

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 581-Going After My Mates

Chapter 581: 581-Going After My Mates

Helanie:

"Just sit down here," I helped him get settled in his bedroom, quickly turned to grab the medicine, and when I turned around, I saw him staring at me.

"You must be in pain," I said, trying to make small talk so the silence wouldn't get awkward—especially with him watching my face like that.

"I'm not sure what I'm feeling," he started, sounding rough.

"It's not that I think he betrayed me. But I am worried for him," he said, beginning to take off his shirt so I could tend to his wounds properly. I had a herb that Kaye had told me about in his class. The herb was very rare and mixed with some special ingredients, it could help with healing. But it wouldn't work as fast as when a person transforms and heals instantly.

Kaye was too weak to transform. It seemed like he had lost a lot of blood, which was why he couldn't even get up from the ground earlier.

"What exactly happened out there?" I asked, curious. Of course, they had the herb with them. They could afford it, especially since Kaye was the one making it.

"We were both outside, taking a walk like brothers used to do. He was so happy for your success. I was so happy. One of us—I don't know which one—suggested we take a run around the mountains to let our wolves celebrate it too. We started transforming, but then suddenly Maximus's transformation began to happen differently. You know how he only becomes a lycan on a full moon and the rest of the time he's like us, a werewolf? But tonight, his lycan transformation began and I started to get worried. I had to stop mine halfway to help him," he recalled, throwing his head back as he tossed his shirt away, and I got to see the big mark all over his chest.

It didn't seem like Maximus had any sympathy when hurting his brother. He seemed to have used all his strength to attack him.

"That was in the backyard?" I asked, and Kaye nodded.

"I freaked out but I couldn't leave him behind. In my head, I was sure he must be hungry and that he somehow never attacked us before. So I offered him my blood this time. But when he started to drink from me—he wouldn't stop. I had to push him off and that angered him. He attacked me, Helanie. My brother—my best friend—attacked me," he closed his eyes and grunted under his breath.

As soon as I touched his wound with a cotton swab, his body relaxed instead of tensing up, and his eyes shot open. He looked me deep in the eye as if he wanted more.

I had to constantly and awkwardly keep looking down to avoid making things weird between us.

I was mentally and physically with his brother now. I wouldn't ever do anything to upset or hurt Norman, and the sad part was that even if I did, Norman would never let me know.

Which is why I have to be very careful. He had given himself to me after years of hunger; his trust in me must not break. I will not let him down.

"And then he came in and attacked a maid. His hunger isn't dying down, and that's not good," I said, applying the ointment on his chest. I was trying to keep myself together, but the agitation in my body from being so close to him felt like it was because our mate bond was still very much alive.

In that brief moment, I realized that this full moon, I wouldn't be rejecting Norman—but his brothers. It would be the right thing to do so my wolf wouldn't flip-flop between the brothers. That would be disrespectful.

"He attacked a maid?" Kaye asked, and I looked up at him. All I saw was guilt.

"But it wasn't your fault. You tried to stop him. You practically offered yourself to him," I reminded him because I knew how seriously Kaye took failures. Somehow, he always made everything his fault—even when it wasn't.

"Yeah, right," he scoffed, not trusting my words.

"Anyway, don't worry. Norman has gone after Emmet and Maximus—" As soon as I said that, Kaye frowned a little.

"Emmet was home? Ah! He's been so quiet—wait, why would Norman go after Emmet? Does he think Maximus would hurt Emmet too?" It was as if he wanted to know how far Maximus was willing to go.

"Actually—I heard Emmet say something that made Norman believe—Emmet might be a danger to Maximus, not the other way around," I said, keeping my head down. I had bandaged his chest by now, but he suddenly grabbed my hand to make me look up.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Kaye, I think Emmet forgot who Maximus is. He sees him as a monster who entered his mansion and attacked an innocent person. Emmet has gone after him to slay him," those words were so painful to say out loud.

They did not deserve that fate.

Now that everything felt so unfair, I began to wonder why? Why were they like this? How could privileged, strong kids turn out so broken?

"Helanie—if Norman is going after Emmet to stop him—who will look after Maximus?" His question brought me back to reality, and I watched his face in silence for a moment before it struck me.

"Shit, how come I didn't think about that?" I jumped to my feet in a hurry. What if Emmet and Maximus attack Norman?

He would let them shred him into pieces because that's who he is. But that's not something I can swallow. His pain would kill me.

"I'm coming with you," Kaye said, but I held his hand and shook my head, not letting him leave his bed.

"Please, they're my brothers," he insisted, barely holding it together.

"Okay, at one cost," I said, and he sat down to hear me out. I grabbed the needle from the aid box, holding it in my fist before I stuck him with it.

"I'm sorry. The cost is that you just rest."

With that, I watched him stare at me with his big eyes before he started to pass out. I had to go alone—he was too sick and would only cause distractions.

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

Chapter 582-My Brothers

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Norman:

My mind had been a mess. On one hand, I had been so happy to have been accepted by Helanie. It felt like a fear of mine had finally come to an end. Ever since I started to have feelings for her, I was afraid she would reject me. Our history had been so bad that I thought she wouldn't even consider the idea of ever letting me be near her. But tonight, she gave me hope that I could be happy too.

But then, on the other hand, I found out things had gotten much worse for my brothers. I was now running around looking for my two brothers, who probably wouldn't even remember each other.

"We will find them, we always do," I could feel Rome torn up inside. He wanted to enjoy the moment with Helanie, but now he was shaking with fear of losing his brothers to each other's claws.

A loud roar erupted in the distance, and I didn't even have to ask myself what it was—because I knew it was Maximus.

I could recognize his howls from miles away. And I could also tell he was in distress. I ran in that direction, and the moment I reached him, I saw a sight that made my heart skip all its four beats.

"Emmet—" I yelled to get his attention. He stood tall, shirt torn and claw marks all over him. But at least he was still standing. Right in front of him was Maximus on the ground, wounded.

Emmet had a dagger in his hand, and it was covered in blood.

"Step back, I can handle this monster," Emmet roared, waving his hand at me.

"What the hell are you doing?" I screamed at him, looking around and spotting the maid lying on the ground, passed out.

"What do you mean? I'm killing the damn monster," he hissed, charging at Maximus again. But this time, Maximus got up and put his claw to Emmet's neck.

He howled in Emmet's face before throwing him far away. The moment Emmet hit the tree trunk, he started to get up again. He would use his mid transition to attack Maximus.

"Enough!" I shouted, rushing over to stand between them. Maximus was on his way to get back at Emmet when I pushed him away. He clawed at my arms and then my back, making me turn around and try to push him off me.

His teeth sank into my neck, and while I could push him off, I didn't want to. He must be hungry—he can drink a little from me.

"Get away from him!" Emmet came from behind and stabbed Maximus in the neck. The painful whimpers of Maximus blurred my vision with tears. He let go of my neck and fell down. I quickly rushed between them, wrapped my arms around Emmet, and threw him over my head to the ground. Then I grabbed the dagger and pulled it out, watching Maximus whimper and howl.

"What are you doing? Are you on his side?" Emmet got up and faced me, even putting his hands on me as he pushed me back.

Maximus was now on all fours, trying to crawl away while falling and twitching. He was in there—I knew my brother was somewhere deep down inside the lycan's body.

"What is wrong with you, Emmet? How could you want to kill your brother?" I yelled, watching him clench his jaw.

"That thing is not my brother. He's a monster," Emmet growled, his fists clenched.

There was more than just anger toward Maximus in his eyes. The way he was looking at me felt different from how he used to. I couldn't quite put a finger on it, but something was off about his behavior and the way he looked at me.

"He is Maximus!" I yelled, and that's when I saw something come out of the bushes—not just anything, but a Zharn.

I turned to it and noticed it had its eyes on Maximus. It was crawling on the ground like a lizard.

I rushed at Emmet to grab the dagger from him. I had come out in such a hurry that I didn't bring any weapons with me.

"Let it go!" I yelled at Emmet, who wasn't letting me get the dagger from him.

"Why? Let that thing fight it. They're both monsters," Emmet hissed, pulling his hand back every time I tried to grab the dagger.

Maximus was in a bad state—he was in more pain than usual. And if he were pushed to the edge, he would lose his mind. Then he'd be dangerous. Once he reached the population and drank a lot of blood—it would be easy for him since he could take down as many werewolves as he wanted. Just not his brothers, because we were as messed up as him. But the blood of others would be enough to make Maximus more powerful—and unstoppable.

The Zharn crawled on top of Maximus and bit his back, trying to eat his flesh. Maximus got up and swung his arms around, grabbing the Zharn from the back. He pulled it off and howled, holding the Zharn's upper jaw in one hand and the lower in the other. He

pulled it apart until he ripped the Zharn into two, killing it instantly. But that's when more of them started to come out.

That was it.

"Rome, you're in," I said, turning away from Emmet. I didn't need a damn dagger anymore. My claws extended, and my eyes changed vision. All I could see now was blood.

I ran and jumped, landing on one of the Zharn, crushing it with one stomp. Then I swung my arm at another one, grabbing it by the neck. I swung it around and hit the other Zharn with it before digging my nails deep into its skin until my hand came out from the back of its neck.

It was all bloody in there—Maximus and I were fighting the Zharns. Soon, Emmet joined us. He wasn't doing it for us—he was fighting for himself, since they thought they could attack him too. In the next few minutes, the Zharns had either been killed or ran away.

That's when Emmet started clapping for me.

"Amazing. You proved once again you just want to be a hero," he said. His words almost made me lose all my strength. What the Zharns couldn't do, Emmet did with just his words.

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

Chapter 583-My Husband Is Accused Of Murder

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Helanie:

I had been looking for them, but the weather had gotten so bad that I had to keep covering my eyes to avoid getting dust in them. I was starting to wonder if I'd be wandering around all night until I heard a commotion to my right. I instantly started sprinting without wasting a second. It was howling mixed with hissing, reminding me of the Zharns roaming around freely. They seemed like sneaky creatures. They would definitely take advantage of the brothers' messy state.

I took a deep breath before stepping into the scene of destruction. And just like I had guessed, the air was thick with worry—and for the first time, the brothers didn't seem to have things under control.

Norman was standing, facing Emmet, while Maximus was behind him, bleeding and howling.

"What is going on with you, Emmet? Is there something you want to tell me?" Norman asked in a soft, defeated tone. At that point, I realized the two of them were having trouble. But how did the argument between them even start?

Was Emmet upset that Norman was not attacking the lycan, not realizing it wasn't just a lycan—but his own brother?

And then Emmet answered my silent questions himself.

"Why did you kill her that night?" My body shivered at the way Emmet's eyes glistened.

"Emmet, what are you saying?" Norman asked.

"You—it was you who was supposed to take care of her. You were supposed to take Azura to the hospital. But instead—you killed her," Emmet hissed, pain flashing through his eyes and loud groans.

My body froze for a second before I snapped back to reality. I didn't believe it. Even if Norman told me he had killed someone, I wouldn't believe it.

And from the looks of it, even Norman didn't agree with the accusation.

"I didn't kill her, Emmet. Why would I do that—and hurt you?" He tried to take a step closer to Emmet, who held up his hand to stop him.

"You killed her. You knew what she meant to me, but you still killed her. All because—you wanted to hide the secret that you were hiding a lycan," Emmet screamed, covering his head with his hands, pacing back and forth.

"Emmet—" As soon as his name left my lips in a soft whisper, Emmet stopped and turned to me. His hair was blowing with the wind, his eyes shining with tears.

"Helanie—" His whisper made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. He looked around for a moment and then stared at Norman, stepping back.

I wasn't an expert in reading body language, but he looked shaken—almost guilty. Maybe he realized what he had just accused his brother of.

But before any more words could be spoken, Maximus jumped at Norman from behind.

"Norman!" I screamed, watching him not defend himself properly as Maximus bit him on the back.

I knew it.

I rushed forward—and so did Emmet—but since I reached first, he stepped back. I grabbed the lycan and threw him off Norman, but before Maximus could get back on his feet, I ran closer and slammed him against a tree, standing right in front of him.

"Maximus—stop!" I whimpered. "Please, stop!" I repeated myself, my elbow pressing against his neck to keep him still. "What is going on with you? Why are you attacking the people you love? The people who love you?"

As I started to break down, I noticed him beginning to relax a bit. I never thought I'd be standing this close to a lycan and not be scared—but just feel sorry for him.

"What is it? Are you in that much pain? Please, Maximus, take control of your body again. We need you," I kept talking in soft whispers.

He was staring at my face with those big eyes. And then I saw them fill with tears. He was crying too.

"What is it? Where does it hurt?" I asked gently, loosening my hold on his neck.

Maximus kept looking at me, then slowly placed his paw on his chest and let out a howl. Suddenly, he looked more like a lost puppy—a sweet one that couldn't hurt anyone.

"Helanie, you're doing good. If only we could take him home—" Norman said, coming up behind me. I saw Maximus's eyes shift to him.

It was like he squinted to focus on something, and then everything fell apart.

Maximus let out a loud howl and pushed me back—thankfully, Norman was right behind me. He wrapped his arms around me and caught me, keeping me from falling.

Maximus howled again, even louder this time. It was the most terrifying and wild one yet.

I didn't understand what made him so angry—until I noticed his eyes locked onto the mark on Norman's neck. Then, without warning, he took off running.

"I'll go after him—" Norman said, but I grabbed his hand to stop him.

"No, he hates you right now. He saw the mark on your neck, Norman. Let me go," I insisted, cupping Norman's face in my hands and standing on my tiptoes in a hurry.

"What if he hurts you?" Norman sounded so desperately worried that I couldn't help but smile a little.

"I'll be fine," I reassured him.

"Please go take care of Emmet—" I turned to look at Emmet and realized what he had just witnessed. He stood there, staring at us.

"Ohh," Emmet muttered under his breath. "You two go home. I'll go... bring my brother back." He looked away, trying to hide his tears. His voice was shaking too.

"Emmet—you're bleeding too," I said, but he shook his head without even looking at me.

"I'm fine. And yes, in case you're wondering—I remember. I'm not going after him to kill him," he said with a bitter laugh, as if hinting that we might be judging him already.

"Helanie, go back home. Let us go after him," Norman said then, and the look in his eyes told me this wasn't a suggestion—I had no choice but to listen.

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

Chapter 584-Another Brother Is Missing

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Helanie:

"I am really fine," Sally repeated herself when I checked her fever once more. When I brought her home and started cleaning her wounds, I realized there was no injury that could have taken her life, but she still bled a lot.

She also had a fever, and I knew it was from fear. But now that hours had passed and she had woken up, she looked much better.

"He didn't want to kill me," she muttered with a smile on her lips. I was a little confused by her behavior. Ever since she woke up, she had been very calm instead of freaking out. Even her other friends, who had freaked out for her, were confused.

"How do you know that?" I asked, making sure I gave her medicine and she drank plenty of liquids with it.

She swallowed the medicine, and after steadying herself, she said, "Because it didn't want to kill me. He wasn't trying to take me away to feed on me. He was—I don't know how it's possible as we all know a lycan can't speak—but he was murmuring something. Almost like trying to say it," she recalled the night, her eyebrows scrunched while trying to explain what she felt about the lycan last night.

"What do you mean? Did you figure out what he was trying to say?" My heart ached at the thought of Maximus trying his best to speak but no one being able to understand him.

"Yeah, I did," she replied.

"What was it?" I asked again, looking at her face with interest.

"He was saying the word 'mate' over and over again," the little pout she made with her lips made me sit back and stare at her face.

"I'm not making it up. But it seems like that poor thing was looking for his mate," she said with a very sympathetic look on her face.

It made me wonder why he picked her of all the others. He saw the purity in Sally, and this is what she believed in too.

"His mate must be very loving and understanding of him. I just hope Rogue King Norman and Rogue King Emmet don't kill him," she sighed, having no idea they didn't go after him to slay him but to find him.

But hours had passed by now, and there were no signs of any of them. I had been growing impatient and tired of waiting. I was this close to leaving the mansion to go after them, but Nortman had trusted me with the job of taking care of the mansion and everyone else in here.

"Hey," just as I walked out of the maid's room, I bumped into Jessica. She hadn't woken up through the whole chaos last night because she had slept after taking heavy medications to relax herself. Now that she was awake, she heard all sorts of news and had come to see me.

"Tell me they're not going after Maximus too—," she whispered, looking around to make sure nobody was listening to us.

"No. Of course they're not," I eyed her for even thinking they would do something like that.

"He must be so scared out there," Jessica replied, her hands on her waist.

"I'm just lost at why it happened. It wasn't even a full moon night," I complained, touching my forehead.

"There is one person who could solve that mystery for us, but I'm afraid if we tell her, she will cause chaos here," Jessica was walking beside me to the main mansion, huffing and puffing.

"Darcy? Oh yeah, we shouldn't tell her anything," I agreed with her.

"What's up with that girl Charlotte?" she asked, then sighed, walking upstairs to check on Kaye.

"Charlotte likes Maximus. She wanted to go after him, but her mother drugged her and locked her in. I think she did the right thing. Charlotte isn't ready to be out in the woods when Zharns are getting so bold, attacking people in groups now," I said, stopping before Kaye's bedroom.

I was afraid to face him again. He would be so upset. As soon as I opened the door, I was met with another shock.

"Where is he?" I asked loudly, rushing into the room and then toward the bathroom. Jessica went straight to the window and pulled the curtain away. She gasped.

"He escaped through the window," she announced, making my heart sink.

"Wait, no!" I yelled worriedly, quickly moving toward the window and seeing it was open.

"We should go look for him," Jessica suggested.

"You should stay here. You've been through a lot, too," I said. I didn't want to drag her with me when she needed to rest herself.

"Helanie, I can't hide from the truth that I killed my brother, who deserved it. Let's just say, this whole mess needs more hands on deck, and I've been preparing to be a royal beta of my pack for a long time. I have skills, trust me," she reassured me with a straight-lipped smile.

She was right. We had to go.

However, we had only run downstairs and were in the living room when we watched two people come in, looking defeated.

"Norman! Emmet!" I called out, ready to run to Norman when Jessica rushed past me first and landed on Norman's chest.

"I've been so worried," she started saying, hugging him tightly while his eyes stayed on me. I couldn't run to him after that.

"Jessica, you shouldn't have. I can take care of myself," he then unwrapped his arms from around her and walked past her to me.

"Where is Maximus?" Not wanting to continue any drama related to us, I focused on Maximus for the moment.

Emmet had his head down the whole time. He looked so disturbed.

"Where is he?" I asked Emmet this time, trying to include him so he wouldn't feel left out.

"We don't know. We couldn't find him," those words felt like a dagger in my chest, and Emmet looked just as devastated saying them out loud.

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

Chapter 585-His Toxic Mother Strikes Again

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Helanie:

"Why didn't anyone tell me about the monster?" Darcy yelled, making me roll my eyes tiredly. She found out somehow, or probably Emma told her, and came flying in on a jet with the two little kids dragged along with her. The poor kids were locked in the guestroom so that nobody gets to interact with them.

I had been so upset ever since Emmet told me he couldn't find Maximus. It just didn't make any sense. How could he go missing like he never even existed?

When Emmet told us Maximus had run away, Jessica told them about Kaye. Norman decided to go after Kaye while Emmet went to his room. He looked unwell too.

Everything was a mess.

"What's going on downstairs?" I asked the maid who had brought me some fruit. I had been lying down for a few minutes so I could join the search once Norman got back.

"Lady Darcy is yelling at everyone. She's making it so hard for us to do any of the work. She keeps saying the monster took her son away. Which—even though we're worried about where Rogue King Maximus went—isn't true. Did the lycan really do something to him?" I knew for sure the maid was curious, and Lady Darcy was making things worse.

"No! That's not true. Maximus has been on a trip with the academy students. I'll come downstairs to help you all," I lied, just to keep Maximus's truth a secret.

"Okay, that would be very helpful," the maid sighed, clearly exhausted from dealing with Lady Darcy too.

I went downstairs to watch Lady Darcy yell at the maids and Emma nonstop until her eyes landed on me.

"Everyone step aside, the real culprit is here," she grunted, walking toward me, grabbing my arm, and dragging me to the guest room. I could have freed myself easily, but even I wanted to talk to her alone.

"Hey," Jessica jumped out of bed when she saw Lady Darcy come into the room with me and close the door behind us.

"What did you do?" Lady Darcy yelled at me, not even giving me a minute to gather my thoughts.

"I did everything I could to bring Maximus home, that's what I did," I snapped at her, shrugging her hand off my arm.

"Don't talk to me like that. I'm not my foolish sons who cherish you. Tell me, what did you do? You were with Norman last night? What did you do?" she screamed, causing Jessica to jump between us.

Her words stuck in my mind. The way she asked about last night and linked it to me being in Norman's room seemed odd.

"Please don't yell at her. She's been up the whole night trying to fix this. The last thing she needs is someone yelling at her just because they don't know who else to blame," Jessica hissed back at Lady Darcy, whose eyebrows rose all the way to her hairline, showing amusement at Jessica's sudden change in attitude.

"Jessica, do you realize you're defending a woman who is stealing your boyfriend from you, right?" Lady Darcy changed her tone, using a nasty hiss to try to turn us against each other.

"That's not true. Helanie is my friend, and I trust her. You can kindly start looking for your son without causing trouble for others," Jessica said loudly and confidently.

"Oh really? That's funny. When I was coming here, I found our warriors around and even got to see Norman for a second. It didn't seem like Norman was the same man who was marrying you," Lady Darcy's words were delivered maniacally.

"What do you mean?" Jessica's quiet whisper was drowned out when I decided to jump in.

"You saw Norman? Was Kaye with him?" I asked curiously. I had been so worried about the brothers.

"Huh? No! He wasn't with him," she replied bitterly to me. "But let me answer Jessica's question."

She looked so evil smirking in a situation like this. She knew her sons were out there fighting, seeing each other as monsters. And now two of her sons were missing, and she still thought it was the perfect time to mock me?

"What's going on?" Jessica asked, slowly stepping aside so she could see my face as well.

"Ask your best friend if she is keeping her distance from your fiancé. Ask her if she's going to reject him this full moon," Lady Darcy made Jessica turn to look at me.

"She will reject him. She told me," Jessica didn't ask me but answered for me. I felt so suffocated standing among them.

But it had to be done. I had made a mistake. We should have told Jessica first before doing anything.

"Don't answer for her. Why don't you ask her and let her answer you?" Lady Darcy's voice grew even calmer as she watched me with amusement in her eyes.

"No, I won't confront her because of you—," Jessica yelled, and it made me feel like dying of guilt.

"It's true, Jessica," I said, and she turned to give her back to Lady Darcy and face me.

"It's true. We are not rejecting each other this full moon," I announced, watching tears start to fill her eyes.

"And that's because there's so much going on, right?" She had a weak smile on her lips as she asked me for a reason.

"No! That's because I've already marked him and we—we are in love," the moment I said that, Jessica stepped back and raised her hand.

She slapped me hard and then broke down. "What the fuck have you done, Helanie? He was the only one left with me. Why—"

She cried out, and when Darcy placed her hands on her shoulders, Jessica shrugged her off. She opened the door and passed out while Darcy stayed behind, faking concern.

"So you're the reason your sons are in so much pain today," as soon as I finished, the smirk ready to form on her lips to mock me faded away.

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

Chapter 586-His Possession

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Helanie:

"Norman is here," I heard someone yelling from outside, breaking the tense eye contact Darcy and I were sharing. Darcy rushed ahead of me—obviously trying to act like she cared. I'm not saying she didn't, but she was so cruel she forgot about her own sons while trying to put me down.

We both left the room to speak with Norman. I also needed to tell him about Jessica. Darcy reached him first while I slowed down and then stopped completely behind everyone.

"Where are Kaye and Maximus?" his mother asked after hugging him first. Her hands were on his chest, her fingers lightly wrapped over his jacket.

"I couldn't find them," Norman replied, not even looking down at her. His eyes hovered around until they landed on me. Then he gently removed his mother's hands from his chest and pushed everyone aside to come to me.

"Are you okay?" he asked, and everyone went quiet. I heard some whispers—some confused about why he cared about me when I was the one who had stayed home, safe and sound.

"I told her," I said, my hands clenched tightly in front of my stomach. He quickly held them to comfort me.

"I know. I saw her run out," he replied, his hand reaching for my cheek to touch it, but I winced in pain.

"Should we go after her?" I asked. His eyes stayed on my face like he was trying to read something there.

"No. I sent the warriors after her," Norman's tone had turned harsher as he kept pressing his thumb gently over something on my cheek. "Who did this?" he finally asked, sounding more upset.

"Did what?" I asked.

The maids and others began to walk away, but Darcy came right up to us and slapped his hand off my face.

Norman closed his eyes like he was trying to calm his anger before gently holding my face and turning it toward her.

"Did you do this?" he asked his mother, his tone firm.

"Oh, no! But someone else did, and it's not like Helanie didn't deserve it," Darcy hissed, a mocking smirk on her lips.

"Jessica hit you?" Norman asked, turning me toward him by holding my arms.

"It's okay. She was just angry," I said. As soon as my hands landed on his chest, his mother's eyes narrowed at me.

"It's not okay. How the heck did she think she could hurt you, Helanie? Why didn't you slap her right back?" he yelled, even shocking me.

"Norman, you're asking her to hit your childhood friend?" Darcy kept interfering, ruining the moment. Her constant talking was just making him more frustrated.

"A childhood friend is not more important than my wife. The fact that Jessica found out I marked Helanie—did it not occur to her that Helanie must mean a lot to me?" Norman was now yelling at his mother, whose jaw was hanging low.

"Norman, you're not saying—" she had to stop when Norman cut her off.

"That I love Helanie. And Jessica—she's not allowed near our mansion ever again. Tell her to get ready to have her royal beta status questioned," I didn't expect Norman to lose it like that.

"And I'm calling my warriors to return home. If you feel so sorry for her, go search for her," Norman added, saying it to his mother, whose eyes kept widening in shock.

"Norman—," I tried to get him to understand that Jessica was hurt, but he was such a stubborn man.

"I will not listen to you. She shouldn't have hurt you. She crossed the line, and I don't give a damn if she felt betrayed. She was forcing her friendship on you so she could use it like chains around your feet. She did this to herself. She knew from the beginning I didn't like her—I didn't want to marry her. So let's not talk about all that betrayal nonsense," Norman was yelling so loud, I started to get scared of him.

His face was red, the veins in his neck bulging, and his fists clenched.

"Calm down. Don't forget how much Jessica has done for us. You're taking it too far—like you were waiting for an excuse to push her away for this blonde," his mother hissed, giving me a look full of disgust from head to toe.

"Good. That's exactly what I wanted. Happy now? Because if you think I'm going to explain myself to her, you're wrong. I've been trapped with her for years. I had to pretend to be happy, and she knew it. But now that I'm happy—really happy—everyone around me is upset. Why is that? Why can't Norman be happy?"

The little crack in his voice made me hug his arm, and the tension in his body started to ease.

"Norman—" Lady Darcy started again, but Norman raised his hand to silence her.

"I'll be in my bedroom with my wife. I'll start research again, but in the meantime, the warriors are looking for Maximus," Norman said, trying to walk away when he added, "I got in touch with Kaye earlier. He told me he's doing fine and will keep searching for Maximus. If you really care about your sons, go check on Emmet."

Norman didn't even look at her as he let her know what a mess the brothers' lives had become. Then he held my hand and pulled me with him upstairs.

Once we were in his bedroom, he sat me on the bed to put medicine on my cheek.

"Norman, it didn't even hurt that bad," I sighed. He had been pressing his lips together tightly the whole time.

But suddenly, he lowered his head and sighed. "I'm so sorry. It's not even about the pain, Helanie. It's about disrespect. She had no right putting her hands on you. I don't want her around you again. She needs to learn to respect others. Ugh! I want to drag her here so you can slap her... I want it so badly."

He made me smile with how childishly he wanted to make things fair. But at the same time, I was smiling because the way he used to care for his brothers before—that's the same way he was now possessive about me.

And I liked it.

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

Chapter 587-The Painful Side Of Mate Bond

Chapter 587: 587-The Painful Side Of Mate Bond

Helanie:

"It was such a tiring day, Helanie. And to think my brothers are still out there, I feel like dying," Norman muttered, his face buried deeper into my chest while I sat on his lap, my legs spread and wrapped around his waist.

He was leaning back against the pillows on the headboard, finding comfort in my embrace—as he called it.

"Hmm, I missed these all day," he mumbled into my chest while I ran my fingers through his hair.

"Do you think Jessica will hate me?" I asked, worried for her.

"Helanie, it doesn't matter. I love you—that's what should matter to you," he said with his face so pressed against me that his words came out muffled.

"You matter the most to me, Norman. But Jessica is out there while Zharns are hyperactive. I'm so worried for her. We brought her here with responsibility, and now her father will ask us what we did to his daughter," I rambled while he hugged me even tighter.

"Then her father should've kept her with him. And Jessica should also remember that you brought her here to take care of her. She shouldn't have hit you, Helanie. Besides, don't worry about her—the warriors told me they found her sitting in a café. They'll take her back to her pack once she feels better," Norman said, and I sighed in relief.

"Helanie," he finally pulled back and smiled at me, "today was a hectic day. My world felt like it was burning. You have no idea how many times I've had nightmares of my brothers in pain. So for it to happen in real life... I was devastated. But the thought of coming back into your arms kept me going. Every time the sadness tried to take over, I remembered someone very special was waiting for me at home."

His fingers gently rubbed my back while his eyes stared deeply into mine.

"Did Emmet eat anything?" he asked, brushing my hair away from my face.

"Nope. From what I heard, he told the maids not to disturb him," I replied, taking a deep breath and letting it out.

It wasn't easy for my wolf to block out the brothers' pain. In fact, just a few minutes ago, I'd felt a sharp pain in my chest like I was having a heart attack. I didn't tell Norman because he was already so stressed. But now, I was slowly starting to feel another wave of pain.

"Helanie, tell me honestly," he started again, pulling me back from my thoughts.

"Tell you what?" I asked.

"You must be feeling their pain. How bad is it?" he asked, and I smiled, surprised at how easily he could read my mind.

"We seriously need to do something about these mate bonds," I said with a soft smile, trying to change the subject.

"Don't be too smart with me. I'm your professor—remember that. Now tell me, did you feel pain?" he playfully bit my collarbone while demanding I tell him the truth.

We knew we only had a few minutes together before we had to get up and go search for Maximus.

We just needed a short break.

"I felt like I was having a heart attack. I felt connected to Maximus on another level today," I admitted. I knew it was true because I kept having visions of him.

"Helanie, that's concerning," Norman suddenly put me down and cupped my face in his hands. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He looked so upset that I had kept my health issues from him.

"It's fine. It happens to mates. It's a reminder that we should have thought about the mate bond earlier. You know, Sally told me Maximus had been searching for his mate the whole time she was with him," I said softly, my heart breaking at the thought of Maximus suffering alone out there.

"It reminds me of the night when he felt the mate bond with you... and dragged you a little farther into the woods," Norman said, thinking back to the past.

"Anyway, we should get going. I'm coming with you," I insisted, not wanting to be left behind. If Emmet came too, it would be a huge help.

"Yeah, let's go. But you're not putting yourself at risk for anything. Let me handle it," Norman warned, taking my hand as he helped me out of bed.

Sometimes, I wondered how a man so big and angry could be so gentle. I loved how he acted with me, but I also felt bad for him. Now that I knew him more deeply, I realized how much pain he carried. That anger and frustration he always showed... it came from never having peace, not even in sleep.

My foot had barely touched the floor when the same pain hit me again.

But this time, I couldn't hide it.

Even when I tried to stand upright, tears welled up in my eyes from the way the pain surged through me—from my heart all the way down to my toes, making them curl in agony.

"Helanie?" Norman noticed right away, holding my hand as I stood frozen, waiting for the pain to pass.

"Owww—" I whimpered softly before the pain became unbearable. My eyes shot up to meet Norman's gaze.

I saw his eyes widen along with mine, both of us in shock at what I was feeling.

"Helanie, what's happening?" Norman asked, rushing to support me.

My body had gone stiff. I couldn't move my limbs, not even speak.

My eyes stayed open, blinking slowly, as tears streamed down my face.

I was in the kind of pain that made me wish I could just fall asleep and never wake up.

But sadly, I couldn't say a single word.

"Helanie, I'm going to get you help," Norman said urgently, stepping away from me. I heard him open a cabinet, then rush back to the bed in seconds.

The next thing I knew, he injected me with something—and whatever it was, it suddenly began to take the pain away.

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

Chapter 588-Mark My Mates

Chapter 588: 588-Mark My Mates

Helanie:

"Mmmhmmm!" I broke the kiss with Kaye and watched him close his eyes and succumb to sleep. On my left lay Norman, on his stomach, naked in bed. And then there was Emmet, sleeping on top of me, our naked bodies touching.

I was still tired and wanted to sleep some more, but there was something missing.

Someone missing.

"Where is Maximus?" I asked myself, raising my head and finding the red ribbon attached to him stretched far away.

I realized I was bound to everyone with a red ribbon.

Carefully, getting out from under Emmet, I made my way to the balcony, where the red ribbon led.

We'd had a wild night, it seemed.

"Maximus, what are you doing out here?" I asked Maximus, sitting beside him.

"I had a nightmare. I saw you cut the red ribbon between us," he said, sitting shirtless in the cold wind.

"Maximus, it's bound to happen. I will have to cut the ribbon. I can't be with all four of you," I gave him a smile, but the look on his face told me he wasn't very happy to hear it.

"And you think that's the right thing to do? To hurt three of us while choosing one?" Suddenly, he wasn't so calm anymore.

"Have you stopped loving the rest of us?" he asked, his eyes full of deep emotions.

"It doesn't matter. We have to end it someday," I repeated in an even calmer tone, but he seemed so upset that he got up and grabbed the ribbon.

"Then how about I show you what will happen when you reject one of us?" With that, he held the ribbon even tighter and then, in a split second, he tore it.

The minute our bond broke, I watched Maximus's eyes turn white.

And the next thing I knew, he was falling to the ground.

"Maximus—" I yelled, reaching him when I heard someone shout from inside.

"Something is happening to Norman! I can't hear his heartbeat!" Kaye yelled, making my heart sink in my chest.

"Noooo! Nooo! My mates—" I screamed, and that's when I woke myself up. I was breathing heavily, my eyes wide open and staring at Norman, who was leaning over me.

"Hey, hey! It's all okay," he said, checking my temperature while I struggled to breathe. He quickly sat me up and started rubbing my back.

"What happened to you? You were suddenly in so much pain, and I got so scared—" Norman murmured softly, checking on me, while I couldn't help but think about what had just happened.

"I had the weirdest dream," I whispered, and he stopped rubbing my back to sit in front of me.

"I saw red ribbons connecting me to all my mates," I started. Obviously, Norman was now my mate since we had marked each other.

"And—but then Maximus cut his and—chaos erupted. I watched Maximus die—"

Before I could finish, Norman placed his finger on my lips to silence me.

"Don't say that word."

I could see in his eyes how much just the thought of it affected him.

"And then I heard you—you had one missing heartbeat," I stopped talking and leaned on his chest, sobbing softly.

"Hey, it must've just been a nightmare."

The pain in his voice was proof that anything related to his brothers wasn't easy for him either.

"The thing is—I've had dreams like this before. Not many of them came true, but they still scare me so much," I sniffled on his chest.

"Helanie, I'll talk to someone about this nightmare, but trust me—we'll find Kaye and bring him home," Norman said while holding me close.

"I'm not even sure what's going on with Emmet," I added, turning my attention to him.

My love for him never faded. It was true.

The moments we spent together, the warmth of his hug—it was all still fresh in my memory.

"He isn't even eating—"

As I continued to talk, Norman let go of the hug and gently held my face in his hands.

"Do you want to take food to his room?"

It felt like my chest opened and Norman carved his name on my heart when he figured out what I had been too scared to ask.

"Yeah," I whispered softly.

How did he know?

"Then go make something for him. He won't listen to me right now, but he respects you a lot," Norman said with such kindness.

I was so shocked that he somehow knew exactly what I wanted to do.

"Thank you so much."

With that, I cupped his face in my hands and kissed his lips.

I noticed how his cheeks turned red, and it made me chuckle a little.

He was still my big, bad professor.

I walked out of the room to grab something for Emmet to eat when Charlotte stepped in my way. She looked like a mess. Her swollen eyes made me feel bad for her.

"Did they find Maximus?" she asked, her teary eyes scaring me.

"No, but after Emmet eats something, we'll go look for him," I told her.

"Helanie—I don't know if I should be telling you this, but I've been hearing some things..."

The way she rubbed her hands while looking around made me nervous.

"What is it?" I asked, watching her shift uncomfortably and glance around to make sure no one was listening.

"That you marked Norman? That tells me you two are serious about each other. So I feel really weird saying this—"

She bit her lip, making my anxiety worse.

"Tell me, Charlotte. Is it related to the problems we're having right now?"

Of course they'd heard about me marking Norman.

"It is. It's something I heard Lady Darcy say to my mother. She said... she's afraid this whole mess might lead to a solution she never wanted to happen," she whispered so low I could barely hear her.

"What solution?"

My heart was pounding loudly by then.

"That the only way the brothers can be saved now is by being marked by their mates."

As soon as she said that, I almost lost my balance.

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

Chapter 589-He Is Losing It

Chapter 589: 589-He Is Losing It

Helanie:

I let her words sink in for a while before I gathered courage to dissect her statement.

"Charlotte--what does she mean by that?" I asked, my voice shaking. I was not dumb to not know what she meant, but what would it do?

"You probably know by now that the brothers are cursed. Their pain will start accelerating with time. And how long can someone live a normal life in such extreme pain? There's a way to stop their pain from getting worse--if they find their fated mates

and get marked. They must be marked before they--" she stopped, rubbing her palms nervously.

"But I'm so worried now. What if Maximus killed his mate in the woods? That's why nobody came forward to tell the rogue brothers they saw a lycan in the woods and felt the mate bond with him," she rambled, rubbing her face with her hands anxiously.

"Umm, you heard her say that? She knows what could help her sons but she's not telling them?" I scoffed, angry and also unsure how true this really was. Could Darcy be wrong and only saying this because she didn't have another answer?

"I don't know. But Helanie, she's deeply involved in everything about her sons. I'm just really worried for Maximus, because what if it's too late now? What if Maximus can't even mark someone anymore? I've been losing sleep over this," she said, covering her face and breaking down again.

Even though we didn't start off well, now that she wasn't bothering me, her tears felt real. She did love Maximus a lot.

"It'll be okay. I won't let anything happen to Maximus," I told her. The way she stared at me in silence felt strange--like she was silently begging me to act quickly.

"I'll go check on Emmet." Giving her arm a small pat, I walked off to see him. The sooner he ate, the sooner we could go out and search for Maximus again. So far, there was no news from any packs about spotting a monster. That was a good sign.

"It's okay, I'll take that to him," I said to the maid, smiling as I took the food tray for Emmet. I knew he was upset with everyone--and maybe even with himself--after what had happened.

I hated how fast things were falling apart. It was terrifying. I didn't want any of them to suffer or argue, especially not because of me.

"May I ask something?" the maid said just as I was about to leave the kitchen. I stopped.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Did you ask Norman before going to Emmet's room? I don't mean to interfere, but Norman is a very possessive man. I watched him grow up, and I know he shares everything with his brothers--but you're different. You're special to him."

The old maid had never been known for causing trouble. She'd always looked after them with care, so I truly believed she meant well. And the fact that she noticed something between me, Emmet, and the others was a mystery in itself.

"Thank you for caring so much for the brothers. Actually, I did speak to Norman and he said he is fine with it," I gave her a reassuring smile before walking out of the kitchen with the tray in my hands.

I reached Emmet's room and knocked while balancing the tray in one hand.

"Yes?" he said, and I opened the door, revealing him sitting on the bed with his face in his hands.

He looked visibly distressed, like he had been running for miles before he sat down. But I knew that wasn't the case.

"Emmet!" As soon as I called out for him, he stopped rubbing his face and slowly--very creepily--raised his head from his hands.

Our eyes met, and that's when I realized he wasn't just stressed.

No.

He was more than just stressed. He was broken. I have never seen Emmet go through so many emotions in such a short time. He went from being silent to being in love and then being lost to being so angry. And then I remembered the way he had stared at all of us last night.

"You are not real," he hissed. "Get out!" he yelled, making me jump and almost drop the tray.

"Emmet, what is going on? Are you okay?" I asked with worry, stepping back when I noticed he got up almost aggressively.

"You think you can fool me?" he chuckled, getting closer. I had to keep walking backwards to stop him from getting too close. He looked hostile at that moment.

"Emmet, I'm not fooling you. I only came with food. I heard you haven't eaten," I said carefully, using a soft voice and gentle words. Something didn't feel right, and it broke my heart to see him like this.

There was one thing about Emmet that made him different than everyone else--

I had never been scared of him.

He was always my shield, even when no one else was.

"Really? Or did you come here to hurt me?" he screamed and hit the tray out of my hand, throwing it across the room and shattering the dishes.

"Emmet, why would I try to hurt you?" That cry escaped my lips just as he grabbed me by the arms and pushed me against the wall, his eyes red with rage and his breaths rough.

"You think you can come and kill me?" he hissed, shaking my body so hard I hit my elbow on the wall and grimaced in pain.

"What is going on with you? I would never hurt you!" I yelled, but he kept shaking me, making it hard for me to even look into his eyes anymore.

That's when I felt his nails dig deeper into my arms, and I knew I had to do something--I couldn't take the pain anymore.

"EMMET!"

It was only when I screamed that the look on his face started to change. First, he looked blank--no emotion at all.

Then, very slowly, I saw his expression change into shock... and then to realization.

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

Chapter 590-Ruined Me

Chapter 590: 590-Ruined Me

Emmet:

"Come on, Emmet, we can't just keep lying here," my wolf hissed, trying to wake me up to a world that had nothing left for me.

"Meret, let me rest. I don't want to hear another word from you," I warned him, folding my arm over my eyes and trying to shut everything out.

"Emmet?"

A gentle voice from outside my door made me move my arm as quickly as I could.

"Don't trust the voice," my wolf muttered.

"Helanie?"

I ignored my wolf and focused on the voice. It was really her. How I suddenly recognized her from just her voice was beyond me. I only focused on the fact that she was outside the door.

I got up and reached the door, answering it without delay or fear of her leaving if I didn't respond immediately.

And just like I thought, she was standing outside with a bright smile on her face and a food tray in her hands.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, watching her smile sweetly.

"I came to see you," she replied, walking into the room. I stepped aside to let her pass. She sat down on the bed and placed the tray to the side, smiling so warmly that I couldn't help but walk closer and sit beside her.

She suddenly turned around and held my face in her hands.

"Have you forgiven me for the mess earlier--" I began, but before I could explain which of the screw-ups I meant, she leaned in for a kiss. I quickly went quiet to let our lips meet. But before they could, I felt a sharp pain in my neck.

I opened my eyes in shock and saw her holding a dagger--she had stabbed me.

"I told you, do not trust this Helanie," my wolf shouted.

"I will not rest until I finish you," her voice began to change into a weird monster-like creature.

I jolted awake, sitting up in bed. I noticed someone in the bathroom.

"There's someone showering in my bathroom?" It didn't make any sense. I had been in my room the whole time. Usually, no one comes in like that, so someone using the bathroom was a big deal.

"Is anyone in there?" I called out, getting up from the bed and knocking on the door.

"Hey!" I knocked again, louder and clearer. The water stopped, and I took a step back from the door.

The door unlocked and slowly started to open, but only partway.

"Yes?"

Through the small gap, Helanie stepped into view. I could tell she was completely naked.

I quickly looked away and awkwardly cleared my throat. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were using my bathroom."

"It's alright. But I need your help. Why don't you come inside and help me shower?"

Her words made the hairs on my skin stand up. I looked up and saw her smiling at me.

"Do not trust this Helanie," my wolf muttered.

"Emmet, I know you are out there. Why won't you come inside and help me? Do you not care about me anymore?" it was Helanie's voice and she needed my help.

"She is Helanie. This one is real. The other one was just a nightmare," I replied, quickly taking her hand as she reached it out through the crack.

The moment she held my hand, she let out a howl and started peeling off my skin. Panic rushed through me, and I pushed her back, trying to get away--then I woke myself up.

"Ugh!" I hissed, tired of this back and forth. It had happened for the twentieth time in one night.

At this point, I didn't even know what was real and what wasn't.

Then I heard a knock on the door again.

"Yes?" I called out, not really believing it.

"Do not trust this Helanie," my wolf muttered, warning me to be careful.

I started walking toward the door, and when I opened it--just like before--it was Helanie holding a tray of food. But this time, I knew it wasn't Helanie. I wasn't going to let her trick me again.

So, I pushed the tray aside and pulled her inside, pinning her against the wall.

But then she said my name--and I realized it wasn't a nightmare this time.

Her mother rushed in, pushing me off her daughter and dragging Helanie away.

For a second, I couldn't understand what had just happened--or what the hell I'd done.

"You told me not to trust her!" I yelled at my wolf, quickly grabbing my shoes to run after them and explain that I didn't do anything on purpose. Or at least tell them why I messed up.

"Helanie!"

I left my room, running after them down the hall, but they were already at the main mansion.

Once I got to the living room, I saw everyone standing there, staring at me.

"What is going on?" my father stepped forward, questioning me.

There was Emma, her daughter, Helanie's mother, and my father. Helanie had probably already gone to her room.

"Nothing. It was just one big misunderstanding--" I tried to walk past my father, but he put his hand on my chest to stop me.

"You are disgusting for doing that," he hissed.

"He must have been drinking to act like that. He's always drunk--some drunk guy wandering around a house full of women," Emma said, her nose wrinkling, until her daughter shot her a glare to make her stop.

"I didn't do anything--and no, I wasn't drinking. I just--"

I rubbed my temples, unable to explain what was happening to me.

My wolf had lost it. I had lost it.

I was supposed to lose my memories, but hallucinations? That had never been a part of it. If it had, I would've ended myself a long time ago.

"I was there, and I saw it," Emma said. "He had pinned Helanie to the bed and was trying to--rape her. After everything she's been through, he tried to do that too."

Her words made my heart drop. Something so awful shook my whole existence.

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

Chapter 591-Not A Pervert

Chapter 591: 591-Not A Pervert

Helanie:

"I'm fine. It was nothing," I told Norman when he saw me come into the bedroom, panting and scared.

I wasn't scared of Emmet--I was scared of what was happening to him. Even with so much going on, I noticed a few things.

His words, "You are not real," made me confused.

He was having a hard time not only recognizing me but also thinking I was someone else? Why would he say that?

That's why I rushed back to my room, avoiding Emma and my mother who was following me, asking what had happened.

"Helanie, please tell me what happened," Norman insisted, holding my hands.

"It wasn't a big deal, trust me," I gave him a reassuring look, but deep down, I was so sad for Emmet.

I planned to go back with Norman to check on him again after he calmed down. But then, I heard screams from downstairs that made Norman and me share a look of horror before rushing down.

"What could it be about?" I asked Norman as we ran.

"Hopefully Maximus is back," Norman suggested, and I hoped that too. But it wasn't.

We were way off in guessing. When we got downstairs, we saw guards holding Emmet while my mother had lost her mind.

"You scumbag!" she was screaming, held back by Lord McQuoid.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Norman lost it. He stepped between them and told the guards to step away from Emmet. Emmet wasn't even trying to fight back, but they were treating him like a criminal.

"Ask your pervert brother. I arrived in time but I did not know he had done something prior to my arrival. Ask him, why the fuck did he drag my daughter to his bed?" my mother yelled. My heart sank. What the heck was my mother talking about?

"I did not. I would never. I thought she was a creature--," Emmet said it in such an undertone that nobody else heard it. But I did. He looked so embarrassed when being called a pervert and I was angry at my mother.

"What?" Before Norman could react, I did. Everyone's eyes turned to me, and Emmet looked so hurt that he didn't even look at me.

"Enough! I won't hear you say anything about my brother," Norman shouted at my mother, and rightly so. It was messed up that they were accusing Emmet of such nonsense without any proof.

"Who told you that?" I asked my mother. Her angry face confused me. Was she using this as an excuse to show her hatred for the brothers too?

If she could hate her own daughter, she could hate her mate's sons as well.

"Emma did. She saw it," my mother said, looking at Emma. Suddenly, it all made sense. Since I hadn't told her exactly what happened, she made up her own story.

"That's a lie. That never happened," I yelled as Norman stared at me, waiting to hear my side.

"I didn't lie--it was something Helanie told me before she ran upstairs," Emma said, pointing at me.

Charlotte sighed and lowered her head, embarrassed by her mother's behavior.

"What a bitch! When did I tell you that? Nothing like that happened in there!" I was so ready to hit that woman for lying.

"But something did happen. You screamed and came out, and you were the one who told me he tried to rape you once your mother was left far behind," Emma kept yapping, confusing everyone.

I watched Norman stare at my face before turning to Emmet, who was now looking at me. He looked so hurt.

"Emmet--I swear I didn't say that. She's lying," I pointed at Emma again, but Emmet closed his eyes and covered his ears with his hands.

"Helanie is right--she didn't lie--she can't. I did try to attack her, but not to rape her. I was just--taken off guard when she arrived," Emmet said quietly, not looking up or lowering his hands.

"Emmet, you attacked Helanie? But why?" Norman's fist clenched, but he kept his tone calm.

"I don't know--I didn't think she was real," Emmet mumbled, shaking his head repeatedly.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

He turned his face toward me, looking so hurt he didn't continue.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Emma! Why would you lie about my son?" Lord McQuoid now turned to Emma. It was a total mess.

"I didn't. It was Helanie--she told me he dragged her to his bed and all," she kept lying, making me clench my jaw.

"Norman--Emmet--"

But someone's arrival changed the subject. A warrior came in, panting and sweating heavily.

"What is it?" Norman asked urgently.

But when he noticed Emmet slipping away silently, Norman held out his hand to stop his brother.

I felt so guilty, even though I wasn't the one accusing him.

And I was right.

Emmet had said he couldn't tell if I was real.

"Kaye found the lycan. He told me to inform you all," the warrior said, and my heart started pounding harder.

We shared a glance, and I stepped forward to hold Norman's hand.

"Let's go."

I reached out my hand for Emmet to hold. I had a bad feeling this incident would push him away even more if nothing was done soon. I didn't want to ignore Emmet anymore.

He stared at my hand, then shakily reached out, but seemed to hesitate and almost pulled back. I closed the distance and held his hand firmly.

"I'm not afraid of you. You didn't hurt me, and I know you'll never hurt me," I said.

Those words made the frown on his forehead start to fade.

That's what I wanted--

I wanted him to know we weren't judging him.

As for Emma, that woman really screwed us over in seconds.

But I didn't realize Norman had noticed something. As soon as we left the mansion, he said it to me.

"And you didn't tell me he attacked you."

"I didn't want to ambush him with questions for no reason. It wasn't an attack--it seemed like self-defense, like he was scared of me," I explained.

Norman just nodded slowly without a word being said.

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

Chapter 592-War Between The Brothers

Chapter 592: 592-War Between The Brothers

Helanie:

We had arrived at the deeper parts of the forest where many other creatures had been caught previously. The sight was frightening. It wasn't just Kaye and Maximus, but a pile of Zharns that Maximus had killed and eaten.

"What the heck," I muttered. The smell in the area was terrible too. Maximus must have come here to stack them up.

"Maximus," as soon as I said his name, he snarled and turned to me. Kaye had been keeping him in place until we arrived. Kaye looked very low on energy too, but his eyes showed he wasn't going to leave without his brother.

"What do we do?" I asked Norman, who was watching his brothers with teary eyes.

It made me feel really bad for him.

"We have to take him home somehow," Emmet suggested, but I noticed Kaye swallow hard, like he wanted to say something.

"Are you sure he'll be fine there? I mean—" Kaye stopped talking when I began to speak.

"He meant lycans among werewolves can be dangerous. What if Maximus attacks others?" I watched Emmet smile to himself.

"This is not what Kaye meant. He meant if Maximus would be safer there... because who knows, I might lose my mind and try to kill him again." Emmet kept that sad smile on his lips while watching us. "It's alright though. You all don't have to pretend it's not happening. I tried attacking Helanie today—tomorrow it could be someone else. Maybe I should be locked up too, alongside Maximus." Emmet didn't even hesitate when suggesting that.

"Wait a minute, you attacked Helanie?" Kaye clenched his fists so hard his knuckles turned red.

"Kaye, she's fine. She can take care of herself, and if there's anyone who'll stand up for her, it's me. You need to stop acting like that with your brother for her," Norman shocked us when he yelled.

Maximus tried to use that moment to run past Kaye, grabbing our attention, but Norman and Emmet joined Kaye in getting their hands on Maximus and pinning him down. I had carried a bag of weapons but mostly sedatives.

"Why are you telling me this?" Kaye yelled at Norman, struggling on the ground with his brothers while trying to stop Maximus from moving too much. I quickly filled the needle with the wolfbane and silver powder and hoped it would work on Maximus.

"What is going on?" Kaye shouted at us while I reached Norman and gave him the needle. He began injecting Maximus, while Kaye reached out to his collar and then gasped.

"She marked you," as soon as Kaye said that, Emmet turned to look at the mark too.

"Holy fuck! no," Kaye suddenly let go of Maximus and got to his feet, shaking his head angrily.

"I can't believe this. So you two played us all? The whole act of 'oh, we married to save Helanie' was a lie?" Kaye shocked me with his reaction.

"It was the truth. We were seriously—keeping our feelings," I started to speak when Kaye snapped at me.

"When? When were you hiding your feelings? When you were with Emmet? F*cking hell, Helanie. First me, then you jumped to Maximus, and then to Emmet... I understand we were all your mates, so it was bound to happen. I can't even be mad about that. But Norman—he's not even your mate. How the hell did you even think about it, and not once did you think to discuss it with your mates? You looked at us with so much disgust when we brought in other women, but you accepted our brother without hesitation. You didn't just take our mate bonds for granted—you stole our brother from us," Kaye was screaming and yelling so hard that his veins started to pop out. At that moment, I kept my eyes on the tattoo on his neck. It looked like it was breathing on its own.

"Back off," Norman jumped between us and placed his hands on his brother's shoulders.

"She didn't steal me from you. I'm still your brother," Norman tried to make him understand, but Kaye slapped his hand away. Emmet got up from the ground and lowered his head. I could tell he was deep in thought.

"It's funny, brother—it's funny you think I was talking about you leaving us. Let me tell you something: you lost us. I will never accept you as my brother after what you did to me," he pointed a finger at his own chest and then at Maximus. "This is all because of you. And him too," he then pointed at Emmet.

"All this time, poor Emmet was feeling guilty, thinking he couldn't make it in time. Maybe you didn't try hard enough to reach him that night. You happily accepted Helanie—not even once did you talk to us. All you had to do was sit down with her mates and say, 'Hey, how about you all get rejected first before she marks me?'"

Kaye was breathing so loudly I could hear a hissing sound coming from his mouth.

"Fine, I'm a scumbag. I couldn't be with her, and I chose Kesha because Helanie literally told me she couldn't be with me. But what about Maximus? He didn't do anything wrong. He went against our mother for her, and she just threw him away. And then—Emmet—that motherfucker was always there for her. Even when he was losing his memory, he did everything for her. She couldn't reject you to accept him on the first full moon? She moved on so quickly from her mates to you, but Emmet forgetting her was unforgivable? Wow."

I guess what nobody else could say, Kaye did.

And he was right.

I felt so disgusted at that moment. Almost like I had played them all.

"Just because I love you Kaye doesn't mean I'll let you disrespect my wife. She means a lot to me, so I suggest you stop this narrative right here," Norman said steadily, placing his hand on Kaye's neck but fixing his collar in a threatening way.

'We started all this,' Cora said quietly, and I agreed with her.

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

Chapter 593-Divided We Fall

Chapter 593: 593-Divided We Fall

Helanie:

"Norman, please," I whispered from behind him, breaking their attention from each other. I felt so guilty that I wanted to run far away from all of them.

"Amazing. Threatening your brother—the one you claimed to love. Is it too much to ask you to at least let us know?" Kaye slapped his hand away again. "Fine, we'll never speak of you or your mate again." Kaye's eyes shifted to me, and he hissed, making a decision that would hurt his brother.

"But let me tell you a secret—we will not reject her either. Let us all play with fire," Kaye finished, shocking me with how angry he was.

"Helanie," Norman reached back and took my hand to show Kaye that none of these things about me bothered him and that he stood by the decision that he could love his brothers and me at the same time, "let's go take Maximus home."

He said it to Kaye, but the minute we took a step toward Maximus, Kaye stepped in our way.

"No! You two will stay away from my brother. Emmet and I will take care of him. You two should go home, plan your honeymoon or whatever crap you want to do behind our backs," Kaye yelled, using his finger to gesture for us to move away.

"We can do it, Emmet? Right?" Kaye didn't turn to Emmet but waited for his response.

In a calm and casual way, Emmet stepped toward Kaye and then bent down to pick up Maximus from the ground and put him on his back. It was his way of showing he was siding with Kaye.

"But he is my brother too," I felt Norman's body shake as he asked Kaye to let him carry Maximus. The lycan was heavy, so they would need to take turns carrying him, and Norman wanted to be part of it.

"We were just your subjects of interest. Broken brothers you wanted to fix, and in return, you took a heavy price from us," Kaye hissed, his eyes landing on me once again before he turned to walk away with Emmet.

"Norman, are you okay?" I felt so guilty that even speaking a word was hard for me at that moment.

"Did you hear him? How could he do this to me? How could they—I cared for them for years, Helanie. I would have told them everything, but it all happened so fast. And you

guys were all broken up," he started explaining himself to me, and it brought tears to my eyes.

I never thought Norman would be so devastated.

"All my life, I've put them above myself, and I don't regret it, but they—they won't even let me see Maximus anymore. He is my brother—they are my baby brothers—I'm not selfish," as his voice broke, I got to see a side of him I don't ever want to see again. I want Norman to shine like the arrogant one—that suits him.

This one was too broken and it broke me.

He kept rubbing his chest constantly, and it was scary. I kept thinking about the nightmare I had earlier.

"I love them a lot," he whispered.

I was confused and guilty for breaking these brothers apart. If I hadn't jumped from one brother to the other, none of this would have happened. Kaye was right.

I was a whore.

I put a wedge between them. It was okay as long as it was my fated mates, but Norman—he wasn't my fated mate. And I couldn't control myself around him either.

"Maybe we should have just—not done it. I hate that I'm the reason your brothers are doing this to you," but the minute those words left my lips, the tension in Norman's body stopped. He stopped moving around and turned to me.

"Helanie, don't ever say that," his voice was firm this time. "How could you regret giving me the most comfort and amazing moments of my life? Don't ever look at us and feel guilty. I love you—and it hurts to say, but I love you a little more than my brothers." He tilted his head and a big tear rolled down his cheek.

Before he could wipe it away, I rushed toward him and started rubbing my hand all over his face.

"I don't regret it either. I just wish I had done it in a better way. It wasn't your fault, it was mine. I just don't understand why fate brought us together if we're not even fated mates. How could I have fallen for you when I have a mate bond with others?" I whispered, feeling so lost in that moment.

We stayed like that for a while before we held hands and walked behind the brothers. We stayed at a distance because getting closer wasn't an option anymore. Kaye and Emmet kept switching Maximus from one shoulder to the other.

"Yeah, make sure the mansion is empty for a few hours," I heard Norman speaking on the phone. He had already arranged a place for Maximus in the basement.

"Sure, soundproof it and do the other necessary changes I sent you," I had to step in and make the arrangements. Kaye was emotional, but he hadn't thought about where he would keep Maximus. For that, Norman had to step in and silently prepare everything.

After we arrived at the mansion, just like Norman had told his warriors, the household members had been settled at the hostel for the day.

"Where is everyone?" Right at the door, Kaye started to remember he couldn't just bring Maximus in like that.

"I took care of them," Norman replied as he walked past him and got inside before him. Norman didn't turn around, but I saw the look of guilt on Kaye's face before he looked at me—and that guilt washed away.

However, not everyone had left. There was someone who had refused to go.

"What did you do to my son?" Lady Darcy had been sitting and waiting for our arrival, and the minute we stepped in, she started screaming at me.

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

Chapter 594-I Am Their Mate

Chapter 594: 594-I Am Their Mate

Helanie:

As soon as Lady Darcy started coming at me, Emmet raised his hand to stop hers from hitting me. He did it without looking up from the ground.

"We don't assault anyone here," he hissed at her, pushing her back and then fixing his coat. He didn't even look at her and walked between us, with Kaye carrying Maximus on his back.

"My son," she started breaking down at the sight of Maximus.

"Helanie, don't just stand there and wait for her to throw a tantrum at you. You are not responsible for this, so you shouldn't be shouted at," Norman's yelling brought her attention back to us. She was trying to walk after Kaye, but Emmet shook his head and spread his arms out to stop her.

"This girl did this, do you not see it?" She didn't yell this time but used a softer tone to accuse me.

"We don't have time for this. Maximus could be waking up any moment. We need to get him ready for his awakening," Emmet said under his breath, checking his pockets for his small alcohol bottle.

"Norman and Helanie, why don't you two help us?" he asked, not even looking at us. He was so out of it that, while his words made sense, his body language didn't match at all.

And the fact that he asked us to join made us realize he had only agreed with Kaye earlier to stop the argument and quickly get Maximus home.

I left Darcy behind, who was fuming, and followed Emmet and Norman into the basement. Unbeknownst to me, Darcy was sneakily walking right behind me.

Once we were in the basement, my heart skipped a beat at the sight of the cage and chains. Norman and Emmet got inside the cage to help Kaye chain up Maximus. While they were doing that, Darcy stepped forward to stand right beside me and get my attention.

"Only you can help him with the pain," she whispered, making me give her a side-eye. I didn't trust this woman.

"My sons are cursed. They have been. All my life I prayed either they wouldn't find their mates, or if they did, their mates would be brave enough to help them with their curses. Sadly, they didn't find their mates before this disaster happened—when you marked my son. You see, Norman was the strongest of the brothers. He was meant to carry their pain for them. That's why he wasn't supposed to have a mate. But then you marked him, and my sons' curse got worse," she said.

I turned to her because I noticed some holes in her story.

"So you mean to say, it's because Norman was marked that now the others must find their mates, or else they'll be in pain?" I asked, and she didn't waste a second before nodding.

However, I started chuckling a bit—not because I found the situation funny, but because how could she look me in the eye and lie like that?

"Then why were you getting him married and marked to Jessica?" I tilted my head, folded my arms over my chest, and asked her politely.

Her face hardened, her eyebrows pulling together as she bobbed her head in small movements.

"You think you're so smart, Helanie? But even powerful people like you have their dumb moments. Did you ever wonder why everything started when you marked my son?" she stepped closer to face me, pressing her hand to her chest when she called Norman her son, this time with more force and confidence.

"Any random mate marking Norman wasn't supposed to hurt the others. Only his fated mate could cause that. Now think about what I'm saying," she tilted her head, her eyes staring straight through mine.

"What are you suggesting? Are you saying... I might be Norman's fated mate?" I asked, gasping, my head snapping toward Norman, who was still trying to chain up Maximus. But Maximus was moving a lot, even in his unconscious state, so the brothers were struggling.

"You are his fated mate. But there's nothing to celebrate, because you're the reason the others are in pain. Maximus turned into a lycan after you marked Norman. They're connected, Helanie. They're tied together. Your marking sped up Maximus's pain. And now my son is in this state." Her voice cracked a little before she closed her eyes and forced herself to stay serious.

"Is there nothing we can do to help him?" I asked Lady Darcy, my eyes silently begging her to give us anything that might help.

"He'll fully turn into a lycan—forever. The human part—our Maximus—will be gone for good after a few months," she gave me the worst part first, then added, "but there is a way. I told you already. His fated mate marking him is the only way. But how will we find her? He felt the mate bond with her in the woods once, and then she disappeared. We don't even know if he ate her and doesn't remember," she shrugged. "So thank you for marking Norman. You've ruined my sons." She gave me a fake smile full of sarcasm.

But little did she know, she was standing in front of all her sons' mate.

"Even if we find his mate now, how will they mark each other? He doesn't even understand what marking means," my voice came out quietly, because I was honestly ready to do anything to help Maximus get out of this pain.

"There are ways it could be done. But it's also true my sons will have to figure that out themselves—and I'm sure they will. The real problem is, there's just too much going on, and we can't focus on one thing. I've asked my warriors to look around for anyone who ever claimed they saw a lycan or felt something around him, but it's like finding a needle

in a haystack," she turned away from me, clearly tired and frustrated she couldn't help her son.

I must tell the brothers, so they can move on to the next step and start looking for real answers.

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

Chapter 595-One Night Of Passion

Chapter 595: 595-One Night Of Passion

Helanie:

"He'll be fine. He's just a little weak, but we're getting blood for him to drink. Emmet and I are planning to start working on a way to help Maximus. In the meantime, Kaye is searching the woods and forests to find any trace of a witch," Norman said, changing into a white shirt and white shorts for the night.

"You must be wondering why we've turned to a witch. Luckily for us, we're not living in packs, so the rules about not talking to witches don't apply to us," Norman continued, then turned around and looked at me. I heard everything he said. But it was also true that I was so baffled in my mind that I could not respond to him correctly.

I had been watching his face in silence ever since we returned from the basement. Maximus was still asleep, so everything was calm.

Things might get messy in the morning when the housemates return, but Emmet had placed warriors all around the basement area so nobody could sneak in.

And of course, Emma still had to be dealt with too.

"Helanie. Don't let whatever my mother said get to you," he sighed, walking over and kneeling in front of me.

He held my hands and kissed the backs of them.

"How do you know we talked?" I asked.

"I had one eye on my wife to make sure her mother-in-law wasn't shouting at her again," he said jokingly, laying his head in my lap.

"Do you know what she told me?" I said softly, and he raised his head again just to give me a comforting look.

"Don't believe whatever she said—" he was trying to reassure me without even asking first what she had said, but I cut him off.

"She said we're fated mates," I placed my hand under his cheek and whispered. That made him stare at my face in silence at first, before reacting.

"What? She said that?" he asked, amusement showing clearly on his face.

"Yeah. She said that might be the only reason your brothers are in pain," I told him the whole conversation, and he drifted into thought.

"Helanie—if that's true, I'd be the happiest man alive—"

Sadly, his joy lasted only a few seconds before reality hit, and his smile slowly faded.

"That means your brothers will be in even more pain now because of the marking," I said, watching him clench his jaw and lower his head.

"So I'm the problem?" he said, laughing bitterly with tears in his eyes.

"I can't even enjoy finding my fated mate now?" he added, though it sounded more like a statement than a question.

I wasn't used to seeing Norman in tears. It broke something deep inside me every time he even had a mist of tears in his eyes.

"Norman, we will find a way to get your brothers help. I will be there with you," I reassured him, cupping his face in my hands. I watched his eyes stare at my face with so much love. Then his eyes dropped to my lips, and he tilted his head, leaning in to plant an affectionate kiss on them.

My hands held his head, my fingers tangled in his hair as I swallowed his tongue. My body felt excited the minute he got up and I wrapped my arms around his waist. His crotch came in contact with mine and my body began to shudder.

I moved beneath him as he came on top of me, kissing me passionately. Without breaking the hug, his hand slipped between our bodies to open his shorts.

His hard cock came out like a soldier, ready to invade my territory. In a quick motion, he tore apart my panties and threw them away, still not breaking the kiss.

His mouth moved all over mine, sucking my lips and then my tongue while he rubbed the head of his cock against my pussy. I was hungry for his love.

Every inch of my body was craving this sex more than ever before. His first thrust inside me made my tongue dive into his mouth. He would suck it so deep that I would forget if my tongue belonged to me or him.

"Mmmmm," I moaned into his mouth as his dick slid in and out of me. He wasn't trying to be aggressive this time, just gentle, steady pushes while never breaking the kiss.

With the heat building inside us, we fucked for hours. Norman never got tired. Of course he never did. He would barely sleep, so once he started, he kept getting hard again every time he finished inside me.

"Aghhh!" I screamed with my face against the pillow as he penetrated me from behind. His hands grabbed my ass cheeks, massaging them and pulling them apart as he drilled inside me.

"Ah, ah!" I moaned louder as he picked up speed with each thrust. After hours of nonstop sex, he finally laid on top of me and released in me again.

This time, I felt the heavy load in my pussy and my eyes rolled back for a few seconds. Ever since we started having sex, whenever we were alone, we would do it.

My body craved him so much. The way his heavy body lay on top of mine, and the way he kissed all over the back of my neck—it was a treat.

He made me giggle as he trailed kisses across my back and neck. After we played around for a few minutes, we dozed off in each other's arms. I woke up around 3 a.m. to check on Norman, and to my surprise, he was actually deep in sleep. He had told me a few times already that ever since he began cuddling with me, he slept like a baby.

And I was happy that he was happier with me. But our happy moments were about to be challenged by my mates very soon.

I wish I had known that that night—and lived it to my fullest.

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

Chapter 596-The Cunning Bitch

Chapter 596: 596-The Cunning Bitch

Helanie:

"What is going on?" Emma was the first one to ask, shamelessly forgetting the fact that she had done something extremely terrible the other day.

We had been gathered in the living room ever since the family returned. Nobody had said a word. Actually, Norman and Lord McQuoid had talked before the rest of the family arrived.

"There has been some work going on in the basement. We are preparing weapons and poisons there, so it is advised that nobody goes downstairs until further notice," Lord McQuoid took the hold of the situation to make the announcement.

But I could tell my mother already knew about Maximus being down there. Even Charlotte must have known. I was just confused whether Emma was aware of Maximus's condition or not.

I knew that Charlotte used to wander around the mansion all these years—since she was a part of the family—and during one of her such investigations on a faithful night, she had found out that Maximus is a lycan.

The maids nodded in agreement, along with the other helpers, and walked away. But now that it was just the family members, Norman started walking toward Emmet, who nowadays only stood in the corner.

"An incident happened the other day that left me deeply bothered," Norman leaned back against the table with his hands in his pockets, his broad shoulders giving him the look of a giant.

Everyone exchanged confused glances, trying to remember which incident he was referring to—since a lot had been happening lately.

"You accused my brother of a lie. Let's talk about that," Norman's eyes narrowed at Emma, who instantly began looking around in confusion.

"I didn't accuse—" she tried to explain but I raised my palm to hush her.

"I was there, and I know what happened. My mother arrived and saw that I wasn't in bed with Emmet at all. But you claimed that I told you he had attacked me," I began, and noticed Emmet only raising his eyes to look at me while keeping his head down.

"You said it," Emma repeated herself.

"Well then, in that case, we have no choice left but to look at it with witnesses. Ursula, you were right beside your daughter—maybe a few feet away or behind—but you must have heard something. There is no way Helanie told Emma such a story in the few

seconds it took you to walk from the passage to the living room, and you didn't hear it. So tell me—what did you hear?" Norman asked my mother, who was probably not expecting to be called out.

She straightened her spine, but her eyes remained on Emma. I watched Emma grow more confident. They had been friends forever, and my mother had made it painfully clear that she would always pick her over me.

As Emma's chest swelled with confidence, my mother responded, "I did not hear Helanie make such a claim. In fact, Helanie told us that Emmet didn't hurt her—and that we should not make a deal out of a simple argument."

My jaw was hanging so low that one could see my tonsils if they tried.

Everyone exchanged glances before their angry gazes landed on Emma, who had been watching my mother's face in shock.

"Ursula," she uttered, almost as if upset that my mother didn't lie.

"I will not let anyone lie in my home and ruining the peace. I am so sorry, Emmet, for yelling at you. Her words got to me in the moment and I failed to act properly," my mother said, taking a deep breath. But when her eyes landed on me, I watched a strange longing there.

I didn't get why she suddenly felt emotional for me. It was like I had been noticing it here and there, but I didn't believe her.

"I think I heard her—" Now that Emma was being called out for a lie, she changed her statement again.

"It is very shameful that you accused my son of such a thing. Do you not know how sensitive that topic is around here? Helanie had suffered real abuse, and you thought you could lie like that?" Lord McQuoid finally took a step forward, yelling at her and putting her in her place. She had been saying so much weird stuff, and nobody calling her out had me in shock.

"I think I heard it wrong. Oh my Goddess, I feel so terrible, and now everyone thinks I am such a bad person," she began to dramatically sigh and cry. Even her own daughter looked so done with her.

Charlotte stood beside her with her arms folded over her chest.

"Maybe apologize to Emmet, then?" Norman hissed, and Emma raised her head, bobbing it repeatedly.

"Of course. Emmet—you are like a son to me. Please forgive me," she tried to reach him, but Kaye stretched his arm out to stop her.

"Are they going to live with us for the rest of their lives? I mean, get them a new place or something?" Kaye shocked everyone with his blunt approach toward Emma and Charlotte. Charlotte, who had been silent this whole time, moved for the first time. She looked worried and made eye contact with me, almost like asking for help.

"That'll be too harsh a punishment, don't you think? Rogues don't have homes. They live in the woods unless it is this mansion. You want us to move out and live in some cabin or house far away from you guys so that the Zharns could get to us?" Emma was now yapping quickly, fearing they'd be thrown out of the mansion.

"There will be no need to kick anyone out of the mansion. She apologized, and I accepted her apology. I don't want anyone talking about this matter again," Emmet spoke up in his commanding, loud voice, causing everyone to fall silent and listen.

Emma smiled with tears in her eyes. "He is such a nice man. And I am such a horrible woman to think so wrong about him." She broke down again, but this time, nobody came forward to comfort her. We all started to leave for our rooms; even Charlotte left before her.

Norman held my hand and made me walk behind him to our bedroom, leaving Emma alone in the living room.

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

Chapter 597-I Must Mark Them All

Chapter 597: 597-I Must Mark Them All

Helanie:

I have not been able to sleep this whole time. After Norman and I made out, he had gone to work on finding a solution with Emmet. He was probably in Emmet's room, and that made me feel even lonelier.

"Hey!" I said, carefully walking up to the cage. He was badly wounded from his time out with the Zharns.

He snarled, not raising his head from the ground.

"Maximus!" I said his name. He got up and lunged at me. I didn't back down even when he was trying to reach out with his claws through the bars.

"You want to claw me?" I asked in a softer, lighter tone. I reached out to his hand but only brushed the tip of our fingers, and he suddenly backed down.

He stared at my hand and then lifted his head. I swear I wasn't seeing things, but I spotted tears in his eyes.

"Maximus! It's me, Helanie!" I reached the bar so close this time, not even fearing that he might attack me. I knew he would never harm me.

He kept staring at his hand before he strolled closer again, this time reaching with his finger and my balled fingers against the bar. I was staring at his finger as he touched me and then let out a little whimper.

"We are looking for a way to bring you back," I said, placing my hand on his claw. The way he even snarled under his breath as if he was shocked at the sensation of touch broke my heart.

To others, he might be a monster, but to me, he was my mate.

"He needs us," Cora uttered.

I took a deep breath, rolled up my sleeve, and pushed my hand inside.

"You can drink my blood," I offered, and he instantly clawed his hand to my arm. I winced but forced a smile. Tears sprung down my eyes when I watched him lick my arm.

His touch never scared me for some reason.

"It's okay, you can drink a little," I sniffled, even though I was told once he starts drinking, he is unable to keep control and does not know when to stop.

He licked my hand and then opened his mouth wide before he pulled away again.

"What happened?" I asked as I watched him walk away and sit on the ground looking like a gorilla. He looked so adorable for being such a monster in shape.

He turned his back to me, refusing to hurt me.

"You can't even hurt me," I uttered, "and I am here unable to do anything for you." It was a wide awakening. That was it. I would get him help.

"Helanie!" however, Norman suddenly arrived and pulled me back from the cage, worried his brother might have attacked me or might attack me.

"It's fine. He didn't do anything," I told Norman and then my eyes moved behind to Emmet. He was in his oversized coat and pants, his hands in his pockets even at nighttime.

"Did you two find something?" I asked, watching their faces one by one.

"I will go rest now," Emmet said, excusing himself without answering me. Once he was gone, Norman and I sat down on the ground because we didn't want to leave Maximus alone. He didn't turn around this whole time.

"Your mother said something else to me about the mate bonds and—how Maximus could be saved," I started, realizing I should have told him that way earlier.

"Really? She knows and isn't telling us?" Norman frowned.

"Norman, I want you guys to be honest with me now. I want to know what's going on. Why do you have four heartbeats? Why is Maximus a lycan? Why is Emmet losing his memory? What is this curse and why is it affecting your brothers?" I asked, unable to just sit and watch them hide it from me. If they expected me to believe they have accepted me as part of their family and that they trust me, they must tell me the truth about their past and their curses.

"Helanie—" Norman took a deep breath before starting, "We are cursed because we were born against the will of the moon goddess. She didn't want our mother to have children, but here we are. So we were cursed for an eternity of pain and misery."

I was so shocked when I heard that. Just a few days ago I had started to feel a little better towards the moon goddess, only for my rage to come back.

"Why would she do that?" I asked angrily.

"I'm not sure. My mother knows the whole truth and never tells us. For all I know, we brothers are cursed, and with time—our curses will consume us," he looked so broken when mentioning that part.

I was scared for it to ever happen. I had fallen deeply in love with my husband and had feelings for my mates; I wouldn't be able to watch them fade away.

"We will never let that happen," I held his hand almost like I was scared if I didn't, I would lose him.

"I didn't know my mother knew the solution to Maximus's pain. For all I knew, I would never have a mate, and if I did, I must not get accepted and marked by her. But now

that Maximus is in pain after our marking—even I wonder—," he uttered, the tip of his finger roaming around the back of my hand.

"The only way to save the brothers from the pain is for them to be accepted and marked by their fated mate. In our case, it will be me," I didn't hold back and told him the entirety of the truth.

I watched his eyes widen, and his body leaned back, creating a distance between us.

"What if it is true? It started with me marking you—what if it ends with me marking them all?" I asked, even having goosebumps on my skin just by mentioning it.

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

Chapter 598-Forever Toxic

Chapter 598: 598-Forever Toxic

Charlotte:

"Stop crying now," I rolled my eyes at my mother, who had been sitting on my bed and tearing up ever since she walked into my room.

"Mom, just calm down. So what if you apologized? You were wrong too for accusing Emmet. Just tell me something —did you really think Helanie said Emmet was assaulting her?" I asked, because I didn't get to speak to my mother about the whole mess that she became a part of.

She sniffled and cleaned her nose, her hands rubbed together in her lap, and I knew instantly she had lied.

"That was a wrong move," I said, finishing up my makeup, more specifically, finishing up my eye makeup to hide the swollen eyes and the bags under them.

I haven't been able to rest ever since Maximus transitioned. I know he's in the basement, and my heart ached that they weren't letting me walk downstairs to see him.

However, even if I couldn't see him, I would give him my blood to help him somehow. I've told Norman to let me know when to do that. Since Maximus was now in his beastly

transition, he wouldn't be drinking directly from someone. So we'll have to give him blood in a bowl or something.

"Mother, calm down," I sat down with her and rested my head on her shoulder.

"How could I? You are also Team Helanie now. All you do is defend her, even when she's stealing the brothers' attention left and right," my mother tried to shrug my head off, but I wrapped my arm around her shoulders even tighter.

"You're not wrong though." As soon as I said that, she turned to me and I had to lift my head from her shoulder to look her in the eyes.

"You know?" my mother scoffed. "You act like you're unaware."

I sighed and held her hand between my hands, "That's because I thought that would help. That day when Romeo died, I watched Jessica come and meet Helanie like they were friends. I realized if I needed to guilt-trip Helanie, I had to befriend her first. At this point, isn't it obvious that we can't hurt her directly? We have to act like we're her friends."

My mother's eyes started to widen in shock when she heard me finally tell her my true plans.

It was true. I didn't even sleep overnight and felt so guilty for treating Helanie wrong. I learned from Jessica's situation. I wanted to make Helanie feel bad for getting close to Maximus, but things were different for me and Jessica. With Jessica, Norman had an engagement — yet it didn't stop Helanie from stealing him.

"So that's what it was. No wonder I couldn't help but see you stare at Helanie with that strange look of anger whenever nobody was looking."

Of course, she was my mother. She knew me well.

"Mother, we just have to change our plans. Be nice for now. And yes, I'm aware my plan didn't work either. Jessica got her mate stolen. Helanie is no one's friend. There's no amount of guilt that would make her choose others' happiness over hers. But I'm planning something big — something so big that it will change our lives forever," I smirked as I stared into the distance.

"You must tell Lady Darcy this. She was so upset with you last time," my mother excitedly sat up in the bed, finally smiling now that she knew she wasn't alone in fighting against Helanie.

"Mom, she knew. That whole yelling back and forth was her idea. We knew Helanie would hear us or someone else would and tell Helanie about it. That's why we kept the door open," I leaned in to smile teasingly at my mother's face before pulling back.

"All the while we were planning something else." I had hit rock bottom when I found out Helanie had been accepted by Norman. At that time, I realized she had bagged the big fish.

The guy who controlled everything and I knew at that moment she would ruin it for me too. Maximus was still head over heels in love with her.

I sometimes had a bad feeling about Maximus' mate in the woods as well. What if she shows up? So Darcy and I planned something epic. We wanted Jessica to get on board with our plan, but it was hard.

She was too righteous.

She loved Norman, but not enough to fight for him, to take drastic steps for him.

"I will go see Emmet for a moment," the minute I said that and got up from the bed, my mother held my hand and gave me a look, warning me not to go see him.

"That asshole is the reason I was ashamed," my mother hissed.

"And he is the reason you stayed in the mansion. Don't forget, he forgave you. And I'm not meeting him because I trust him or anything. I just need to find out where he stands with Helanie. The two haven't been talking much, so maybe he doesn't like her either. I just have to snoop around a bit," I freed my hand from my mother's grasp and then carried my bag over my shoulder before leaving for Emmet's room.

Walking through the passage was hard. I could get caught.

But thankfully, no one was focusing on this area anymore. The brothers were usually in Norman's room or office, cooking something.

I gently pushed the door open and walked in, finding books and research papers scattered around.

I stayed there for a while but didn't find anything useful. While walking back to my room, I got a call from Darcy.

"So? How's it going?" she asked me, sounding curious.

"Well so far. The brothers are having a meeting," I said.

"Yeah, I know. If my calculations are right, I know who Maximus's mate is. I've started the fire and the mate will come out from the smoke herself."

There was a wicked laugh she always let out that made my heart beat faster. But I never told her that.

"Great. My job here is done too." I smirked, remembering how I fooled Helanie into thinking that just like Jessica I'm also on her side.

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

Chapter 599-The Rune's Dream Prison

Chapter 599: 599-The Rune's Dream Prison

Helanie:

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" Norman had been so shocked that he was unable to make any comments and had called his mother in for an emergency meeting. I had kept the news to myself too. I just wasn't sure how to tell Norman this. I understood what he might be going through. He finally found a mate, maybe, but just like his heartbeats, his mate wasn't his only either.

I was silent too. My body was almost numb, just going with the flow at this point.

"What's going on? What is this emergency meeting for?" Kaye hadn't acted the same way since that day. Maybe he had been too emotional in the moment back then.

He came and sat with us in Norman's office, still avoiding meeting my gaze.

"And everyone's already here," Emmet entered next, looking sleepless and rubbing his temples as he sat down.

"Are you doing okay? You've really been keeping to yourself these days," Kaye said to Emmet, who sighed.

"I'm fine. Just busy dealing with the situation with the Zharns so the students can enjoy their promised cruise trip soon," he reminded us of the trip we had won last time.

I had almost forgotten about it.

I didn't feel welcome among them, so I sat in silence with my head down.

"You need to come here," Norman finished the call and turned around to face us all.

He passed a quick glance over all of us and probably even noticed how silently I sat on the side because his face twisted with concern.

"What's up?" Kaye cleared his throat, gently shifting in his seat while following his brother's gaze toward me. I saw Kaye look at me for the first time since he arrived. But it was a quick glance just to see where Norman had been looking.

"We've figured out a way to help Maximus," Norman started, his mouth filling with air before exhaling to show his exhaustion.

I knew it wasn't easy for him to talk to his brothers about me. We had formed a connection where loyalty and affection meant a lot to us.

"So, tell us," Emmet insisted, sounding more enthusiastic.

"Helanie has to mark Maximus in order to help him with his pain," Norman announced, and silence filled the room for a full minute.

"What?" Kaye was the first one to break the silence. Norman had decided not to tell them that I had to mark all of them to ease their pains because we still weren't sure how much of that was true.

So we wanted to test it with Maximus first.

"I spoke with Mom," Norman began, but Kaye had some harsh questions, rightfully so.

"And? Mom told you that? How did she know about it and didn't tell us earlier?" I watched him clench his jaw. I remembered how he wanted to be her favorite and got that position just to blow it off.

Nowadays, he didn't care much about what his mother thought of him. But that child who craved her attention was still deep down there.

Which is why it bothered him that his mother didn't include him when she told Norman this information.

"Kaye, she only told Helanie. I believe her seer told her that a long time ago," Norman explained, but it caused Emmet to speak up this time.

"Right. Why didn't we ask her to hook us up with her seer? Where did that witch lady go?" Emmet had such a casual tone. He didn't even react too harshly to the fact that I would be marking Maximus.

Even when Kaye looked so uncomfortable with the idea.

"Mom said the seer died a long time ago," Norman shrugged, probably not wanting to talk about it.

"And you're okay with your wife getting marked by your brother? How the hell did that happen? I thought you were being too greedy about Helanie," Kaye muttered under his breath, and I turned to give him a look. I saw him glance at me from the corner of his eye, but then he didn't say anything else.

"It's Helanie's choice. And I'll stand by her because it's just a marking—a sign of acceptance. Besides, Helanie is linked to him. She'll feel the pain too. She already had moments where she passed out after Maximus transitioned," Norman slammed his hands on the table and leaned forward while telling his brother why it was so important.

"So now she remembers we can feel each other's pain?" Kaye said quietly. I remembered he had accepted me before, but I hadn't marked or accepted him back.

"She passed out? When and how—," Emmet stopped talking the second his eyes met mine.

He was still in there, the Emmet who cared, but I could tell he was pretending not to.

"A few times since Maximus transitioned. She seems to be in extreme pain. That's why it's important we handle this carefully. We're hoping she'll do it this full moon. But the issue is—how? If he marks her, he could kill her. His bite on her neck, in this panicked state, would be deadly. And then how is she supposed to mark him?" Norman sat down, his eyes starting to shine at the thought of me being in pain.

Even I was worried, but I kept faking a bold, confident face so they wouldn't back out out of fear for my safety.

"So for her to mark Maximus, he must be in his human form, right?" Kaye asked, rubbing his chin and frowning.

Emmet started rolling his chair sideways, his head down and eyes on the ground, but once in a while, he would raise his head to look at me, only to quickly look away again.

"That won't be a problem," Kaye suddenly sat up in his chair with excitement, and all of our eyes landed on him.

We were intrigued now. He looked hopeful.

"There's a place where the wolf doesn't exist. I mean, it does, but it's the most submissive," he announced, a hopeful smile spreading in his eyes.

We all stared at his face before I said, "The Rune's Dream Prison."

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

Chapter 600-Back To Rune's World

Chapter 600: 600-Back To Rune's World

Helanie:

"How is everything going?" Norman asked as he walked beside me. "Are you nervous?" he added, and I sighed, reluctantly nodding my head. I could always tell him my fears. He was the type I could put my stress and worries on and know he would find a way.

With him, I wasn't the powerful Helanie who was the Alpha Queen of the North. Beside him, I was just a teen who only had 'lalalala' going on in her head.

"Maximus seems healthy. Everyone has been volunteering their blood to him. Tonight will decide most of it," I said with a deep, heavy breath, walking toward the basement with him.

"The whole house has been asked to evacuate for the night," Norman added, and I nodded in appreciation. He had been working nonstop to find a way to avoid me marking Maximus. He didn't say it out loud, but I knew it.

"Norman, are you scared of me marking him? Would it be trouble for our relationship?"

I finally stopped at the bottom of the stairs and turned to him, holding his hand.

"I'm scared of you getting trapped in Rune's world. The rest, I trust you," he smiled, gently pinching my chin.

"I'll be fine. I remember we had to destroy the roses we sniffed from in order to get out of it. Now the real issue is, how are we going to get him to sniff the rose?" I turned to Maximus, who had been extremely anxious the whole day.

The full moon was tonight, so he was growing impatient and violent. There were nights when he would bang against the walls and I would come downstairs to stay beside him for comfort.

And weirdly enough, he would calm down.

Which made my belief in marking him even stronger.

"Empty the basement, kids. We're planning to take him for a ride," Kaye walked downstairs, purposely stepping between me and Norman as he made his way to the cage.

He was holding some flowers in his hands. Behind him was Emmet, who reluctantly walked between us, but we had already stepped aside to leave the path clear for them.

Kaye and Emmet had been bringing him different kinds of flowers every day. They would sit and sniff those flowers in front of him most of the time. I had no clue if it was working or not, since I didn't spend time with the two. But here I was, to see the result of their hard work.

As soon as Kaye reached the cage, Maximus lunged at him, snatching the bouquet out of his hands and sniffing it.

"See that, kids? This is how you save your brother. Not by stealing his mate," Kaye whispered under his breath, but made sure we all heard it.

"Kaye, behave yourself," Emmet warned him before stepping to the side, checking something on his phone.

Norman didn't look bothered by Kaye's remarks, as he was usually very rock-solid, but I didn't like it.

"The beds will be here by tonight. That's when we'll start the process. Hopefully, it will be over soon," Emmet added as he put his phone in his pocket, then raised his head to the ceiling, closed his eyes, and sighed before looking down and stretching his neck.

I knew what he might be thinking.

He was in pain too.

His memory had gotten a lot worse. There were days when he would come downstairs and be so shocked to see a lycan in the cage. But Kaye was beside him all the time. However, what wasn't supposed to happen were the delusions he was getting. He didn't speak of them out loud, but I noticed him sometimes widening his eyes behind us as if he was seeing someone.

I was heavily concerned for him, so I told Norman about it, and he had decided to help Emmet out next.

"Great, I'll go grab the purple rose from the royal lockers then," Norman said, giving me one last nod before heading upstairs. Kaye was busy giving Maximus blood when I reached over to Emmet.

"You probably forgot, but I remember," I started talking, and he turned to look at me. His hands were in his pants' pockets.

"I remember the well. I'll do my best to wake up in a few hours so we can help you too," I reassured him, just in case he was wondering if I had forgotten. I didn't think he had time until the next full moon.

"You don't have to worry so much about me," he said, trying to comfort me.

"I do. I do care about you, and I'll be there for you tonight," I said it with much more confidence this time. He was staring at me oddly, as if he maybe didn't remember who I was.

"Don't just don't come to the well for me," he muttered in a grumpy undertone, and my eyebrows scrunched. "I don't want to see you there. If you've ever respected me, you'll leave me alone and not come to the—well," it was like he had to force the words out.

It hurt my heart. He didn't even want my help anymore. But he was wrong if he thought I'd forget about him.

A few hours later, the beds were delivered and set up. One inside the cage, the other just outside it, at a safe distance.

Norman came back with the ribbons and purple roses, and Emmet returned after spending some time alone.

"Get ready for a ride to Rune's dream prison. But remember—if he recognizes you, he'll make it extra hard for you to get out of there," Kaye said, not even looking me in the eye as I sat down on the bed.

"You don't have to say that out loud in front of Norman. He'll panic," I reminded him, and he finally raised his head to glare at me.

"We'll panic too. So don't act like he's the only one who cares. Just admit he's the only one you fucking acknowledge," he muttered under his breath but pulled away quickly as Norman and Emmet came over to the bed.

"Best of luck. I'll come into Rune's dream prison if you're delayed longer than what we agreed on," Norman said, kissing my forehead and reminding me of what I already knew. Then he walked with Kaye to help Maximus sniff, which he started doing immediately. I held the rose and sniffed it as Emmet came to me for one last word.

"You have to come back. Remember—you'll be there at the well to help me out tonight. I don't have time," those were the last words I heard from him, and they made me feel so confident. Hearing Emmet put his trust in me again was a good way to start this mission.

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