

# Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

## Chapter 561-The Accidental Kiss

### Chapter 561: 561-The Accidental Kiss

#### Helanie:

He grabbed the phone out of my hands and slowly deleted the conversation while I sat and watched him do it.

"Let's forget about it and never give our wolves the authority to speak," he laughed, finally looking so relieved.

So he was only worried that Jessica would see those texts? The texts that he didn't even send me—it was his wolf messing with me.

"So, how did you spend your evening?" he acted like everything was fine. But I was not fine. Even when it wasn't his fault. He had every right to shut me down for being a nuisance.

And that's what angered me. Why the hell would I do anything like that? Or have any kind of feelings for the man who had made it clear so many times that he only wanted Jessica?

"I had fun. Goodnight." I had enough of my foolishness. I'll keep my distance from him.

"Hey, what's the rush? Wait, you were coming to the mansion because you thought I would be stressed out?" He finally realized what I was going to say.

"Actually—forget it, Norman. I'll head back now," I clenched my jaw as I said his name.

"Why are you—hey, did I offend you?" Hearing his voice was making me lose my mind. I wanted to turn around and punch him in the face.

To kick him and scratch his face for making me foolishly grow feelings for him.

'And here comes the confession,' Cora sighed.

It was such a messed up way to admit to myself that I was indeed falling for him.

"No! I'm just sad we didn't meet a few hours ago. We could have rejected each other—ugh! Now I have to wait another month. Poor Jessica, she'll have to wait another month to be in your arms," I spoke bitterly, arms crossed over my chest.

I was the one in the wrong here.

"It's not that bad. You're upset because I said—listen—I wasn't angry angry—" He was now making excuses because he finally realized he was too blunt when shutting me down.

"Oh, please—" finally, I snapped like a loser who couldn't take rejection. "I wasn't really interested in your nudes either, Norman. If I want to see someone, I'll text Emmet, Maximus, or Kaye—" I was now waving my hands as I stared directly into his eyes.

"But Maximus and Kaye also have—" he shut up because I interrupted.

"Oh, shut the hell up, always reminding me who's with whom," I didn't know what got over me, but the rejection embarrassed me.

"Hey, language!" Norman hissed, but I clenched my jaw and gave him the middle finger, watching his eyes widen.

"I had so much respect for you until now," he hissed again as I jumped out of his car.

"Well, nobody forced you. So go back home, coward!" I yelled as I started walking back into the hostel.

"Really? Why am I a coward? I'm not! I didn't come here because I was scared—it was something my wolf did—" he came out of the car, trying to explain.

"And because I would never want my brothers to think I'm going behind their backs—flirting with you."

I stopped to face him, and he placed his hands on his waist.

"Ohhh! I get it," I nodded my head.

"No, you don't. Don't make me seem desperate," he hissed back, not realizing I wasn't trying to make him feel bad. I felt bad myself.

"I'm not dating your brothers—I have plenty of options, Norman. And I'll pick from them instead of wasting time on you or your brothers from now on. I'm not anyone's property, so don't act like you all have to explain things to each other whenever someone spends time with me."

I didn't even know what I was rambling about. But his words were now stuck in my head.

I wished he had focused on the fact that I was worried about him, and in return, used a gentler tone when reminding me he loves Jessica and thinks it's inappropriate when I joke about sensitive stuff.

Or maybe I had pushed him so far that he had no choice but to be rude to me.

"Don't take your anger out on my brothers. And what do you mean by 'my property'? I never claimed you were," I wished Norman knew when to shut up. His need to always get the last word always left me hurting.

"Because I'm not your property, so you can't claim me," I argued like a child.

"I never said you were. How many times do I have to remind you, huh? Are you upset that it wasn't me who sent you that text?"

He suddenly stepped back and watched me with his eyes wide open. I felt so judged. He must've been laughing at me inside.

"Tell me—you wanted it to be me, didn't you? And you were disappointed because I told you I wasn't the one who texted you? That I'm not... horny for you?"

He said the word under his breath, almost like a whisper—probably because the thought of me like that disgusted him.

"No! I'm angry because you sent me that stupid text and I had to—" I paused, trying to think of a good reason to convince him I wasn't thirsty for him, "leave Penn behind and come see you."

I watched a frown appear on his face and I knew it was working. "I'll go back and enjoy my time with Penn since I'm single and don't owe any loyalty to any of your brothers," I hissed, dragging them since he used them to shut me off.

"Fine, go ahead. I just came here to delete that text," he hissed.

Just a few minutes ago, I thought I was falling for him. It wasn't true. I would never fall for an arrogant, taken man.

What a desperate bitch I am. Only angry because he wasn't horny for me. He wasn't wrong.

I began to quickly walk towards the hostel, and once inside, I slammed the door and grabbed the whole bottle of wine.

This was the first time I was going to drink so much. I gulped it down in one big swallow.

"Easy," I didn't even know Penn was still awake. But my head was spinning, and I was seeing two of him.

"Hey," he held me just as I was about to fall.

"Are you okay?" he whispered, holding me with one arm wrapped around me and brushing the strands of hair from my face. I tried to stare into his eyes but everything was moving, and all I could think about was moving on.

Call it a drunken mistake, but I slipped and fell straight into Penn. Our faces crashed together, and our lips met in one big mistake. It was just a brief moment—only a second's touch.

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

## **Chapter 562-My Wife And Her Stupid Love Interest**

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**Norman:**

"Bravo! Way to break a woman's heart," my wolf grunted, scolding me again after being silent for just a minute.

"How is it my fault? I asked her if she was disappointed—I would've told her the truth too if she said otherwise. But she told me it was her wolf. So why would I say something else? Wouldn't I seem desperate? Besides, it's the truth. You were the one who texted her," I hissed, feeling rage building inside me.

"And you were angry that she sent you that text? Answer me, seriously. Because what you did tonight pushed her so far away that I'm afraid she wouldn't even want to see your face again."

I don't know why my wolf was scaring me. I've argued with Helanie before. We usually get back to normal soon.

"Rome, I was—" I shut up.

"You truly are a coward. You think falling for someone will make you look less like a loving brother?" he yelled. I closed my eyes, gripping the steering wheel tightly but not driving.

"Fine! Yes, I felt something when I saw that text. But you know why I was angry? Because she doesn't feel the same. She's only teasing me, trying to prank me. And it makes me look like a pervert for having my eyes on—my brother's mate," I finally let it all out. It had been happening for some time.

Back when she bit me and I tattooed her mark on my shoulder, when she pushed me and I tattooed her hand on my chest—it was all happening, and I had no clue why.

I wasn't supposed to feel this way for anyone.

"Then why did you break her heart? So what if you confessed and she told you it was a prank. Isn't she worth losing to?" The way Rome said it made my heart skip four beats at once.

"Tell me, how much is she worth?" he asked again, and tears started filling my eyes for the first time.

"You know what she means to me. It's not every day that Norman learns to crochet just to fix someone's sweater. But she scares me."

It felt strange to be honest with anyone about my feelings.

"That woman scares you? How?" Rome asked.

"I'm not supposed to fall in love, Rome. I can't. It's not physically possible for me to get aroused by anyone. I'm just a robot—a vessel who carries the heartbeats of his brothers with mine. There's no chance—no heartbeat for anyone else. Then how? How is it possible that my heart beats louder for her than it would out of concern for my brothers? How am I supposed to lay my head in her lap and sleep so peacefully?"

I started punching the dashboard as I lost my mind.

It was such a mystery, and I was getting desperate.

The more I watched her with my brothers, the more I felt like losing my mind.

"Then maybe—maybe she is our mate?" Rome's gentle whisper shook me awake from the tantrum I was throwing.

"I hope not," I wished.

"Norman, it's only feasible. Think about it, she is mated to the others—"

I had to shut him down. If Helanie was the one, that would mean—the prophecy is real.

"I'll go speak with her. I don't feel right ending the night with tears in her eyes. I should've just let her have a victory and laugh at me," I felt so low.

I have lived my life where nothing was mine. No happiness, no struggles. I did everything for my brothers. So when, for the first time, I found someone for myself, I just didn't know how to hold onto it.

That's when a message popped up on my screen:

Jessica: Can you please come? I feel like this night won't pass.

I had her in my mind—sympathy was what I felt for her. But then there was Helanie, and I couldn't go home or to Jessica knowing I had hurt Helanie so much.

I put my phone down and got out of the car, making my way toward the hostel.

"What are you going to say to her?" Rome asked.

"Apologize and—tell her—she is right. I was fucking horny for her. She can slap me in return, hate me, or call me a pervert. I don't care. I'd rather be embarrassed than upset her."

I reached the door and entered, making my way through the hallway when I saw her.

She wasn't alone.

Like she said, she had Penn with her.

It was a sight that crumbled my heart like paper. I watched the two collapse on the ground, probably caught up in the moment, their lips meeting.

I quickly turned around, not able to watch the crazy makeout.

"Norman, we should—" Rome started to talk again, but I grunted at him and ran out of the hostel like a headless chicken.

"I really thought— you know, when I said she would slap me, I didn't mean it. In my head, I had a feeling—maybe, just maybe—she would blush and show some signs that she was interested. But all of that is gone. She was right. She has so many suitors. Why would she choose a faulty man with fucking four heartbeats?"

I let out a laugh at myself. My wolf really got me fooled.

Thank goodness I didn't do anything stupid. She was happily enjoying her life. If I had met up with her and said that stuff, I would've ruined her mood.

I sat in the car, my chest tightening and my mind going numb. The sight of her on top of Penn made me shudder.

"Ugh! I'm going to lose my mind."

I grabbed my hair in my fists, staring at the dark road.

"How could she do that? She was just here with me. How could she—betray—my brothers?"

I corrected myself, punching the window on my side so hard that my skin broke.

"You know what—the right thing would be to go check on Jessica. She's the only one who accepts me for who the fuck I am."

I started the engine to go console Jessica and be there for her.

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

## **Chapter 563-Night After Heartbreak**

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#### **Helanie:**

"Sorry, sorry," I quickly lifted my head, letting the kiss last only a few seconds. And that too because I was too shocked and drunk to move quickly.

"It's okay," Penn smiled under me.

"Help me up, I want to go to my room," I rolled over and lay on my back, staring at the ceiling. He got up first and then I raised my hand for support. He grabbed my hand and pulled me up, putting me on his back and taking the stairs.

"You men are so cheesy," I commented, feeling so sleepy yet excited to do something mischievous. Not sexual, just mischievous.

"What did I do?" he asked. There was playfulness in his voice. And I knew why.

"You're taking the stairs to impress me. You're even happy because we kissed. Don't take it as a kiss, it was just two mouths falling together," I continued, not understanding why I was talking so much. Some things I was saying didn't even make sense to me.

"You're right about that. I am very happy," he didn't deny it, which made me bump my chin against the back of his head, only playfully.

"But I'm so sad tonight," I groaned, kicking my feet.

"Umm, well, I can tell. You're kicking me pretty hard," it was only when he pointed it out that I stopped and bit my tongue.

"I'm sorry, I forgot I was on your back. No wonder I was confused about how I was moving without using my legs," I frowned.

"There, there," he took me to my dorm room and carefully put me down on my bed.

"Now tell me, what made you upset when it should've been your happiest night?" Penn asked, taking off my shoes and helping me get comfortable in bed.

"My stupid husband broke my heart," I started tearing up, my lips curling downward as I lost control of my emotions.

"What do you mean?" Somehow, he looked way too serious.

"I—I thought he would care. I thought he might have some feelings for me. But I was so wrong. He's heartless even when he has four heartbeats," I sniffled, not having control over my words.

I had never been wasted before, so it was such a weird feeling.

"He has four heartbeats? What do you mean by that?" he asked, and I shrugged.

"I don't know. I just know none of it is for me," I covered my face with my hands and began to sob.

"Helanie, do you have feelings for Professor Norman?" he snapped me out of my crying session and I zoned out.

What did he ask me?

"Why else do you think I'm crying?" I pouted, "I hate that I have feelings for him. Every time I see him—I feel like telling everyone, 'Look, that's my husband.' I want him to show me the same affection and give me the same attention. But he loves Jessica—" I started crying even louder until my ears went silent.



"Have you ever loved someone so much, but they loved someone else?" I asked, lying down in the bed. My tears went straight into my ears this time.

"I did. Actually, I've been in love for so long that I don't even know if I can ever love anyone else," Penn continued, but I had begun to doze off.

I didn't sleep completely because I kept waking up and throwing up. Near sunrise, I woke up to throw up again, and this time, I felt like my head would burst open.

"Ugh," I complained, getting out of the bathroom.

I was no longer drunk, but I had no freaking memory of what exactly went down last night. All I remembered was that Norman broke my heart, and then I drank a lot.

Of course, I knew Penn must have brought me to my room since he was sleeping in Lamar's bed.

I took a shower and sat on my bed, my phone in my hand. Norman had deleted the conversation earlier, so there was nothing I could read. I wasn't obsessed or crazy—I just wanted to re-read the texts to see if there had been some signs.

"What signs?" Cora questioned.

"That I was taking it too far and he was getting annoyed with me. Now that I think about it, he did seem pretty offended whenever I playfully teased him. Ugh! It brings me so much pain to think I ignored all the warnings," I kicked the pillow off the bed before reaching for it and picking it up again.

As I did so, my body weight somehow made my phone act up. After pulling the pillow back up, I looked at my phone and gasped at the ongoing call.

I had pocket-dialed Norman's number.

Before I could hang up, I saw the call being picked up.

'It's okay, we'll just say it was a mistake,' I muttered under my breath, sticking the phone to my ear and opening my mouth—only to stop when I heard a feminine voice on the other side.

"Hello?"

It was a sleepy voice. And it was none other than Jessica.

I pulled the phone away just to double-check if I had dialed the wrong number—but no. It was Norman's ID on the screen.

Why was Jessica picking up his phone?

"Umm, hello. I was calling Norman to ask if there will be any classes. We students had such a tiring night, so they wanted to know," I quickly came up with an excuse, since hanging up would have made me look suspicious.

"Oh, umm, he's sleeping right now. Should I wake him up?" she asked, and my heart sank in my chest.

He was sleeping in bed with her?

So after he broke my heart, he went to be with her?

Did I seriously make him horny for her last night?

"Oh, okay. How are you?" Holding back tears, I asked her.

"I would've been worse. But thanks to Norman, him arriving changed a lot for me." She sounded genuinely at peace. And I hated that I wasn't.

She had done so much for me. And look at me—having tears in my eyes because she possibly slept with Norman last night.

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

## **Chapter 564-A Blast From The Past**

### **Chapter 564: 564-A Blast From The Past**

#### **Helanie:**

"Do you want me to wake him up?" she asked again, and I shook my head before answering her.

"No, it's fine. I'll ask someone else. I hope you feel better soon. I didn't get a chance to talk to you earlier, but thank you, Jessica, for taking a stand for me," I said softly, feeling defeated but also... wrong.

The way I acted around her mate made me feel shameless. A homewrecker who gets upset when a taken man rejects her advances.

"Sleep well," I added, then ended the call, tears forming in my eyes as I stared at the screen.

"Eh?" Penn waking up made me quickly rub my face with my hands, pretending I hadn't been crying.

"Helanie? What time is it?" he asked, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes.

"It's still dark outside," I responded, feeling so low.

"Oh, why are you up? Are you feeling okay?" he asked as he got out of bed. He looked so sleepy with his one eye still closed.

I wasn't okay, honestly, but I had to pretend like I was.

"What happened last night?" I asked, trying to retrace my steps.

"You were drunk and made me carry you to your room," he said, laughing at the memory.

"I made you carry me?" I asked, surprised, and he nodded with a fake pout.

"On my back," he added, and we both laughed—before my smile faded once again. I was so low, I didn't even know how to keep the conversation going.

"Helanie, what made you so upset that you drank so much? All I know is that you left the hostel briefly and came back to drink yourself into not being able to stand," he said, sitting next to me on the bed, making me think back on the night.

"It was nothing. I just wanted to clear my head. Being free of the burden of revenge made me look around and focus on my life. And, well... I realized I married a man who isn't my mate. The man who could've been happily married by now. I was so lost in revenge, I didn't focus on anything else until now," I rambled, rubbing my hands nervously.

"Hm. It's okay. You have until the next moon to reject him. Although it would've been easier for Jessica to deal with the grief if she were married right now. But you didn't do it on purpose. And you're so respectful to them—you don't even stay around Norman much," Penn said gently, having no idea what he was really talking about.

If he knew the truth, he would hate me. That thought made me lower my head in guilt even more. All of them thought so highly of me...And I was busy dreaming about the forbidden man.

"So don't worry. I'm sure Jessica understands, and she respects you for keeping your distance from her man," he continued, and I couldn't help but recall last night's events.

Penn was so right. He reminded me that I should be grateful Norman shut me down last night.

That's when my phone rang again—and without checking the screen, I answered it instantly.

"What is it, Norman?" I asked, shocking not only myself but Penn too. I answered like I had been waiting for the call. Jessica must have told him. He barely sleeps anyway.

Wait. She said he was sleeping.

Did her touch comfort him too?

I bit my bottom lip, frustrated that I was angry about him sleeping—when I should've been happy that he got some rest.

"It's Altan,"

My body froze, and chills ran through me when I heard his voice. I tried to pull the phone away, but he quickly added,

"Please don't hang up. I just want to talk to you."

I closed my eyes and sighed under my breath, Penn still watching me like he thought I was talking to Norman.

"What do you want to say?" I asked, jaw clenched. "What's even left to say?"

"I'm sorry for what I did," he started, but I began shaking my head aggressively.

"No! You don't understand, Altan—" It was when I said his name that Penn tilted his head and frowned in confusion.

"Do you know who was behind everything that happened that night?" I wanted to scream at him, but I didn't want to wake the other students.

"What? Who?"

It became obvious that his father had hidden the truth from him. Alpha Diaz would get his karma. Vonston said he was pretending to take the accusations lightly just so he could do his own digging—and catch Alpha Diaz with proof. The thought that Alpha Diaz had done this to me just to control his son's life made me sick. An old man paid others to gang rape a woman instead of just dealing with his own damn son?

"Your father," I hissed.

"What?" Altan sounded shocked—like he'd stay in that shock for a while. That's when Penn snatched the phone out of my hand and growled into the speaker.

"You need to leave her alone like you did that night. It was all because of you—and your father—that she suffered. Being with you—if we can even call it that—made her suffer when she shouldn't have. You and your father should've sorted out your problems instead of dragging her into the middle and turning her into a victim."

He shouted, his voice rising.

"Who am I to her? Why do you care? You're not her boyfriend—so stop calling her!"

He ended the call and handed the phone back to me, staring into my face with rage.

"He had the nerve to be upset that I was with you right now. How the hell did you even like this man? Look at yourself—you're a porcelain doll, and that man—I swear, I'll kill him if he contacts you again."

Penn got up from the bed and stormed toward the door.

I guess it was for the best that I was alone.

I had to cry—

And I didn't even know why.

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

## **Chapter 565-Planning A Romantic Encounter**

### **Chapter 565: 565-Planning A Romantic Encounter**

**Norman:**

"How is she?" I asked Jessica's father, whose swollen eyes showed he was grieving the loss of his son.

I didn't care.

But I couldn't tell them not to cry. Parents cry even when their kid is wrong. Tears can mean many things. Sometimes, they come from guilt—for not helping shape their kids into better people.

"She is a mess," her father replied. "Now that you're here, give her some medicine. I can't look at her face right now." He had been distant from her ever since she saved Helanie's life by killing her own brother.

She didn't have to do it, we knew that. We were going to protect Helanie anyway, but Jessica taking that step still meant a lot.

I went into Jessica's room, where everything was in chaos. She was sitting on the floor, covered in her own blood.

"Jessica, what have you done?" I rushed over and knelt down, holding her hands. Thankfully, the blood came from scratches, not a serious injury.

She had thrown around the vases and decorations, which caused the bleeding.

"Bring the first-aid kit!" I shouted at the maid, helping Jessica up.

After tending to her wounds, I told the maids to get her some food. She had been sobbing nonstop the whole time.

"I've lost everything, Norman. Look at my hands—they're empty," she whispered, sitting on the bed, but mentally still on the ground where she had killed her brother.

"I lost you... killed my brother... and now my father can't even look at me," she cried hysterically, patting her chest like she was trying to comfort herself.

"Things will get better, Jessica. I'll be there for you, Helanie will be there for you. As for your father, he'll understand your side too. Just give him some time," I said, cupping her face, feeling sorry for her.

She had been my friend for a long time and had stood by me through everything.

"You'll stay with me?" she asked, sniffing. I nodded. The maid brought in the food, and I had to feed her. It was something I had never done before, but I was doing it out of frustration.

Every time Helanie's face flashed in my mind, the way she was on top of Penn—I wanted to do something reckless too.

Jessica lay down and held my hand. Her eyes showed she wanted me tonight.

I kept staring at her face, then at her hand over mine, and then I remembered how Helanie and Penn had kissed.

I nodded to Jessica and sat down—but on the chair next to her bed.

There was no way I would make a mistake that would cost me even more damage.

'Finally, you didn't do something stupid,' my wolf said. He had been silent because he wanted to see what decision I'd make—so he could scold me if I agreed to get in bed with Jessica.

"No! Nothing can make me do that. My anger toward Helanie is one thing, but I won't sleep with Jessica and Jessica false hope. And even if I wanted to, I don't think I'd be able to feel anything with Jessica."

She lay down and finally fell asleep while I sat in the chair, my head resting back, eyes on the ceiling. But there was only one person on my mind.

"She was trying to get a rise out of you," Rome said, making me scrunch my eyebrows.

"What do you mean?" I asked. Not being very experienced in this area, I had to rely on Rome. It's not like he was some expert either, but he gave decent suggestions and advice.

"She must have known you'd come back. Who even starts making out in the hallway? And Helanie—she never even kissed your brothers in front of you, let alone made out with random Penny in the hallway," Rome hissed.

"Penn," I corrected him.

"I don't care. He can go to hell," Rome snapped, and he was right.

"I will make this Penn run so many rounds around the mountain tomorrow, he'll forget what it's like to kiss Helanie," I said, clenching my jaw as my anger slowly rose like lava.

"That's the Norman I know. Look—he's trying to steal her. Or maybe she did it to get a reaction out of you or out of anger. It doesn't matter. What matters is, she's not with our brothers now. So you're not stealing her from them—you're stealing her from Penn. That's fair game," Rome said, making me close my eyes and take a deep breath.

"What are you trying to get out of me?" I hissed at him.

"A confession. You can tell me how you feel about her," he whispered, trying to sound innocent—even though he was the reason everything got messed up tonight.

"So you can cause more trouble? I was doing just fine—" I was in the middle of the conversation when Rome's laughter cut me off.

"Those baby steps will result in someone stealing her from you. I'm telling you, it's the only way. Steal her from Penn. It will be hard—" Rome's words made me open my eyes, and he knew he had gotten under my skin.

"He knows how to reach a woman's heart, and you? You only know how to lead a woman to the battleground. You need to step up your game. Look! Women like bad boys. Someone who acts sexy. You need to act sexy in front of Helanie," Rome suggested.

And for a moment, I wondered if that was it.

Maybe Penn was acting more sexy? I mean, I don't know how to be sexy or hot. So that makes sense.

"You're not setting me up for disaster again?" I asked.

"No! I just know that even if you're too shy to admit your feelings, you want her. And I want to be the first person who only puts you and your happiness first."

I quickly closed my eyes when tears started to itch at the corner of them.

"Helanie worries about you too. You deserve love and care, Norman," he said. And he was right.

"That's it. I don't want her care—or her worries—I want more."

Finally, I had made up my mind. I would do what my wolf was telling me to do.

"Just do everything right. Be sexy—and make her feel jealous. Women love when they are pinned against the wall. Be aggressive but also romantic," Rome said. I nodded and closed my eyes. That is what I will do. I will show her I can be that too.

I don't sleep much—just a few minutes at a time. But that night, in those few moments, I saw Helanie in my dream.

That was the first time I ever had a dream like that. She looked radiant, beautiful—like someone who should be mine.

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



# Chapter 566-My Sexy Husband Got Eyes On Him

## Chapter 566: 566-My Sexy Husband Got Eyes On Him

**Helanie:**

"You look grumpy. You shouldn't have drunk so much," Jenny elbowed me as we walked out of the hostel toward training class.

I didn't even know why the academy was open today. I'd heard the trainers say we needed to prepare hard because of the threat from the Zharns.

"Alpha Queen," I heard Sage say as she winked at me before walking away with her group. Every section stood in line—even the seniors joined us this time.

"Last night was amazing," Lamar whispered into Jenny's ear, and she giggled. I looked to my side and saw Hans staring at them before he realized I caught him—and quickly looked away.

"Oh, Professor Norman is here," Lucy announced from behind me, and only then did I realize she had returned to the academy.

I turned toward her and she smirked. "Congratulations. What a victory!"

I rolled my eyes and looked straight ahead. I didn't know why, but I was in a really bad mood.

"Huh, what victory? Got the poor guy all messed up just so she could win," Sydney, of course. It had to be her.

My friends turned back to glare at her, but I ignored it. My eyes were focused on the car that parked in front of us—and out came Norman, dressed in all black.

"Fuck, he is so hot," Lucy said, making me frown.

What hot?

He was just tall with decent features. Deep down, he was still an asshole.

"And he left his buttons open today," Lucy added, and my skin broke out in goosebumps.

He had left half of his shirt unbuttoned, a chain hanging down his chest.

I clenched my fists tightly, trying not to look at his chest. What kind of outfit was that? Did he lose his sense of decency too?

"Hello, everyone," Norman said, and I stared at the girls. I'd always known they looked at the brothers a little too eagerly—but this was ridiculous.

Then two more vehicles pulled up and out jumped Kaye and Maximus.

Emmet didn't come. That hurt.

"I wish I could have group sex with those handsome monsters one day," Lucy went on.

Honestly, at one point, I felt like she was saying all this just to mess with me.

"Shut up, Lucy!" I snapped, and everyone went quiet.

As I looked ahead, I noticed the brothers looking at my face.

"As you all know, a special battle was arranged for one of our students. We brothers would like Norman to give you a brief history and the reason behind the battle," Maximus said, stepping aside to let Norman take over.

His eyes landed on me for a brief second before looking away.

He really didn't care. He just felt sorry for me.

And look at him—he looked so smug today. He got to have sex while I cried myself to sleep with a headache.

"I've trained many warriors in my time, but none like Helanie," Norman began.

"She didn't just fight battles on the field—she fought her rapists in the shadows, where justice is often denied. She stood alone against a world that tried to break her. They accused her, silenced her, doubted her. But she never backed down."

My frown started to soften.

I hadn't had the chance—or maybe I never let myself—think about how I feel now.

Finally, I was free from the accusations.

Finally, I knew my rapists were where they deserved to be.

"She battled against injustice with the fire of truth in her eyes. She proved her innocence not through words, but through unwavering courage. She exposed the lies, stood face-to-face with her rapists, and forced them to confess—not with vengeance, but with the

strength that comes from knowing you're right. And then, she didn't stop there. She rose. She took that pain and turned it into power. She fought her way to the top—not just as a survivor, but as a leader. She earned her place. And today, she stands as the Alpha Queen of the North. Not because it was handed to her—but because she took it, and she earned every step of the way. I don't just call her a student anymore. I call her a legend. Let's have a big round of applause for the best student in Vortex history," Norman pointed at me, and everyone started clapping.

Everyone except Sydney, who rolled her eyes and kept her arms folded across her chest.

"It can never be enough to praise Helanie. But we need to shift our attention for a moment. There's another serious matter that we've decided to deal with today," Kaye placed a hand on his chest and tilted his head slightly, smiling eerily at Sydney.

We all turned to look at her face. She looked like she'd seen a ghost.

"What? What did I do—?" she started rambling, but Kaye gestured at Jenny and Sage to grab Sydney and drag her to the front.

While that was happening, I saw Norman stretch his neck and then point at Penn.

"Penn! We're starting training for the fighters who'll head into the woods to face the Zharns. Come with me—I think you've got a little too much heat in your body... I mean, potential. Let's have you be the first to face a Zharn. How about that?"

The way Norman said it—and how even his brothers looked shocked—gave me chills down my spine. Even Penn seemed unsure whether Norman was praising him or setting him up for failure.

"Come on, wouldn't you volunteer?" Norman added, then looked at me while wagging two fingers at Penn to follow.

There was something strange in his eyes—anger and vengeance.

"Oh Helanie, your husband is jealous," Cora woke up the second the drama turned spicy.

But why would he be angry with Penn?

What had Penn done?

And more importantly, why would Norman be jealous... when he'd just spent the night with Jessica?

"No! I won't let him drag Penn into the woods. I will volunteer," although being alone with him will be odd and awkward but I will do it for a friend.

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

## **Chapter 567-Pinned Me Against The Tree Trunk**

### **Chapter 567: 567-Pinned Me Against The Tree Trunk**

**Helanie:**

"Sydney, you are expelled with the 'worst student ever' certificate," Maximus announced, while my eyes were on Penn, who was grabbing a weapon from the table on the side to follow Norman.

"Did we make a mistake? Why is your husband angry with us?" Jenny whispered in my ear, her anxiety peaking as she watched her brother with teary eyes.

"Let me deal with it," I grunted, giving Norman a look—but he didn't even want to acknowledge me. It had to be something else.

I wanted to stand here and enjoy Sydney crying, but this husband of mine—the cheater, the liar, the heartbreaker—ruined it for me.

I began to quickly make my way towards Norman, causing Maximus to stop and look at me. Kaye snatched the black ink out of his hands and slapped it over Sydney's face with a sharp jerk of his hand.

"This is what you deserve for hurting Helanie," Kaye hissed, not even caring that the students were watching him.

"But—why? Why am I being insulted?" Sydney cried, her face blackened. That kind of treatment was rarely given to any student—only when they had done something really bad.

But my steps stopped when Maximus explained her actions.

"I found your personal diary. Not a very good secret keeper, huh? You wrote about how you wanted Rhiz to do the same thing to Helanie that she says he did before. You

wanted Helanie to get in trouble when he confronted her in a locked room. You just didn't expect Helanie to survive."

I stared at Sydney, who was now avoiding my eyes.

"But I was just saying—" she mumbled into her hands, not even lifting her face.

"Well, screw you, Sydney," I slapped the back of her head, and she moved her hands from her face to stare at me, shocked.

I had hoped no one would mess with me today—but of course, that wasn't possible. So now I was angry and taking it out on everyone who messed with me.

"Come on. We'll sign your resignation letters and then talk to your father. He's coming over. Let's tell him what a psycho his daughter is," Kaye said, signaling Sage to grab Sydney by the arm and take her to the office. Maximus followed but gave me a quick glance before leaving.

Maximus walked past me a little too close, close enough that his scent made me lose my mind. He smelled so damn good.

Now that everyone was out of sight and the students were dismissed, I was staring at Norman.

"Come on, Penn! What's going on, didn't you pick a weapon yet?" Norman looked over my shoulder to call for Penn, then scoffed, "I've never seen an alpha so weak."

I was standing right in front of him, and he was looking everywhere but at me, acting like I didn't exist. I wished I hadn't acted like an idiot last night. Now he wouldn't even look at me. He probably won't ever respect me again.

Screw it.

"Stop it. Why are you making Penn suffer?" I snapped at him, and he finally looked down, a look of disbelief on his face.

"You're still a student here, Helanie. Watch your tone and definitely don't stand here defending your boyfriend in front of your trainer," he hissed, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

"Penn, you can go. I think I know what Professor Norman's problem is," I turned and called out to Penn, who stopped checking a weapon and looked at me, then at Norman.

"What are you doing? You can't make him go against my orders!" Norman's body looked so massive when he stepped toward me.

"Penn, go back to the hostel!" I shouted again, this time looking straight into Norman's eyes. I wasn't going to let him take out his anger on Penn. I can date whoever I want. He doesn't have to fight for his brothers.

"And you!" I hissed, taking a step toward Norman, who stepped back like he was actually scared of me. What an actor.

I grabbed his arm as I walked past him and kept dragging him along. I was so angry I could have hit him just to knock the arrogance out of him.

"What is this behavior? Where are you taking me? Won't your boyfriend be jealous that you're—" I didn't know what was wrong with Norman. He wasn't acting like himself.

He shut up when I stopped in the middle of the woods and turned to glare at him.

"What are you punishing Penn for?" I yelled, pushing him and surprising him. "And why the hell are your buttons open?" I shouted and made a face.

He looked down and then scoffed, "Why? Is it too sexy?"

I frowned, completely lost. What the heck was wrong with him?

"Look—I don't know what you're trying to do, but it's none of your business. Your brothers and I are not together," I started explaining, just because I felt like I needed to make that clear.

Not that I didn't feel anything for them, but I didn't want them thinking I cheated in any way when we weren't even together right now.

"Oh, so that's why you think you can go and kiss Penn," he nodded, making my jaw drop.

"What?" I nearly yelled, and he put a finger in his ear.

"What the hell did you just accuse me of?" I was in shock at his audacity to lie about me. It didn't sit well with such a big man to start rumors. As I screamed louder, Norman started gesturing for me to lower my voice.

"No! Don't tell me to lower my voice when you're accusing me of making out with Penn!" I shouted even louder, and he looked around, his cheeks turning red.

"What? Say something!" As I tried to slap his chest again, he reacted differently this time and let me bewildered.

He suddenly grabbed my hand and pulled me closer, then slammed my back against a tree and came at me. It all happened so fast, I was left in complete shock.

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

## Chapter 568-Countless Kisses

### Chapter 568: 568-Countless Kisses

#### Helanie:

The way he pinned my hands above my head and stared into my eyes was a rude awakening—I needed to stop treating him the way I treat Maximus. Maximus would tolerate anything I said, but Norman—he was too royal for me.

"Fucking let me go or I'll fight back," I warned him, letting my wolf flash through my eyes.

"Do it. You think I'm afraid of you?" he hissed back and let his wolf shine through his eyes. I didn't know why I was being such a hypocrite. I showed him my wolf but couldn't handle seeing him show me his.

My eyes started to sting with tears, and my lips trembled without me realizing it.

"Now you're going to listen to me carefully," he continued, making me wonder how badly he was about to scold me or try to put me in my place.

"You'll stay away from Penn if you don't want me to hurt him."

His threat surprised me. I expected him to call me names, to be angry that I didn't treat him with respect. But to threaten me just to keep me away from Penn—why?

Was he doing this for his brothers?

That suspicion shattered when he added, "Because, Helanie—I'm not Emmet, Maximus, or Kaye who will let you walk away."

That whole sentence left me frozen. I swallowed hard, trying to ask him to explain himself.

But the way he was breathing on my face and staring at my lips only confused me more. He was sending mixed signals now.

"You understand?" he demanded, growling under his breath. He slowly started to let me go and stepped back. I was so stunned I couldn't think of a proper reaction, so I decided to play clueless.

"You're just trying to show your strength over me?" I hissed, trying to walk past him quickly, but he grabbed my hair from the back of my head in one sudden move. It was so fast that he managed to pull me back against his chest before I could even react.

"I wasn't, until now. But since you insist," he groaned, lowering his face toward mine. And then, what he did left me frozen.

He wrapped one strong arm around my back, pulling me close so that his firm hand held me tightly. Then he pushed my head down to meet his.

Within seconds, he had crashed his lips against mine so hard I couldn't breathe. I didn't fight it. I just stood there while he gave me the biggest kiss I could ever imagine.

He pulled back but kept me pressed against his chest. He watched me breathe heavily, like I'd been deprived of air.

After a few seconds, once I was finally catching my breath and no longer gasping like I had asthma, he leaned in again and kissed me—this time even more aggressively.

He put so much pressure into it that our bodies moved with the force—mine pressing back, his coming forward. With my back tightly pinned against the tree, I had nowhere to go. But was I even trying to move?

At that moment, I couldn't focus on anything except the feel of his lips. His mouth met mine with a force that left me dizzy, his tongue demanding entrance. I moaned—a sound of pure, raw desire—as I felt his tongue explore every part of my mouth. His kiss was a storm of passion, a wild, consuming rhythm that left me breathless and craving more.

I could feel the rough bark of the tree against my back, a sharp contrast to the softness of Norman's lips. His hands moved over my body, tracing the curves of my waist, the swell of my breasts, before finally tangling in my hair. He pulled me closer, his body pressing against mine, the hardness of his desire clear even through our clothes.

I never thought Norman would be so aggressive—and I was shy to admit, I liked it. The way he kissed me like he wanted to devour my lips chased away the shadows of sadness I had felt last night.

I even forgot that he had gone ahead and slept with Jessica. I forgot Jessica in that moment. He finally pulled back, but kept my bottom lip between his for a second, tugging it gently before letting go. I was breathing like a bull, watching him stare into my eyes—and then at the rise and fall of my chest.



He moved his hands away from my body, only to rest the tip of his finger on my neck and trace it down, following the neckline of my shirt to touch my skin.

"You will listen to me," he said, pointing at my chest, "you are not getting intimate with anyone else. If I find you—with Penn, Helanie—I'll be very dangerous for him."

He only stopped to place his hand on my stomach, adding slight pressure as he asked me to focus on his words. I couldn't believe he was saying all that.

And yet, I wanted him to keep talking. His words were lifting my spirits, giving me hope that might make me a homewrecker—but in that moment, I was drowning in the beauty of his eyes.

"You understand me? Helanie, do you understand me?" he leaned down toward my face and kissed me hard. "Huh?" he asked again, breaking the kiss only briefly before pressing his lips to mine again.

"You can't come this far with me only to stop and hold someone else's hand. I won't allow it," he kept saying things that left me speechless. The Helanie who always had something to say was now silently letting her husband take control—and even I was shocked at myself.

"Stay away from Penn," he added, his tone softening. Then he gently, almost sweetly, pinched my chin between his big fingers, guiding a nod from me before leaning in and giving me one more kiss on the lips.

Everything had gone silent—completely silent—and all I could think was:

I am in love.

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

## **Chapter 569-Me, Myself And Her**

### **Chapter 569: 569-Me, Myself And Her**

Emmet:

"She got upset last time, so now you're writing her name to make sure you don't forget about her?" Meret laughed, watching me write her name in my diary repeatedly. Page after page, I would write Helanie's name, thinking it could help with the curse.

"Emmet, this is why I didn't want you to fall for her." My wolf stopped laughing when he probably realized I wasn't in the mood for jokes. I hadn't been in the mood for jokes ever since I couldn't marry Helanie in time.

"I am losing my mind. Just yesterday, I was staring at the sky in the woods, wondering why I was there in the middle of the night. Then I saw Maximus in his lycan form, and my first instinct was to defend myself and kill the beast. Meret, if you weren't there and remembered more than I did, I would have transformed and attacked my own brother. It's not about who would have gotten more injuries, it's about betrayal. Maximus is still a child at heart; he would never forget that his brother attacked him in his miserable state," I said, my eyes filling with tears.

"And you're afraid you'll hurt your mate too?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I'll hurt everyone. With power like mine, I'm a danger to the world if I lose my memory," I whispered, closing the diary.

They must have taken care of that student today. I refused to go because after I retrieved her diary and read the disturbing stuff she wrote about Helanie, I felt inhuman. I had a feeling I might lose my calm and attack her then and there. My human side was breaking down, forgetting it even existed. The animal side would take over because a human without consciousness is nothing but an animal, and the animal inside me still remains an animal.

When I reached the academy, I heard from Lamar and Gavin that Norman had asked Penn to join him in the woods. Which was odd because I didn't remember who Penn was until he appeared in front of me.

I didn't have any memory of my interactions with him, but his face seemed familiar. He told me that Helanie took Norman's hand and dragged him into the woods, probably volunteering to fight the Zharns out of anger that Norman targeted her friend.

"I'll go look," I said, seeing Mr. Coombs and his pack's warriors standing outside the office. I guess Kaye and Maximus were handling the situation with Sydney and her father.

There was only one thing on my mind — Helanie! I needed to go save her.

"What are you talking about?" my wolf snapped me out of my thoughts, and I gulped.

"Shit," I cursed under my breath when I realized I was wrong to think Norman would hurt her. Part of the reason was that I didn't even remember who Norman was until my wolf spoke up.

I reached the woods, heard some noises, and immediately ran to check. But the sight left me stunned for a moment. I couldn't understand what I was watching.

Norman had Helanie pinned hard against a tree trunk and was kissing her. She didn't seem to mind his actions either. She was taking part well enough to tilt her face and then kiss him back.

I saw it. I saw it all.

The heat—the passion—and then Norman started speaking. She obediently listened to him, her eyes shining with undying love. I closed my eyes and shook my head, trying to think clearly, but it was as clear as day that Norman was forbidding her from being with anyone else, and she was silently agreeing.

I turned around, quietly walking away.

It was too much for me. I was jealous, burning inside out, and I couldn't even blame them. Norman had always done so much for us, and Helanie—she was too special not to have someone love her.

"Emmet—," my wolf spoke softly, knowing my state at that moment.

"I am deeply broken. I wish I had forgotten about her before this day came," I said, not knowing where I was walking. I just found myself deep inside the woods.

"We need to get back to our vehicle," my wolf let out a small cry, warning me of danger, but I kept going forward, my head in my hands and eyes down.

"I love my brother, but why would he—do that without telling me? But then again—Helanie and I are over—I can't make a fuss. Maximus didn't make a fuss when I took Helanie from him," I didn't realize I was speaking out loud to myself.

"But then again—we are fated mates. We can't be blamed—but he never cared about himself. He always kept us as his priority. The way he kissed her—Meret—my brother is in love for the first time. But the woman he is in love with—," I started rubbing my chest, feeling suffocated.

"Emmet—where the fuck are we?" The minute Meret yelled that, I raised my head and noticed only trees, just tall trees.

"I don't know," I said, not worried since we would just run around until we found a way back home. It didn't matter how many days it took.

But the real problem was something else. The problem was that we weren't alone. Hissing started interrupting my conversation with Meret. I held my head again in my hands as the hissing got too distracting. I grabbed the dagger from my shoe while looking around.

"You out there!" I yelled. "Who's there? Show yourself!"

I turned to the side where the bushes moved and saw something strange come out from behind them. I narrowed my eyes at it, ready to fight at first, until I forced myself to remember what happened the other night when I encountered Maximus and that he was a monster.

This thing in front of me had a lizard-like face and weird textured skin. But what if it's my loved one? So I dropped the weapon and smiled at it.

"It's okay, I won't hurt you," I said as it started coming toward me.

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

## **Chapter 570-Tastier Than Fruits**

### **Chapter 570: 570-Tastier Than Fruits**

#### **Norman:**

I couldn't stop. She was like a forbidden fruit, but the tastiest one ever. Her scent was intoxicating and her skin tasted so good that I wanted to take bites of her.

Once I started kissing her, I couldn't pull myself away. Her lips tasted like strawberry candy. And strawberries are my favorite fruit. I could kiss her until her lips were swollen and still never get enough of them.

The way she let me kiss her, touch her, it lifted my hopes once again. I had pinned her against the tree trunk, and at that moment, I just wanted us to stay like that.

"Now let's go," I pulled back and held her hand, her skin so soft that my fingers slipped a little. This was the problem with me. That's why I didn't want to start something. I knew the minute that door opened, I'd be visiting it more often.

She walked beside me like a doll, without a single complaint.

"This is a classic way to shut up a beauty like her," Rome said. I smiled, unable to keep a straight face. Even when we reached the hostel and she freed her hand to step toward her friends, I couldn't stop smiling.

My chest felt so full of happiness. Even though one beat was a bit slow, I chalked it up to my heart responding to the joy.

"We've dealt with Sydney. Her father dragged her away, but she kept crying and begging to stay," Kaye arrived, taking a deep sigh and then stretching his neck.

"Yeah, good. She deserved it," I replied, showing my teeth.

"Are you okay?" It was when Maximus asked that I forced my mouth shut. Helanie was still in my sight, talking with her friends, but her cheeks were so red. She was shy, and oh, I enjoyed giving her tinted cheeks.

"I'm good. We're taking her home right now to celebrate her birthday. Is everything ready?" I asked Kaye, who had his head buried in his phone.

"Yeah, Emmet was supposed to take care of it all. He texted me half an hour ago that he was headed to the hostel—" Kaye paused to look around, "but I haven't seen him come through."

We all looked around and then at each other. Ever since he had been forgetting things, we had grown really concerned for him.

"Call his driver and ask where he dropped him off," I grew impatient, patting my chest when I realized the slow heartbeat was from something else entirely.

For a moment, I felt so guilty for being so wrapped up that I didn't pay attention to my heartbeat. Isn't this why I was given the heartbeats? To protect my brothers.

"It's not your fault," Rome said, but I clenched my jaw.

"Then whose fault is it? Not only did I make out with his mate but—I forgot about—m," I was busy scolding myself when Maximus's cheerful tone and words made me stop.

"There he is."

I turned around, watching Emmet come in. He walked into the hostel with a big smile on his lips.

"Where have you been?" I asked, reaching out to him. "And what's that?" I noticed blood stains on his shirt.

"Zharns attacked. Don't worry, I took care of them," he said, his tone surprisingly calm. It had been days since I'd heard him sound so alive.

"Are you okay?" Kaye reached out and quickly tried to check him.

"I'm fine. I'm Emmet—I can fight those things," Emmet gently pushed him away, stopping him from looking closer.

"We were just talking about—" Maximus stepped in to change the subject, but Emmet ignored us completely and walked past to somewhere else.

I turned with the others, watching where he was going. When he reached Helanie, my heart skipped a beat.

He went ahead and tapped her on the shoulder to get her attention. Even she looked shocked when she turned around and saw him standing behind her.

"Excuse me, everyone," he told her friends, taking her away.

Helanie gave me a quick glance, then awkwardly looked at Maximus and Kaye before she started walking outside with Emmet.

"What's up with him?" Maximus asked.

"I thought they were ignoring each other," Kaye added.

"Norman!" my wolf asked. "Hello? Where are you lost at?"

I sighed and clenched my jaw. "What do you think they're talking about?"

I instantly bit my tongue, but before I could come up with an excuse, my wolf comforted me. "You're jealous, not curious. And that's fine. You know, when you always call her your brother's mate, you're actually hiding your true feelings for her. So I think it's better if you just stop chasing after her."

I didn't expect him to be so blunt.

But I guess he took offense to my earlier rant.

"And you won't force me to go after her?" I asked.

"Force you? You think I'm the reason you went after her? Fine, I won't say a word from now on. You'll take responsibility for your own actions instead of pushing me to explain your feelings," Rome said, sounding even madder. But I knew he'd go back to his usual self the minute Helanie was in sight.

After a few minutes, I started to get anxious when they didn't come back.

"Should I go see what they're talking about? They might have some misunderstanding, and I'm afraid they'll argue," I added quickly, staring impatiently at the door. Maximus and Kaye seemed just as worried.

"No! I think you should let them spend time together," Rome said, making me scrunch my eyebrows. "Look, after rejection, she'll accept any of these three, so I suggest you stay away from her."

I clenched my fists. I knew what he was trying to do. Deep down, I felt angry with myself for making him so mad at me.

Then she finally returned, her eyes scanning around and her neck twisting to keep checking on Emmet, who entered the hostel after her with the same smile as before.

"Let's head home," Emmet announced, looking satisfied.

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

## **Chapter 571-The Healing Well**

### **Chapter 571: 571-The Healing Well**

#### **Helanie:**

The way Emmet gently tapped on my shoulder to get my attention and then boldly asked me to follow him made my heart flutter. I was so annoyed by the fact that I felt drawn towards all of them. And at the moment, I was actually not doing okay. After Norman did all that, I was in a different zone. Even the thought of standing in front of Norman again made me blush and bite the inside of my cheek. I hoped he understood how his one move had excited me so much.

But now I followed Emmet outside, worried about what had happened.

"Firstly, congratulations," he stated, fixing his coat and looking around with his eyebrows scrunched.

"Emmet, what is that?" I pointed at the blood on his shirt instead of responding to his congratulations. I couldn't stop myself from being worried about him when I saw the stains.

"Oh, these—," he looked down and touched them with his fingertips, "killed some Zharns on the way here."

He replied coldly before he shrugged and looked up again. "I needed to ask you for something."

He started again, sounding much more present in the moment than he usually did these days. I was happy to see him shine and look okay.

"Sure, you can ask me anything," I was instantly ready to respond to any of his questions.

"I'm asking for help," he added, and my spine straightened.

"Emmet, I would always be there for you. Tell me, what is it?" I asked, and he took a deep breath. It was true that even though I had so many complaints about him, I couldn't be rude to him. My respect for him always stayed strong.

"Helanie, you know I'm losing my memory, and soon enough I won't remember anyone. I'll become an animal—maybe even worse—," he sighed, rubbing one hand over his face while keeping the other in his pocket.

Whenever they talked about him forgetting everyone, I fell into sadness.

"How can I help with that, Emmet? I really want to help you not forget," I stepped forward before I recalled what had happened between us, and I instantly stepped back.

"Hmm, there is a way for me to remember my memories when I go completely insane," he said in a calm tone. The way he smiled when he talked about it made it clear even he was hopeful.

So that was a good thing.

"Really? What is it? We should tell everyone—," I was in the middle of talking when he held my arm to silence me. His touch was so special, always giving me gentle flutters.

"Not yet. I don't want anyone to find out. Helanie—it's just a hunch. I know what I mean to my brothers. But I'm also afraid— - What if this doesn't work out? Giving them hope only to have it taken away—I don't want that to happen. But I also need someone strong beside me, strong enough to stir emotions in me," he continued explaining, yet not explaining much.

"Promise me, promise on our mate bond you won't share it with anyone," he held my hand between his, and emotions stirred inside me. My feelings were all over the place. His hands were so big yet so warm and comforting.

His touch reminded me of our love, and I felt so bad that it ended.

"I promise, you can trust me," I gave him a warm smile and noticed how relieved he looked.



"So, I was in the woods today—and—," as soon as he started explaining and freed my hands, my heart skipped a beat.

"The woods? Where?" I asked, feeling like a culprit for wanting to know the details, since I knew I was in the woods too.

"Sorry—Montane Forest," he let out a laugh, then cleared his throat, "and some Zharns attacked me. At first, I was lost because I couldn't remember, but then I did—and I killed them. That's when I found a well—an ancient well." He sounded so excited bringing it up.

"A well?" I repeated, and he nodded.

"On my way here, I stopped at the academy first to check the writings on the well, and guess what it said—" he asked excitedly.

"What did it say?" I wanted to be as excited as him, but I was still trying to keep up. I really hoped it was a solution to his problem.

"Water from the well, in the presence of your mate, can cure any illness or curse."

My eyes widened in shock when he said that. It was like hearing really good news.

"Ohh, is it true?" I asked.

"Yep. I read about that well. It was hiding in the forest and only revealed when blood was shed around it. Helanie, I think this could be it. I really want to try it," he smiled, looking so hopeful.

"Then you should drink it. When should I go there with you?" I was completely on board. It seemed like such an easy way out of his problem.

"This full moon," he said, and I sank into myself.

Does that mean I won't be able to reject Norman again on this full moon since we'll be too happy celebrating Emmet's miraculous recovery?

"Done," I didn't even waste a minute and agreed—and it showed on his face that I made him happy.

"Thank you so much. But please don't tell anyone. I want to confirm it first. Anyway, you're coming home with us, right? Tonight will be a blast for you," he smiled again, talking so happily.

I hadn't seen him this alive in weeks, and here he was, looking so hopeful. We talked a little more before we went back in.

I noticed the way Norman had been staring at me before he finally walked over.

"Okay, it's time to head home now. We've planned something, so let's get to it," Norman snapped his fingers in front of my face, trying to get my attention. I groaned at him for being so rude but followed him to his car anyway.

But the minute I stepped into the passenger seat, Norman hit me with the hard question.

"What did Emmet say to you?"

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

## **Chapter 572-Her Fiance Is Team Helanie**

### **Chapter 572: 572-Her Fiance Is Team Helanie**

#### **Helanie:**

"Tell me, what did you two talk about?" he asked again, making me fold my arms around my chest and lean back comfortably. I was too happy for Emmet at that moment, so I was much more relaxed.

"It's between us," I replied and noticed how he reluctantly nodded. Why was he so interested in what we talked about?

"Hmm," he replied.

The others had their cars following us. I was told they had prepared something for me, so I was really excited to find out what it was.

"By the way, don't think I'll forget what you did—you'll have to explain yourself to me later," I said. I didn't even know what kind of explanation I expected from him for kissing me like a hungry beast in the woods.

It was so random and out of his character. I thought he loved Jessica. And oh! I was so shaken by the kiss and his touch that I forgot he had slept with Jessica. He can't sleep with her and then cheat on her with me.

"Good. I didn't do it for you to forget about it either. And sure, I'll explain further in the bedroom tonight," he said in a very grumpy and casually bossy tone. The words were so

bold that my heart sank in my chest. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying hard not to show my irritation.

"You're saying mean things," I commented, having no idea how else to respond to him.

"Wait till I do mean things," he muttered under his breath as we reached the mansion.

He got out quickly before I could, just so he could open the door for me. I had no clue what he was doing. Once I stepped out of the car, my attention shifted from him and his mischief to the setting.

Red roses were all I could see. The garden was filled with red balloons—guests present and so much else done.

"All that for me?" I asked Norman in tears, and he smiled, nodding his head.

I was so excited as I walked the red carpet to reach the platform. The brothers quickly joined me—Emma, Charlotte, my mother, and Lord McQuoid were all present.

There were other pack officials as well as Vonston. And then there were royal warriors on the side. One of them had a big red cushion in his hand with a shining diamond crown placed on top.

"We prepared a new one for you on the request of the rogue king brothers," Vonston announced, gesturing for the man to hand over the crown to Lord McQuoid.

My eyes landed on the crowd and I saw Charlotte looking happy, and her mother glaring at her in shock. I was so happy that I couldn't focus on anyone else—there were many familiar faces in the crowd. Even Darcy was there, looking bored.

"We crown you—," as Lord McQuoid held the crown and was about to raise it, he stopped and turned to look at my mother in the crowd. I followed his gaze and noticed my mother in tears, with a smile on her lips.

It was odd. The two exchanged a look, and my mother gestured for him to do it. What was going on? Did she want to crown me herself? But if she did, she would have come up to the stage already.

"I crown you as the Alpha Queen of the North," Lord McQuoid continued and gently placed the crown on my head, making everyone cheer loudly. Fireworks lit up the sky, and I couldn't help but cry softly. A big cake with my face on it was brought in to celebrate my birthday next.

Like the brothers had said, I had decided to spend this day as a reminder of victory over wrong instead of that traumatic night.

The air erupted with loud claps when I cut the cake. I fed it to Norman, Emmet, Maximus, and Kaye, happily accepting it back when they fed me in return.

All this time, I had been smiling so much that my cheeks actually hurt. The rest of the evening was perfect. I didn't get a chance to speak with everyone from the crowd, including Darcy, until I found myself in the kitchen, pouring a glass of juice.

I had eaten plenty, but I still craved some fresh juice to clear my throat. The cheering and music had been so loud that I had to speak over it constantly, and my throat had gotten dry.

"Hey," I almost spat my drink out when Kaye rushed in, waving at me before grabbing a napkin.

"What happened to you?" I asked, trying not to laugh. He had cake smudged all over his face.

"My stupid brothers happened," he growled playfully. "I suggested we smudge cake on your face, so they did it to me instead."

He rolled his eyes, and I burst out laughing.

"Well, you should know by now—your brothers are Team Helanie," I said with a shrug, stating it out loud and confidently.

"I am too," he whispered under his breath while wiping his face.

"You're Team Helanie?" It was Kesha, entering the kitchen and gently patting his back. "Let me clean it for you."

Her arrival was strange. She was so quiet—her steps were so soft you could barely hear her walk. But whenever she was around, I always felt a weird sense of unease.

'Probably because she's rubbing your mate's back?' Cora muttered inside me. I hushed her to silence.

"So, Helanie, I would've congratulated you—but you won against a rapist. Those are the weakest of men," she began, her voice calm and collected. "Please don't take this as an insult, but that victory was more about justice than strength. All these people cheering for you, crowning you—they have high hopes. But do you know, only the strongest can stand against real monsters, the kind true Alpha Kings and Queens face."

Her delivery was smooth. Even though her words were full of jealousy and hidden jabs, her tone and graceful hand movements distracted from the toxicity of it.

"And Helanie can fight any real monster too," Kaye snapped, still dabbing his face with a napkin. He didn't even bother explaining the 'Team Helanie' comment. One look at Kesha's face told me she didn't like that response.

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

## Chapter 573-Hubby Drags Me To Bedroom

### Chapter 573: 573-Hubby Drags Me To Bedroom

#### Helanie:

"Sorry, what did you say?" She had a fake smile on her face, but her words sounded like a final warning to Kaye.

He probably had a minute to take his words back and not interrupt when she was talking to me. Like I said, her whole vibe was off most of the time.

"I said—Helanie has fought monsters before," Kaye repeated himself, his shoulders broad with pride as he praised me for my strength. "And Helanie's wolf is unlike anything we've ever seen. So let's just say, it's not that she fought a weak beast and won. She showed her wolf, which people are still talking about for a reason."

I watched her not lose her smile even once. It must have been so hard for her to hear Kaye compliment me. But I was surprised to see her expression stay the same as before.

"Alright," she replied, "but fighting monsters on land or even the flying ones is easy." She shrugged. "You see, this is your territory. You'll always win."

She made me scrunch my nose because I had no idea what she meant.

"How is fighting a flying monster easy?" I asked, thinking of dragons and other creatures that could fly.

"Because to kill you, they have to come down to your land. Once again, that's your territory," she said while pouring herself a glass of wine. She looked stiff but calm and composed.

"Have you ever fought a sea monster, Helanie?" She then brought the glass to her lips but asked me that question in a very gentle and soothing voice just before taking a sip.

"Not that I can recall," I muttered.

"Hmm, that's because you haven't. You see, when a dragon gets tired, he comes back to land. But a sea monster? You have to go into the sea for your mission. You have to pass through their territory, and even to kill them or protect yourself, you have to enter where they live. Sea monsters are the real threat, Helanie. The day you can kill one, come and get praise from me. Until then—"

She drank the whole glass and set it aside, then walked over to Kaye and grabbed his hand.

"I'll be busy with my mate."

With that, she pulled him after her. I noticed Kaye always went stiff around her.

"At least he talked a little today. Before this, he used to go completely quiet around her," Cora said.

"Well, after tonight, he'll behave again. She seems like the type who'll fight and argue in private and act like everything's fine in public so no one gets a chance to suspect what her relationship is really like," I commented, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Bitch with her sea monsters. Write this down, Helanie—whoever brags too much about something, that thing becomes their death. I have a feeling she'll die in the sea one day," Cora made me groan.

I didn't want her to die. That was too much. I get that Cora felt jealous, probably because Kesha took Kaye away from us, but I was still in my senses. I wouldn't wish death on anyone just because they're bitter or mean.

It was already late, and the guests had left. The brothers had gone to their rooms as they were tired too. I was still lingering around, looking for an excuse to stay out because I was worried about what would happen once I was alone in the bedroom with Norman.

What if he acted like before? Who would stop us from crossing all the limits?

"Hmm, crossing all the limits. So your concern is that you won't be able to stop yourself from touching—groping and sucking—" Cora shut up when I groaned again.

I was walking past Charlotte's room when I heard a loud yelp that made me stop in my tracks. The door was open, and upon peeking inside, I realized why.

Lady Darcy had barged in and slapped Charlotte across the face. Charlotte still had a hand pressed against her cheek while her mother now stood between the two.

"Can you please tell me what she did wrong?" Emma asked, making sure her daughter was at a safe distance from Lady Darcy, who was breathing like a bull.

"Ask her what she's doing cheering for Helanie? Don't tell me, like the others, she's impressed by her little achievements too," Darcy didn't hesitate to show her dislike for me. The idea of someone being happy for me clearly didn't sit well with her.

She was acting like a first grader who demands their friends not talk to the one student they don't like.

This is how kids fight and argue.

"She was just acting—" Emma quickly explained, hesitation clear in her voice.

"Except I wasn't," Charlotte muttered, removing her hand from her cheek. "I'm scared of her eyes. She's a victim, and the Moon Goddess punishes anyone who wrongs the victim," Charlotte explained, sounding very genuine and sweet for the first time.

But the look on Darcy's face told me she hated hearing that about me. Her eyes widened as if Charlotte had just told her a dirty joke.

"She was a victim. Now she's an Alpha Queen who's stealing hearts. If you want to be her shoe, go ahead—fit her feet well. But don't expect my son to like you after that," Darcy warned her. And as soon as Charlotte opened her mouth to argue back, Emma turned around and slapped her into silence.

"Don't upset your future mother-in-law," it was the way Emma looked at her to shut her up that made me want to step in.

Darcy couldn't mistreat someone just because they didn't want to be part of her twisted games.

But as soon as I took one step to enter the room, a big, muscular arm wrapped around my stomach and then a firm hand covered my mouth to stop the yelp I was about to let out.

He lifted me off my feet, carrying me with one arm like I was a doll. And then, in his deep, heavy voice, he said, "It's bedtime. Do I have to come collect you every night now?"

All I could think was—my husband had lost his mind. I had been angry the other night that he didn't feel anything for me, and now I couldn't handle this side of him.

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

## Chapter 574-Call Him Daddy

### Chapter 574: 574-Call Him Daddy

**Helanie:**

Once he took me to our bedroom and placed me next to the door like a statue, he locked the door while I stood there, glaring at him with my hands on my waist.

"What?" he asked, shrugging.

"What is going on with you? I was trying to help Charlotte," I argued, watching him act like he didn't care. He began taking off his wristwatch, all the while staring at his reflection in the mirror.

"Did she ask for your help?" he asked.

"Huh? Your mother hit her," I added.

"Okay? Let them deal with it. You're supposed to be in your bedroom past ten," he stated—no, he ordered and my breath hitched.

"Why is that? Are you my father now?" I questioned in a sharp tone. Maybe I wanted the old Norman back—the one who didn't make me feel so shy. I used to be playful with him because I knew Norman didn't have the courage or interest to make me blush or embarrass me.

But this new version of him was leaving me speechless. I might have liked it—if he hadn't slept with Jessica or told me he loved her.

"Is that the word your generation uses these days?" he mumbled, either zoning out or pretending to. He was acting like he was some old man.

"Don't you guys use the word 'daddy'?" As soon as he said that, his smirk widened, and his eyes moved from his own face to mine in the mirror.

"If you think you're helping me out because I was embarrassed last night or hurt that you weren't... turned on, you're wrong. It was my wolf who texted you, so I don't even care how you responded or what you—"

My rambling faded as he turned around and began walking toward me.

"I don't do charity work, Helanie. I don't care if someone is embarrassed. I do what I feel like doing," he said. It was his way of telling me that he wasn't acting strange to comfort



me about the other night. But the way he kept walking toward me made me start stepping back.

"I—I don't know what you mean," I muttered, shyly looking down. When I looked up again, I saw him unbuttoning the rest of his shirt. A gulp got stuck in my throat when I saw his abs. The tattoos on his chest reminded me of Jessica, but he didn't let me break out of his trance.

"What are you doing?" I asked, backing away without looking where I was going.

"What does it look like?" He tossed his shirt aside and unbuckled his belt. That's when my steps reached the edge of the bed and I tumbled backward onto it. As soon as I landed, I saw him smirk and stop at my feet.

"Norman—I don't know about this. You haven't told me. I mean—Jessica and you," I began to feel so shy, completely unable to speak, especially as he pulled off his belt and unzipped his pants. He slid them down, revealing black shorts underneath.

Then he climbed onto the bed. Over me—making me lie down flat while I stared up at his handsome face. He continued crawling across me until he reached his side of the bed.

I instantly sat up, frowning, turning around to glare at him as he adjusted his pillow and curled under the blanket.

"I don't know what you wanted me to do," he said, a hint of playfulness in his tone as he lay there and closed his eyes.

What an asshole. He purposely did it. Who crawls over someone just to get to the other side of the bed? He knew what he was doing. I wish I had been stern and told him no.

"Huh, you have some wild delusions," I mumbled, trying to save face and headed to the bathroom.

While showering, I kept thinking about his stupid face and abs as he crawled over me. I realized I didn't say the right words. The way I reacted—it was like I was ready to sleep with him if he just explained why he slept with Jessica.

"I'm so stupid," I hissed, slipping into a silk top and matching silk shorts.

By the time I came out of the bathroom, the room was dark. He must've been resting. He does fall asleep for a few minutes here and there.

I got into bed, my back facing him, and sighed. But the minute I got comfortable, I felt pressure on my body from behind. He slid closer and suddenly wrapped his arms around me, his leg bent and draped over mine.

I was too shocked to move. Even my breathing slowed. He was breathing on my neck, and that's when reality hit me—he had me completely covered with his body.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

The silence was so thick, my gulp sounded like water being poured into a glass.

"Sleeping," he whispered. My shoulders tensed, unintentionally sinking his face deeper into my neck. The way he effortlessly slid one hand under my body to hold me by the waist, while the other hand lay over my arm—his fingers locking onto mine so I couldn't move—it made sleep impossible.

I was too frozen to react. On one hand, his embrace felt like the heaven I'd been waiting for. His actions were no longer empty hints—it was obvious now. He wanted me.

But on the other hand, I remembered the night he rejected me—the night he said he loved Jessica... the night he slept with her.

So I had to stop this. I couldn't let him give me hope that would only end in heartbreak.

"Why? You don't want to sleep with Jessica tonight?"

The moment I said it, I noticed his breath vanish from my neck.

"What?" he asked, immediately removing his arms from me and sitting up—legs folded under him, fists resting on his thighs.

"You slept with Jessica last night," I hissed, watching him narrow his eyes before staring at the wall behind me—and then, he started chuckling.

"Ohhhh!"

I had no clue what was so funny about this, but his reaction pushed me into my stubborn mode. He wasn't getting away from this conversation tonight.

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

## **- Chapter 575-It Had Always Been Me**

### **Chapter 575-It Had Always Been Me**

**Chapter 575: 575-It Had Always Been Me**

## **Helanie:**

I kept staring at his face, trying to understand why his response was to laugh out loud. I shook my head in disbelief.

"So you take pride in making a fool out of me?" The moment my voice turned serious and a small hiccup escaped my lips, his smile disappeared.

"Listen—I didn't sleep with her," he said in a much more serious tone this time. But I placed my hand on his chest to push him away, just to show how annoyed I was with him. The moment I did that, my hand touched his bare skin, my fingers fitting perfectly over his tattoo, and for a second, I couldn't focus on anything else.

Like some weirdo, I had my hand on his chest, staring at the way he breathed. His phone ringing was what made me pull my hand back.

I watched him check the screen and then sneak a quick glance at me. I knew right then that whoever was calling him was someone he was too scared to answer in front of me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Jessica," he replied, and I nodded, smiling faintly, trying to look understanding. The timing was always just right—like something was always there to stop me from making a mistake.

"Helanie, I didn't sleep with her. I stayed in her room, sitting in a chair. That's all," he said before answering the call and getting off the bed.

He was talking to her, pacing around nervously, clearly worried. Maybe something bad had happened.

As soon as he hung up, he started looking through his closet for a shirt and pants.

"Are you going somewhere?" I asked, watching him dress in a hurry.

"Yeah—Jessica's in trouble," he replied quickly, but stopped buttoning his shirt when he saw me staring at him without blinking.

"No! I didn't sleep with her. You need to let that go," he repeated, picking up his shoes. He put them on quickly, stood up, adjusted his pants, then walked over and grabbed my hand.

"Throw on some pants and a shirt—we're running late," he said, guiding me toward the closet and ordering me gently.

"Where am I going?" I asked.

"Helanie, wherever I'm going. Why would you go anywhere else?" He looked tired and impatient as he grabbed a shirt—his own, in a rush.

"No, it's okay," I said, picking out my own shirt, not wanting to make things messier for Jessica. As I got dressed, I waited for Norman to answer.

"Why are you taking me with you?" Once ready, I found my hand in his again as he pulled me out of the room. I repeated the question.

"I don't want to be alone with Jessica just for you to come back and accuse me of things. I don't like drama, Helanie. So it's better if you're there whenever I'm around her. That way, we can avoid unnecessary rumors or someone trying to twist things and lie to you," he said as he dragged me along with him.

Once we were in his car, he told me that the pack members were attacking Jessica and her father because of Darius's mistakes.

That was scary, but also upsetting. Once again, a woman had to pay for the crimes of a man.

We arrived at her place and found it completely trashed. Norman asked me to go inside and get Jessica while he spoke to her father. He told him that some pack members wanted the house and were angry that they had let Darius stay there until he died.

It was a mess. Jessica was hysterical when I found her. She cried, hugging me for an hour before I grabbed her bags and made her leave the room with me.

"Take her to your place. By the time she comes back, things will be settled. She'll be Helanie's royal beta, so they'll have to listen," her father said, barely even looking at her.

It wasn't fair. I didn't respond to her father—I didn't like that man. There didn't seem to be any reason to believe he would've let Darius face any punishment.

Once we were in the car, I sat in the backseat with Jessica. She was feeling much better and had even stopped crying.

"Jessica, did you pick up my phone the other day?" Our attention turned to Norman, who adjusted the rearview mirror so he could look straight at me.

"Yeah, I'm so sorry—I forgot to tell you," she replied, her head leaning back, dried tears still on her cheeks.

"Oh. Where was I?" he asked, acting like he was confused about why she had answered his phone.

"You were in the chair. I thought you were sleeping. Your phone was on silent, but the light kept blinking," she answered, and suddenly I felt much better.

"Okay," Norman said, raising both eyebrows at me in the mirror. I looked away, sitting beside Jessica, feeling like the attention from her fiancé made me look like some kind of flirt. I was sure of it.

"He cares for you," I started to say, and Norman frowned.

"He does?" A smile spread across Jessica's face as I nodded.

"If he didn't, he wouldn't have tattooed your handprint and bite mark on his body." The moment I said that, Norman almost crashed into oncoming traffic.

After we settled back into our seats, Jessica spoke again.

"Oh, that's not my handprint. He told me it was an idea he got from a magazine. The bite mark looks so real, but praise the tattoo artist—it wasn't mine either. Where did you see the tattoos?" After giving me the answer I wanted, she followed it up with a question.

Norman was now clearly restless in his seat.

"The other day, when he was training me," I replied, leaning back. Why did he lie?

And if it wasn't her handprint or bite mark, it had to be mine. I was the only one who bit him in that exact spot. But when did I put my hand on his chest?

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

## **Chapter 576-Norman Is In Love**

### **Chapter 576: 576-Norman Is In Love**

Helanie:

"She's sleeping," I told Norman as I walked into the room with him. She was so tired—I gave her some medication and let her rest in the guesthouse.

"Why did you ask her those questions?" he asked, stopping me from heading to the restroom with a gentle tap on my arm after locking the bedroom door.

"Why did you lie?" I asked, placing my hands on my waist.

"Norman—" I cut myself off, showing him my palm and sighing. "I need to know something from you. Why are you doing this? You keep giving me signals, but that night—you confessed to being in love with her. You said you were angry, and yet you've kept acting differently with me since then. I don't know what's going on with you, but I want honest answers."

I wasn't smiling, and I wasn't frowning. I was serious, and I just wanted the truth.

We had been playing hide and seek for too long. He looked embarrassed standing in front of me, his head lowered.

"Tell me—what is the truth?" I yelled, and finally, he whispered something.

"I love you."

It was so quiet I had to look at him with one raised eyebrow, almost demanding he say it again.

"What did you say?" I asked, watching him scratch the back of his neck.

"I said, it's late. Let's rest," he replied, but this time his voice was loud and clear.

I hated when he did that. I kept staring at his face while he avoided my eyes, his cheeks turning red.

"You called me a bitch," I said. The moment I accused him, he stopped looking around and met my gaze.

"What? No," he said, clearly offended. His whole body tensed up so fast.

"No, I heard it. You said, 'shut up, bitch,'" I continued, and he started shaking his head.

"I would be dead before saying something like that to you," he said, reaching for my arm. But I pulled away, narrowing my eyes at him.

"Don't fucking touch me. How dare you—" I covered my mouth, hiding my face from him.

"That's not what I said!" he raised his voice.

I lowered my hand from my face and glared at him. "Then what *\*did\** you say?" I yelled back—and that's when he walked right into the trap.

"I love you!"

No shying away, no stealing glances. He looked me straight in the eyes and confessed—louder this time.

"Then why didn't you want to admit it before?" The moment I said that, he realized I had tricked him. I had heard it the first time too, but I wanted him to say it from his whole heart.

"Helanie—" he closed his eyes now that there was no turning back, "I was scared of rejection that night. I didn't know what to do. I've never done anything like this before, and with you—it was even scarier. I didn't want to push you away."

Finally hearing his thoughts and feelings made me feel like I'd won a crown. I had finally won a crown.

"What about Jessica? Wouldn't she accuse me of stealing you?" I asked softly, and he quickly took my hands.

"I never loved her. I never kissed her, Helanie. Never! Before our engagement, I broke up with her because I didn't want to marry her, but she always caused a fuss—trying to end her life, and everyone kept asking me to take her back. I had to, because I never thought I'd fall in love with anyone. So I thought, why not?" He rambled until he had to close his eyes and added, "Then I saw you kiss Penn."

I instantly pulled my hands away. He had said that before, and I still didn't understand why.

"When?" I asked, and he opened his eyes, silently questioning me.

"That night of the crazy text incident," he answered.

"Huh? Norman, I don't know what you're talking about. All I remember is drinking too much, then falling down, and Penn carrying me to my room. The rest is blurry. Did he kiss me when I was drunk?" I was starting to worry if Norman had seen something I wasn't conscious of.

"Wait, you were drunk?" he asked, zoning out. "Oh, did he kiss you? But you were on top of him—oh fuck! Did you say you fell?" He finally realized something, and after watching his face for a moment, so did I.

"There was no kiss. Maybe accidental touch, but no kiss," I confirmed, shaking my head firmly.

"Oh," Norman smiled widely. "Well," he suddenly looked so happy I had to roll my eyes to bring him back to reality.

"Anyway, I'm sleepy," I said, about to walk away when he grabbed my hand.

"Confess it," he demanded, standing behind me.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I kept the playfulness in my voice, knowing Norman might take my jokes seriously.

"I can make you confess, Helanie." Whenever he said something that sexy in his serious tone, I felt a little spark of excitement.

"Really? How?" I turned to him. "I don't think you have it in you."

As I pointed my finger at his chest, he lowered his head, staring down, then grabbed my wrist and spun me around.

His hand held my neck while my back pressed against his chest. I felt his arousal.

"You want to see what I've got, don't you?" he whispered in my ear, gently kissing me. My body shuddered as his arm moved over me and reached for my breasts. That was the first time Norman had touched my breasts like that.

"You're not winning this battle, wife," he added before turning me around and pushing me onto the bed.

Once on the bed, I watched him take off his shirt and crawl toward me. My hand reached for his tattoo, my eyes seeing how perfectly it matched my hand.

"In the cave, when we found you after you'd been missing for days, you didn't just burn my chest with your touch—you ignited so many desires inside me," he said before grabbing both my hands, pinning them above my head with one hand, and kissing me.

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

## **Chapter 577-Best Night Ever**

### **Chapter 577: 577-Best Night Ever**

#### **Helanie:**

His kiss was so passionate. His tongue explored the inside of my mouth like he had been hungry for ages.

I couldn't believe it was finally happening. But us keeping our desires hidden was the reason we had attacked each other's lips like hungry beasts. He released my hands,



and I wasted no time pulling him in with my hand on the back of his head. His body dry humped me for a while before we broke the kiss.

"What's wrong?" he noticed. Our faces were only inches apart, but my silence pushed him away. He stepped to the side while I got off the bed, rubbing my face in my hands.

"You were marrying Jessica," I said.

"I wasn't," he replied, turning me around and holding out his phone. It was a note dated way back before our wedding.

"I wrote this for her. She knew I wasn't going to go through with the marriage. I gave it to her, but she didn't stop it. I gave her days to tell her father, but she didn't. I wrote this for her but ended up calling her to say it to her face," he said, making me read it quickly.

He had admitted to never loving her. He told her he tried to give her a chance like she asked, but he couldn't fall in love with her. In the note, he also mentioned that she pressured him into getting engaged. She was sure he would fall for her, but he told her he didn't. So, she should keep her end of the deal and let him go.

He took the phone out of my hands and put it aside, pulling me closer while he stayed sitting on the bed.

His hands moved along my back and then cupped my butt, making me close my eyes.

"This is the happiest I've ever been, and I really want to keep going with you—this time for real. I never want the word 'rejection' to come between us again," he said softly before kissing my lips again.

His hands traveled around my body, exploring my curves.

While still kissing, his hands slid up my dress and found their way to my breasts. The way he touched my lips made me shudder and jump, but he didn't let me break the kiss.

A gasp escaped into his mouth when he pinched my nipples. His hands were so big, cupping both my breasts and massaging them firmly. The feeling of his touch sent jolts of pleasure to my pussy, and I slowly raised my leg to the bed. He finally broke the kiss, but only to grab my dress and lift it, tossing it over my head and revealing my lacy bra. I watched his eyes widen hungrily at my breasts before he took off my bra. Now my breasts were fully in his view.

With his hand on my back, he pulled me closer and very sexily opened his mouth. While still locking deep eye contact with me, he took my breast in his mouth.

He sucked the life out of me through my nipples. My body started to grind in the air, my breathing got faster, and my whole body felt like it was on fire.

He didn't take my breast out of his mouth but began tugging off my panties with his hands. I felt shy being naked in front of him for some reason. And he noticed it. He pulled away, gently letting go of my breast with his lips and softly pinched my chin.

He got off the bed, and I stepped back, covering my pussy with my hand.

He bent down and kissed my lips again, and this time, he started to take off his pants.

Once he broke the kiss again, I saw his cock. It was big, thick, and so hard.

Its head was swollen and purple, ready to explore my insides.

"I love you so much, Helanie!"

Hearing those words from Norman felt like a song that was never meant to be sung. My emotions were all over the place. I wanted us to keep going, but at the same time, I was scared it was just a dream—a beautiful dream.

His hands traced my curves, then moved to my ass. He cupped it firmly this time and pulled me closer, lifting me up. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he carried me back to the bed. His hard cock pressed tightly against my pussy.

He laid me down and crawled on top of me, planting kisses all over my body before his tongue circled around my areolas.

"Umm," I moaned, closing my eyes and running my fingers through his hair. His head moved to my other breast while his hand slipped between my legs to cup my pussy.

I shyly bit my bottom lip. His fingers rubbed circles around my clit. After a few minutes of teasing me, he slid one finger inside me, and my body rose off the bed. My back arched while he watched my face. I threw my head back and closed my eyes, feeling my pussy tighten around his finger.

He twisted his finger around a few times before pulling it out. I came down from that high and opened my eyes, watching him suck his finger while still keeping eye contact with me.

My hands gripped his shoulders as he spread my legs and positioned himself between them. He rubbed his dick over my pussy, making my nipples go even harder. Our naked bodies were tangled together, heat rising between us. He was on top of me, his face close to mine, breathing on me.

"You are where my heaven is," he whispered as he gently pushed the head inside.

His cock being big and wide was going to be a challenge—I knew it.

I let out a yelp, and he stopped immediately.

He lowered his face again and kissed me softly.

"You're so pretty. You probably don't remember, but once you accidentally flashed me, Helanie—and ever since then, I would lose my mind just thinking about your body. I love you so much, more than anyone could ever love or want you," he said.

His words made me smile, and I closed my eyes.

He pushed his cock in—and finally, all of it was inside me.

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

## **Chapter 578-Our Union Caused Chaos**

### **Chapter 578: 578-Our Union Caused Chaos**

#### **Helanie:**

"Norman!" I moaned his name, feeling his shaft go deep inside me, stretching my pussy open before pulling out again. He was gentle at first, his face buried in my breasts, his lips sucking on my nipples, with wet smooching sounds filling my ears.

My toes curled and my hands gripped the sheets. Every time he thrust into me, my breasts bounced, but his lips kept at least one of them in place.

He fucked me slowly at first, his dick rubbing against my G-spot with every thrust, making wild moans escape from my lips.

He lifted his face from my breasts and threw my legs over his shoulders, our eyes locking in intense contact. His fingers dug into my ass as he started pounding into me harder.

His hands held my legs tight against his shoulders. I could feel the orgasm building inside me, but Norman wasn't even close yet. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling them off his shoulders as we moved even closer together.

"Mmm," moans spilled from my lips, my hands grabbing my boobs as he picked up the pace.

He was fucking me with wild speed, not even giving me time to breathe.

All I could hear were the loud smacks of his big balls hitting my skin. My breasts bounced up and down like crazy, my hands clutching the bedsheets like they could save me.

He thrust into me again, filling me completely after a few more minutes of nonstop fucking. He could go on for hours—I knew that now. Perks of being so strong and powerful. I cried out in pleasure, my back arching off the bed as he hit my G-spot perfectly.

My pussy clenched tightly around his shaft, and he was hard again within seconds. He pulled out, flipped me onto my stomach, and pulled me up onto all fours. He got behind me, rubbed his dick against my pussy, and then pushed inside with a deep, wild thrust.

I gasped.

His hand slid to my clit, fingers rubbing in sync with his thrusts. The rhythm was so perfect, my eyes started rolling back.

"FUCK, NORMAN!" I screamed as his speed picked up, "Ahhhh!" I screamed loudly. He groaned, his cock twitching inside me as he came.

"Arghhhh!" His grunt was so loud, my body shuddered.

His cock softened in my pussy before he pulled out and collapsed on top of me while I lay on my stomach.

"I love you too, Norman" I whispered into the mattress, eyes full of tears from pain and pleasure.

He did me so well, I was scared I already wanted more.

He wrapped his arm around my waist and spun me around again, this time bringing our faces close.

After planting a big smooch on my lips, he broke the kiss and stared into my eyes with pure love.

Seeing his face so close while our naked bodies were tangled made me blush and bite my bottom lip.

He smiled at my reaction and kissed my cheek.

"You made me feel alive again, Helanie. I thought I didn't deserve happiness. You made my life so beautiful," he whispered, happiness shining in his eyes.

"You don't hate the moon goddess anymore, do you?" he asked, and I zoned out. Wow! I'd been so busy, I'd forgotten about her.

"I guess I was too harsh on her. I took the anger of her people out on her," I added and felt my wolf settle better inside me. In the beginning, nothing was going right for me. So obviously, I'd been a mess.

"Mark me, my love," he said softly, making my heart skip a beat.

"I want to be yours only, mark me," he asked again.

When I think back on our time together, the spark had always been there, but our arrogance always got in the way. We were busy trying to be superior to each other, competing and arguing until one of us melting first felt like a defeat.

But now that we lay together, I could see why it took so long. Desire had brought us so close that no one could pull us apart. No one could ever separate me from him. And the only thing that could make our relationship even stronger was one mark. When I smiled, he rolled us over, and I came on top of him, giggling and laughing. My hair fell onto his shoulders from both sides of my face, our eyes locked in deep contact.

He longed to be marked by me—I could see it in his eyes. His fingers lovingly combed through my hair, brushing it off my face as I buried my face in his neck. His scent was driving me crazy.

My canines came out as I dug my teeth into his skin. His hands reached my bare back, then my ass, squeezing my cheeks so hard I tasted his blood.

His hands roamed in circles around my ass, touching my vagina and then moving all the way back to my asshole. Every time he did that, my body jumped.

I finally raised my face and gave the mark a good lick, getting the blood off the skin.

But as soon as the marking was done, a loud, agonizing scream erupted throughout the mansion, and our eyes met in confusion.

"Ahhh!"

Then another scream, which made us untangle and get off the bed. The third scream was what made us look for our clothes.

The noise outside made my heart pound louder than ever. Few words were spoken between us, but the way we stole glances at each other while rushing to dress to see what was happening outside made it clear something big had happened.

Once I slipped into a white dress, I was the first to make my way out the door.

I saw maids running downstairs in panic, bloody towels in their hands.

"Rogue King Kaye is badly wounded, he needs assistance," one maid told the other, and cold chills ran down my body.

Kaye Is wounded?

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

## **Chapter 579-The Monster Took My Lover**

### **Chapter 579: 579-The Monster Took My Lover**

#### **Emmet:**

I have been sitting in my room ever since the event ended. All this time, I couldn't forget about the betrayal from my family.

My wolf had gone completely silent for a few hours, but I could feel him twist and swirl inside me here and there.

My fingers tapped on the table in front of me, especially on a bunch of pictures.

"She is the love of our life," said my wolf, finally waking up.

"I was so lost without you," I said, staring at the woman in the pictures.

"I needed rest. But I'm sure you were lonely. It's not like anyone cares for you. They cast you aside as if you're not even a member of this family," he let out a growl, feeling my pain too.

"But she cared for me," my fingers gently touched the images before me. Her smile was so bright.

She was my life, the one who kept me as her priority.

"But they killed her—" my wolf reminded me of the heartbreaking incident that happened years ago. Something I had completely forgotten about as if it never happened. But it did happen, and it stole the love of my life from me.

"Azura!" I said her name with love, and all the emotions rushed back to me.

"Remember that night—the night when she was killed," my wolf said, and I closed my eyes to recall that incident. It was a painful one.

It changed so much for me. Heck! It changed me.

"Your brothers tortured her—the lycan attacked her," my wolf howled inside me, "you were worried for her but then Norman came, the savior, and told you to go after the lycan while he took care of your Azura. Remember what happened after that?"

I closed my eyes and began to see the whole scene in a new way.

"Just go after the lycan!" I saw Norman yell at me. Azura was badly injured on the ground.

"But her—" I cried, trying to reach her again.

"Emmet, you have been fed upon. You are weak right now. I will take her to the hospital and make sure she is okay," Norman reassured me. I knew he would take care of her. That is what he was known for.

Norman would never hurt us brothers and he knew how much Azura meant to me.

"I promise, I'll take her to the hospital," he said, with a comforting look on his face.

I started to run away but halfway through, I decided to go back. However, they were gone, so I assumed my brother kept his word and took her to the hospital.

"But then where did you find her blood trail?" my wolf cried out, making my heart break.

"Let's be honest. Norman didn't help her that night, he betrayed us and her. He killed her and got rid of her body, and you know that too because we found her blood trail leading into the woods and Norman had no answer to our burning questions," it was a memory that I had silenced deep inside me.

"I don't want you to feel the pain again, but we are lonely tonight because Azura has been stolen from us. And then our brother went ahead and married the alpha queen. Isn't it ironic that of all of us, he was the one who used to say he didn't want a mate or a wife and that he wanted to spend his life taking care of us, but then turned around and married the alpha queen? He was so happy the whole day. He didn't even want to look at our faces, he probably hates us because we are such a burden," my wolf uttered, and slowly, I started to feel a headache.

"The woods today explained everything. You saw it all, and the betrayal—," my wolf reminded me of the awful thing I found out in the woods today. I couldn't believe my eyes. How could I go back to normal after this?

But that's when pain struck me and I let out a howling scream without my knowledge. But before I could even realize what it was, I heard loud screams start to erupt throughout the mansion. It was an odd night, I had felt it. But now the creepiness of the night was coming out in the form of cries and screams.

I got up in a rush and went out of my room, but right when I was at the passage, my head snapped toward the mountains far ahead.

"Something is happening in the deep forests," I whispered. The clouds had turned dusty, almost like they were filled with dirt. Something big must have happened tonight. But what?

I rushed to the main mansion and saw maids running around hysterically. None of them could talk but their bodies were shaking.

"What happened here?" I asked one of them, my eyes landing on the blood trail on the shiny floor.

"There was a monster—in the mansion. It took Sally," one of the maids spoke up, making me scrunch my eyebrows at the mention of Sally.

Who is Sally?

"The maid had come to the screams to attend to the person in pain but it was a monster and it—," she cupped her face in her hands and started crying.

"What monster?" I asked. I gathered from her that some monster had snuck into the mansion and had taken one of the maids.

"It looked like—," she stuttered, sniffing through the tears.

"What? What did it look like?" I asked, my fists clenched and ready to take care of the monster to save the people around me.

"It looked like a lycan," she finished, and my muscles tensed.

A lycan!

"It must be the same lycan who attacked Azura," my wolf grunted, the intensity in his voice making me narrow my eyes.

"Where did it go?" I asked the crying maid.

"He passed out of the mansion that way," she pointed at the door, her hands visibly shaking.



"I will deal with this monster once and for all," I hissed, rushing toward the main door to chase after that monster, who should have been dealt with years ago.

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

## Chapter 580-Fallen Apart

### Chapter 580: 580-Fallen Apart

#### Helanie:

I had run out and looked around to see where the mess started. It was all so scary and exhausting. I ran toward the first floor after I heard the maids telling each other Kaye needed help.

"Where is Rogue King Kaye?" I asked a maid, my hands shaking as I held her hand. For some reason, the blood in the living room didn't smell like my mate's blood. This belonged to someone else.

"What the heck is even going on here?" I asked my wolf, worried.

"He is in the backyard," she pointed at the back side of the mansion. I gave her a nod before sprinting toward the back. Norman had come with me by now, including their father and Emma, who couldn't keep herself from finding out what was happening.

As I pushed the door open to the back, the strong wind hit my face. The weather had been so bad; it wasn't like that a few hours before.

But my eyes looked for Kaye.

"He is over there," Lord McQuoid yelled, making us follow him to the end of the backyard. Kaye was on all fours, bleeding and breathing heavily.

We all reached him, but Norman stepped ahead and knelt down first.

"What is wrong with him, Norman?" I asked, anxiously rubbing my palms. He had a huge claw mark on his chest which was actively bleeding.

"He was attacked," Norman announced, "this can't be—how did it happen? It's not even a full moon."

The way Norman started to panic made me worry for him. I didn't understand him.

"What is going on? Who attacked him?" I sat down, my hand on Norman's shoulder. He turned to me and showed his tearful eyes.

"He was attacked by a lycan," Norman uttered, twisting my heart in my chest.

"What? Maximus? No! It's not a full moon night and Maximus never attacks them, right?" It didn't make any more sense. I was as confused as they were.

"Let's take him inside. Where is Emmet?" Norman said as he wrapped his brother's arm over his shoulder and helped him get up.

"I will go look for him," I said and ran ahead of them to find Emmet.

My heart was pounding in my temples as I sped back into the mansion ahead of them. I looked around and my eyes once again fell on the ground—the blood trail making my skin crawl. But no! It couldn't be Emmet's. If the blood belonged to Emmet, I would have smelled it.

I ran to the passage to Emmet's room, but once I stepped in and found it empty, I turned around instantly. I could not waste my time. But this time, back in the mansion, I grabbed a maid to ask her questions.

"Have you—seen Emmet?" I asked, taking heavy breaths. I wasn't exhausted from running around, but from the stress in my body. Everything was a mess and it all happened so out of the blue.

"Yeah, Rogue King Emmet heard what happened and went after the monster to slay him," she smiled through tears, looking hopeful that they would finally be saved. But I couldn't smile at her words.

Not when they fell into my ears like a haunting warning.

"What?" It was Norman who was able to say a word. I watched Lord McQuoid tear up while laying Kaye down on the couch.

"Umm, I will go after him," Norman shook himself back to reality, probably hurt from hearing the sequence of events.

"I will come," I said in a broken voice, but Norman held my hand and made me face him.

"Please take care of his wounds. I will come back with both of them, I promise," he whispered, making sure the maid didn't hear the whole sentence. I watched my hand slip out of Norman's as he ran toward the exit.

Monster!

The maid called Maximus a lycan. What we had feared the most all this time was finally happening, and we were caught off guard so badly that we couldn't even take proper precautions.

"Kaye," I turned to check on him, but he was bleeding so much he could barely lift his body. It would have been a lot easier if he could transform and heal, but that wasn't an option with so much happening around.

"He fed on him," Lord McQuoid, who was in tears, said, checking Kaye's neck. "He fed too much."

He stepped back from his son and buried his face in his hands. My mother finally arrived at the scene, staring at Kaye and then at me.

"I heard what happened here," she uttered, "are you okay?" Then, instead of checking on Kaye, who I thought she cared more for instead of me, she ran past him and came straight to me.

"I'm fine. He is the one who was attacked," the minute she held my hands, I freed them from her grasp and pointed at Kaye. She looked indifferent to Kaye's pain.

I walked past her and knelt down with Kaye. "Let me call a doctor for you. He will take care of your wounds," I murmured softly. The minute I got up from the floor, he held my hand and pushed me down again.

"I will not let—anyone treat me unless—it is you, or I would rather die," the strong tone from Kaye and his determination made my eyes widen.

"He is in pain, please help him," said his father from behind me. But it was my wolf who made the most sense.

"He is losing consciousness, and in that state, his mate is the only one who can comfort him."

She was right. I gave a gesture to the warrior to take Kaye to his bedroom while I grabbed the aid kit.

"Don't worry, he will be fine by morning," I promised his father, who was so scared for his son that he couldn't even hold himself up.

With so much worry for Maximus, Kaye, and Norman, I ran upstairs to stay with Kaye for the night.

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