't forget the plans.

I nodded, smiling from ear to ear, then walked away to join the brothers. As soon as they saw me walking towards them, they broke the circle and smiled at me.

"So, Alpha Queen of North—how do you feel?" Maximus pretended to hold a mic with his clenched fist and interviewed me.

"I am the happiest today," I uttered, tears still forming in my eyes. But these were tears of happiness.

"So, how are we going to celebrate your birthday today? Don't say no, you've earned the right to live a happy life. Let's make this day the day you slayed the monster and became the Alpha Queen," Kaye added with a cheerful gleam in his tone. Every time someone called me Alpha Queen, my chest swelled with happiness.

I never thought I could be anyone, let alone an Alpha Queen. Just the thought of my crowning made me smile until I turned tomato red.

"Congratulations. I always knew you were special," Emmet uttered, then cleared his throat to remind me of something, "Are you and Norman rejecting each other today then?"

I watched eyes stare at my face and my throat began to get dry. Of course, I was going to reject Norman, but then I felt like I should stay with my friends tonight.

They had waited so long for me to be with them.

"Ohhhh! Wouldn't it pain? Actually, I'm spending the night with my friends. I want to be full of energy and enjoy my nineteenth birthday, unlike my eighteenth. I want to get over that phase and be happy for once," I noticed the way they silently stared at my face, no heads nodding to show they agreed.

"Will it be okay if I do it next month? I mean, waiting for him to come back when he should be with Jessica, and then making my friends wait—" I yapped and yapped with an awkward smile on my lips. I felt so uncomfortable at that moment.

"No! Trap will be the right word."

"Of course, that will do as well," since nobody was helping me out, thankfully Kaye stepped forward to defend me.

I suddenly felt at ease when his brothers reluctantly nodded their heads.

"So I will go and stay with them," I waved at them, turning around in an awkward, no-goodbye kind of way, and started walking after my friends.

"Hmm, what an excuse to not reject Norman," Cora uttered.

"I thought you would rest a little longer after that battle," I groaned.

"How could I miss the awkward interaction of you with your mates where you try to not only convince them but yourself too that you have so much to do, which is why you can't reject him tonight," Cora continued to snicker, making me clench my jaw.

"I mean, I didn't have time to annoy Norman before, so I was thinking about irritating him for a month before I reject him," I shrugged.

"Whatever you say, Alpha Queen," she taunted, and I rolled my eyes, joining my friends.

"Wait, you're coming with us?" Penn got out of the driver's seat when he spotted me.

"Yeah, I thought I'd celebrate this day with you guys. You've been there for me all this time; I really want to share my success with you," I said to them all, watching them grin happily.

"Come on, hop in then," Jenny wrapped her arm around my shoulder and let me walk into the car first.

We all shared the car to the hostel where the students had been informed beforehand, and Hans had helped prepare a celebratory dinner for me.

"Wow," I covered my mouth happily, watching all the red balloons flying around with LED candles everywhere.

"I did it all myself," Hans shrugged, hands on his waist in pride.

But he wasn't asking for my praise; his eyes kept moving to Jenny, who was busy making out with Lamar every few seconds.

After we all ate and danced for about two hours, I began to walk upstairs to my dorm room. Lucy hadn't been around and Sydney was back in her pack, I heard. Of course, she couldn't see me being all happy.

My phone rang, and my husband's name popped up on the screen with an incoming text, making me grin. I couldn't wait to give him a hard time.

Husband: What are you doing? Did you eat and rest well? Don't waste all your energy for tonight. We brothers are preparing something special for you as well.

I smiled, sitting down on the bed and reading his text a few times before typing back.

Me: Wasn't it supposed to be a surprise? Are you sure you didn't ruin it?

Husband: Don't play me. It's alright, my brothers wouldn't get mad, and you don't know what kind of surprise it is.

I giggled.

Husband: Okay, ask for any gift. It was a big victory.

I wasn't going to ask him anything, but Cora started to fill my mind with nasty thoughts.

"Ask for a nude pic."

"What the heck, no Cora," I groaned at her.

"Come on, you said you wanted to annoy him. Just do it, tease him—annoy him," she pressured, and while biting my bottom lip, I texted him.

Me: Okay, send me your nudes.

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

Chapter 559-Beautiful Wife's Innocent Request

Chapter 559: 559-Beautiful Wife's Innocent Request

Norman:

I had just come back to my room after discussing a plan to celebrate Helanie's birthday and make it special.

"Missing her?" My wolf was saying that just to annoy me. He knew there was no truth to what he was saying. He just wanted to get a reaction out of me.

"No, I'm very much at peace that she isn't around and complaining. You know I like my room to be mine only," I reminded him, standing in front of the mirror to take off my shirt.

"Really? Didn't you just ask her for a gift?" he teased, and I mimicked him under my breath, taking off my shirt and throwing it on the couch.

"She would have killed you if she saw you do that. How many times has she reminded you to hang your damn shirt?" As soon as Rome said that, I grabbed the shirt to hang it properly.

Not because I was scared of Helanie, but because I didn't want this topic to be the reason I argued with Rome.

"I asked her what she wanted as a gift because she did a great job and defeated an alpha who had been getting ready for this battle since he was a kid. Not only that, she

has raised our academy's name to new heights." I was honestly impressed with Helanie and how she fought.

And then her message popped up. I knew she would say she didn't want anything.

That's how she was—not interested in anything at all.

"And you used to call her a gold digger," Rome didn't need to remind me of what I used to think.

I didn't know her back then, only her mother. And her mom really gave off big gold digger vibes.

I ignored Rome and focused on the text. I had just put on my shorts when I opened her message and my body tensed up.

"Ooooooh baby! Ohhh yummy. Seems like she couldn't resist and finally asked for our great Norman mountain."

I wanted to strangle Rome with my own hands. My cheeks started to itch as I threw the phone away.

"That is so inappropriate. Why would she— I'm so disappointed in her," I groaned, starting to pace from one corner of the room to the other.

"Scold her then and make her stop once and for all," Rome gave me a slightly different suggestion. I thought he would tell me to just go along with it, blah blah blah.

"What do you mean by 'once and for all'?" I asked, my eyebrows furrowed.

"It seems like she's getting too comfortable. Imagine if she was here—she would've just grabbed you and slipped her hand into your shorts. You have to stop her before she gets this comfortable. That bold woman," Rome made me swallow hard.

Why did he have to explain it in so much detail?

The thought of it all was a horror. My eyes filled with tears—that's how intense just imagining it was.

"Yeah, I would love to scold her but then again—it's her night. I don't want to ruin it for her by getting angry. And to think—she might not have realized it was inappropriate. She's just very innocent," I held my phone again, wondering if she was waiting for my message or if she forgot about it after casually asking.

"Oh really? Or just admit you don't want to stop her. You want her to grab you and take control,"

I knew it. Rome was just trying to trap me.

"Huh!" I scoffed. "What do I say to her now?"

Now that was the biggest problem. What could I say?

"Say no!" Rome replied.

"Rome, something that won't upset her," I didn't want her to feel like she asked for something wrong.

I mean—I didn't know.

It was the kind of situation that felt worse than picking a weapon for war.

"Okay, let me take over. I'll type something good," he insisted, but I wasn't sure if I could trust him.

"Please, trust me. You never do," he sounded a little down, so I let him. It had been years since we talked like that. And him waking up after marking Helanie just meant a lot to me. I needed him to talk to me, and now he finally was.

So he began to type quickly.

Me: Can't send any right now.

I nodded as he hit the send button, but then he quickly typed something else that left my jaw wide open—and before I could take control back, he had already sent it.

Me: Because my cock is so hard for you, I feel embarrassed.

"What the fuck!" I yelled loudly, hitting all the buttons to delete the message—and instead of deleting it from both chats, I only deleted it from mine.

"Fuck!" It was like one mistake after another.

"Just so you know, I'm not jerking off—I'm just laughing so hard," Rome made me sit and watch the screen.

There was nothing I could do anymore but wait for her to come online, read the text, and then...I'd just kill myself.

"Norman! Dude, listen—imagine she shows it to our brothers," Rome was laughing his ass off with zero concern for my reputation or feelings.

"Why—w-why would she do that?" I started typing in panic, making yet another mistake.

Me: Please don't tell my brothers.

As soon as I sent it, I realized what Rome made me do.

I looked like a desperate, sneaky pervert.

So when I grabbed my phone to delete that one, I managed to do it successfully.

But then her reply came—and my heart dropped.

Alpha Queen Wife: I read it.

Fuck!

I grabbed my hair in my fist and then read her next message, tears running down my face this time.

Alpha Queen Wife: I'm going to share it with everyone. You're so thirsty.

"Okay, I'm gonna go meet her right now and delete that text from her phone."

That would be yet another mistake I made that night.

How I wish I had been thinking with a clear mind.

Because going to see her turned out really dangerously upsetting.

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

Chapter 560-His Ego Won

Chapter 560: 560-His Ego Won

Helanie:

"Whoa!" Cora said.

I had been staring at the screen in shock. And then he told me not to tell anyone. That made me feel so shy.

However, I tried to play it off and annoy him, so I told him I'd tell everyone. But honestly, that was what Cora suggested. She wanted to mess with him a little more.

"You know what? I shouldn't have listened to you. Ugh! He must be so embarrassed right now, Cora. He's not like others. He gets shy and then he—oh my—he'll be so embarrassed that he'll stay awake the whole night. He barely sleeps," I started shouting at Cora even though it was my responsibility not to do that to him.

"It's not our fault he responded that way. At least it proves he's into you," she said, making me clench my jaw and shut my eyes angrily.

"I'm sure he was just trying to tease me back and since his humor sucks—he ended up embarrassing himself," I defended him, feeling bad.

I called him to say it was okay and that I knew he was joking—just so he wouldn't overthink it. But he didn't answer any of my calls.

And that made me worry so much about him.

"Okay, I'm going to check on him, Cora." That was it. I couldn't enjoy myself or rest knowing Norman might be so stressed.

I knew him really well. Just that one text would have ruined his mood. And I wasn't even there to sing him a lullaby so he could sleep.

"Are you sure? I mean, he's hard. What if he wasn't just playing and actually got in his feelings? What if you go there and he—" She stopped when my body shuddered.

"Cora, that's Norman. He's my big stepbrother—" I bit my tongue at the weak excuse. But that's how I used to see him. I never thought we'd ever get... close like that.

"Helanie, the tension was always there. Just admit it. You were just sure he didn't see you that way, so you kept forcing yourself to keep him off the list of guys you could ever—" she went quiet when I grabbed my shoes to go see him.

"The palace will be packed with Zhorns," she reminded me, and I remembered how they hiss to cause distractions.

Their frequencies can give people headaches—but not me. I'd be fine.

"I don't care, Cora. He'll be up all night," I said, wanting to slap myself for that message.

"He's not a child. You're worrying too much," she finally stopped using that teasing tone.

I rushed downstairs to find the hallway almost empty. A few couples were making out in the corners, and I knew Lamar and Jenny were probably looking for a room to hook up in—same with Gavin and Salem. Penn must've already hit the bed.

So I was able to sneak out without anyone spotting me. Not that they'd stop me, but they'd insist on coming with me.

It was after midnight, so the full moon had passed too. That meant Norman didn't need to worry about Maximus. He was kind enough to stay with me on the night of the full moon. But sadly, I was the one who caused him stress.

However, I was only a few steps onto the road when I saw a vehicle coming toward me. It was Norman's monster car.

He stopped in the middle of the road and stepped out of the driver's seat while I ran to sit in the passenger seat.

I was surprised he came. But then I remembered how awkward he must have felt after sending that message. Of course he came to clear his name.

Poor thing—all because I messed with him.

However, even after I sat down in the car, he remained outside. He was running his hand through his hair. He only wore a white sleeveless T-shirt and black shorts.

After a few minutes of gathering his courage, he finally got in the car but kept his face straight, not looking toward me at all.

"Where were you going?" he asked, clearing his throat mid-sentence while staring straight ahead.

"I was coming to see you," I said, and he instantly looked down. "I wanted to tell you I was just joking. But why are you here?" I asked, feeling the heat rise to my cheeks.

He must've come to ease my mind too. Maybe he thought his message made things weird for me.

But I was wrong.

"Umm... to make you delete that text. Where's your phone?" he turned to me and asked in a stern tone, the annoyance on his face obvious.

"You came here for that?" I asked, and he nodded.

I didn't know what I'd been thinking. I guess I was flying too high.

"I wasn't even the one who sent that message. I was angry that you'd even think about sending something like that to someone already committed to another woman—who just got home after taking care of that same woman—but my wolf told me not to offend you and let him handle it. Turns out—he's a big joker as well and—" he kept rambling until he finally looked up and our eyes met.

"You were angry?" I asked, nodding my head.

"I mean—" he couldn't finish his sentence. He had already put me in my place.

"Umm, I'm sorry. You're right. I should've been more considerate of Jessica." I gave him a blunt look, and he looked away.

"I feel horrible right now," I admitted. Tears were forming in my eyes, but I was taking deep breaths, trying not to cry in front of him. He was arrogant—but also right.

"In fact—it was Cora who decided to tease you, and then I thought—forget it, it doesn't matter what I thought." I clenched my jaw and handed him my phone.

I still had some hope that he would explain his harsh words and tell me he was just feeling awkward, but he didn't.

He was right.

It made sense that he was angry.

Fuck. I'm such a horny bitch.

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