

Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

Chapter 601-A New Life

Chapter 601: 601-A New Life

Helanie:

"Good morning," I felt wet kisses all over my cheeks, and my giggles escaped before I could even open my eyes.

"Aren't you up a little too early today?" I asked my husband, who was watching my face with so much love.

"I go to sleep thinking about you and wake up thinking about you, my wife," he said, planting a soft kiss on my lips. It stirred a familiar desire in me, making my sleepy body start to wake up in ways I knew too well. He lifted the blanket and stared at my breasts, barely covered by a thin satin top.

"And they're awake too," he teased, lowering his head to kiss my nipples over the fabric.

"You're always horny," I pushed him gently and sat up in bed.

"Always for you," he smiled from where he lay. "Come on. We've got time to spare. Why can't we be late for just two hours?" he complained. As if two hours would ever be enough for him—once he started, he never stopped, even after twelve.

"That's because if the president finds out we're late again, he'll fire us. And you know prices to everything are skyrocketing—we haven't even bought groceries this week," I sighed, and just like that, his mood shifted.

"I know I'm not able to give you everything. You deserve someone who can give you whatever you want. And here I am... just a worker at the mines," he stared at his hands, and my heart ached for him.

It's not like I came from a rich family. I grew up working as a maid, and now I worked in the president's house, still as a maid. But my husband didn't like it.

I knew him too well. He was working himself to the bone trying to get me luxuries, when all I ever wanted was him.

"I'm happy with you, Maximus," I said before crawling back into bed to plant a soft kiss on his lips. I didn't want him going to work in a bad mood.

"Now get up," I said, getting off the bed and tugging on his arm to pull him up.

"Ouch. I don't know what's wrong with me—my bones are always cracking," he joked, getting up and following me into the shower.

"We're going to be late," I giggled when he started kissing all over my shoulder, trying to lure me into sex.

"Nope," I shook my finger and pushed him out of the bathroom before stripping down and stepping under the water. After he showered too, we grabbed our share of bread and ate together while walking toward our jobs. Saying goodbye to him was always the hardest part of my day.

"Ugh," I groaned as I reached the mansion and placed a hand on my stomach, feeling a wave of nausea.

"That's because you're not eating properly," an older maid said, joining me.

"We're saving up to finally start a family," I told her with a soft smile.

"Okay, listen. The president's in a bad mood. Someone who stole from him before has come back to his land, and he's thinking of how to punish her."

"So, better get his breakfast to his bed. Winnie isn't around today," she said as she led me to the kitchen and filled me in on my duties for the day. Normally, I'd just clean the mansion and never see the president. But today, because the one who usually worked closely with him was absent, I had to fill in.

"Take this, thankfully I prepared the food on time," Mrs. Prissy said with a smile, handing me the tray. I took a deep breath, checked my black and red uniform, then walked toward the second floor where the president's room was.

I didn't have to knock—the guard was already there, his hand on the door handle.

"Good morning," I greeted, stepping into his luxurious room. Something I had only dreamed of. He was still in bed, lying naked on his stomach with a thin sheet covering his backside.

I quickly averted my eyes and focused on placing the tray on the table.

"Put it here," he said gruffly and sleepily as he pushed his body up and tastefully covered his crotch with the sheet. I caught a glimpse of his perfectly jet-black hair and blue eyes staring at me as I set the tray down by the bed before rushing to the side to grab the bed table.

While I served him food, he kept staring at me.

"Helanie Niles," he said my name, and my body flinched. I raised my head as I sat across the small table, buttering the toast for him.

"Yes, Mister Rune?" I asked in a soft, obedient voice.

"I've seen you around many times. I must say, you're really gorgeous," he said, licking the rim of his coffee cup before taking a sip.

"Thank you. You must have seen me walking around with my husband," I quickly added, then focused on the toast. I heard he was angry, but he seemed to be in a pretty good mood.

"Right, the mine worker. How is life with him? Or should I ask—how is life with one husband?" My heart sank in my chest for some reason at his words.

"I don't understand. What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"I've heard about you. Growing up, you had desires to be shared among at least four husbands. Your body is highly active—you can't be satisfied with just one husband. How did you decide to settle down with only one?" The way he said it, I felt hypnotized. Almost like I suddenly remembered my dreams of being shared by many husbands.

"This is why I don't like men like Maximus. They steal away gorgeous women's desires and dreams by being selfish. But Helanie, I'm nothing like him," he whispered, slowly closing the distance between us as he pushed the table aside.

"What are you offering?" The words left my lips without me noticing.

"I'm offering you a wonderful night with me and your husband. A good threesome—" He smiled, then his eyes landed on my stomach, and he gently placed a hand on it. "Before you start showing."

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

Chapter 602-A Desired Threesome

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Helanie:

"It was such a hard day today. They're making us do overtime with minimum pay. Can you believe that?" Maximus got home and yelled in exhaustion while I stood in the bathroom with the pregnancy test in my hand.

I was pregnant.

Tears were brimming in my eyes, tears of happiness. But there was also a little sadness in me that I couldn't understand, and I didn't know where it was coming from.

"Helanie, I'm making lunch today," Maximus called from outside, and I took a deep breath before hiding the test in my purse and walking out of the bathroom.

"Hey, my beautiful wife," Maximus gave me a quick kiss before rushing into the bathroom to freshen up and start preparing lunch. After a while, he was cutting vegetables and I was sitting on a chair, watching him.

"You've been awfully quiet. I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours." Maximus was so sweet that even thinking about having other husbands made me feel guilty.

But ever since Rune mentioned it, I couldn't stop thinking about it. It was something I wanted, but I had buried that desire deep inside so I wouldn't upset my husband.

"Nothing," I sighed, clenching my hands together tightly.

"Helanie, now you're worrying me. You don't stay quiet for this long. What's going on? Tell me," he insisted, and with another big sigh, I decided to be honest with him.

"I was in Mister Rune's bedroom today, serving him food," I started and saw him put the knife down and walk over to me.

"Did he misbehave with you? I swear I will—" he knelt down and started muttering when I held his hands to stop him.

"He reminded me of something I've always wanted," I said quietly.

"What is it?" Maximus looked confused.

"My body is very sexual. I've always wanted to be shared," the moment I said that, he pulled his hands away from mine.

"I knew you'd be upset, that's why I've hidden my wishes from you for so long." I stood up as he started pacing angrily.

"What kind of husband would be happy to hear that? And why are you saying this now? Am I not enough for you?" he shouted in my face, and my eyes shut instinctively.

"Mister Rune offered a threesome. With you, me, and him," those words of boldness just slipped out of my mouth.

"What?" Maximus gasped, and I lowered my head in shame.

"Are you actually considering it?" Of course, he figured out why I was being so quiet.

"It would just be one time. I want to feel it. I want to feel what it's like to be shared and—"
"I stopped when I saw tears in his eyes. "Maybe— as a gift for my pregnancy?"

I hated myself for trading such good news for something like that. He looked even more lost this time.

"Huh? You're pregnant and you want to mess around?" he yelled, making my body tremble.

"Just once and you'll be there," I started, but he showed me his palm and silenced me. That's when the doorbell rang, making us both turn away from each other.

There was this strange feeling like we both already knew who was outside that door.

Maximus rushed over and opened it, revealing Mister Rune standing outside with his guards beside him.

"Great," Maximus scoffed, not even afraid of upsetting the president.

"Mister President, why are you here?" I asked in a sly tone, my eyes already filled with the longing to be used by many men.

It was strange, but the second Mister Rune came into view, my body craved being taken by many, all at once, with even more desperation.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't be able to convince him," Rune said as he stepped inside, his guards following him to keep Maximus in check.

Poverty had tied my husband's hands otherwise, I knew he would've punched Rune in the face.

"And you think you can convince me?" Maximus yelled, standing up to this powerful man with no weapon and no support. I was getting anxious for his safety now.

"Why not? Would you rather lose her completely or share her for one night and have her for the rest of your life?" Rune asked, and Maximus's head turned sharply toward me.

"What is he saying? If I don't agree— you'll leave me?" he asked, trying to come closer, but Rune's guards stepped in, already forming a wall between us.

Maximus looked so hurt that I turned my face away in guilt. I didn't want to hurt him, but my desire to be shared was stronger than ever now.

"Helanie, what if I don't agree?" Maximus said in a low, defeated voice.

"She will leave you and move in with me. But if you agree, we'll have one night full of pleasure and before you leave the next morning, you'll be gifted a house, a car, and even a top position in my company. Your baby will never suffer like you two did," Rune said.

The moment those words left his mouth, my desire grew even more.

I turned to look at Maximus. He was about to shake his head when Rune placed a hand on his shoulder, making him look up and meet his eyes.

"You want this too. You want to see her taken by other men by me," Rune said calmly.

And the way he spoke, almost like he was teaching Maximus to accept it, made me feel like the dream might really come true.

In a strange, almost eerie way, Maximus smiled and finally nodded.

"We'll do it tonight."

"Great. Once you do it, you two will be part of my family forever," Rune said.

But chills ran down my spine when I heard that word: forever. It felt like I had heard him talk about keeping me before too.

Still, I found myself smiling again because the thought of my desires finally being fulfilled made everything else fade away.

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

Chapter 603-Purple Is Not A Color Here

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Helanie:

"Don't be nervous. Once we do it, we'll get used to it," Maximus had suddenly changed so much. The same husband who once hated the idea of sharing me was now holding my hand and practically dragging me toward the mansion.

It was 5 p.m., and we were supposed to meet Rune for a fancy dinner before our session.

But I was suddenly hesitant.

I didn't know what that feeling was, but something felt off. Like I was being suffocated.

"Maximus— this is not your child."

I don't know what made me say it. I wasn't even thinking about it when the words slipped out of my mouth. He let go of my hand and turned to face me.

"Are you suggesting you cheated on me?" he asked, a frown quickly forming on his forehead.

"I don't know why I said that. Maybe we should just go back home," I said, trying to pull him back with me, but he stood firm, resisting me.

"We can't. Mister Rune is waiting for us. We have to become part of his family," Maximus said, looking like a completely different person. He was forcing me now.

"No! I don't want to do this," I said, shaking my head. Someone's voice echoed in my mind.

"I trust you."

He looked so confident in me. And here I was-- walking into that monster's mansion for a threesome.

"Maximus, something isn't right," I tried to pull my hand free to clutch my head as pain started pounding in my skull, but Maximus wouldn't let go.

"Don't make up excuses. You're fine. And once you do it, you'll feel better," he said again, trying to drag me forward. I resisted, pulling away from him and from the mansion.

"I'm telling you I don't feel well, and you're still dragging me to get fucked by another man?" I finally snapped and yelled at him.

He lunged at me again, grabbed my hand, and pulled me against his chest.

"We can't back out now. He gave his orders. You'll enjoy it," he whispered in a creepy tone, and I had enough.

"Have you lost your damn mind or grown a spine made of slime?" I shoved him back and slapped him hard across the face.

He let me go, stunned, holding his cheek.

"I'm your brother's wife! And you want me to sleep with some manipulative psychopath—"

As soon as the words left my mouth, I gasped and covered my mouth with both hands.

A wave of guilt and realization crashed over me.

"What?" Maximus looked completely lost.

"Shit," I whispered, looking around and then back at him and suddenly a huge smile broke across my face.

"You're back," I cried out, throwing myself at him, cupping his face in my hands as tears welled up.

Seeing him stuck in his lycan form for a whole month had been so hard.

But then it hit me,

Shit.

I had almost given in to Rune's manipulation.

"What are you talking about? I don't have a brother. You're my wife. You're the mother of my child," Maximus pulled his face from my hands and grabbed both of mine, holding them behind my back. "And you know what? I'm not going to share you with anyone anymore."

His demeanor suddenly turned aggressive. He spun me around and started walking me back home. I followed him quietly, thinking of my next move.

"Wait, wait," I finally found my voice. "Maximus, this place isn't real." I hoped it would be that simple, but he started shaking his head, refusing to listen.

"No. You're losing your mind. You're saying weird things. First, you wanted me to share you. Then you said the baby isn't mine, then you said you're my brother's wife and now you're saying this place isn't real?" he muttered in frustration, grabbing my wrist tighter to pull me along.

"I'm not going back to that house. You don't get it. This is Rune's dream prison. We came here to save you," I said in a rush, realizing he wasn't even trying to understand what I was saying.

And I had a feeling why. Before, when I was miserable in real life, I wanted to stay here in this perfect illusion. But now... now I am happy in the real world. I wanted to go back. Still, something about this place had kept me here for a few hours. And I had to ask myself why.

What had this world given me that made me stay, even briefly? I remembered how, in the past, Kaye wasn't even affected when he wasn't that unhappy in his life. He had hopes and plans to win his mother's love. My eyes shifted to Maximus, and a gasp escaped my lips.

I wanted to mark him. I wanted him as my husband too. The realization struck me like a slap. Guilt bubbled up instantly. I quickly shoved the thought aside and grabbed his hand.

"We have to go back," I said, aware now that my wolf had always wanted all her mates, she'd said it out loud more than once.

"We're going back home," he insisted, gripping my hand firmly. But at this point, I didn't know what to do anymore.

I looked around, searching for the purple roses and then it hit me. I hadn't seen any.

Not a single one. In fact, there hadn't been anything purple anywhere.

"Maximus, where's the purple rose?" I asked, panicking as he tried to drag me home.

I realized then Rune didn't shape this prison like a werewolf world. We were just humans here, and the color purple... wasn't allowed.

"What's purple?" Maximus stopped in his tracks and turned to look at me, eyes narrowed.

"The purple rose. The color purple," I explained, watching his face twist with concern.

"There's no such color as purple. You're not well. You need to go home and rest," he said firmly.

That was it.

Panic fully took hold of me. I had no idea how long this world's time translated to the real world, but I'd been here for at least a day. I needed to get back to help Emmet too.

Without another thought, I broke into a sprint, rushing into the woods to lure Maximus away from the house, away from Rune's men, who were probably waiting for us there.

Because deep down, I knew we had underestimated Rune.

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

Chapter 604-We Are Stuck Forever

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Helanie:

"What the fuck are you doing?" Maximus yelled after he caught up with me. He held my arm and made me stop, facing me.

"We can't go back home. It's too dangerous for us. That Rune—he's not a president. He's a monster. He is a monster who runs this place. This is not reality, the real world is out there and everyone is waiting for us there," I said through heavy breaths, my hands on my knees and my mouth dry. I needed water so badly. Being human was so hard. I was just starting to realize that.

"I'm telling you, I've changed my mind. I don't know what happened to us earlier but we're not doing that," Maximus scratched his scalp, confused that he even agreed to letting me have a threesome. Even I was disgusted to think about it now.

I'd rather die than let Rune touch me.

"Let's go home." He held my hand, but I shook my head.

"This isn't home. This is a dream prison," I freed my hand from his and stepped back, refusing to go anywhere with him because he wasn't thinking clearly.

"Helanie, I don't think you're feeling okay. Do you have a fever?" He came closer to check my temperature, and I slapped his hand away.

"Okay, that's it. I'm taking you home. You're acting weird." Of course he wouldn't believe me. He'd been so unhappy in his real life that he was happily accepting this dream prison.

I wondered if he was so happy being married to me that he didn't even want to go back. My heart ached when he held my hand to drag me back 'home.'

"I'll prove it to you that we're not in the real world and that we need to get out," I yelled, and suddenly the weather started getting worse. I pulled Maximus closer and tried to bite him on the neck when he stepped back quickly.

"What the heck are you doing? Have you lost your mind? Were you going to bite me?" he yelled, looking scared of what I was doing.

"Trust me, just let me bite you. It'll be my mark on you, and then you can bite me to mark me," I was running out of time. And it was just like last time. I hated this feeling. But back then, it was Kaye freaking out and now it was me.

However, being in the same place reminded me of Kaye and my other mates' sacrifices. I started to feel connected to them, to miss them. I was scared to even admit it to myself because I didn't want to hurt Norman. He would judge me if he found out I still had feelings for my mates. But didn't he already know? When he married me, he knew I loved Emmet.

"Ugh," I shook my head because I could never hurt Norman.

"You're going crazy. I need to take you to the hospital," Maximus tried to reach for my hand again, but I slipped my hand away and stepped back.

"No! If you trust me, you'll let me mark you. I'm telling you, it won't hurt like it would for a human. Trust me," I started rambling when I heard noises from far away.

"What?" He looked lost and worried. He did notice there were people coming our way.

"They're coming for us," I helped him realize he wasn't just going to meet some people looking for something as they were looking for us. And it was serious.

"Do you love me?" I held his hand again and asked him. His focus turned back to me.

"You know I do. More than myself," he whispered, and for the first time in this dream prison, he didn't sound delusional or hypnotized.

"Then bite me," I said, "and let me bite you."

I knew what I was asking sounded crazy in this world where we were made to believe we weren't werewolves. He sighed and shook his head slightly, almost like he couldn't believe he was really going to do it.

And then he held my hand and pulled me closer. Our eyes met, and I could see how handsome he was. My hands gently rested on his chest, my face tilted up to look into his eyes. He leaned into my neck and opened his mouth to bite me softly.

I guess he just wanted to make me happy, so he was going to do it lightly— until he tasted my skin. I felt his arm tighten around my back. His face pressed deeper into my neck, and this time his teeth bit harder.

I felt a sharp pain when he finally broke through my skin. I closed my eyes and smiled through tears. That pain I'd been feeling for so long was suddenly gone.

It was true.

The mark of a mate could cure any poison.

He finally pulled back with a look of confusion on his face. His eyes were watery, and his lips kept trembling like he wanted to say something.

Without wasting another second, I grabbed his collar and made him lower his head so I could bite his neck. His skin tasted like vanilla. I dug my teeth in deeper until I could taste his blood — that's when I knew I'd done it.

When he held me up and lifted me into the air to help me reach his neck better, I got a stronger taste of his blood.

"There they are!" The loud voice broke us apart. I pulled back from Maximus and smiled through teary eyes. He was watching me with the same love and affection.

There was no way it didn't work. The way he smiled and gently placed his hand under my cheek. I knew he had remembered we weren't in the real world.

Or so I thought.

"I got her!" Maximus suddenly yelled, his hand slipping to my neck and wrapping tightly around it. I couldn't even describe the shock I felt but I can say I was terrified of what was going to happen next.

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

Chapter 605-Melting Away

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Helanie:

"You've gone crazy. Even if you don't believe me, you said you didn't want to do it anymore," I kept yapping nonstop while Maximus dragged me back to Rune's mansion with him. Rune's guards said they wanted us in his bed before he lost his mind, but since Maximus was clearly on board, they let him handle me.

But I was in shock and panicking. Maximus was supposed to remember everything — why didn't he?

"Maximus, I'd rather kill myself or Rune, than do it," I yelled as he dragged me into Rune's bedroom where everything was set up for the night. By everything, I mean candles lit, wine, and sex toys on the table.

The guards didn't come inside with us. As Maximus made me sit down on the bed, he bent down and cupped my face hard in his hand.

"That's what we have to do to get out of here," he whispered into my face, and my body started to relax.

"You—," I began, and he blinked his eyes tightly.

"I'll chew his hands off if he touches you. But we have to pretend," he muttered before pulling away. "Our child can have a good life if we do it. He's offering us a lot, baby."

He kept up the fake tone to sound convincing.

"I don't want to do it anymore," I yelled, continuing with my fake anger.

"Baby, try to understand. We can live such a happy life. It'll be just one night," he came closer and held my hands. I noticed the longing in his eyes. "I want to have a family with you. I've waited so long for us to be together and happy." Those weren't fake statements—he gently touched the mark on his neck and smiled.

"I knew you'd be able to convince her. A woman always listens to her baby daddy," Rune walked in, looking fresh as if he'd just taken a shower. His sight and presence were so full of negativity that I had to take a deep breath and exhale to feel normal.

"She was just scared," Maximus replied before looking down and then at my stomach. I knew where his attention went.

"We should get started before she gets distracted again," Rune smirked, his eyes hungrily scanning my body from head to toe.

I squeezed closer while gulping. He was probably thinking Maximus had made me lose myself instead of me waking him up.

"Sure," Maximus said, getting into the bed. "Wait, I want you to use the toy of my choice on her." The way Maximus paused showed that even thinking about letting Rune touch me was too much for him.

"Sure, whichever one you pick," Rune said, taking off his shirt while his eyes stayed on me. I felt so uncomfortable.

"You look even more gorgeous when you're annoyed. But I have to say, you're a good wife. At least you listen to your husband," Rune commented, showing off his abs as he tossed his shirt aside. To be honest, I'd seen my mates naked here and there, and they were the most gorgeous men ever. Rune could never come close to their level, even in a million dream prisons.

I acted like I wasn't going to kill him if I got the chance and slowly raised my legs onto the bed and crawled back.

"That's my good girl," he whispered, getting on the bed on his knees.

He leaned in while unbuckling his pants to kiss me, and I kept leaning back on the bed in fear. I had no clue what we could do now. All I knew was that Maximus had woken up. But how long are we supposed to linger it?

What was the plan?

As soon as he got too close, I felt a belt wrap around his neck from behind. His eyes widened in surprise as his body flew back with force. Maximus had grabbed him and was trying to stop him from calling his guards.

I could tell Rune was caught off guard and couldn't use his power to quickly transform into a wrecking ball like last time.

I was gulping, watching Maximus put all his strength into holding him down. I began to notice changes in Rune and knew I had to act fast. I ran to the table, grabbed a bottle, and shattered it before returning to the bed.

I got on top of him, watching his eyes grow wide. But his head was also changing, so before he could reach his full power, I started stabbing him—two stabs in each eye. Blood splattered everywhere, and his screams escaped. Maximus let him go to fight the guards who were now trying to get inside. Meanwhile, I stayed on top of Rune, stabbing him nonstop.

His eyes locked onto mine, shock clear in them. As soon as I stabbed his heart, I watched purple blood pour out. All that red blood was just an illusion. He let out a painful howl while I watched him, then he started to chuckle. Maximus wrapped his arms around me, pulled me off Rune, and dragged me to the side of the bed.

He held me from behind as we watched Rune have a seizure on the bed. His guards had gotten inside but were melting, turning into purple liquid.

"I'm feeling dizzy," I told Maximus, who spun me around and hugged me tightly. Resting my forehead on his chest felt so amazing. I was at peace.

"Me too. I think this is it," Maximus said.

"You—freed—me," Rune mumbled through static. I closed my eyes tightly because the noises and purple blood were making me nauseous.

I felt Maximus's body rock, and that's when I knew the dream prison was collapsing. Everything started melting, and I had no idea if we had done it or if we would melt too.

Soon, my legs felt liquid too, and I raised my head from Maximus's chest to look into his eyes in horror.

"It's okay, we're going home," he whispered quickly before everything turned purple and my eyes closed.

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

Chapter 606-Down The Well Or Maybe Hell.

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Helanie:

"He is still weak. We need to give him proper attention," Norman announced as he stood beside Maximus, who was throwing up blood in bed. But he was awake. We had done it.

"Helanie!" Norman ran over to my bed. I was sitting and watching my mates. Kaye was rubbing Maximus's back, but the smile and tears of happiness on his face showed he was satisfied with the results of his suggestion.

"Hey, how are you?" Norman asked, cupping my face in his hands.

"I'm fine. I missed you," my lips quivered, but before I could tear up, Norman pulled me into his chest and hugged me.

"We killed that Rune. That dream prison is gone," I added, making Norman break the hug and stare into my eyes.

"My little fighter," he was smiling so wide that I couldn't help but give him the good news.

"Norman!" His name came out in a soft whisper, so he pulled back again to watch my face with interest. Holding his hand, I placed it on my stomach.

I had been feeling nauseous all this time, but I couldn't tell if I was really pregnant. However, when Rune said I was, I knew it was the truth.

"You're going to be a dad," I was so happy I couldn't even speak the words, just mouthed the words, and he gasped.

"Helanie! Really?" he asked, his eyes turning red almost instantly as tears of happiness formed.

"Yes, I'm pregnant," I said confidently this time, and he pulled me in for another hug. But this hug—this hug was unlike anything. The way he kept his arms wrapped around my body and breathed deeply was the reaction I had hoped for.

"You're gonna squeeze the baby out of me," I laughed, and he quickly let me go, looking worried.

"I won't let anything happen to you or my baby," he cupped my face in his hands, both of us smiling as he kissed my lips.

"Hey! You didn't even hug me once," Maximus called him out, getting out of the bed and leaving the cage. He touched the bars, almost like remembering his time being trapped in there or maybe just realizing he had been here all this time.

"Did you hear what she just said?" Norman turned to his brothers, both Kaye and Maximus watching his face like he'd lost his mind. I'd never seen Norman this excited and happy before. His voice kept breaking.

"What?" Kaye asked, looking confused.

"I'm... I'm going to be a dad." As soon as Norman said that, his brothers looked at me.

I half expected them to freak out, and I immediately thought how much that would upset Norman. But they surprised me when Maximus grabbed Norman by the back of the neck to pull him up from the bed and turn to him. Without another second's delay, he hugged his brother.

"Congratulations, grandpa! I never thought you could get it up," he teased, crying while the two hugged each other. I could hear Norman sobbing happily too.

The minute they broke the hug, Kaye stepped into view, and Norman stopped crying. The two stared in silence, probably wondering what would happen next, when Kaye joined his palms together in front of his brother and said,

"I'm so sorry for giving you such a hard time. I'm really, really happy for you."

With that, Kaye started crying, and Norman hugged him. The brothers looked so happy together that it made me tear up too.

"Come on! Get in!" Maximus broke the hug just so he could ask me to join them, and I instantly did.

I shyly got on my knees on the bed, and Norman hugged me while my mates wrapped their arms around us for a group hug. After a while, we broke the hug when Maximus started coughing again.

"Where is Emmet?" Norman looked around, and so did I. We were only one hour past midnight, so we still had plenty of time.

"He wasn't feeling well, so he left to take a walk outside the mansion," Kaye told us, his eyes on Maximus as he helped him wrap an arm around his shoulders and supported him as he walked.

"Let me help him," Norman ran to the other side to carry Maximus's weight.

"Helanie, you need rest too. Please go to your bedroom. We'll return in an hour after we figure out how to comfort Maximus. I guess all the blood he consumed in his lycan form is coming out," Norman explained. "And it's still a full moon night, so, he's struggling not to shift."

This was the first full moon that Maximus stayed in his human form. I wished it would stay that way, but I could tell it wouldn't, because Maximus's bones kept breaking.

"Okay," I said to Norman, who rushed Maximus outside, probably to help him with the full moon transition.

I didn't want to bother them but I wasn't going to my bedroom either. I had promised to help Emmet, and I knew this was where he had gone. He had asked me to meet him at the well tonight. He must be there alone.

I tried to call him, but his phone was switched off. I ran to his bedroom and opened the door to find it empty as well. I was sure he was at the well.

"We must go there and help him out," I whispered, touching my stomach as a smile crept over my lips. I was finally the happiest I'd ever been in my life.

When I ran out of the mansion, I noticed the bad weather. Emmet must be alone, probably thinking I wouldn't come. But here I was, rushing over.

I ran until I reached the area where Emmet had mentioned seeing a well. However, it was so stormy that I could barely make out what was in front of me.

Finally, I could see a well, but I couldn't see Emmet around. I reached the wall of the well, placed my hand on it, and looked over and then around. Emmet wasn't there.

I didn't look down the well, something just told me not to. I had the sudden urge to step back quickly, but it was too late.

I felt the pressure of hands on my back, and the next thing I knew, I was falling down the well.

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

- Chapter 607-The Lost Mates

Chapter 607-The Lost Mates

Chapter 607: 607-The Lost Mates

Maximus:

"I'm feeling much better now," I reassured both Norman and Kaye as I sat on the ground after shifting back to my human form. After returning from the dream prison, I went through the transition again. It was exhausting, but at least I was able to become human once more.

I could tell my brothers had been scared and worried that the whole mission might not work out.

"Kaye, you keep an eye on him. I'll go home and check on Helanie. She must've been asleep all night," Norman said, checking his phone as he got ready to leave.

"We'll celebrate the good news once we get back home," Kaye replied, and once again, Norman's face lit up.

"He's so happy," Kaye commented as we watched him walk away. Norman would flinch every now and then from excitement and smile to himself.

Even when I was in my lycan form and wasn't supposed to remember anything, I still remembered catching glimpses of him throughout the night—creeped out by the wide smile on his face.

He looked kind of creepy.

But he was so happy.

"I can't believe she agreed to go into the prison to free you, especially when she might've already known she was pregnant," Kaye said as he sat down beside me, head lowered, his voice heavy with guilt.

"I was shocked too. She's so selfless, like you," I reminded him that he had once gone into the prison world for her too.

"That was different. Helanie did it out of pure concern for you, and nothing else. And here I was, giving her such a hard time for marking Norman," Kaye said, looking more defeated than I'd ever seen him. Not even when he used to try to impress our parents and failed.

"You were giving her a hard time? Man! I get that you were upset, but it's not her fault. We all let her down. Norman was the only one who stayed by her side. Of course she was going to fall for him," I said. Then, almost without thinking, I touched the mark on my neck and a smile crossed my lips.

"You know, that constant pain we used to feel? It's gone," I said, remembering how her touch had felt.

"But what are you going to do now? You'll hurt even more when she rejects you," Kaye reminded me, grounding me again and my smile began to fade.

"They told you that? I mean, what was decide-? I thought they agreed to—" I paused, remembering what had happened in Rune's world and what he'd said.

I knew most of that world was based on dreams, but those dreams came from deep within—a part of someone they couldn't speak out loud or make real.

"You thought Norman agreed to share Helanie with you? Dude, no!" Kaye let out a scoff, almost laughing at me.

"I don't mean share-share. I just thought maybe they'd let us stay as mates and see where it goes," I said quietly.

But I couldn't bring myself to tell Kaye about the Rune's dream prison. At least not yet.

Helanie had just given my brother good news, and I found it selfish of me to make it about myself.

"We'll let them be happy. I don't want to force her into anything," I said. I had finally made peace with accepting her choices. But that didn't mean I would move on from her. I would live my life as an uncle and take care of her, her children, and my brothers.

"Emmet wasn't there. Did he forget about me?" I asked Kaye, who sighed and looked up at the sky.

"I don't know, man. He stayed by your side, wiped your sweat, took care of Helanie... and then suddenly, he just up and left. Last thing I heard him say was that he needed some fresh air," Kaye replied to my concern. "He'll come back. Probably needed a drink."

That was true about Emmet. Nothing was more precious to him than his alcohol. That's how he lost Helanie in the first place.

"Let's go home," I said, getting up from the ground now that I felt much better.

We talked as we walked back home, but then we saw Norman frantically running out of the mansion. Right off the bat, I had a bad feeling.

He was supposed to be happy. He should've been inside with Helanie. If I were him, I would've stayed in that room with her for a week straight.

So for him to be leaving in such a rush and panic, something serious must've happened.

"Norman! What's going on? Are you okay? Is everything alright?" Kaye stepped forward to ask. I looked beside Norman. He was alone.

"Helanie's not in her room. And Emmet isn't at home either," Norman explained the reason behind his panic, and in that moment, it felt like we all stopped breathing at once.

"Did you check the whole mansion? Or Emmet's bedroom?" I had to ask, even though the thought of Helanie being in Emmet's room was hard for any of us to stomach.

"No! Emmet's not in his room," Norman said firmly. He didn't even want to entertain the idea.

"Then let's go look around," I said, truly starting to panic. Where could they have gone?

We spent the rest of the afternoon running around the woods, calling their names over and over. Emmet's phone was still switched off, and Helanie's phone had been found on silent in the mansion. She had left it behind when she left.

Finally, Kaye and I arrived at a bar and that's where we found Emmet.

"That's Emmet, right?" I asked Kaye, pointing at the last chair where a guy sat with his head down on the table. That thick, long hair was unmistakable. His build was clearly recognizable.

"That's him—passed out drunk," Kaye said, the disappointment in his voice echoing exactly how I felt at that moment.

"Let's go collect him," I said, walking toward the last booth.

The fact that he had left me suffering just to come here and drink had already been upsetting but then he took it too far. When I touched him, he raised his head and said,

"Get your hands off me."

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

Chapter 608-My World Is Falling Apart

Chapter 608: 608-My World Is Falling Apart

Norman:

"What is going on? Tell me in detail," I asked Kaye on the phone, running around to find Helanie like a headless chicken. She had left before, but that was when she was under a lot of stress. But last night after I left her at home, she seemed fine. In fact, she was happy about how her life was turning out. I didn't see her being upset or stressing over her pregnancy.

"Emmet has lost his mind. He is attacking everyone at the bar. We came here to collect him but—" Kaye's voice cut off when I heard something hit him. Then there were just sounds of a struggle.

"What is happening?" I asked myself before speeding to the bar. At this point, I had no clue where Helanie might have gone, but I knew where my brother was. And him acting

out after Helanie had gone missing gave me an ick. It gave me a feeling that something had happened after we, their brothers, left. Maybe Helanie and Emmet had a confrontation about the pregnancy?

But Emmet wasn't the type to upset her so much that she'd leave. I ran straight to the bar, where I was met with disappointment.

"Ah, he used to be such a gentleman before. But look what he has done to my bar," the owner was crying, standing among the broken furniture. So many customers were huddled on the side, wounded and scared.

"He was so viciously attacking his own brothers," one of the customers said to her partner, still shaken by the violent scene.

"Take their statements and pay double the damage," I told my warrior while leaving the bar to call Maximus this time.

"Yeah? We left after Emmet. He ran out of the bar, so we were worried he might hurt others on the way. Norman, he has lost his mind. It doesn't seem like he remembers anything at all. And you know what's the scariest part? He started to lose his connection to his human side right before our eyes. He kind of lost his ability to speak and was only making noises like growls and howls," Maximus's words shook me to the core. This is what I've feared all my life, and now it was happening.

"Tell me, where are you guys? I'll be there," I asked Maximus, who started giving me directions to where they had seen him go.

"Keep following him. I'll be there in a few minutes," I hung up and let my wolf take over to run faster. We could smell the tension in the air and could tell they had been anxious. The entire air was thick with stress.

Finally, I arrived at the top of the mountains, where I joined Maximus and Kaye running after Emmet.

"He's headed towards the nearest pack's border. If he gets inside, they'll attack him to protect their people," Kaye told me while breathing heavily.

"We should stop him before that happens," I said, leaning forward and speeding up after Emmet. "Maximus, you take that cut and catch him from the side. Kaye, go up there and come down the slope to confront him from the front," I gave the instructions to trap him while I followed him on the same path.

After a while, our plan worked, and as soon as Kaye ran down the slope and came in front of him, Emmet stopped.

He tried to turn to his left, but Maximus was already there. Behind him was I.

"Emmet, we are your brothers," I said to him, my hands aching to hold him.

Seeing him so anxious and lost crushed my soul. He was panicking, looking around while his fingers were all spread, ready to attack. The worst part was that he was in his mid-shift, so his bones were cracking and breaking but still staying in human form. However, only his animal side was awake.

He howled and tried to attack Kaye to get him out of the way when Maximus jumped on him, rolling him over to the side. Once on the ground, Emmet kicked Maximus off so easily.

But now the three of us were watching him.

"We're sorry," I said as I lunged at him. I quickly put him in a chokehold while the others started to freeze his legs and arms.

Since he didn't remember us, he was using all his strength to fight us. We were struggling, but I needed to make him pass out.

After a while, and many struggles, he passed out but I knew it would only be for a short time.

"Quickly, get the restraints," I said to Kaye, still keeping Emmet in a chokehold because I was afraid he'd wake up any second.

"We've come way too far into the woods. It'll take us some time. Why don't we use something from around here and try to take him home first?" Kaye suggested, making me nod in agreement.

"Then make a rope from the vines and whatever we have around us," I said to the two, but Maximus had an even better idea.

"Kaye, why not use some herb to get him to pass out? You know the herbs so get to work," Maximus suggested, and Kaye got to his feet.

The next ten minutes were hard to bear. I had Helanie on my mind while I was holding my brother in such a painful grip.

After a while, Kaye returned with a lot of wolfsbane.

"How did you manage to get that in these woods?" I asked Kaye.

"I have my ways of spotting the hidden locations of herbs," he replied, forcing Emmet's mouth open to shove the herb in. He groaned in pain and probably burned his tongue.

After that, I carried Emmet home to leave him behind so I could go find Helanie. But I still had no idea where she could be.

However, after leaving Emmet in the basement, I ran to his bedroom to find some new clothes for him when my eyes landed on the papers scattered around.

I picked one up and my heart started to beat faster.

"In order to have Azura back, I have to sacrifice Helanie in the well. It is a life for a life."

My heart missed all its four beats when I realized what it was.

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

Chapter 609-A Sacrifice

Chapter 609: 609-A Sacrifice

Kaye:

"We've put him in the same cage we built for Maximus. And, umm, Maximus informed everyone not to return. Also, do we need to change his clothes? What if he wakes up in the middle, and since he doesn't remember us, the animal in him thinks—" I was yapping from a distance before I even entered Emmet's room to see Norman.

However, I found Norman on his knees, going through paper after paper.

"What are you doing? And what is all this mess?" I asked Norman, who slowly turned to me with red eyes. I could see tears.

This was serious because Norman was usually the one who kept himself together.

"Norman! What you got in your hand? What is that?" I knelt down and grabbed a paper from his hand. My eyes widened in slow motion when I read the words written.

"What the fuck is this?" I gasped, grabbing more papers from the ground. The writing was frantic, something Emmet would've written after he forgot everything.

But the words were clear. It asked for Helanie's sacrifice to bring back Azura.

"Maybe Emmet didn't write it," I placed my hand on Norman's shoulder to comfort him, though I was freaking out too.

"She is pregnant with my child," Norman muttered, and a helpless tear rolled down his cheek.

"Norman," I couldn't bring myself to lie to him and say Emmet didn't write it. It wouldn't make sense. Azura was Emmet's girlfriend, who else could have wanted her back?

The fact that Emmet wrote about a well, and that the same night Helanie went missing Emmet wasn't around either, just made it all make sense.

"He probably didn't even remember Helanie when he wrote that," I tried to reason, and Norman nodded, sniffing.

"I know. I know he forgot, and that's why this happened. But either way, Helanie didn't deserve this. She shouldn't have been caught up in this mess, suffering because of our curses," Norman finally said the words we hadn't been able to speak out loud.

"I'm sure Emmet didn't do it. He might've written it all down, but I don't think—" I couldn't lie anymore. He very possibly could have done it because he forgot about Helanie.

He even attacked us and many innocent people at the bar. To him, Helanie might be no one—just a way to get back his lost love.

"Wait! this well. We need to find it. Maybe Helanie is there? Hiding from him? Maybe she's fine. The baby has to be fine too. We must not waste any more time," I patted Norman's back, and only then did he get to his feet.

He had always been there for us, and to see him so broken made me feel guilty. As he kept rubbing his chest, I knew one of his heartbeats was struggling.

"Is it because of Emmet?" I asked, and he nodded his head.

"The pain I felt for Maximus was nothing compared to this. Not only is my brother in pain, but he might be the reason my mate is missing," Norman said through clenched teeth but not from anger. It was because he was hurting and wanted to keep his voice steady.

"Where are we heading?" I asked as I followed him to the basement, wondering what he was up to.

"I have to ask Emmet where this well is. The one he keeps mentioning," Norman said, making me scratch the back of my neck.

"I don't think he can talk. I don't think he'll remember," I pouted behind him but still followed. He needed this.

He needed someone to believe in him that he'd be able to find Helanie soon. However, how much of that could really be trusted was up for debate.

We reached the cage, and Emmet was passed out on the bed like he was just sleeping. His hands were tied in chains.

My eyes lingered on him for a moment before shifting to Maximus. He had the same look on his face as I did while watching Emmet lie there.

It had been Maximus first, then Emmet, and soon, it would be me. We shared a very sad glance before looking at Norman.

But when Norman ends up in that bed, he won't be chained. He won't be forced. We'll be crying, wondering why he won't get up, instead of trying to keep him in bed.

"He found something in Emmet's room that could lead us to where Helanie might be," I started, since Norman was just staring at Emmet, unable to move a muscle.

"What is it?" Maximus already looked concerned. It was strange to find any clue about Helanie in Emmet's room.

"This," I held the paper out and showed it to Maximus, who had the same reaction as I did. His eyes widened, and a gulp went down his throat.

"You mean Emmet?" he whispered, and I closed my eyes slowly, giving him a silent answer. He closed his eyes too and clenched his fists.

"How are we going to get him to talk?" I asked, and Maximus replied.

"What do we need him for? I mean, we know he only did something because he forgot," Maximus seemed confused.

"We have to find out where this well is, or it'll be too late," I told Maximus, who started shaking his head. His look said he didn't want us talking to Emmet.

"You don't need to speak with him for that. I know the well and where it is. But I don't know why we are talking about it. It's a dry well, nothing special about it," Maximus said.

As soon as he did, Norman turned to him.

"Take me there," Norman demanded, rushing ahead.

"How do you know?" I whispered to Maximus, asking him in a low voice.

"In the days when Emmet started acting strange, I followed him to this well once. I didn't think much of it at the time," Maximus said.

His words confirmed that Emmet had planned something involving Helanie. But did he really, if he didn't even remember who we were?

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

Chapter 610-The Well From My Nightmare

Chapter 610: 610-The Well From My Nightmare

Helanie:

"Ugh!" A hopeless groan escaped my lips as I tried to move. But every inch of my body was so sore that I could barely move a muscle.

I had not been in a war, but why did it feel like I had fought in one for hours without a break? Even raising my neck seemed impossible. I knew I had been sleeping or had passed out. So while I forced my eyelids to open, I focused on the main question.

"Where am I?"

I could barely get a word out of my mouth as my throat started to itch. I coughed and then struggled to lift my hand. I could only raise it until I placed it on my stomach. This is where I was feeling most of the pain.

"Uggghhh!" I groaned again, staring upward, but all I could see was darkness. Not entirely. Light was able to seep in through the smallest cracks of the cover. That's when I began to remember where I could be and how I ended up here.

"The well." Panic took hold of me when I remembered the last time I was on my feet. I was near the well. I had come here to help Emmet out, but someone pushed me in instead.

"Someone pushed me," I repeated my thoughts to confirm I remembered exactly what had happened.

"But who—and how will I get out?" I let out a whimper when I couldn't raise my head completely.

'We will have to get up and help ourselves out.' I was so frightened and sick that, when hearing Cora, I almost panicked before calming myself down at the fact that it wasn't someone else, but my wolf speaking to me.

'I am so glad you are here with me—wait, how are you here with me? Isn't it that wolves go silent when a woman is pregnant?' I asked, worried about what was going on.

'Me being here should be the answer to that question,' she uttered softly, but in a broken voice.

And that's when my body started to shake as I realized something was wet between my legs. I had not peed myself.

I knew that much. So what was wet between my legs?

'Helanie, maybe it was not meant to be,' Cora said gently, and as soon as she did, I started screaming at the top of my lungs.

"No. You're lying. This cannot happen. I just got the good news. I was going to be a mother—no!" I laid there crying for hours while Cora tried her best to comfort me.

It was like stepping into a pit of fire. I was stuck in a well of sorrows.

After many hours passed, I had to calm down. My throat had gone dry. It was so odd that I didn't have anyone else to comfort me. I had to calm myself down.

'This water is a healer, isn't that what Emmet told us? If we can drink it, we will heal, and then we'll be able to climb the walls,' Cora insisted that I get up. Only if I got up would I be able to get out. As for Cora, we had just lost our baby, so she wasn't in her full power yet.

I nodded my head through tears and ran my hand under me. That was when another shock struck me.

"This is a dry well," I spoke out loud, and my voice echoed through.

'Cora, there is no water in this well. What are we going to do now?' I grew anxious, but that's when I knew I had to get up no matter what.

I put my hands down and forced my body up, only for my bones to crack and my body to land on my back again.

"Ugh!" I let out a scream of agony and then closed my eyes while tears ran down my cheeks. Why did this happen to me? Who could have followed me to kill me? After so long, my life was finally on track, but someone couldn't stand to see me happy.

While I stayed on the cold, dry ground, I watched the light through the cracks. I remembered seeing this well before. It wasn't in real life, but in a dream once.

I remembered that dream so clearly.

That's when I heard some noise, and my eyes opened again. This time, there was no darkness, but a face I had longed to see. Even though it hadn't been that long.

Norman had his hands on the cover as he pushed it away. It reminded me of that dream I once had. I thought Norman was the one who had thrown me in the well and locked me in.

"Helanie!" he screamed—panic was clear in his voice.

"Helanie, I'm here," he said again. "Kaye, lower me down."

I watched him wrap a rope around his waist and get lowered down. The closer he got, the clearer his face became and the faster the tears fell from my eyes.

I watched him reach the bottom and stare at me. I could tell the realization had hit him that I had lost our baby.

"Norman." I instantly broke down while he carefully knelt beside me to help me up. My body felt like jelly; my neck would have hung low if he hadn't held me so gently. He made sure my head rested on his chest and his arm supported my neck.

"We lost our baby," I cried before he could be pulled up.

"Shhh, you're okay. That's all we should focus on right now," his voice cracked, and I knew he was suffering too.

But I was slowly starting to lose myself again. I wanted to scream and cry, but he kept me in his arms as his brothers pulled us up—all the way up. I heard his heartbeat and sobbed against his chest.

Finally, once we were out, Kaye stepped back with wide eyes, clearly in shock, while Maximus put his jacket over my body.

"I know. Just don't say anything right now," Norman looked at Kaye and warned him from showing a big reaction.

I didn't need anything else to make me cry more. The pain was already enough to remind me of what I had lost.

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

Chapter 611-Sadly, Emmet!

Chapter 611: 611-Sadly, Emmet!

Helanie:

"Please eat something. You're still very weak," Norman insisted, sitting in front of me on the bed and holding a bowl of soup.

I had woken up a few hours ago after another big nap and had managed to shift and begin healing. But the inner wounds would take a lot longer. I would still break down now and then when I thought about my child.

It had only been three days and I kept waking up and passing out.

"I went there to help Emmet out," I started speaking again, not about my baby this time, but about why I was there in the first place. Norman deserved to know.

My baby was his baby too. I was supposed to be resting, or at the very least, I should have told him where I was going. That's why I needed to tell him everything that happened that night. I wanted him to understand why I didn't tell him, and why I was even there.

"He was in so much pain, and he didn't have much time. He told me about the well and how it heals when the sick drink from it in the presence of their mate. I wanted to be there for him, but the well was dry."

Even thinking about that night made it hard to speak. It had only been a few days, but it felt like I had suffered for ages stuck in that well.

"Why didn't you tell me? Did you think I would stop you?" Norman caressed my cheek, his eyes filling with tears.

"No. Emmet made me promise not to tell anyone. He didn't want to give anyone false hope. And he was right. The well was dry. He couldn't have healed. I don't even know how he'll feel when he finds out that the well he was relying on is— gone."

My heart broke again, and tears poured from my eyes like lava at the thought of watching Emmet lose his mind, his memories— everything.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked, wondering how badly I had hurt him by not taking better care of myself.

"Of course not. You didn't do anything wrong." He set the bowl aside so he could hold my hand between his.

"Norman, I know what happened. Somebody pushed me into the well," I said, and he raised his head from my hand, staring straight at my face.

"It was really windy that night, so it might have felt like I slipped, but I didn't. I was pushed. I was forced to go down." I repeated myself, and I saw Norman's expression slowly harden.

"Where is Emmet? Is he okay?" I suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be there that night too. Had someone attacked him as well?

After I woke up, Kaye and Maximus had come to check on me and comfort me. But I never got to see Emmet.

"He's not okay. He's lost his memory. He caused chaos the very day you were missing, so we chained him in the basement. But when we brought you home, we took him to Mom's place. She wanted to look after him until we figure out how to help him get his memory back," Norman explained, but his voice was dry, like there was more going on in his head than he was letting on.

"Why did you let her take him away?" I asked, slowly straightening up against the pillow.

"I wanted to take care of you here," Norman replied, stealing his eyes away from me.

"Norman, what's going on? Why did you send him away? We can take care of him. He shouldn't feel like he's a burden," I said. I didn't like the fact that they sent Emmet away when he needed us the most.

"It's alright. He'll be much better there. She's his mother. If she wants him, she can have him. I'll be checking on him and helping in every way I can," his subtle way of avoiding eye contact threw me off.

"Can't we go see him? I want to see him, and I'm sure seeing me will remind him of us," I insisted, not even sure why I was trying so hard. But I felt like we had let Emmet down.

He had been losing his memory little by little, and we hadn't done anything to stop it. We let him slip away and what hurt the most was that I was the one who promised to help him remember.

"I don't want you to meet him," Norman said in a very stern and cold voice.

"What? Norman, I'm not meeting him to cheat on you," my mind instantly went there, but Norman quickly shut down those thoughts.

"I'm not jealous. He doesn't remember you. He's been attacking everyone. What if he attacks you?" he asked harshly, getting up from the bed and staring at me.

"Then you'll defend me, and I'll defend myself. Haven't we done that for Maximus too? Norman, what's going on with you? If you're not jealous and your only concern is my safety, let me reassure you I won't blame you or him if any harm comes my way."

"You don't get it," he said, pacing with his hands on his waist. "Would you seriously forgive him if he hurt you?" He then stopped and looked at me.

"If he forgot everyone, would you blame him for attacking us? He must be scared, lost, and think we're attacking him. He doesn't know us," I tried to explain, and that's when Norman nodded his head.

"But you won't get too close to him. He's my brother too, and I love him, but there are some things I just can't get ready for." He stopped talking and waved his hand to show he was ready to take me to his mother's pack.

We didn't need permission anymore. I was the Luna Queen of the North—a duty I hadn't even started to take on yet.

I quickly got dressed to meet Emmet. I had lost so much, so I wanted to do something right to feel happy again.

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

Chapter 612-He Wouldn't Share Me

Chapter 612: 612-He Wouldn't Share Me

Helanie:

"I think she should be resting," I heard Kaye murmur from the backseat. Norman had been super grumpy, and I didn't understand what was wrong with him.

"She looks fine. I think it's the other one who needs rest," Maximus argued, causing Norman to fix his mirror so he could glare at his brothers.

"Norman, you don't need to drive like a maniac," I said. I'd had enough of him going crazy on the road. When I called him out, he just grunted at me.

"You want me to drive like a snail?" he hissed back, making me roll my eyes.

"You're like that kid who doesn't want to go to school but gets forced anyway," I commented. "If you didn't want to come, you should have told me." I folded my arms over my chest as I argued.

"Huh? I told you we shouldn't go. You were going to convince me until I said yes," Norman snapped, back to being his idiotically arrogant self. And while I didn't mind because it distracted me from the loss of my child, I was still confused why he was acting this way.

Could it be that he was secretly blaming me for the loss of our baby?

"Well, since you agreed, I think you should just drive without crashing the car into incoming traffic," I hissed.

"I'm driving," he groaned. I rolled my eyes again and turned in my seat to look at Kaye and Maximus, who were both surprisingly quiet.

"So, does anyone want to drive?" I asked, and Norman started grunting.

"I can take over," Kaye offered, and I looked at Norman, giving him a subtle look to move to the back if he was having trouble driving.

"I can drive too," Maximus added.

"Good. See that truck? Go drive it," Norman pointed at a random truck on the road as he hissed at his brothers.

"If you want, we can force him into the backseat and tie him up," Kaye gently patted my shoulder, offering what seemed like a good solution.

"Anyone touches me—" Norman started to threaten, but I poked my finger into his arm. He gently turned his head to look at his arm, then at me.

"You're allowed to touch," he muttered almost under his breath.

I sat back in silence before placing my hand on his arm and leaning over to plant a kiss on his bicep. I noticed how he cleared his throat and forced himself to hide a smile until I hugged his arm.

"Anyone want to take over? We'll sit in the back," Norman asked meekly, making me smile at how soft he sounded.

"I'm busy buying a truck," Maximus grunted.

"And I'll ride with Maximus in his truck, you keep driving and harassing that steering wheel," Kaye added, groaning at Norman, who now realized his brothers were not going to give us some time alone. At least not so easily.

Norman muttered something under his breath before he freed his arm from my embrace, only to wrap it around me and pull me closer. He kissed my forehead before letting go but made sure to hold my hand.

"I love you so much," he uttered.

"I love you more," I replied, and from there, the rest of the ride was so fulfilling. We made a few stops to eat and switch places before we finally got there.

I had been there before. Back when Kaye had brought us here for a class trip. The front garden was even more lush this time.

Two kids were playing there.

Demi and Davon saw us and ran straight toward us. The brothers opened their arms, smiling at them, but the kids ran past them to me and hugged my feet.

"Kids are always such grifters," Kaye hissed, shaking his head.

"We're so glad we got to see you before our mom saw us. She doesn't want us to ever speak of you or see you," Demi quickly babbled before their mother came out. The brothers looked so awkward when their sister talked about their mother's dislike for me.

"I'm glad you two are doing fine. How are you, Davon?" I knelt down to check on him. He looked weaker than before.

"Are you okay?" I placed my hand on his forehead to check his fever when Darcy came out of the mansion, briskly making her way toward me like she was on a mission.

"Demi, Davon! Your tutor is here. Go grab your books, don't make him wait around," her tone was so harsh with the poor little kids.

While walking away, the kids turned to look at me one last time, and I saw the desire to speak with me in their eyes.

"What made the Luna Queen come here?" The way she folded her arms over her chest made me roll my eyes. She knew why I was here.

"Emmet is here," I replied coldly before anyone else could.

"Surrounding yourself with my sons like they are your guards. I must say, you're living a great life. Anyway, did you come here to mark him?" She made me step back and frown at her.

"Ugh, as if you don't know he lost his memory because you marked Maximus."

The minute she said that, we all exchanged glances.

"Wait, you never said the others would start suffering right after each other," Norman stepped forward, confronting his mother.

"Even a dumb person would figure it out. After she marks Emmet, Kaye will lose his mind, so she will have to mark him too," Darcy shrugged, looking so nonchalant.

She had already started a chain reaction that could have been prevented if she had told her sons what would happen if they got marked in the first place.

"If that's not what you're here for—," she sighed, but before she could turn around, I spoke.

"I am ready to mark him."

It only made sense if I marked them all. I had some responsibilities as their mate too. But Norman's objection was not something I had expected.

"Wait, you— you cannot mark Emmet,"

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

Chapter 613-The Gangbang Is A Requirement

Chapter 613: 613-The Gangbang Is A Requirement

Helanie:

Everyone had been shocked ever since they heard Norman tell me not to mark Emmet.

"Norman! We understand you're her husband now, but going into this marriage, you knew she would eventually have to face her mates. She hasn't cut ties with us," Kaye argued, standing next to the car while Norman sat in the passenger seat with the door open and his legs hanging out.

He had his hands clasped together and elbows resting on his thighs.

Honestly, I didn't understand why Norman wouldn't want me to help Emmet. There was no way it was jealousy. If it were, he would have stopped me from helping Maximus too.

"Especially with Emmet. Things were even different. You were supposed to reject her so that she could marry Emmet. Do you think feelings for mates die that easily?" Maximus spoke up, watching Norman not move at all. I didn't want them to scold him, but I was still thinking about what the reason could possibly be.

"Emmet has silently done a lot for me. He never asked for anything in return. Norman! Why don't you want her to mark Emmet?" Maximus's voice turned softer as Norman slowly raised his head to meet my eyes.

"It's not like I can mark Emmet today. I will have to wait for the next fullmoon. Lady Darcy was just saying whatever to bring up the topic of me marking my mates. We shouldn't question Norman. I'm sure he'll tell me why he doesn't want—" I stopped when Norman spoke up.

"If she marks Emmet, Kaye's curse will make him agitated. And don't you two remember what he wants to do when his curse takes over him?" Norman looked at his brothers, his voice full of concern.

As Kaye uncomfortably shifted away, he caught my attention. I looked at him while he ran his hands through his hair and grunted under his breath a lot.

"What is his curse?" I finally spoke up, since silently waiting for any of them to explain didn't work.

Maximus shared a glance with Norman while Kaye turned his back to us. How bad could the curse be? They were clearly waiting for him, and then finally Kaye turned to me.

"I want to kill my mate," he whispered, and I went numb for a moment.

"In my curse, I have this constant feeling of wanting to kill you." He said it in simple words, and my jaw dropped to the floor. I kept looking between the brothers, from one to the other.

"Is it true?" I asked, and Norman nodded.

"Oh." I turned my back to them this time because I was honestly shocked and hurt too. Why the hell were their curses so brutal?

"Okay," I turned back again, "it's a curse. We know they're crazy curses. Our focus should be on helping Emmet and Kaye. How about I mark Kaye on this full moon first before he even has the desire to kill me?" I suggested, full of hope.

But it looked like none of them were impressed.

"That's not how it works. I think it needs to happen in order. The one whose curse gets worse is the next one you should mark. In that case, only after marking Emmet can you mark Kaye," Norman corrected me, and I sighed, my shoulders slouching.

"If we can tie Kaye up before Emmet is even marked, then when Kaye wants to rip Helanie's head off, he can't," Maximus was quite helpful with plans, but it was obvious his brothers didn't like something about his tone.

"Maximus, words," Norman warned, and Maximus shrugged.

"But it's true. He wants to kill her. I mean, not everyone's curse made them want her like mine did," he grunted in an undertone, and I noticed Norman staring at him without any enthusiasm.

"Okay, let's go home and take Emmet with us. I don't trust—" I shut up when I realized I was making such a big claim in front of her sons.

"Our mother," Norman pouted, giving me a wink with both eyes. "We get it. You're right. We'll take him home," he agreed, and I was glad he did. He was sounding more like himself now.

Maximus and Kaye took an SUV from their mother's collection, where they tied Emmet in the backseat. However, I really wanted to see him and speak to him once. They told me he wasn't understanding anything, so I let it be until we got home.

Norman was driving behind their car to keep an eye on them. I had my head resting in my hand and tilted to the side as I watched the road.

"You're thinking about something. Tell me, what is it?" Norman asked, keeping his eyes on the road.

"I was thinking about the curses. I mean, after the marks, what's next? Do we just get tied together or reject each other?" I had that question in my mind ever since I agreed to mark Maximus.

"Of course you'll get to reject them," Norman answered.

"Norman, if it were that simple, I don't think it would be called a curse. Haven't you asked your mother any of this at all?" I groaned at him, and he rolled his eyes.

"Get her on a call and put her on speaker. I'll ask her right away. I'm sure she'll say the same thing that you can reject them," Norman said, and I entered the password to his phone. He had force-fed me all his passwords even when I knew I could trust Norman with my eyes closed.

"Wow, my son is missing me, it seems," that was the first thing she said. Norman rolled his eyes so hard that I could only see the whites.

"Tell me something. How come you haven't told us what will happen after everyone is marked? How long till Helanie can reject them?" I was shocked at how consistent he was with the idea of me rejecting them.

He really wanted me to reject them.

"Who said anything about rejection? Norman! Oh, my poor boy. After everyone is marked, you all have to mate with her. What do you guys call it? Oh yes, a gangbang."

It was the way she said it that made my hand slip off my head and my spine straighten up.

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

Chapter 614-The X Codex

Chapter 614: 614-The X Codex

Helanie:

"Mom, you're talking about my wife. What makes you think you will suggest something like that and I will agree to it?" Norman's hands gripped the steering wheel even harder as he hissed at her. I could see the veins popping in his arms. He was really angry at that moment.

I was honestly too shocked to even utter a word. I just sat with my spine erect, goosebumps all over my skin and my throat dry.

"She's not only your wife, she's also everyone's mate. Your brothers' mate. How come you're gatekeeping her? What happened to my selfless son? Saw a gorgeous blonde and became selfish?" It was the way she was speaking, as if she were taunting him.

I was taking heavy, long breaths. My mind had gone numb.

"Do you ever want to see us again? You better start treating Helanie as my wife and the Luna Queen of the North. I don't believe a word you're saying—" he was angrily muttering, but it seemed like he was struggling to form a proper response for her.

"Son, I'm not trying to hurt you. Mating alone with her will cause her immense pain especially to her body. Just think about my words."

Norman snatched the phone out of my hand and cut the call.

Then, silence took over. After a while, Norman started shifting and fidgeting in his seat. His agitation was visible.

And I didn't blame him. Even I was confused. What the heck did she mean it would be harmful for my body?

"Don't focus on what she said," he grunted, finally breaking the silence.

The problem wasn't whether I believed her or not. It was the fact that I was having flashbacks from a year ago.

It was when I had those crazy nightmares. I remembered being thrown in the well and then the one where I saw myself with all the brothers.

I quickly opened the water bottle to take a few sips because my throat had gone dry so fast.

"She says the wildest things sometimes," Norman kept murmuring while driving us back home. Neither of us spoke about it again, except when Norman had to show anger toward his mother.

"All set. He's in the basement!" Kaye yelled as we were getting out of the car. Norman had been so angry that he took several wrong turns one after another.

But at least we had finally made it home. Maximus had been staring at us with curiosity, and I was worried he'd pick up on the anxiety in our body language.

"Anyway, the Zharns are going crazy. It's about time we do something about this damn organization," Maximus clapped his hands to get Norman's attention, but the way he was watching us with his little judging eyes made me uncomfortable. I did not want to talk about what their mother had told us.

"What is that organization?" I sighed tiredly, having heard about it so many times by now.

"Come with us," Maximus turned around after waving his hand for me to follow. "I've been doing some of my own research, but our monster of a sweet brother in the

basement is the real hero behind putting all the information together," he added, weirdly praising Emmet.

But I could tell they were missing him.

I began to walk behind them while Norman reluctantly followed. I didn't know Maximus had been working on the organization all this time too.

"Pardon the condition of my room. The whole transition thing over the past month turned it into a mess. But I had things sorted before that," he said, leading us into his room full of files and two whiteboards covered in writing.

"Sit down, darling," Maximus was in full swing, clearly too excited to have an audience for his findings.

"Don't act like you did this whole thing. Most of it is Emmet's work," Kaye immediately spoke up while Maximus cleared a spot for me on the bed.

However, Norman stepped in and motioned for me to sit on the couch instead, so I did.

"Anyway, ignoring Kaye, let's get started," Maximus waved his hand in Kaye's direction before continuing.

"The evil organization is called X Codex, which we brothers already know," he began. "It was started by a man who lived in the Free Land until the rogues took it over. The man must be around 200 years old now, and it seems he's slowly releasing monsters, what he calls his children, to take over the entire world, not just the Free Land."

"And how do we get rid of this man? Otherwise, he'll keep unleashing his monsters and torturing us," I asked, worried what might happen if he released them all at once.

"Now, that's the issue. It's said he has four kids that are his biological babies. And in order for us to kill him, we must kill all four of his children," Maximus explained. Norman tilted his head, clearly thinking. It seemed like this was a new piece of information Emmet had been working on.

"And where are his children?" Norman asked.

"Brother—it's going to hurt but—we've already encountered them. At least one of them mentioned here," Maximus's eyes made me nervous. The way he was sharing the info was almost chilling.

"Just say it. He's doing it to impress someone," Kaye grunted, pointing at Maximus like a child.

"Ignoring Kaye again, the one we've met is *Rune*. He was the eldest," Maximus said, and as soon as he said his name, my heart dropped.

"And we killed him, right? So that's a win. One down!" I said quickly, getting excited for a second—even though three were still left. But then Maximus corrected me, and I felt like dying.

"Actually— we freed him. He had been kept in a prison by my ancestors. And we probably reunited him with his father," he admitted.

The look on his face while telling us that Rune might now be roaming free in our world made me slap my forehead and let out a deep sigh.

"In simple words, we might meet him again—soon," he added with a straight face.

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

Chapter 615-Emmet's Fall From Grace.

Chapter 615: 615-Emmet's Fall From Grace.

Helanie:

"I am so bummed. I should have known what Rune meant when he said, 'you have set me free,'" I mimicked Rune's heavy tone while mocking him in front of Norman.

"It's okay. He definitely doesn't have that much power here. We'll soon figure out what he's up to and what powers he has," Norman said, pulling me back into his arms again.

"Norman, what were you doing earlier talking to your mother?" I finally asked after I had kept it a secret for a while. In the last two days, we had only talked about the organization while waiting for the full moon.

"I was asking her for her witch. I knew she used to have a seer by her side, but now suddenly she claims the seer is dead," he replied with his eyes closed, my chin resting on the back of my hands while they rested on his chest.

"Why do you want to look for a witch?" I asked, and he shifted uncomfortably, pulling me under him. He started kissing me all over my neck, dodging the topic. We didn't have sex again, but we did make out a lot in the last two days. The idea of sex after I

had suffered a miscarriage was harsh for both of us, and he wanted my body to heal first.

"Uggh! Okay, love, I must say goodbye. There is someone who claims to know there are witches all around us. I'm going to meet him today," he got off me and started walking toward the closet.

"I hope he's not a scam," I muttered, and he shrugged.

"We'll find out. Please stay away from trouble, okay?" he turned only slightly to say that to me. I didn't ask him to explain himself because I could tell he wasn't comfortable calling the curses 'trouble.'

After he got dressed and left, I went to the kitchen to prepare a meal for Emmet. The family hasn't returned, and I guess that was the safest way. Thankfully, Lord McQuoid had been able to handle the mess Emma had been causing, wanting to come back.

I don't know how long we have to bear her. Sometimes I wonder if I made a mistake for not getting her kicked out when Kaye suggested it. I was too emotional at the time. But then thinking about Charlotte surviving in the wild, I agreed I made the right decision anyway.

"You're headed to the basement? Can I come?" Maximus almost startled me when he appeared out of nowhere.

It had been two days, and we had all been keeping ourselves busy. That being said, Darcy's words had affected Norman a little.

He had been so agitated and was trying to find a witch himself. I had received a few calls from my mother, but since our relationship had been strained, I didn't speak with her.

"Sure," I said to Maximus, holding the tray of food for Emmet. He wasn't himself, and most of the times I went to check on him, he was passed out.

So I was going to see him awake for the first time today. Both Kaye and Norman were not at the mansion.

I had a whole rotisserie chicken for Emmet in a tray. We were refusing to feed him uncooked meat.

He needed to keep the human in him alive by other means since his curse had gotten worse.

Maximus and I went downstairs, and the way Emmet started howling in the cage made my heart beat faster. He looked so pale. I was on the last step when I finally saw Emmet

act up. I had only seen him lying down and passed out so far, so it was a heartbreaking sight. His clothes were all messy, no coat on. His shirt was torn in places. He ran to the corner of the cage, howling and grunting under his breath.

Every step I took toward him made my heart ache. His hair was a mess. There were scratches all over his body from his own attempts to escape the cage. He didn't deserve this fate. Even when he used to drink, he still kept himself decent. But now he was grunting and throwing himself around, trying to break out of the cage. I finally reached the bars and noticed how he instantly lunged at me. Maximus had to grab me from behind and pull me back.

"He doesn't remember anyone," Maximus reminded me, telling me to be careful.

It was just the sight of Emmet being so lost that hurt me. I remembered promising him I'd always be there for him.

"He'll be back on his feet soon," Maximus said, making a pun to lighten the mood. I then pushed the tray inside and stepped back. But just before he touched the tray, I noticed Emmet stare at me for too long.

"It's me," I said softly and noticed Emmet tilt his head.

"He—la—n," he could only say that much before his attention went back to the food. I gasped and turned to Maximus, who was just as shocked as I was.

"Did he just say your name?" he asked, and I nodded, smiling widely.

"Wow, even he remembers you. Not too surprising though, you're hard to forget," he teased while I rolled my eyes. I was glad Maximus could make it an even more special moment for me.

"Are you jealous?" I asked, raising my eyebrow.

"Jealous that he remembers you and not his brothers? Or that he might make you think he loves you more than the rest of us?" His voice turned husky, and my smile faded. I swear I blushed at the way he said it while bending down to my level.

"I'm just glad you were able to smile. I used to be stubborn, but after being away from you, I realized all I want is you. Even if I have to—"

I had to shut him down because I was afraid he was heading toward a conversation I wasn't ready to have out loud.

"He likes the chicken," I cut him off and pointed at Emmet, who was tearing it up.

"Of course he does. Helanie cooked it. He can taste your food even when he can't taste your body, just like the rest of us," he said, and I rolled my eyes again. Maximus was always the shameless flirt type. He never got tired of using cheesy pick-up lines either.

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

Chapter 616-The Mate Eclipse

Chapter 616: 616-The Mate Eclipse

Helanie:

We both walked over to the wall to sit and watch him. It's not like we had anything else to do.

"So?" Maximus asked, making me shrug.

"So what?" I replied. We sat together against the wall, watching Emmet eat from the tray, taking big bites from the chicken like a lion. Watching the emptiness in his eyes wasn't easy for me.

I missed him.

"Aren't we going to talk about what happened in the dream prison?"

My body shuddered a little, but showing any reaction would mean I'd thought about it. So I kept still on the outside.

But deep down, I was shaking at the thought of being shared by all four of them.

"There's nothing to talk about. It's called a dream prison for a reason. Nothing is real there," I shrugged casually, trying to act strong otherwise, he'd notice how tense I was.

"It's someone's dream. And let me tell you something, my dream was to be married to you, so whatever happened next was your—"

He shut up when I cleared my throat loudly.

"Let's not talk about it," I said, realizing how close we were sitting. I straightened my back and quietly slid a little farther away from him.

He noticed and laughed.

"Don't worry, it's not like I'm going to grab you and kiss you. I won't. Not until you give me permission," he said, and his words made me close my eyes and scoot even farther.

"Will you do me a favor if I ask for one?" I opened my eyes again after calming myself.

"Only one favor? Ask for my life," he said confidently, and in that deep, flirty voice.

"I don't need your life," I teased to lighten the mood.

"Can you please try to ask your mother for a witch? There's no way she doesn't have one hidden somewhere. The way she knows things... I just feel like she's not telling us about the help she's getting," I said. I hated that his mother could be so blind to her son's suffering.

Not once did she offer help, but she'd cry louder than anyone else when they were in pain.

We had to drag answers out of her when she should've been the first to tell us everything.

"You want me to follow my mother around until I find her witch? Because she won't tell anyone willingly," he asked, rubbing his fingers against his chin.

"Would that be too much?" I asked, and he smiled, shaking his head.

"For you? Not at all. I could follow someone for years if it makes you happy," he replied flirtatiously.

I shook my head at him, silently asking him not to. I didn't want any trouble between the brothers, or between me and Norman because of this.

"Okay, okay, I won't flirt. But you be careful tonight," he warned with a very naughty look on his face.

"What is tonight?" I frowned in confusion.

"Tonight is the Mate's Eclipse. It's a new month in the werewolf calendar when mates get super heated, if you know what I mean," he said in a cheeky tone.

The first day of the Mate's Eclipse is tough, when bodies go into heat, then there are a few in the middle where pain is extreme but the last day is the hardest when it becomes unbearable to stay away from your mate.

"Oh," I looked away shyly, feeling too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

"I don't know about you, Helanie, but I'm very single. You might get pleasure from your husband, but your lonely mates will be suffering," he said while gently scratching his chest, trying to be playful. I kept turning my face until I was looking completely away from him.

"You're being despicable," I muttered and got up, brushing the dirt off my clothes.

"I'm just being honest," he called out as I walked toward the stairs.

"Then you'll have to rely on your hand tonight," I said without thinking. It was the first time I'd made a sexual joke to anyone other than Norman and I instantly regretted it.

Norman was always the one who got shy away. But not Maximus. The way Maximus licked his bottom lip with his hands in his pants' pockets made me bolt up the stairs, mentally kicking myself.

The rest of the day passed as usual. I cooked dinner for the brothers, but the real challenge was sitting down to eat with them.

There was an awkward silence in the dining room that night. Kaye kept sneaking glances at me, while Maximus shamelessly smirked the entire time.

Norman looked disturbed, his eyes kept darting between his brothers, and I felt bad for him. He didn't deserve to feel this way in a relationship.

"Try not to come out of your rooms tonight," Norman finally said, addressing his brothers, who both looked up at him.

"That's not fair," Maximus spoke up, while Kaye remained quiet.

"What's not fair?" Norman slammed his spoon on the plate, startling me. He quickly lowered his head, then turned to check on me before Maximus pulled his attention back again.

"Why do we have to suffer? She's our mate, and she was never going to reject us. Going into this marriage, you knew she was in love with Emmet. So how could you expect her to just stop loving him and be exclusive to only you?" Maximus said, making my eyes widen.

"Wait," I raised my voice before Norman could defend himself. "Our marriage might have started as a deal, but we truly fell in love. We became exclusive. It's not just Norman who wants to keep it that way. I don't want to be shared either."

I looked between Maximus and Kaye, who exchanged a glance before smirks crept onto their faces. Their expressions bothered me more than I wanted to admit.

"Really? Then why not come out of your bedroom tonight to see what your wolf and your body truly desire?" Kaye finally spoke up. His serious and gruff voice shocked all of us with that bold suggestion.

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

Chapter 617-Sharing Is Caring

Chapter 617: 617-Sharing Is Caring

Helanie:

"She doesn't need to prove anything," Norman defended me while I had been staring at Kaye in shock. "Of course she does. We are her marked mates. And yes, we're grateful that she saved us from the pain, but our curse is not over. It's not like she can reject us. So does that mean we will be suffering every night and day? And not to mention, she will be in pain too. Has she told you what her body goes through when she is not able to be with her mates?" Maximus shocked me with how much he had noticed. He had been watching me way too closely these days.

"I'm fine. I can tolerate any kind of pain. You don't have to make it about the mark," I hissed, trying to hold back my tears. It was true. Sometimes the pain was so bad that my body would shudder for a few seconds before I pulled myself together.

"Anyway, I am done with my food," I said and got up, walking out of the dining room. While doing so, I couldn't help but glance out the window and saw the red clouds starting to cover the moon, making it look red too. I sighed, not wanting to imagine the pain I would feel tonight.

'It will be a lot,' Cora muttered as I entered my bedroom.

'Well, good thing I have my husband. He is also my fated mate,' I shrugged, reaching the closet to grab my nightdress.

'Allegedly. We don't know that for sure,' she said, making me clench my jaw.

'Isn't this why the whole curse started? Because his fated mate marked him?' I was tired of her sounding like Maximus. I knew the idea hurt Norman deeply, so every time they brought it up, it made me feel worse.

'Helanie, there's a part of us that is more connected to our mates than to Norman. That's because we haven't felt the mate bond with him yet. Even when the signs say he

is our fated mate, do you feel the pain when you're not able to mate with him?' she said what I had been trying to hide. I shook my head at her, trying to silence her, but I knew she would speak up again once night hit.

I had showered and changed into my nightdress, soft silk blush pink shorts and a matching top. The thin straps kept slipping off my shoulders, and the fabric felt cool against my skin. It was the kind of thing you wear when you feel safe, when you're not expecting to run or fight. And I didn't plan to do either tonight. I wasn't even going to leave my bedroom.

By midnight, Norman had come into the room as well. "Mmmhmm," he kissed my lips as his dick slid in and out of me. We finally had sex after I lost the baby. I needed it tonight.

"Ahhh," I enjoyed the moment with him, but my body kept shuddering more than usual. I could barely keep myself together.

"You okay?" he suddenly stopped, his dick still inside me.

"Yeah," I lied to him with much difficulty. I wasn't okay. I was feeling so cold. This was our second session. The first one had been so fulfilling, but during the second one, my body started showing desires I would never speak out loud to him.

'We want our other mates too,' Cora uttered. 'And even when Emmet is unwell, the two others will help a lot.' She let out a cry, clearly trying to hold herself together this whole time.

'No! I'm not hurting Norman for sex,' I grunted at her.

I hadn't noticed Norman was staring at me in complete silence that whole time.

"What is Cora saying?" he snapped me back to reality, and I smiled through the pain for him.

"Nothing," I lied again. He nodded his head, but instead of continuing, he slowly stepped back and pulled out. A sharp pain struck through my body, but what hit harder was the pain in his eyes.

"What happened? Did I do something wrong?" I asked him and tried to sit up, but my body shuddered again and this time so violently I had to close my eyes and hug myself.

"No! You never do anything wrong," he whispered and wrapped his arms around me. "Just know that I will never love you less, no matter what. But I can't see you in pain." He began speaking in soft whispers, still hugging me tightly.

I didn't understand what he was trying to do, too consumed by the pain to think clearly. Norman eventually broke the hug and got up from the bed, slipping his shorts back on.

"Norman, are you going somewhere? Please don't go, I need you with me." I bit my tongue as a shooting pain ran from my heart to every part of my body.

"I'll be just outside, my love. I can't be selfish. I can't watch you suffer," he whispered, not looking back as he reached for the door.

"Norman, then stay with me! Why are you leaving?" I wanted to go after him, but my bones had started to crack. This wasn't a transition, just another level of unbearable pain.

"I'll be back with the cure," he replied and didn't turn around again.

This time, I had no idea what was wrong with him. Part of me was angry with him for walking away, and the other part kept wondering how long I'd have to stay in this pain. Maximus's words echoed in my mind. 'Till the sun comes up.'

Ughhh! I groaned and shifted in bed, feeling completely alone.

'How could he leave us in pain?' I didn't understand until the door opened again.

But this time, it wasn't Norman who walked in. Maximus and Kaye stepped through, their eyes carrying the hunger of a predator. Their shirts were half open. While Maximus locked the door behind him, Kaye began unbuttoning the rest of his shirt.

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

Chapter 618-Two Fingers In

Chapter 618: 618-Two Fingers In

Helanie:

Kaye had taken off his shirt and crawled onto the bed. "Your husband agreed to share you with us for the night," he whispered, sitting beside me. My wolf was excited. And the pain was a different kind of pain—pain from lust and desire.

The moment Kaye pressed his lips against my cheek, my body shuddered. Maximus was in my sight when he approached the bed, ripping off his shirt and throwing it away. He sat on my right, his hand on my thigh, caressing it while giving me small kisses on my cheek.

My body felt a different kind of arousal, like a thirsty person drinking from a well. My body was sandwiched between them as they kept kissing both of my cheeks.

"Where is Norman?" I managed to ask.

"He said—he—will—be out for a—run," Maximus muttered, continuing to kiss my cheek but now moving to my neck. Kaye's lips reached my earlobe, and my eyes started to close. That kind of pleasure, even though we hadn't really started yet, was strange.

The strap of my top slipped off my shoulder, and Kaye quickly started kissing it while moving his hand up and grabbing my breast.

He fit my breast in his hand and pressed it gently, then began to massage it. I had never been this intimate with Kaye before. I almost forgot how amazing his touch used to feel.

As he kept playing with my breast, my top started to slide down.

Maximus had planted little kisses all over my cheeks and neck before his hand moved up under my shirt and reached my bare boob. My eyes rolled back in my head when my nipple pressed hard against his palm. I found my legs rubbing together on their own.

Kaye had pulled down my top while Maximus had his hand under it. Kaye lowered his face and sucked my entire breast in, almost like he wanted to swallow it.

Maximus removed his hand and quickly pulled the top down, bringing my breast out before he, too, started sucking on it.

My body moved excitedly, and their hands met at my shorts. Maximus slipped his hand inside, followed by Kaye's.

Their fingers reached my pussy, and that's when I began to lose control.

The way their fingers parted my labia and fought to enter me made my body start to shudder.

They kept my pussy lips spread with their fingers while adjusting their middle fingers at the entrance. And then, in one go, they both pushed their fingers inside me.

"Ahhhh!" I screamed so loud that I woke myself up from the well of my own lust. I suddenly remembered Norman, and guilt hit me.

This pleasure was so overwhelming that if I let them keep touching me for another minute, I would lose myself. Norman only allowed this because he wanted us to be free from pain. But what about his pain? I didn't want him to force himself to share me.

"No, no, no!" I started moving around. "Stop!" Thankfully, the minute I let out that word, the two pulled their fingers out of me. I hastily managed to crawl out of bed, fixing my top before I turned to face them.

"This is wrong," I said, rubbing my face in my hands.

"What? He allowed it," Kaye argued.

"Because he can't stand to see me in pain, Kaye. I can't force him into this kind of lifestyle," I shook my head, barely able to look at them. I couldn't believe they were touching me like that, kissing my breasts and fingering me.

"But—" Kaye started to argue, but Maximus patted his shoulder.

"Let's go," he said, not even looking my way.

"I don't want to disappoint you two—" I mumbled, watching them walk out of the room. I could tell they weren't just disappointed, they were angry. I noticed the way they were grunting. Especially Maximus.

"Wait, why are you two so angry with me?" I asked Maximus, clenching my jaw as the pain in my body began to return. It had felt so relaxing just a few minutes ago.

"Do you not want this?" Maximus turned to me, questioning me.

"Norman—" I started to speak again, but Maximus came at me, grabbing me by the arms and shaking me slightly.

"I'm talking about you. Do you not feel anything for us?" he asked, this time looking directly into my eyes, his tone stern and intense.

I gulped hard, wanting to lie and say I didn't feel anything for them. But that would be a lie. And the pain in my body would only grow if I hurt them or pushed them away.

"Tell me. Do you not want this?" he insisted again, and I started to look away.

"She's not answering. She feels something for us. She wants this," Kaye said, pointing at me, looking so sad and disturbed. I could tell they were back in pain again.

"It doesn't matter. If my husband isn't ready, then I'm not either. And I'm not talking about just letting you two touch me. He allowed this because he couldn't stand to see me in pain," I argued, and Maximus suddenly let go of me with a small push.

He kept stepping back, shaking his head at me in disappointment. I felt so judged, but also lost.

I wanted them.

And I hated myself for it.

"We should really go now," Maximus said to Kaye, who looked so upset with me that he kept trying to walk toward me, only to stop himself.

"How could she do this to us? Did she stop loving us without even giving us a fair chance to be with her?" Kaye kept complaining while Maximus dragged him out.

"She doesn't fucking care. We shouldn't either, from now on," Maximus hissed as he pulled his brother with him.

"Maximus, Kaye! It's not that I don't care. I have obligations— a duty of loyalty—," I called out after them, but they slammed the door shut behind them.

And that's when the pain hit me hard.

I heard one of them growl in pain outside, too.

I had never been so confused in my life.

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

Chapter 619-Without Me

Chapter 619: 619-Without Me

Norman:

Watching her in pain made me feel guilty. I had asked her many times if she was okay, but she lied. She told me there was nothing wrong. It made me realize she really is a ride or die.

She would rather die than tell me she was in pain because she couldn't be with her mates. So when I walked out of that room, I couldn't even look at her. I didn't want to share her. I couldn't bear seeing her with anyone else. But sometimes, great sacrifices are made when there's no other option.

I walked over to Kaye's room and heard him grunting in pain inside. He must have been suffering from the same kind of pain Helanie was going through because of my stubbornness.

I knocked on the door and noticed that Kaye had gone silent. He slowly opened the door, just halfway, so I couldn't peek inside.

"Are you okay?" I asked, concern growing in me as I looked at his face. He looked like he was going through hell. Not just Helanie, but my brothers were suffering too, because of me.

"How's Helanie?" Kaye asked, and his eyes twitched. He looked down and shook his head slightly, as if trying to focus on his question instead of me.

"She's not well," I replied, and my brother lifted his head instantly. He looked so concerned. That's when Maximus came from downstairs, panting and disheveled. It seemed like he had gone out for a run to help himself deal with the torment, but I could tell it hadn't worked.

"Do you want to try some wolfsbane on her?" Kaye suggested, drawing my attention back to him.

"It'll burn her from the inside. It's no picnic," I sighed. Just the thought of her being in even a little pain was too much for me.

"Don't act like you don't know what the real cure is," Maximus chimed in, leaning against the wall with his arms folded over his chest.

I didn't say anything, but I could tell Kaye was giving him a look, silently begging him not to say it in front of me.

"Don't look at me like that. You're in pain too," Maximus said sharply, stepping forward and pushing the door open, revealing Kaye's room.

"What the heck is all this?" I stepped inside, scanning the room, then noticed the stab wounds all over his body.

"He's hurting himself to distract himself from the other pain," Maximus explained, his eyes scanning Kaye's bloodied shirt with concern. His entire white shirt was now red. That's why he had only peeked his head out earlier.

"Kaye, you know I can't stand to see you in pain. Why would you do that?" I looked away, clenching my jaw.

"Honestly? To some extent, it works," Kaye replied.

"That's why I came back too. The run didn't help much," Maximus added as I stood beside them, grinding my teeth.

"There's a better way. The one the Moon Goddess created," I said, and my words silenced them both. "She's in the bedroom. I'll go out for a run."

I didn't need to explain further, they knew exactly what I meant by that.

"Are you sure? We don't want to hurt you either," Kaye said gently.

I only nodded, then turned and sped away.

I couldn't bear to see it.

"All this pain because we aren't part of it," I had a feeling Rome would speak up soon. I had already felt him stirring inside me.

I rushed out of the mansion and only stopped once I hit the trail.

"I can't be part of it. If she's going to be shared, that means my brothers will be involved too. Seeing her with them, it'll never be easy for me," I said aloud, my hands on my waist, my head tilted toward the sky.

"Don't you fear she might fall harder for them?" my wolf pushed, refusing to let me find peace. "They're the mates she has the bond with. And she once dated them too. What if we're the ones left out?"

He wasn't helping.

I grunted and rubbed my face in my hands. Why does it have to be this way?

Earlier, I had gone to meet the man who claimed to know about the witches. He turned out to be a clueless liar.

"It seems like the Moon Goddess has set these rules in a way that they can't be broken. We wolves always look for loopholes. Our mother did too when she was told she'd never carry her mate's children. She found a way to go against the Moon Goddess's decision, and in return, the Goddess planned our fates. This time, she made sure we knew: if she wills it, we can never defy her," Rome said with conviction.

He was right! The Moon Goddess was making an example out of us. Our mother's reckless defiance and stubbornness had left us with the consequences.

I wandered the mountains in pain for hours. The thought of my brothers being intimate with my wife haunted me the entire time. By the time the sky started to lighten, I had crossed the mountains more times than I could count.

Finally, I came to a stop and stared at the brightening horizon.

"They must be done by now," I muttered under my breath.

Rome didn't respond, but I could sense he wasn't in much pain. Maybe because she was with her marked mates and not us. But my three heartbeats were irregular.

I made my way back home, and as the mansion came into view, I started taking deeper breaths. But just as I was about to enter, someone stormed past me, heading inside.

"Maximus?" I asked, confused. What was he doing outside the mansion?

He slowed down and turned toward me, looking completely worn out.

"What happened? When did you leave?" I asked, though it was more like I was punishing myself. I wanted to know, when did they finish?

"After just a few minutes in the bedroom," he replied, sounding exhausted. "She kicked us out last night. Said she couldn't hurt you."

It was when I realized why the heartbeats were so irregular because my brothers spent the night in pain.

Those words filled my heart with a rush of joy, just for a moment. Until I thought about the pain she must have gone through--all night.

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

Chapter 620-My Husband's Painful Nights.

Chapter 620: 620-My Husband's Painful Nights.

Helanie:

"How was your night?" Norman walked in, looking sleepless. Of course, he stayed awake. He could not get an hour of sleep without cuddling with me.

"You left me. I was worried for you," I hid the fact that I spent the night in pain, throwing up the whole time.

"I had to take a run," he stole eyes from me when heading toward the bathroom.

"I had a talk with Kaye and Maximus last night. I believe you let them come to our room," I whispered, and he stopped in his steps.

"We didn't do it." The minute I said that, he turned around and sighed tiredly, looking so defeated. "What made you think I will sleep with my mates even when I know how much it pains you to think of me with your brothers?" I added.

"Didn't it hurt you to not be with them, Helanie?" he uttered with a soft look on his face. He was not judging me for it. He walked over to the bed and sat down, a weird look on his face. "Although I was shocked that you thought of me even through so much pain," he uttered. "But now I want to know what you went through after you made them leave the room last night, and I want you to be honest with me." He held my hand when asking me the question that he could not bear to hear about.

I don't know why he wanted to know so bad.

"It wasn't that bad," as soon as I lied, he put my hand on his head and warned me through his eyes not to lie anymore.

"No, Norman. I saw what you did last night against your will just for me. I am not talking about this," I had enough of his questions. I did not want him to force himself into agreeing to this craziness.

"Not even for me?" he inquired, and my eyebrows furrowed.

"We are marked mates too. And your pain was my pain last night. I went through extreme pain, feeling yours and my brothers' pain too since they are a part of me," he placed his hand on his chest when telling me he had been in pain too.

"Helanie, it is not a crime to be with your mates. Especially when the Moon Goddess wants it. I cannot take that pain—it was too much," he looked so awkward, probably even embarrassed that he couldn't take that pain.

"Norman—," I didn't understand how to respond anymore.

"I don't want to force you, but if I am the reason you were not able to do it, then I am sorry. But—I shouldn't be the reason anymore. I am okay! they are your mates too," he uttered, looking so disturbed as he couldn't directly tell me that he was ready to share me with his brothers.

"You are just saying it because you think I am in pain," I snapped at him, freeing my hand from his hands.

"I am in as much pain. I don't think there is another option. And then my brothers, they were in pain too. Kaye was stabbing himself with a silver dagger to get himself distracted, while Maximus ran miles nonstop," Norman sighed. "If the pain starts again tonight, I don't know how we all will tolerate it."

I felt like I had no response. I had no idea Kaye had been doing that. I just nodded my head and got out of the bed. We were all pretty busy with pain last night. A good meal might help us recover our energy.

However, no one came to the dining room. Kaye took his food to his bedroom, while Maximus didn't even want to eat anything. I had a feeling they were upset with me. So I waited for Kaye to come to the kitchen to leave the dirty dishes, and once he did, I stepped in his way.

"Move!" he demanded in a stern tone.

"Why are you angry with me?" I asked worriedly.

"You wanna know why? Because you fucking moved on. Last night when I left your room, I couldn't help but remember our past together. Sure, I was an asshole that I wanted you to commit to me. I was rushing you, but you didn't even want to be in a relationship with me at that time. Unlike how you did with Maximus. You were ready to tell everyone until you thought he was playing you. Same with Emmet, you were honest with him on why you didn't want to rush. For me, you wanted me to just listen while you told me you didn't want to be in a relationship with me, without any proper explanation. That's what it is," he muttered, his eyes narrowing at my face and showing so much anger.

"You're probably forgetting you brought Kesha next to me. You basically gave me an ultimatum, making me realize you'd have no objection accepting Kesha, and that you had two options," I hissed back at him, and he suddenly put his hand on my neck, grabbing it and pulling me closer.

"I don't give a damn about Kesha. I told you I would only accept her for a while. I told you the truth. You hid everything from me," he grunted, his eyes showing aggression.

"Let me go," I hissed and tried to push him off.

However, I got to see realisation strike him before my eyes and he removed his hand from my neck.

"You should not come in my way," he grunted, warning me when walking past me.

"Or else what?" I demanded.

He stopped in his steps, and in a very grumpy and stern voice responded, "Or else I will not be able to control myself and touch you—kiss you—," I heard his loud gulp while my body got covered in goosebumps.

"You only thought about your relationship last night, not about the fact that we were in pain," he added before he stormed out of the kitchen.

I walked outside after him when Maximus came home. The minute our eyes met, he quickly looked down and ran as fast as he could to avoid getting in contact with me.

'Helanie! It is meant to be. Even Norman wants us to do it so that he can be freed from the pain,' Cora uttered softly, and I began to sigh, wondering if I had made a mistake pushing them out of the room last night.

We were all silent that day, and then the night arrived.

"I will be out in the woods," I could tell Norman had sensed the tension in the air once again. I didn't know I'd feel the pain so soon again.

But this time, I gave him a head nod as I aimed to help him and the others with their pain.

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