

# Claimed And Marked By Her Stepbrother Mates

## Chapter 91-A Pregnancy Test

### Chapter 91: 91-A Pregnancy Test

#### Helanie:

"You will feel better if you rest," Lucy said as she helped me change and even washed my uniform for me.

"I hope the bath is helping. I just don't understand—why didn't you just sit in your undies? Are you really that shy?" she asked, worried about why I had worn a dress to sit in the bathtub in front of her.

"It's alright. You don't have to answer me," she smiled gently when she noticed I was struggling to come up with a reply.

"Have you spoken to Gavin? Wasn't it him calling you earlier?" I asked, having noticed her phone ringing multiple times, though she kept avoiding it.

"I don't know what to say to him right now," she admitted softly, holding a sponge in her hand as she cleaned my arms with it. She had insisted on giving me a bath, and there was no way she was taking no for an answer.

"Lucy! How will you two resolve the issue if you don't even talk about it with him?" I said, genuinely unable to understand the argument between them.

She seemed reluctant to believe the pain in her chest could stem from anything else.

"Did you not see him take care of her hair this morning? Helanie, if your mate knows you're insecure about someone or something, and they keep doing it, what would you think of it?" she asked.

She wasn't wrong. I would flip out too, but at least I'd have a talk with my mate—or even an argument.

But silence? Silence could be deadly for relationships.

"I know you don't believe me, and I don't expect you to. I know what I felt—I just don't understand why he can't stay away from her! Like, why does he have to do her hair in the middle of the hallway, knowing I'd be coming downstairs at any moment? He's not even trying to help me with my doubts," she groaned, tears filling her eyes.

After we were done, she left the bathroom so I could change. Later, she tucked me nicely into bed, but her body twitched slightly when Gavin stormed in with soup and fries.

"She needs to eat; she's too weak," Gavin said softly.

"Come on, Helanie. It's not like you're pregnant and can't hold down food," Lucy insisted, holding up a spoon for me.

That's when my heart dropped in my chest. I tried not to show any reaction, but her words struck a chord. They pulled me back in time—to that night—and then to my current condition.

I had missed my periods ever since that night, but I was so consumed by revenge and determination to get into the academy that I hadn't even thought about it. Or maybe I just didn't care... until now.

"There you go," Lucy smiled as I took the bite, just to calm her down. But inside me, a storm was brewing.

What if it was true?

I shook my head, and when I noticed them narrowing their eyes at me in confusion, I realized I must have looked like I was having a conversation with myself.

"By the way, thank you for standing up for me," Gavin said, referencing the earlier incident. His words temporarily gave me something else to focus on—a brief distraction from the horrifying thought swirling in my mind.

"I messed up anyway," I muttered steadily, glancing at Lucy, who kept her head down, her eyes fixed on the ground.

"They knew you were affected by the comments, Lucy," Gavin said as he turned toward her. She quickly averted her gaze, turning her face to the side to avoid looking at him.

"Lucy! Penn told me that the top seniors have a list of all the students, and next to your name, they wrote insecure! They've even picked on your argument with me over Jenny the other day—"

It all made sense now, why they were constantly trying to hurt Lucy by comparing her to Jenny and calling Jenny prettier than her.

"Oh, Penn told you that? Or was it Jenny herself? She must have fed you this nonsense!" Lucy's voice rose, her tone defensive.

"Come on, Lucy. What's your problem? You're sharing a room with Lamar. Did you see me questioning you?" Gavin countered, his voice rising for the first time.

"That's because I'm not sticking by his hip! I don't even speak to him!" she snapped back, her voice matching his volume.

The two stood up, fists clenched, glaring at each other.

"You know what—let her rest, shall we?" Gavin finally said, grabbing Lucy's arm to lead her out. It seemed they wanted to continue their argument elsewhere, away from me.

I thought about telling them they weren't bothering me, but then it occurred to me that maybe they just didn't feel comfortable fighting in front of me. So, I let them go. Lucy grabbed her coat before walking out with Gavin, leaving me alone—with nothing but the terrifying thoughts haunting my mind.

"What if I really am pregnant?" I whispered, my voice barely audible as I placed a trembling hand on my belly. No! I refused to believe it. How could I possibly carry the bastard's child?

But then again, I hadn't had my periods, and all the symptoms seemed to point to the horrifying possibility.

Flashback:

"Aghhhhh!" the one with brown hair groaned as he finished inside me, while the others held my hands and legs tightly, pinning me down. My eyes were dry now, the tears long gone.

But they weren't done.

It had been hours. Every time I thought it was over, another one of them would come up with a new way to torture me.

"Oh my! Her pussy is so powerful, she's sucking me dry," the main guy said as he stood up, stroking his cock.

"I told you, she's very excited but pretending to hate every second of it," another one laughed cruelly while I shut my eyes tightly, trying to escape this reality.

I wanted to be anywhere else, to go to my happy place. But there wasn't one.

In the first few minutes, I'd clung to the hope that Altan would come back and save me. But that hope died quickly. Now, I didn't even wish for rescue anymore. I just wanted them to leave—or to kill me before they left.

End of flashback

"I need to... get a pregnancy test," I said to myself, jumping off the bed, my heart racing painfully in my chest. I wouldn't be able to rest until I confirmed that I wasn't pregnant.

But where could I even get a test?

The rogue community didn't have malls or stores. And even if they did, I doubted they were accessible to anyone except the royal family.

I knew the brothers had plans to take over abandoned packs and turn them into a safe community for rogues—different from the usual rogue chaos. Only those connected to the brothers or the academy would be part of that land.

Then I remembered the small packs surrounding the rogue community. Some of them weren't very judgmental and had trade deals with the brothers.

Grabbing a purple sweater—my old sweater—and my boots, I headed to the door.

I was going to confirm what my restless mind refused to let go of. I had to know.

I cannot be pregnant with those bastards' child.

I left the hostel without anyone noticing and made my way to the nearest pack on foot. It took me three hours, but I didn't care. I was so determined that I ignored the toll it was taking on my body.

I had only a small amount of money left from when I worked for Maximus, but it was enough to pay for the test. I did get a few strange stares—probably because of how young I looked and the noticeable lack of wolf in me—but I didn't stop to explain or care.

Once I was heading back, I carefully hid the test and returned to my dorm room, where Lucy was waiting for me. Her eyes were swollen and red, so I assumed she'd had another fight with Gavin.

"When I read your text saying you were going out for a walk, I thought you meant a thirty-minute stroll. How are you coming back after six hours?" she scolded, placing her hands on her hips as her sharp eyes scanned me.

"And look at you! Your hands are red—you're freezing to death," she said, rushing over to grab my hands. She started rubbing them quickly to warm them up.

"What happened between you and Gavin? Did you two sort things out?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation away from myself. She sighed heavily.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, Helanie. I'm just so insecure," she admitted, her voice tinged with guilt. It seemed she was finally acknowledging that she might have been overreacting.

"But—" she said, cutting herself off as she dragged me to my bed and made me sit down. She kept holding my hands, her grip firm, as she continued.

"I just have this very bad feeling. Like—my mate bond is sensing something. A tug, almost," she said, her eyes locking onto mine, her emotions raw and visible.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

Because I didn't have a wolf, I wasn't able to feel anything with Emmet. And wow... That thought hit me harder than I expected.

He was my mate.

My professor is my mate.

My stepbrother is my mate.

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

## **Chapter 92-With A Child**

### **Chapter 92: 92-With A Child**

#### **Helanie:**

"Helanie—" As she continued, she shook me back to reality, forcing me to focus on her issue and stop thinking about myself for a moment.

"It's a weird kind of feeling when your mate is—cheating on you," she bit her bottom lip, trying to hide the pain.

"Could it be a false alarm?" I asked, not wanting the two to separate. Ever since I had known them, I had only known them together. They made me believe that true love exists and is very real.

"It could be," she said, her tone hesitant. "Sometimes, if the other person is distressed, their wolf can feel slightly less attracted to their mate. Which, in my case, means Gavin must be feeling less attracted to me. And there could be many reasons for that, but what if—it's because of the cheating part? It happens mostly because of cheating." She seemed so confident in her feelings.

"Did you tell him about it?" I asked. She nodded.

"And what did he say?" I inquired, noticing tears welling up in her eyes.

"He said—he's less attracted to me because I keep making him feel guilty, and I doubt him all the time. I don't know what to do. I don't want us to go down that path, but how do I avoid this weird feeling in my chest?" she sobbed, as if she had been holding back her tears for years.

I instinctively went in for a hug, though I couldn't help blaming Gavin in my heart. She was already so hurt, and instead of comforting her, he told her he was less attracted to her.

"It's just that—his tone toward Jenny is so odd," she said, breaking the hug to hide her face in her hands.

"To be honest with you, I didn't notice anything," I admitted. As soon as I said that, she raised her head to look at me.

"Really? You don't think the two might be secretly hooking up?" she asked, her voice filled with hope as she searched my face for an answer.

"To be honest, I didn't notice it. I actually found Jenny more interested in befriending us than Gavin," I shrugged, noticing a faint smile forming on Lucy's lips.

"Anyway, enough about me. Are you okay?" I asked, relieved to see her feeling a little comforted. Just then, the door swung open, and Lamar stumbled in.

"Ah! The two girls I hate the most," he said, rolling his eyes and hiccupping loudly.

"Is this motherf\*\*\*er drunk?" Lucy whispered to me, making my jaw drop in disbelief.

"Hey, close the door before anyone sees me like this," Lamar clicked his tongue and pretended to hide under his blanket, as if shielding himself from the warden.

"Are you serious? She was sick earlier, and now you've come in drunk. Do you have any idea how she'll feel with the stench of this nasty smell?" Lucy got up, her frustration so visible, and confronted Lamar.

He uncovered his face from the blanket and frowned at her. "She needs a drink to loosen up a bit," he shrugged, completely unbothered.

"Hey, Lucy, be a doll and help me take off my shoes," he said, stretching his legs out and giving her exaggerated puppy-dog eyes.

The more he spoke, the more he shocked us.

"Ew, I wouldn't touch your gross feet with a ten-foot pole," Lucy grimaced, kicking his shoes back toward the blanket.

"Don't be rude. Why is it that all cute girls are always so rude?" he said, but the moment he uttered those words, I saw Lucy straighten her back. That one compliment seemed to light her up, and it saddened me.

"Anyway, I'll drink this—" Lamar pulled out a bottle, but Lucy launched herself at him, trying to snatch it from his hands.

"It's lemon water! But if you're so curious about jumping into my bed, just do it. You don't need an excuse. In fact, a girl as pretty as you doesn't need any excuse at all," he flirted shamelessly, his eyes gleaming as he showered her with compliments.

"Lucy! Come back here. Let him deal with his mess himself," I said, stretching my hand toward her. She stared at it for a moment before finally taking it.

"I—I should go look for Gavin," she said, hesitation evident in her voice.

Her words threw me off. Was she going to look for Gavin because Lamar had made her feel some type of way, and she needed to remind herself that she already had a mate?

"You wanna come?" Lucy looked at me, her expression softer now. I was glad she had finally decided to talk to Gavin. Hopefully, the two of them would resolve this matter, and by tomorrow, all our worries would vanish—maybe even mine. My heart sank at the thought of the test.

"Yeah, I'll take a walk near the library," I said. The library was on the ground floor, near the bathroom. I didn't want to be left alone in a room with Lamar, who was heavily drunk, so I decided to head down there. Nobody would be around at this hour, and I could take the test in peace and have some time to myself.

"Okay!" Lucy said as she walked out. I grabbed my sweater, tucking the test inside it to hide it.

I was about to leave when I heard Lamar grunt my name under his breath.

"What is it now?" I turned around, hands on my waist.

"You're still mad at me. You've been mad a lot these days. Every time I look at you, you're angry—and not smiling—" He pouted, as if trying to look cute.

"And what? You think you will kill me if I don't accept your apology?" I replied with a sarcastic tone.

"Listen—about the things I said to you last night—just forget it. It's not your fault," he said, sounding much less drunk than he had appeared when he first arrived.

"Are you even drunk?" I raised an eyebrow at him. He quickly nodded.

"Not that much. I might have exaggerated a bit so you wouldn't ask me questions about last night's conversation," he admitted, avoiding my gaze.

"Yet you're the one who brought it up yourself," I muttered.

"Yeah, I didn't want you to talk about it in front of Lucy," he murmured, his voice soft, his eyes lowered like a guilty child who'd just broken something precious.

"Why?" I asked, suspicious.

"Eh, no particular reason. I just don't like too many people knowing about my conversations with others," he said, scratching his head awkwardly. "Yeah, I can see you're giving me that look. But in all seriousness—" He hiccupped and quickly flashed a sheepish grin. "I'm sorry. If there's a way to make it up to you, I'll do it. I'll even protect you from the bullies."

I let out a loud scoff, and he nodded, looking as though he understood. "I guess that was a good response to my stupid statement," he said, shaking his head at himself.

"You know, I'll just go now," I said, not wanting to stick around. I was anxious about the test I was about to take. Besides, Lamar showing up drunk to discuss such a serious issue wasn't the right way to handle things.

"Got it," he said as I walked out of the room.

In the elevator, I stared at the buttons, my eyes scanning for the tenth floor—but it wasn't there. Maybe I had hallucinated it all. I'd had some pretty crazy nightmares recently about wells and other unsettling things, but to hallucinate something so vividly had left me puzzled.

Since I had spent some time talking with Lamar, I was certain Lucy had already reached Gavin's room. That meant I had the chance to head straight to the ground floor.



I rushed into the bathroom and took a deep breath, pulling out the test. Wasting another minute wasn't an option. I peed on the stick and set it aside, waiting as my heart pounded against my chest.

"It'll come out negative. I'll be fine. I'm just stressing over—nothing," I muttered, trying to calm myself down. I didn't even know why I had taken the test in the first place. Maybe the nausea and vomiting were just from stress.

But now I was here, in the bathroom—not the one in my room, but the bathroom next to the library—and there was no turning back.

"Please be negative. I don't need this on top of everything else I'm dealing with!" I whispered desperately, my voice trembling. I closed my eyes, but flashes of that night came rushing back—the night they had used me so brutally.

If this test came out positive, it would mean the Moon Goddess was having far too much fun at my expense.

Finally, I opened my eyes. The result stared back at me.

Two lines.

Positive.

My jaw dropped as a single tear fell straight from my eye, bypassing my cheek and landing on the test.

"No! This can't be. How could you—how could you let this happen?" I hissed at the ceiling, imagining the Moon Goddess sitting comfortably and watching me, her suffering she-wolf, from afar.

It was positive.

Panic struck me hard. My breathing quickened, and my chest tightened as my mind spun out of control. I couldn't—I wouldn't—carry a baby from one of those monsters.

But now I am pregnant.

And as miserable as I could possibly feel.

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

## Chapter 93-Spotting One Of Them

### Chapter 93: 93-Spotting One Of Them

**Helanie:**

**Flashback:**

"Let me go!" I yelled, my back pressed against the wall. I wanted nothing more than to escape this place and never return. I will behave, I promised myself, I won't leave my home late at night, and I'll never meet Altan again.

"Moon Goddess, please spare me this once," I begged, my hands raised and clasped together in desperation. I heard them laugh as my pleas fell on deaf ears.

"Please fill their hearts with kindness and sympathy for a broken girl like me," I continued, my voice trembling as one of them stepped closer. Shaking, I quickly grabbed my pendant and wore it, praying it would somehow stop them.

"Please! Stop this. Send someone to help me!" I uttered, my breaths growing shallow, my throat dry, as another man moved closer, leaning in with his arm braced on the wall above my head.

"She's not going to listen. In fact, she sent us here to help you— to make you feel better," he sneered, his voice dripping with malice. "I don't think that Alpha of yours could have given you any pleasure. Let us help you instead," he added, his tone unnervingly creepy. The way he licked his lips made my skin crawl.

His hand lowered to my dress, and I slapped it away, hastily fixing my clothes. He stared at his hand for a moment before suddenly grabbing the hem of my dress and shaking it, making the others laugh as I struggled to free myself.

The humiliation burned my cheeks, my face growing hot with shame and anger.

"Look at that," he sneered, letting go of the hem only to grab at my neckline, pulling it down as I desperately pushed his hands away.

"See? They're so milky and big," his vile comments pierced through me, making my ears burn with fury and disgust.

"Ayo! Dude, should we grab some condoms?" another one chimed in, his wide grin making it clear he was enjoying every moment of my suffering.

As they all stared at me like predators circling prey, the leader shook his head and added with a smirk, "Nah, let's fill her up nice and good."

End Of Flashback.

It had been ten minutes, and I sat on the closed toilet seat with the test in my hand.

"I wasted my time praying to you for help," I muttered brokenly. My voice was devoid of emotion, and my face had no expression.

I had no idea what I was going to do with my life now. Sometimes, it feels like the Moon Goddess waits for the perfect moment to hit me with bad news.

"What am I going to do now?" I sighed, gripping the test tightly. Deciding to head back to my room, I didn't want to linger and risk making Lucy worried.

I turned on the faucet and washed my face and hands before staring at my reflection in the mirror for a few minutes. The image staring back at me was hard to bear—my broken self, pale and weary.

"I'm not going to let this happen," I whispered through my clenched jaw. I knew what I had to do. This would ruin everything for me.

If they found out, I'd be asked to leave the academy. Physical training would no longer be possible for me. And it would make them think my priorities weren't aligned with becoming the best—the one thing I'd been working so hard for.

Taking one last deep breath, I stepped out of the bathroom.

The moment I did, I froze in my tracks. Standing there was a woman, at least six feet tall and easily three times my size, her muscular frame in an all-black suit. She was pacing around the hallway, her eyes scanning the area.

I instantly knew she was the warden. We hadn't been formally introduced to her yet, but the others had warned us about her. They said that after meeting her, we'd reconsider our decision to stay here—or even think about leaving the academy altogether.

She held a stick in her hand, tapping it menacingly against the palm of her other hand as she surveyed the surroundings.

My anxiety spiked, and my legs felt so numb and heavy that I couldn't move.

When I heard her grunt, it jolted me back to reality. I quickly rushed to the side, squeezing myself into the narrow space between two antique-decorated cupboards.

It was dark there, and I silently prayed she wouldn't see me. Thankfully, she didn't seem to glance toward the bathroom.

I assumed she'd question why I had come here instead of using the bathroom in my own room. If I told her my room's bathroom was occupied, she might follow me back to check it. Then she'd find drunk Lamar, and he'd get into trouble.

I rolled my eyes at the thought of seeing that idiot again. With so much going wrong in my life, I still had to deal with him, too.

Finally, the warden left, and I watched her disappear down the hall. I let out a deep sigh of relief but didn't come out of hiding immediately.

However, the moment I stepped out and started sprinting, I hadn't even taken more than a few steps before I came face to face with another problem.

If I hadn't stopped in time, we would have collided—and that would've made her furious.

She narrowed her eyes at me, placing her hands on her hips, and then gave me a once-over, sizing me up from head to toe.

"And what are you doing here?" she asked, folding her arms over her chest and smirking, as though mocking me for being caught sneaking around on the ground floor.

"I was... using the restroom," I stammered, gulping down my fear. My hands were clasped behind my back, gripping the test tightly.

It was Sage in front of me.

I hadn't had a face-to-face encounter with her until now. This was our first interaction, and the way her eyes lingered on me, paired with her raised brow, made it clear she meant trouble.

"And why not in your own room?" she asked, tapping her foot impatiently against the floor. I guessed she was allowed to roam around freely since she was a top senior.

"Come on, answer my question, or I'll have to ask Miss Warden to come check on you," she said, tilting her head dramatically, her tone exaggerated and mocking.

"My roommate was using it, and I couldn't wait any longer, so—" I began to explain, but I noticed her gaze drop to my hands.

Her expression shifted immediately.

I knew I was in trouble.

"What is it? What are you hiding behind your back?" she asked, her voice dripping with mockery and menace. The threat in her tone was clear, and I didn't dare risk upsetting her further.

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

## Chapter 94-The Forced Engagement

### Chapter 94: 94-The Forced Engagement

**Norman:**

"Emmet, just meet her once." My strides were long as I chased after my brother through the open corridor leading to his sanctuary.

He had returned from the academy while I had just come back from the office after enduring a two-hour meeting. Mom had been blowing up my phone, pleading with me to convince Emmet to meet her.

"At least meet Demi and Davon," I said. The moment their names left my lips, my brother stopped and turned to face me. The wind blew his coat and hair, making him look even more intense.

"Why? I don't like kids, and I don't like hanging around them. They're loud and ask too many damn questions," he said, his voice dripping with disdain. Every time their names came up, Emmet's attitude soured.

I couldn't understand why, but he always looked uncomfortable when they were mentioned.

"Emmet, they're our siblings," I said, stepping closer to him. I hoped that if he looked me in the eye, he'd realize how much his behavior was hurting everyone. His attitude toward them was completely unjustified.

"And?" he shrugged.

"They're innocent. Why are you taking your anger out on them?" I couldn't grasp why Emmet was upset with Mom. She was a victim in all of this.

The last I remembered, when our parents were divorcing, he had begged Mom to stay. Dad had even allowed her to live in the guesthouse, but she chose to leave instead.

"I'm way past all that stuff. As for Demi and Davon, I don't know what to say to them. They're kids, and I have no idea how to deal with kids," he said, sliding his hands into his pants' pockets, his expression utterly nonchalant.

"Okay, I'll be straightforward with you. Demi and Davon have been showing some behavioral changes. They're becoming aggressive, especially for kids their age, and Mom wants you to tutor them."

The moment I finished speaking, his jaw clenched visibly.

"Does she think that's what I do at the academy? Tutor kids? They don't even need a tutor; they need a babysitter. Is that what she expects me to become for them?" His tone turned sharper, prompting me to reach out and place a hand on his shoulder.

"Yes! Babysit them, spend time with them, and get to know their personalities. Also, start teaching them about our history and the werewolf powers we possess. Just meet them once, and you'll understand what I mean," I said, noticing a faint frown forming on his forehead. For a moment, it looked like he was finally considering my words.

"But I won't force you," I continued. "I'll leave the decision in your hands. Just let me know what to tell Mom."

I patted his shoulder and pressed my lips into a thin line before walking away.

I thought about heading back to my room to prepare some files for the latest deals when I saw Jessica sitting in the living room with Charlotte.

We had a fight in the parking lot of the hotel, and after that, I had ignored her entirely. So seeing her here was a surprise.

"Jessica!" I sighed exhaustedly.

She immediately stood up to greet me with a slight bow of her head.

"Come," I said, shooting a harsh glare at Charlotte while calling Jessica to follow me. I had told Charlotte countless times to stay away from my guests. She was nosy, and if I ever caught her snooping around in my business, she'd have to face severe consequences.

Jessica followed me to my bedroom, and the moment she stepped inside, she turned to start talking.

"I couldn't stay away from you, so I came here to squash our differences," she said hesitantly, as if she had rehearsed this conversation in her mind a hundred times.

I slammed the door shut and folded my arms across my chest, silently hoping that, for once, she would back down.

"Jessica, I can't keep doing this. You're only hurting yourself with this forced engagement," I said, deciding to be honest. I had given us a chance because she wanted me to believe I'd eventually fall for her. But so far, nothing of the sort has happened.

"Norman! Just one last chance. We need to make it work. We're meant to be together," she said, clasping her hands together as she begged. I looked away, unwilling to meet her pleading eyes.

"Why do you want to ruin your life with someone like me? You deserve someone who thinks about you, someone who helps ease your doubts and makes you feel secure. You know, after our argument, I didn't even think about reaching out to you. That alone should tell you something. You don't deserve this," I said, tired of the façade we both upheld. In public, we pretended to be happy because she refused to let go.

"Okay, I get it. Just one last chance," she whispered, holding up her pinky as if it would seal the deal.

"I don't think this is healthy for you, Jessica. I want you to move on and find a better mate," I said, shaking my head at her persistent demands.

When I finally raised my gaze, I saw her looking at me with teary eyes, her heartbreak evident.

"I am not returning the ring to you. I will not--I love you more than anyone in the world. I am ready to compromise. You don't have to love me; just let me love you," she insisted in a broken voice, her pleading tone shaking my resolve.

She was, after all, my friend, and that's why I needed to put an end to this.

"That's not fair--" I began, but she shook her head, cutting me off.

"I'm fine with it. You're not even interested in someone else, so just stay with me. I won't bother you," she said, sniffing as she tried to hold back her tears, though some still slipped free.

I knew she'd say this, and I also knew how it would end. She'd be hurt, just like the last time.

"You had your man follow me, Jessica. You know how much I hate people snooping around in my business. And then you say you won't care if I don't love you back. But you do care enough to hire someone, make them follow me, and then show up at the

parking lot of the hotel?" I paused, my voice firm. "I'm sorry, Jessica. But I'm not doing this anymore."

Her sharp gasp made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

Why?

Why was she even in love with someone like me? I was incapable of loving anyone.

The only reason I kept going was to keep my brothers safe. That was my life's only goal--and it would never change.

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

## **- Chapter 95-Things I Wish To Unsee**

### **Chapter 95-Things I Wish To Unsee**

#### **Chapter 95: 95-Things I Wish To Unsee**

##### **Helanie:**

My blood ran cold, and my eyes fixated on her face. I was terrified for myself. What if she saw the test? I will be in so much danger.

There was no way she wouldn't tell the other top seniors. I already had a bad start with them, and this news would be used against me to kick me out of the academy. And Norman would love that very much.

"Come on, show me what you've got there," I wished I had remembered that the hostel wasn't just for juniors but also for seniors.

"You're not allowed in this corner," Sage folded her arms over her chest, her eyes narrowing at me.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'll leave," I attempted to sidestep her, but she blocked my path, making me wonder what she was up to.

The beautiful red silk gown she wore made her look like a goddess, but the malice in her eyes ruined her purity.



"Now, come on, take it out. Let me see what you've been hiding back there," she insisted. Finally, when I refused to show her my hands, she stretched her arms behind my back and forced my hands forward. That's when I felt another pair of hands grasp mine, prying my fingers open as they brought my hands fully into view.

Now my hands were in Sage's sight, and her eyes fixated on how empty they were.

"Where did it go? I know you were hiding something. Tell me, where did it go?" she demanded angrily, glaring at me.

I turned to my side to see who else had arrived and who could have taken it from me. My heart sank when I saw Jenny standing beside me.

"I got it for you," she said, a strange smile on her lips.

"Show me. What was she hiding behind her back?" Sage demanded from Jenny, and I started to panic.

"This!" Jenny stretched out her hand, and I began shaking my head.

"It is none of y--" before I could finish, Sage's angry grunt silenced me.

"Such an expensive chocolate bar. I wonder how you could afford it. Oh, I see! You were eating it here so you wouldn't have to share it with your roommates," Sage's laughter echoed as my head turned toward Jenny, who held a chocolate bar in her hand.

"Anyway, I'm not interested in this. I wonder how many calories it has. But that doesn't mean you can roam the hallways at this time. Now, go back to your rooms," she said, pointing towards the staircase. Both Jenny and I nodded quickly before running towards the stairs.

I didn't even think about using the elevator in the moment. We hurriedly began climbing the stairs together.

"I know you have plenty of questions for me," I said as we walked up the stairs, no longer rushing.

"Yeah, like, why are these top seniors so rude?" Jenny's nonchalant tone caught me off guard, and I slowed down even more.

"I mean about--what I was hiding behind my back," I said, watching her pause with me before biting her tongue.

"Oh, sorry. Here," she said, handing it back with a smile.

"You're not going to ask me any questions?" I wondered if she knew it would make me uncomfortable or if she simply hadn't noticed the positive lines.

"About what?" she asked with a casual shrug.

"About the test," I said, finding it hard to bring up the topic with anyone.

"Oh, I mean, we have ovaries; we get pregnant. What's so shocking about it?" she said, giving me a warm smile before reaching out to gently hold my hand between hers.

"I just want you to know that I'm in full support of you--" she started, but I interrupted her, needing to tell her the truth.

"What if I don't want this baby?" I said softly, watching her nod with understanding. She didn't look shocked, not even for a moment.

"Then I'm here for you. I can arrange everything if that's what you want, and no one will ever find out," she said. There was something so calm about her demeanor that it made me wonder if anything ever surprised her.

"You don't want to hold this leverage over me? To get me to do something for you?" The words slipped out of my mouth reflexively. Too many people in my life had used my vulnerabilities against me, and I assumed she'd do the same.

"I don't think people who take advantage of someone's misery are good people," she replied, giving me a sad look.

"I didn't mean to question you--" I sighed, feeling guilty.

"It's okay. I understand why you wouldn't trust anyone. As a rogue, life must have taught you a lot. Do you live alone?" she asked, sitting down on the staircase and patting the empty step beside her.

I sat down with her, staring off into the distance. "I have no one who wants me."

I didn't want to overshare and risk regretting it later, but I didn't want to lie either. So, I chose the middle ground.

"Where do you stay when you're not at the academy?" Of course, that question had to come up. No one could survive these mountains or woods alone without a roof over their heads.

"I--" I filled my mouth with air, trying to think of a lie. I didn't even know how I'd managed to survive this long. I guess I had Kaye to thank for giving me a suite to stay in.

"I'm only asking because the academy hostel closes during vacations or holidays. Do you have a place to stay then?" she asked, her eyes filled with concern as she sat before me, looking so genuinely innocent.

"I don't," I admitted, this time being entirely honest.

"Oh, well, no worries. You can come stay with me in my pack! I have an all-pink bedroom. We can share it or--wait, what's your favorite color?" she asked enthusiastically, but I just stared at the wall.

She was kind, and her offer seemed sincere, but the answer to her question felt different now.

"I like black. It represents strength and power. Darkness and mystery," I said, unable to think of rainbow colors in my current situation.

"That is so cool!" she grinned widely. "You're the badass type, I get it. But hey, I'm taking you with me during holidays and vacations, and I won't take no for an answer."

Her pout was so adorable that it made me laugh a little.

"By the way, what were you doing out of your room at this time?" I asked, curiosity getting the better of me.

"I was getting bored in my room. Gavin was leaving, so I left too, but then he went outside, and I decided to wander around when I heard your voice," she explained. Then she pulled out a chocolate bar from her side bag.

"I carry chocolates. Don't ask me why," she said playfully. Her way of talking was so comforting, and she didn't seem judgmental at all. As she insisted, I accepted the chocolate with a small smile on my lips.

"Hey, I'll be there with you when you make a decision, okay?" she added.

It was time for us to leave. I gave her a nod, and we both got up from our spots. She pointed to the elevator for me, and I guessed she didn't mind me using it.

"I'll see you in the morning, and please don't worry too much. We'll figure something out, okay?" she said, patting my shoulder and helping me into the elevator.

As the doors closed, I sighed in relief. She could be faking her kindness, and maybe she would go around telling others. I couldn't be sure.

At least her initial response helped me calm down. Otherwise, I would have completely freaked out.

I made my way to my floor and briefly stopped to look out through the large open corridors. It was so foggy and peaceful outside, even in the dark.

Hugging myself to shield against the cold, I walked steadily to my room door and opened it. But the sight before my eyes was something I swear I had never expected to see.

Lamar was in his bed, on top of some girl. He was naked, with a blanket covering his lower body.

"You've got to be kidding me, Lamar! This is not a room for your \*fun activities\*! Why the heck did you bring someone here? What if the warden sees her--" I started ranting, not caring that I was ruining his so-called fun time.

I was beyond furious, already upset about the pregnancy test, and now this.

My voice startled them, and Lamar instantly rolled to the side while the girl sat up, holding his sweater to her chest to cover herself.

"What the--" My hands flew to my mouth as I recognized her.

Lucy.

She stared back at me, her eyes wide with shock.

"Lucy! What the fuck!" I yelled.

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

## **Chapter 96-All Wrong**

### **Chapter 96: 96-All Wrong**

#### **Helanie:**

"Fucking put your clothes on," I hissed at her, but then I just felt like I didn't even want to be there anymore. Everything was falling apart so badly now.

"You know what—," I sighed, "I'll just leave." I didn't know what I was thinking. I was so overwhelmed with emotions, wanting to get away one moment and then stay the next.

And that's exactly what happened the minute I stepped out of the room.

"I'm not going to leave her in there, making out with that animal," I muttered, rolling my eyes at my own indecisiveness before storming back inside with renewed determination.

Once I was back in, I got to see their reactions.

Lamar had put on pants, while Lucy was crying on the bed—still naked, covered in sheets, her hands over her face.

"You're really not drunk, are you?" I accused, narrowing my eyes at Lamar. It was obvious he wasn't as wasted as he was pretending to be. In fact, he might have had only a few drinks.

"Did you know he isn't drunk?" I asked Lucy, since I'd already confronted Lamar about it.

"She knows. I didn't trick her or anything," Lamar muttered, his head bowed. Lately, he'd been doing that a lot—acting all cutesy as if it could fool everyone.

And honestly? It worked. He fooled Lucy.

"What were you thinking, Lamar? Do you not know she's in a relationship? She has a mate!" My fists clenched at my sides, and he noticed, stepping back cautiously as if I could actually hurt his brick-like face.

"I know. But—hey, maybe that's why you need to understand it wasn't just us messing around—" He didn't finish his sentence because I cut him off.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know you two weren't just messing around but actually building a castle!" I snapped, nodding sarcastically to mock him.

"That's not what I meant," he shot back, his tone defensive. "Lucy is your friend, and you know her character better than I do. She wouldn't sleep with anyone unless she had a good reason."

That caught me off guard. Coming from him, it was unexpected. I'd fully expected him to laugh in my face, mock me for ruining my friend's relationship with her mate, or worse, tarnish Lucy's character entirely.

"Okay, you need to stop looking at me like you're going to eat me alive. But trust me—she is not at fault. She had a bad day, and—"

I had to raise my palm to stop him mid-sentence.

"I know her, and I'll talk to her myself. I'd rather hear what happened directly from her than listen to you. Got it?" I snapped, my voice louder than I intended. He pouted, raising his hands in surrender.

"I understand," he muttered.

"You need to leave," I said firmly, pointing at the door.

I knew the warden might be on his rounds, but Lamar had managed to sneak out before, so I figured he'd be fine this time, too.

"Fine, let me grab my shirt and sweater. But hey, don't be too harsh on her—it's not her fault—" Lamar started again, trying to justify things while Lucy sat silently on the bed, her face buried in her hands.

"If I need your explanation, I'll ask for it. Right now, I don't. So leave!" I yelled, my finger still pointing at the door.

"Get out," I hissed, closing my eyes to steady myself. Lamar finally walked past me, the force of his movement creating a slight breeze that brushed against me.

The fact that he'd seemed so apologetic earlier but then jumped on my friend the moment I left infuriated me. Just imagining everything unraveling—and the possibility of Gavin finding out—was physically painful.

And then there was my own secret, the one I knew wouldn't stay hidden for much longer. I was losing my mind, more than ever.

When I finally heard the door slam shut, I walked over to the bed and grabbed Lucy's dress from the floor, tossing it toward her.

"I can't even—" I muttered under my breath, slapping my forehead with enough force to make it sting.

"How could you—Lamar? Lucy? What about Gavin?" I stammered, unable to form a complete sentence. My hormones must've been messing with me. They'd break me completely soon enough, if they weren't already.

"Put on your clothes, Lucy. We need to talk." I took a deep breath and turned my face away from her.

"And take a shower," I added before stepping into the closet.

I sat on the floor inside for some reason, my hands clutching the pregnancy test I had hidden there. It was almost funny how I'd even painted over it with red nail polish I'd

found on Lucy's shelf. After finishing my little craft project, I tucked it away and sat back down, pulling my knees up to my chest and hugging them tightly.

Time passed before I heard the closet door creak open. Lucy walked in. She'd taken a shower, but she hadn't even bothered to dry her hair. Without a word, she sat down beside me, silent.

For a few moments, neither of us spoke. Then she rested her head on my shoulder, and I leaned mine against hers.

We stayed like that for a while until she sniffled and finally broke the silence.

"I went to see Gavin," she began, her voice shaky. "He wasn't in his room. Neither was Jenny. Her brother told me they left the room together."

I listened to her full sentence and immediately remembered my own encounter with Jenny.

"Just because they left together doesn't mean they were together," I said, raising my head from hers and turning to face her. We were still sitting on the cold floor. I recalled what Jenny had told me when I found her. She'd been alone, and since she was with me, she couldn't have been with Gavin.

"Of course they're together. They're both missing, Helanie," she argued, her voice filled with certainty. The more she spoke, the more I felt like she was being foolish—punishing Gavin without even thinking or asking him any questions.

"They could be anywhere. In fact, I saw Jenny on the ground floor near the library," I said, trying to reason with her before she did something reckless like confronting Gavin about her assumptions.

"You don't have to lie for them," she said, rolling her eyes.

"Why would I lie? I'm just telling you what I saw," I replied firmly. She needed to stop spiraling and confront Gavin calmly. The two of them needed to fix this without yelling or making rash decisions.

But honestly, I wasn't sure how she could fix it now.

"I don't care anymore," she said with a dismissive shrug. "He's upset me too many times. Let him deal with the pain of heartbreak, just like I did when I felt the stinging pain of our mate bond shaking one night."

She refused to listen to reason.

But then again, how could I blame her? If she said she knew what she felt, who was I to tell her otherwise?

I didn't even have a wolf, so I might never fully understand the intensity of what she was feeling.

"But I don't think this was the right thing to do," I said, trying again. "What if it was just a random act of sway? What if he momentarily thought about cheating on you? I'm not defending his actions, but it would be less messy than what you did. And Lamar, of all people?"

I turned my face away as the memory of Lamar beating me up and leaving me for dead flashed through my mind.

She lowered her head, covering her face again.

"Are you going to tell Gavin?" I asked after a long pause. I heard her gulp, the sound loud in the tense silence.

"Did he tell me he cheated on me?" she countered, raising her head and looking me straight in the eye. There was so much confidence in her gaze, as if she truly believed she'd caught Gavin in the act.

In that moment, I felt utterly lost.

I was stuck between two of my friends caught in this war—the mate war. And the problem was, I wanted to believe Lucy more than ever now.

Because if she was wrong, then she had screwed up big time. Not only would she have destroyed her own relationship, but she'd also hurt her mate by cheating on him with the one person we all despised.

"And please, I expect you not to tell him," she said, her tone throwing me off completely.

I had no idea what she was planning, but whatever it was, it felt ominous. The confidence on her face when she spoke about cheating on Gavin was unsettling. The only time she seemed remotely guilty was when she made eye contact with me, likely because Lamar had previously tried to kill me.

"I'll stay out of both of your business," I said, raising my hands in surrender. I had my own worries to deal with and didn't want to be dragged into their mess.

"I'm going to sleep now. I'm tired," she said as she got up, dusting off her dress before walking out of the closet.

I was scared for her.



The game she'd started wouldn't end well. I couldn't see how their relationship would survive this.

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

## Chapter 97-My Deceptive Wolf

### Chapter 97: 97-My Deceptive Wolf

**Kaye:**

My mom had been fixated on Maximus for the past five minutes. She hadn't looked away from him as he used his phone in front of her.

We had our casual dinners with her at the beginning of every month, but tonight was different. Norman didn't come.

He was usually the one trying his best to keep the peace between all of us. Now that he wasn't here, I wondered how the night would go.

"Maximus, did you speak to Emmet?" I knew Mom would ask him some kind of question just to get his attention.

"Hmm?" Maximus raised his head momentarily from his phone before looking down again. "When has he ever come?"

"I know that much. But did you ask him to start joining our dinners?" she insisted.

Emmet was a different breed. He had stopped coming to these dinners after the first few times, and eventually, he avoided meeting our mother altogether unless she bumped into him somewhere—or Norman dragged him to an event where she'd be present.

"I think Norman did," Maximus replied. He was so distracted that I wanted to snatch the phone out of his hands and make him listen to her. But I didn't want to upset Mom by acting out in front of her.

I hadn't even touched my phone in her presence, yet she had so little to say to me.

"And?" She had to work so hard to get answers from Maximus, while I sat there dying for her to ask me a single question.

"And—he said no," Maximus replied carelessly. However, he finally put down his phone and sighed tiredly.

"When will dinner be served?" he asked in an exhausted tone.

"Why? Do you have to be somewhere?" The hurt in Mom's voice made me feel sad for her. She was trying so hard to keep us together, to stay close to us.

I knew just a few kind words from Maximus could lift her mood, but he refused to give her even that.

"Yeah, kind of. I have a date—" he smiled before looking at Mom, "sort of... with a bunch of friends." He quickly twisted the truth, trying to pass it off as a joke.

"Are you going out with a girl?" Mom was spot on. But Maximus wasn't foolish either. She never liked us going out with anyone—at least not with someone who wasn't her choice. Maximus would never admit the truth to her.

"No! I was joking," Maximus frowned, reaching for his phone again. I shook my head at him.

"Let's have a nice conversation without you using your phone for a while," I muttered under my breath, gesturing to him that he was hurting Mom.

"Kaye, you're younger than him. You don't need to order him around," Mom suddenly grunted at me in disapproval, crushing my confidence.

I glanced at Maximus, who took it as a joke and stuck his tongue out at me, but I felt nothing but regret. I just wanted Mom to know how seriously I took these family dinners.

"Anyway, did you two meet your siblings?" That's when Mom brought up our younger siblings, and I noticed Maximus' body twitch slightly.

We had longed to live in the same house as them. They were our little siblings, but when Dad rejected Mom, they left with her since they were just babies and needed their mother.

"I did. I even brought them gifts too," Maximus said with a wide smile, his desire to share a roof with our little twins shining through.

I loved my little twin brother and sister, but we had missed so much of their childhood because of our parents' hatred for each other.

"They've gone to bed right now, but they've been asking about their brothers a lot," Mom said cheerfully as she mentioned the twins.

"They're so adorable, but they can also be so stubborn when they want something," I added, eager to join the conversation. I didn't usually like kids, but my siblings were the cutest exceptions.

"Kaye, they're just kids. Of course, they'll be stubborn. You used to be stubborn too," Mom said, completely misinterpreting my comment, and once again, she decided to school me for it.

"Kaye was just complimenting them in a cute way. You need to chill, Mom. If you want us to keep coming here, you'll need to adjust your attitude too. Or else—just like Emmet—I might also stop coming," Maximus' tone shifted as he noticed the look on my face.

A sudden wave of comfort washed over me when I realized how well my best friend—my brother—understood me.

"Of course, I was joking too. Right, Kaye?" Mom said, turning to face me. Her smile faded as her eyes locked onto mine. I felt my hands and feet grow numb.

I didn't know how or why, but she had this strange control over me. I guess it was because I loved her so desperately, and her attention could compel me to do things I normally wouldn't.

"How about we cheer up and get ready for dinner?" I said, trying to steer the conversation in a different direction.

"That's a nice idea. I'll go check on the servers," Mom said as she stood up and left.

Maximus leaned back in his chair and looked at me. "You okay?" he asked softly.

"I have you. How can I not be okay?" I replied, earning a smile from him. But the truth was, I wasn't okay.

Something was missing in my life—or perhaps, someone.

'I know who you're thinking about. You're wasting your time and energy. She's a forbidden fruit now,' Ye said, as if he were ready to remind me yet again.

'I don't know who you're talking about, but I wasn't thinking of her,' I retorted, exposing myself in the process.

'Anyway, she's soon to be your stepsister. Unless Dad rejects her mother, it's a done deal. And then, you're her trainer. I hope you realize it'll be unfair to the other students, because you'll be biased as hell,' he added, clearly trying to annoy me.

"I'm not even thinking about her. You're the one who keeps bringing her up," I said, trying to sound clever and flip the conversation back onto him.

'Huh, ever since she saved you in that dream prison, you've been so infatuated with her. The minute you two held hands after crushing those flowers and felt those weird feelings, you started acting differently,' Ye said, making me tilt my head in frustration, though I let him continue.

'And then—you held her back while she rested her hands on your chest. Kaye, it was only a dream prison. You two were miserable and vulnerable. Don't take those feelings seriously; they meant nothing,' he stopped yapping to hear my response now.

What he didn't realize was that, while running his mouth, he had answered one of my biggest questions. That's when I started piecing things together.

'How do you know that? How do you know such little details if you weren't even there?' I asked, my voice low but pointed.

I remembered the big hint he had given me after we returned—that Rune had silenced him in the dream prison. This was why the mate bond I felt with Helanie couldn't have been true—because Ye had supposedly been asleep.

So how, then, did he know everything in such detail?

'From your memory, duh! You know I can access your memory,' he replied smugly, but I could tell he was scrambling.

'But, Ye—remember you told me you didn't feel the mate bond because you were asleep? You said Rune made me think I felt it?' His silence was deafening, and I knew he realized I was catching on to him.

'So? Why are we talking about this for now?' he said hastily, clearly panicking.

'You started it,' I scoffed.

'Ye, when I felt the mate bond with her, you were awake. It wasn't until later that Rune arrived and declared you inactive,' I said, my voice shaking as a painful sense of betrayal crept over me. That was the detail I had been missing all along.

'Oh... I must have been mistaken then,' he mumbled. But the guilt in his voice betrayed him, proving me right.

'I can't believe you did this to me. You lied to me about my mate bond? You used the dream prison to manipulate me, to lie to my face!' My voice cracked, and I couldn't begin to explain how torturous it was to realize that my own wolf had been dishonest with me.

But then again, what did I expect from Ye? He had always been this way—cunning, manipulative, and abnormal.

"Kaye!" Maximus snapped his fingers in front of my face to grab my attention. "Are you alright? You don't look good."

He gestured at my hands, which had started transforming. My nails were growing, turning into sharp claws, and my skin was changing color. I knew that if I didn't get control of myself soon, my transition would begin—and that would be very, very bad.

"Hey, look at me," Maximus said, cupping my face firmly in his hands. His voice was steady, commanding, and full of concern. "You need to calm down."

As he held my gaze, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bottle of wolfsbane.

"Take a few sips," he insisted, holding the bottle to my lips.

I obeyed, taking just one sip. The liquid burned my throat, its sharp bitterness bringing tears to my eyes. I didn't let him see them, though—I couldn't let him see why I was crying.

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

## **Chapter 98-The Terrible Outcome Of That Night**

### **Chapter 98: 98-The Terrible Outcome Of That Night**

#### **Helanie:**

I woke up feeling even more nauseated than ever. I didn't want to go to breakfast. The breakfast was served on the hostel's ground floor, and I knew all the academy students would be there, ready to bother the juniors. So, I decided not to go into the hostel's dining hall for breakfast.

"Where are you going?" Lucy asked, tugging on my sleeve to get my attention.

"I don't want to eat here," I whispered, making sure the students walking past me on their way to the hall didn't hear me.

They would run to tell the bullies, and then the bullying would get worse once they realized how much it was bothering me.

"Then I'll come with you," she said.

"Girls! Come!" Gavin yelled from the big door, waving at both of us.

"Are you two going to talk about your differences?" I asked her, feeling bad for Gavin.

"Not now. I'm just pretending to be fine for now. I can't forgive him for cheating on me and pushing me over the edge," she said, her words making me strain to keep my reaction neutral. I wanted so badly to yell at her for taking things so far without any evidence, but I didn't want to meddle in their relationship—or judge Lucy.

"Come on, have breakfast with us," she urged, trying to pull me toward the door. But I politely declined her offer.

The reason wasn't because she had slept with Lamar. It was because I needed to get rid of the test hidden in my sweater pocket. My hands were in my pockets, clutching the test tightly. It felt like a constant reminder every few seconds—I was pregnant.

"Lucy, is it okay if I take a walk and grab something to eat along the way?" I asked, hoping she wouldn't press further. Her frown showed her confusion.

"Eat from trees?" She tried to joke, but it was obvious she didn't understand where I could possibly go to eat on foot. It wasn't like I could just stroll to a nearby park.

Actually, I really couldn't. I'd done so yesterday, and now my legs were aching terribly.

"And it's so cold and dark outside," she continued, sounding concerned.

"It's okay. Please go ahead and join him. I just want to be alone for a while," I said, rushing to leave before they insisted on coming with me. I was debating on staying when I thought maybe Gavin would question her for the pain he must have felt last night but since he seemed fine, I decided to leave. I don't think Lucy needed me for now.

Before she could say anything else, I had already turned around and started walking away.

I hugged my body defensively as I left the academy hostel in the dark. It was dangerous out there, but what was happening inside me felt far more threatening than anything lurking outside.

I walked all the way to the track, glancing around for any passing cars. Once I was certain there were none, I began hiking up the incline, sweat forming around the test I'd been holding tightly for over an hour.

When I reached the top of the mountain, far from the academy, I finally pulled the test out and stared at it. The red cross on the test with a broken heart I had drawn over it, made me take a deep breath.

I couldn't help but wonder: If I had gotten pregnant under different circumstances—with someone I loved—would things have been different?

Would my reaction have been different?

Maybe I would have decided to keep the baby. Maybe I wouldn't even be at the academy.

Closing my eyes, I threw the test as far as I could, watching it disappear almost instantly into the darkness. The wind had picked up, colder and stronger now.

"I guess there'll be a storm tonight," I whispered to myself, my words carried away by the biting wind, which also swept the tears from my eyes. It was weird how I could roam around much more safely in the wild than I could among pack members. Flashes of that night still haunt me. Especially the face of those alphas and then there was Altan.

I clenched my jaw and closed my eyes to let the tears fall freely for a while before I went back to my dorm room. It was frustrating that I had to look for an excuse to cry in the dorm room. Sometimes I just wanted to curl up in the corner of the room and sob for no reason.

I began my slow journey back to the hostel. By the time I reached the road, I felt the sudden and overwhelming urge to throw up.

"Ugh! What do you want?" I yelled at my belly in frustration. I couldn't bring myself to think of this baby as mine. It didn't feel like it belonged to me—it belonged to one of those alphas, not me.

So why was this baby growing inside me?

"AHHHHHH!" I screamed into the night, knowing no one would hear me out here. Then I resumed walking, slower this time, consumed by anger and frustration.

I didn't want food, or anything at all. All I wanted was a single day free from thinking about how my life had been forever tied to that one night.

I was so angry.

So frustrated.

"Hey!"

When I neared the hostel, someone called out to me. Lifting my head, I saw Kaye standing by the main gate, almost as if he had been waiting for me. Seeing him so early in the morning was a shock. I did not expect him to come see me after weeks had passed since our last meetup.

"Trainer Kaye!" I greeted him with a little bow and instantly noticed the disapproving look on his face.

"Just Kaye!" he corrected me, causing a shiver to run up my spine. The way his eyes were fixated at me gave me a feeling of weirdness.

"Where were you?" he asked, striding toward me with quick, long steps. The long black overcoat he wore made him look even taller.

"I went out for a walk," I replied, trying to sidestep him and keep walking.

"Can I have a minute with you?" he asked, stepping in my way and stopping me in my tracks. That came out of nowhere so I was not sure how to respond to him.

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

## **Chapter 99-My Stepbro Says We Are Mates**

### **Chapter 99: 99-My Stepbro Says We Are Mates**

#### **Helanie:**

"What are you thinking about? Don't worry, I'm not going to abduct you away from your friends," he said with an awkward smile.

The word abduction hit too close to home, and my body visibly shuddered before I quickly nodded to mask my discomfort.

"What is this about?" I asked, my voice steadier than I felt. He narrowed his eyes slightly, studying me, almost as if he were judging my reaction.

"Follow me," he said softly. He didn't move, though, waiting for a response from me.

I hesitated, my thoughts swirling with uncertainty. Should I follow him? A part of me wanted to refuse, but my heart whispered that I should hear him out.



"Oh... okay," I replied, giving in without much resistance this time. He had done so much for me that I felt comfortable following him.

He began walking ahead of me, and I stole a quick glance at the hostel to make sure no one was watching us walk away together.

That's when I almost tripped from not paying attention to the road. I stumbled straight into Kaye's back, grabbing onto his coat to stop myself from falling. His strong and mesmerizing cologne hit my nostrils like a truck full of bricks. It was so sudden and out of the blue, but his scent had a sense of calmness to it.

He turned swiftly, his hands reaching out to steady me, but I had already pulled my hands away.

"Did you ask anyone at the hostel about me? Kaye! What if they find it weird that—" I started, my words rushed and anxious. I didn't want any more complications, so I was trying to be cautious. But somehow, my concern soured his mood.

"Forget the hostel, and screw what they think. If they bother you about this, let me know. I'll show them what privilege can do," he snapped, his tone harsh as his jaw clenched tightly.

That's when I realized something was wrong. Why had he come out of nowhere to talk to me? What could be so important that he couldn't wait for me to be at the academy?

"I'm not angry with you, I would never use a harsh tone with you," he quickly added when my silence lingered too long. A forced smile crossed his face as he tried to soften his tone.

"What do you want to talk about?" I asked again, taking a step back.

"It's... uh... just come with me," he said, avoiding a proper explanation. Without waiting for my response, he began walking toward his car.

I followed him quietly. When we reached the car, he opened the back door for me, and I slipped in without a word. He got into the driver's seat and started the engine.

"I'm guessing you skipped breakfast," he said after a moment, adjusting the rearview mirror to glance at my expression.

"I wasn't really hungry," I replied honestly. I hadn't had much of an appetite since finding out about the pregnancy.

"You need to take care of yourself. And if you can't—then I will. And I'm not taking no for an answer," he said firmly, his tone leaving no room for debate.

The sudden shift in his mood caught me off guard. His open concern and determination to care for me were... unexpected. Even his words were more open to show emotions and feelings.

"You've already done enough, Kaye," I said, my voice softer now. I hadn't forgotten all the ways he had helped me.

"That was nothing. You have no idea how I could turn your life into a fairytale," he said playfully, though something about it felt odd.

The Kaye I knew was kind, yes, but he rarely showed any emotions. He usually kept a calm, almost distant demeanor. But today, he seemed cheerful—almost overly so.

It felt strange, and I wasn't sure how to respond.

"What's going on? And where are we going?" I asked, curiosity getting the better of me.

"We have this... um, project," Kaye started. "There's an abandoned pack we're preparing for commercial use by rogues. We're planning to develop malls, playgrounds, parks, and even cafés. In fact, one rogue has already signed up to start a café there. I think it'll be a good way to offer rogue membership and keep them safe from wild rogues. Anyone working on the land will be given privileges and protection under the law."

I nodded as he carefully explained the plan. "That sounds amazing," I said sincerely.

"So, I wanted you to try the café with me," he added, a smile appearing as he glanced at me through the rearview mirror.

"Why me?" I asked, skepticism creeping into my voice. I'd learned to be cautious about random acts of kindness.

"Helanie, I... need to talk to you about something too. Let's get to the café first," he replied. Yet again, his demeanor shifted whenever he brought up the reason behind his visit to me in such early hours.

"I don't do well with the anxiety of suspense," I murmured, hoping he'd understand that dragging it out wasn't helping.

He suddenly pulled the car to a stop in the middle of an empty road, letting out a sigh as he rested his hands on the steering wheel.

"Okay," he said, "but you need to eat something first. I want you to feel your best—and right now, you seem... down."

He reached into the dashboard and pulled out an energy bar. Then, without warning, he stepped out of the car and opened the back door for me.

"Here," he said, handing me the bar.

While I finished eating, he walked around the car, keeping his distance but clearly waiting for me to join him. Finally, I stepped out of the car, determined to press him for answers.

"Tell me now," I insisted, crossing my arms over my stomach.

He stood in front of me, tall and determined, the faint morning light filtering through the clouds and framing him from behind. His broad shoulders make him look even hotter.

Then, in the softest tone, he said, "We are mates."

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

## **Chapter 100-Kiss Of A Rogue King**

### **Chapter 100: 100-Kiss Of A Rogue King**

#### **Helanie:**

My body had been shaking ever since he said those words. I thought I would never hear them again, mainly because I was convinced it was just part of the dream prison.

"That's not true," I shook my head, refusing to believe it.

"I'm not mistaken, Helanie," he insisted. As he tried to come closer, I stepped back, creating distance between us.

"Kaye! You said you didn't remember anything about that—dream prison." I hugged myself as my mind drifted to the other details of the dream prison.

"I didn't—until I did," he stammered, and I knew he had lied to me. It's not like I had been completely honest with him either, but I had said a lot of things in the dream prison that worried me.

"Kaye, it was just part of the dream," I rubbed my elbow, turning my face to the side, feeling embarrassed.

I was pregnant, and now he was claiming that we were mates. Which wasn't even possible because I knew damn well that I had felt the mate bond with his brother before him.

"So you remember everything too?" he stepped forward and held my hands. That's when panic struck me.

"Kaye!" I pulled my hands free and stepped back.

"It has to be part of the dream—" I tried to make an excuse, but he looked adamant.

"You're telling me I found my mate, and now she doesn't even want to acknowledge me?" The hurt in his voice made me feel guilty.

But how was it possible? What about Emmet then? Had I wronged him? Could I have imagined it?

No! I remembered feeling it so vividly. But with Kaye, it was different. I didn't get the usual vision of us together in the skies like most people do because of the mate bond at first. But that was because there was no time to savor the mate bond that night, and since we were already in a dream, we couldn't dream about anything freely as the dreams were being controlled by Rune.

"What do you want from me then?" I realized that it wasn't working. He was certain he hadn't mistaken it.

So, even though I was confused about why I felt the mate bond with two brothers, I had to admit—this wasn't just a dream anymore.

"I want you to—let me accept you." I let out a gasp, my hands flying to my mouth. My eyes were wide open as I stared at him.

"Kaye! What are you saying? I'm your stepsister!" I started fiddling with my fingers, almost nervously from the start.

"You're not my sister by blood. And as for the status of you being my stepsister, I'll speak to Dad and make him understand that his old self needs to get a grip. Because sure as heck, I'm not leaving my mate because of him or his feelings toward your mother." He suddenly became aggressive, pointing a finger at me before he changed his tone. "That's you. I'm not going to leave you, Helanie. I don't care what others think, okay?"

I was still recovering from the shock he had just blasted at me.

"Kaye, I don't know—" I hugged myself, my arms around my stomach, feeling disgusted by everything.

There was a perfectly handsome guy in front of me, my mate in fact, and he was openly expressing that he wanted to accept me. While I was carrying another man's child.

I wasn't even sure if he would be okay with his mate having such a past. Some people could be nasty. And then there were the rumors about me in the pack where I lived. How could I move past all of it?

"What don't you know? Is it about what you said in the dream prison? Did something happen? Did your father used to hit you? Just tell me and I'll go crash every bone in his body—" I had to silence him because I didn't want him going to my pack.

"I left the pack long ago, so I've been living as a rogue for a while. When I was a kid, I used to get bullied, and that's what I was referring to," I lied through my clenched teeth.

"Then let me find those bullies—" he insisted, but I kept shaking my head. I couldn't even raise my face.

I had received so much shock in the last few hours that I didn't know how to respond. Now, I learned I had two mates.

"Helanie! What's wrong? I thought you'd be happier. Everyone wants to find a mate so badly—" His voice was making me dizzy, it was so mesmerizing.

I was afraid to lift my head and look into his eyes because I feared I might fall for him outside of the mate bond.

"I have some ambitions," I kept my eyes on the ground, tears welling up. I could have just shared a kiss with my mate and lived happily ever after, but here I was, stuck in confusion.

"I'll be on your side, celebrating your success when you achieve your goals," he said, making it harder for me to dismiss him.

"Kaye! I only see you as my stepbrother." I raised my head when I said it loudly and noticed his face changing color.

"Then change your perspective. I'm not asking you to accept me right away, just let me—let me—prove to you that I can be the best mate you could ever have. No second-chance mate can ever come close to my level," he smiled, but his smile faded when I shook my head.

"Stop shaking your head, Helanie. What's wrong? You don't seem happy," he frowned, expressing his frustration openly now.

"Kaye! I don't want to talk about it." My voice broke as I took a deep breath and added, "I'm not looking for a mate."

"But you found one," he mumbled.

"I have no feelings for you. It would be odd for me to now think of you as my mate after only thinking of you as a stepbrother," I insisted with a heavy heart, and I could tell I had broken his heart.

He looked so hurt that he just stood in front of me, unable to say anything.

"Can you please drop me home?" I didn't wait for him to respond and went ahead to sit in the car.

He stayed outside, not moving an inch, before he finally came back and slammed the door shut. He started driving aggressively, grunting every few minutes.

I understood he was angry. I would have been too, but I wasn't trying to fool anyone. I was with a child. And who was to say, once I told him my truth, he wouldn't flip out on me? That he wouldn't betray me?

I had learned not to share my secrets with anyone. People change! They change in a heartbeat.

The journey was so uncomfortable because he kept shaking his head and groaning a lot.

We finally arrived, and before I could leave the car, I noticed he locked the door so that he could have one last word with me.

"You see me just as your stepbrother because you never gave me a chance. And you still refuse to, but if you think that will be enough for me to leave you alone, then you're wrong. From today onwards, I will show you that I am not only your stepbrother. I will make you so wet and horny for me that you will question your own statements," he said in the most seductively aggressive tone before unlocking the door.

I was shocked as he said those words, and I instantly jumped out of the car. I had to walk back to the hostel before it got too late. I needed to get ready for my first class.

But just as I was about to walk away from the car, Kaye stormed out and grabbed my arm, pulling me against his chest.

"Kaye!" I gasped as he cupped my face and crashed his lips onto mine.

In that moment, I could have pushed him away, but the brief moment before he kissed me was too short for me to react.

I didn't push him away.

Even though I claimed not to see him in that way, I needed that kiss so much.

His lips were soft, yet so hot, as if they were burning mine. There was no tongue involved, but it felt like I was melting inside his embrace.

He broke the kiss after pressing our lips together so aggressively and hard, letting out a deep breath.

"Have a good day, my mate!" That was his way of making a point.

I was in a daze, even as he started walking back to the car.

That kiss...

I knew I should have stayed true to my words and pushed him away, but I just let him kiss me. I guess I wouldn't regret it, given how lonely I had been for so long. But I had already told him my decision.

However, why did I have two mates?

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