

10 10-Getting My StepBrothers In Trouble.

Helanie: 1

"Who the hell let you into my room?" he yelled the moment he started unlocking the bathroom door. He didn't even know who it was and was already this angry. Imagine if he saw me, he'd lose his mind.

I allowed the panic to settle for a moment before springing into action and rushing out of the room. Instead of heading downstairs, I kept running and frantically rattling the doorknobs of every room I passed.

All seemed locked until I reached one door with a golden pattern on it. My breath caught in my throat as I twisted the knob and pushed the door open.

At this point, my brain had latched onto the idea that as long as I kept running and hid well, I would be fine. Any open door felt like an invitation to safety.

That night, the train door had been just a few steps away, and if I'd somehow managed to get

through those doors, I wouldn't have suffered as much.

So now, I took the chance and darted into the room as fast as I could.

Unfortunately for me, Kaye had already left his room, searching for whoever had broken some decor in his bedroom.

That much rage over a decoration? And Aunt Emma said he was the calmest one. Or should I say, I was tricked into believing that. Aunt Emma really screwed me over.

But now I was facing an entirely different disaster. The room I had barged into without any warning had a naked man lying on the bed with an equally naked woman on top of him.

"Oh, f**k!" the girl yelled in pleasure, grinding and riding him.

"Ahhh!" I shrieked, covering my eyes and spinning around to leave the room. One step out the door, and I bumped right into Kaye's broad chest.

I quickly stepped back and slammed the door shut before our eyes could meet. I thought if I locked it, maybe he'd leave.

"What the hell are you doing in my room?"

Maximus shouted from behind me. I couldn't even gather the courage to turn around and face him.

I had ruined his time with the she-wolf, who was probably his mate, and now he was grumbling and muttering curses under his breath.

"Who is she?" the girl complained.

I stood frozen, facing the door, hearing the loud banging on it. I was stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea at this point.

"Open the damn door, Maximus!" Kaye shouted, calling out to his brother. Maximus climbed out of bed, coming into view as he quickly adjusted his blue jeans while glaring at the door.

"What did you do?" he asked, turning his gaze to me.

"I went to his room to give him breakfast, but it was so dark I couldn't see properly and probably knocked something over—" I rambled, but he caught something in my words that made him shake his head as if to confirm he was hearing me right.

"You went into his room?" His blue eyes

narrowed at me, emphasizing that part of my explanation.

"Yes," I stammered, stopping short when he sighed in disbelief. He was still shirtless, displaying his abs and the muscle cuts properly. His cologne was so mesmerizing that I felt ashamed of breathing next to him.

"You're screwed," he said. Not bothering to ask if I'd be okay facing his brother, he opened the door without hesitation.

However, Maximus gestured for the girl to hide in the bathroom. She was still only wrapped in a sheet, but she didn't catch his signal and stood awkwardly beside the bed.

Kaye seemed to have rushed out of the shower when he heard me in his room. His black shirt was soaked, and his black pants were starting to get drenched too.

"Did you seriously hide her in here?" Kaye stormed in, glaring at his brother while pointing at me.

"I didn't! She barged in and invited herself into my room. If you have any issues with her, deal with it outside," Maximus said, clearly eager to



get rid of us, but his urgency went unnoticed as Kaye turned to face me.

"Why the hell did you come into my room? Don't you know I hate people invading my personal space?" With each step Kaye took toward me, my breath caught in my throat.

I felt like I was about to pass out. It brought back memories, the ones I had been hiding from everyone.

"I—I didn't know. I was told to bring you breakfast—" I stammered, backing up until my back hit the wall, and he got right in my face.

"You're not our stepsister, you're not part of this family. So why the hell—" As he threw a punch at the wall just above my head, I ducked, covering my face with my hands.

His aggression reminded me of that night, filling me with a paralyzing fear, and everything around me became a blur of mumbled voices until I heard a loud grunt that silenced everyone.

"Is this how you treat a girl? The same girl who is your stepsister?" It was Lord McQuoid. He must have heard the commotion and rushed upstairs to check on the chaos.

"She came into my room without knocking—" Kaye yelled, but his father's harsh glare cut him off. I had stood up on my feet by now, watching the world burn because of me.

My mother stood by Lord McQuoid's side, her eyes burning with hatred, as if I had ruined her perfect little family's peace.

"So what? That's no reason to yell and chase after her like a lunatic," his father responded, sounding calm and reasonable, someone who could actually empathize with others.

But my mother, on the other hand, shocked me.

"But everyone knows Kaye hates it when his personal space is invaded. She shouldn't have gone in there," she spoke up against me, clearly trying hard to please the brothers. 1

"Then it's your fault. You should have told her. She only brought breakfast to her stepbrother's room, trying to be helpful," Lord McQuoid snapped at her, shocking her as he raised his voice.

My mother's jaw dropped as the situation quickly turned against her. I knew I'd be in for a lecture from her later.



But then, things got even worse. The girl started to quietly slip away, heading toward the bathroom. I watched Lord McQuoid's eyes widen at the sight, and then they landed squarely on his son.

"You brought her here—?" His jaw clenched with anger.

"Dad, it's not what it looks like—" Maximus stammered, quickly stepping in front of the girl to block her from view. It was at this point that I realized she wasn't his mate. 1

"Pack your things. You're leaving my mansion." 1

Lord McQuoid's words to his son shook everyone to the core, and all eyes turned to me. I had set off this chain reaction, dragging both brothers into a heated confrontation with their father. 1

How on earth would I escape this mess now?

