



18 18-My Mate Is Different Than His Brothers

Helanie: 1

"Oh Goddess! Why won't you take a hint?"

Norman tilted his head, his expression oozing casual arrogance as he demanded an answer.

"The notice says everyone is welcome," I replied, standing straight with my hands clasped under my abdomen. I refused to let his harsh glare intimidate me.

He swayed slightly in his chair, but his eyes remained fixed on me. His large frame seemed too imposing for the seat.

His black coat was off, and his muscles strained against the light blue shirt he wore.

"No! I already told you, you're not allowed," he stubbornly responded, still rocking in his chair, looking annoyingly handsome.

If only he kept his mouth shut, he'd be the most attractive man I'd ever laid eyes on—just like his brothers, though somehow they all seemed



worse than each other.

"But the notice says—," I began, uncrossing my hands to point at the paper, but before I could finish, he straightened up in the chair and snatched it from my finger, tearing it apart.

"Where? Where does it say that?" he mocked, tossing the torn paper to the floor before leaning back again. I stared at him in disbelief.

How could he do that?

"If you have nothing else to say, you can leave," he said dismissively, wrinkling his nose and giving a slight shrug of his massive shoulders.

"You're so mean," I blurted, unsure of the right way to respond to his blatant unfairness.

"Is it because I'm your stepsister? Or is this how you treat everyone from a less wealthy background?" I raised my voice, anger bubbling up as his calm demeanor only made it worse. He acted as if he wasn't being completely discriminatory.

"I know what you're trying to do. People here know me, so scream all you want—no one will



bat an eye. Don't waste your time. Leave," he said coolly, tilting his head towards the door.

I shook my head, refusing to give in.

"I'll tell your father what you did," I threatened, but he continued to stare at me shamelessly. In fact, this time, he cracked a small, creepy smirk.

"Go ahead, do that," he shrugged, utterly unbothered.

Before I could argue further, the door swung open, and someone barged in.

"Thirty students failed my class this semester," came a familiar and oddly comforting voice.

I turned slightly and caught a glimpse of Emmet walking in with Maximus. Emmet was dressed in a black suit, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and his tie loosely hanging around his neck. His hair was tied in a messy man-bun, with a few stray strands hanging loose.

Maximus, on the other hand, was only wearing a tight black shirt that barely fit his muscular frame, paired with black pants. Their conversation halted the moment their eyes fell

on me.

"Why is she here?" Maximus didn't bother hiding his disdain. He slammed the file he was holding onto the desk, glaring at me as if trying to intimidate me.

"She wanted to apply for the academy," Norman replied softly, watching his brother for his reaction.

"Huh?" Maximus snorted, looking like he was on the verge of bursting into laughter.

"And your brother tore up the admission paper I brought with me," I added, stepping back slightly from Maximus, whose presence felt menacing.

I noticed Norman cracking his knuckles upon hearing me mention his actions.

"I thought this academy gave equal opportunities to everyone. I guess I was wrong. Apparently, Lord Norman doesn't want people like me joining his prestigious institution," I said, my anger rising. I wasn't about to leave without bruising his ego.

"His students would be so disappointed to know



that Lord Norman isn't as decent behind closed doors as he claims to be," I continued, noticing how his eyes narrowed further with every word I spoke.

Maximus stood beside me, glancing between me and his brother, clearly waiting for a reaction.

"She's so rude. Are you listening to her?"

Maximus pointed at me, trying to provoke his brother.

"Maximus, we're not twelve," Emmet replied coolly, though the sudden attention from Emmet filled the room with silence. Emmet, now done placing his papers on the desk, walked over and stood with his arms folded across his chest, observing.

"But she acts like we are! How does she expect to be part of this academy without an active wolf? Is she trying to lower our standards?"

Maximus stepped back, signaling Norman to take over.

"You ran your mouth, and we heard you. Satisfied now? Got it all out of your system? The frustration?" Norman's voice was ice-cold, and his calmness irritated me even more.

I thought I might have angered him enough to shout, but instead, he just returned to his unnerving calm demeanor.

"You heard him. We're not welcoming you. Get out!" Maximus repeated his brother's words, making me glance at each of them in turn.

I felt utterly helpless. First, I was kicked out of the mansion, and now I wasn't even allowed to apply to the academy.

With a final glare at them, I was just about to leave when a voice interrupted me. It came from my mate, who had no idea we were fated mates.

"Why can't she apply?" Emmet's question made me stop and turn back to face his brothers.

Norman stretched his neck as if trying to confirm he'd heard Emmet correctly. He also got up from his seat, leaving it for Maximus. It was in that moment I realized Maximus was actually the one responsible for admissions. Norman merely added names to the list.

"Because I don't want her here," Maximus replied bluntly, settling into the chair.

"That's not how it works. You can't just pick and



choose who you want here. We have rules, and we don't break them for anyone," Emmet said calmly, pushing his coat back and slipping his hand into his pants pocket.

"Emmet! Please, we don't need this right now. We've made a decision, and we expect you to side with your brothers," Maximus said firmly, while Norman stepped aside.

Norman leaned against the large window to my left, crossing his arms over his chest, watching me intently from the corner of his eye. I could feel his gaze examining me, likely noting my reactions as his brothers argued over my application.

"I'd gladly side with you if this decision made any sense. But I'm not just going to follow along blindly. If she wants to apply, let her. Give her a fair chance. Don't be so threatened by her existence," Emmet retorted, his words direct and cutting through the tension.

I watched as Maximus glared at him, grumbling in frustration. He leaned back in his chair, his posture rigid, eyes narrowed, with his hands gripping the armrests tightly.



"You—take this and fill out the application," Emmet said, grabbing the form from the table and stretching it out toward me.

I didn't hesitate. I rushed forward and snatched the form from his hand. Maximus and Norman continued to watch as I grabbed the application and darted out of the room. 1

I couldn't help but wonder—why had Emmet sided with me? Did he somehow remember we were mates?