



12 12-I Am A Mannerless She-Wolf

Helanie: 1

Mom dragged me downstairs, away from the brothers and their father. Once we reached the living room, I sat down on the couch while my mother paced back and forth in front of me. I noticed how restless she was.

Did she live like this everyday?

Constantly anxious, always on edge, fearing she might have to bear the brunt of the brothers' anger? Before we could begin to reason, the tall and muscular Norman arrived. His presence was always commanding. Whenever he entered a room, everyone else stopped. My mother froze instantly as he passed us.

I caught a glimpse of the anger in his eyes when our gazes briefly met.

"Oh Goddess, Norman is here," my mother muttered, her voice trembling as if she was on the verge of tears because of him.

"Do you have any idea what's going to happen



now?" she finally asked, her voice filled with dread.

"I know. They're having a meeting," I replied, trying not to sound arrogant or dismissive. At first, I had been terrified, even running away from Kaye, but now that I was sitting here, I wondered why. It's not like he would have devoured me alive... or would he?

"Why on earth did you even go into their rooms?" my mother raised her voice, glancing towards the staircase before biting her lip to stop herself from saying more.

"Ask Aunt Emma. She's the one who sent me to Kaye's room, saying I should help you with the brothers because you were worried," I explained, determined to tell the truth and not let the situation get twisted when Emma arrived.

"Why did you lie to me? Why did you say Kaye was sick and that my help was needed?" I confronted Emma directly, causing her gaze to drift to my mother, who was now looking at her, expecting answers.

"Did you ask her to take that food tray to his room?" my mother demanded. The shock in her voice made Emma immediately shake her head



in denial.

Of course, she wouldn't admit it. I wasn't stupid; I knew she had set me up for disaster.

"Even if she did—why didn't you knock?" my mother swiftly pointed out that, no matter what, I was the one facing the consequences today.

"I didn't. She opened the door and pushed me in. I thought I'd just quickly leave the tray since I was already inside," I replied, watching my mother roll her eyes in irritation, exuding a harsh and unkind energy.

"She definitely lies like your ex," Emma suddenly brought up my father, and it didn't sit well with my mother. Her eyes narrowed at me.

"I've known Emma for a very long time. There's no way she would lie or try to play tricks. If you're going to live here, you need to understand that there are certain rules you must follow. You are not allowed near your stepbrothers' rooms. You are not allowed—" My mother stopped abruptly when I smiled sarcastically. "Am I telling you a joke?"

I nodded to myself, deciding it was the perfect moment to speak my mind.



"Do you live every day in fear of upsetting the brothers and getting thrown out of this mansion?" My question made Emma cover her mouth as if I'd just said something utterly shocking.

My mother had lost her sense of self. She would react based on how others around her were behaving. Now that Aunt Emma had made such a dramatic response to my question, my mother suddenly looked just as horrified.

"At least I have a roof over my head, unlike you! Your sharp tongue will leave you homeless one day. And if you have such a problem here, why don't you go back to your precious father, the one you chose over me?" my mother shouted, her voice trembling until a tear finally rolled down her cheek.

Did it really hurt her that much when I chose to stay with my father? 5

She stomped her foot and rushed away, likely trying to hide more of her tears from us.

"Tsk tsK tsK, she doesn't deserve you judging her hard work to please her mate and his sons," Aunt Emma had the nerve to speak after causing all this trouble.



I stood up from my spot, and just then, a loud clap of thunder illuminated the living room.

"You may have saved yourself in front of the others, but I will never believe you again. Don't expect me to listen to you or follow any of your orders," I warned her, watching as her mouth slightly parted, her jaw dropping in disbelief. 1

"You're so despicable," she muttered, stunned that I wasn't groveling at her feet, assuming I desperately wanted to stay here.

That much wasn't a lie.

I wanted to stay here because I had nowhere else to go. But that didn't mean I would let them push me around. I didn't get the chance to respond to her—not that I had anything to say—when Norman came downstairs. His arrival made Aunt Emma step back and quickly scurry out of sight. I was sure she lingered nearby, though, because Norman headed straight for me.

I had a feeling he'd been called to "resolve" this so-called big issue. What I didn't expect was how quickly he would confront me.

He stopped just in front of me, towering over



me. I had to tilt my head back to meet his gaze. His thick eyebrows were furrowed in the front, raised at the ends.

"When someone gives you a place to stay, you don't take over; you live by their rules. There's a saying: 'Don't bite the hand that feeds you.' I'm sure you haven't heard it—it's for those who went to school and actually learned something. The way you barged into my brother's room makes it clear that manners and etiquette aren't your strong points. But that's where my issue begins. You may have been careless in your pack or your father's house, but this is my father's house. A house we built with love and rules. Today, because of you, my father had to sit and watch his son pack his bags. It was as if you went from room to room just to show my father how his sons were a mess," he paused, noticing the small shiver that ran through me.

I wanted to speak up. "And I suppose you learned how to make up stories in school too? I didn't plan any of this! I was simply bringing a food tray at Aunt Emma's orders, who suggested I should make amends with your brothers—"

I didn't get to finish before a sharp look from his



eyes silenced me.

"Amends? Who told you that you have any authority here to do that?" His words caught me off guard, leaving me speechless.

How was I supposed to respond to such a statement? Isn't it a basic right to choose who we want to connect with or not?

"You've already caused enough trouble for our family. With that being said, we've decided that you'll leave as soon as the storm is over," he concluded, and I could feel the creeping worry slowly take over me. ⁵