



24 24-I Will Work For My Stepbrother

Helanie: 1

"It is easy for you to make up rules for others. You don't need to go out and find work or think about where you would be sleeping for the night. I am scared and alone, and I am trying to do my best to still find a way to make my life worth living. So, no! I won't allow you to judge me or tell me that I am disqualified," I hissed, a large tear finally breaking from the corner of my eye.

The frown on his forehead unfolded, and he finally stepped back from me.

"You don't have a place to crash at?" he asked as if I hadn't told the brothers that I wouldn't be going back home. 1

"I left my pack forever," I muttered, not hesitating in my responses.

"But why?" His tone softened a lot, but that didn't mean he would be humble with me.

"I just did. I no longer wanted to live with my father, who had only seen me as a burden. I didn't want to be sold to the neighbor or receive the worst punishment for disobeying him." I was discreet, not explaining in detail what had initially led me to leave. 2

But it was true that my stepbrother had always asked my father to make me marry some rich old werewolf.

Maximus looked lost, but I could tell he did not expect that to be my response.

"Augh!" With a stretch to his neck, he groaned in exasperation.

"If you needed work, you should come to me or your stepbrothers," he said, and the way he phrased it made me smile sarcastically.

"Stepbrothers? I thought you guys kicked me out. And as for your brother, which one are you talking about? Norman? I would rather trust the men from those hostess bars than your brother," I hissed every word when talking about Norman. He wasn't nearly as kind as he pretended to be.

"Okay! I will not allow you to disrespect my



brother. But as for work—you knew nothing about this job and just followed the guard like the idiot you are. Even if you need money, just use your brain before falling for such odd jobs," he hissed, stepping away and then pacing back and forth.

I just silently watched him go through a plethora of emotions and then nod his head when he came up with some kind of plan.

"I will speak to your mother and let her lend you money." The minute he said that, I shook my head as aggressively as I could.

"No! I am not taking anyone's money." My tone was much more stern this time. Even he narrowed his eyes at me to make sure he was hearing me right. 2

"But you would rather—" I didn't let him finish.

"Yes, I would rather earn it on my own."

He tilted his head, his nostrils flaring at my stubbornness.

"She kicked me out, and not once did she ask me where I would be headed. So thanks for the



offer, but I won't be taking her money," I explained to him why I wouldn't accept her help.

I don't want her to give me charity. All I wanted was for her to hug me just once so that I could feel the warmth of her love and forget about the harsh world that had torn me apart. She couldn't do any of that, so screw her money. 2

"Fine. I will hire you and pay you by the hour," he said, placing his hands on his waist and facing me, making me take a deep breath.

"I work at a personal garage where I make weapons, and then those samples are sent to the warehouse where they're produced in abundance. I need someone to clean my workspace in the garage, so tell me, are you up for the task?" I watched him zone out.

"Ugh! You will be cooking and cleaning—" I had to cut him off because at this point he was just repeating himself with the same kind of information.

"I know—" I snapped.

"Then why aren't you taking my offer?" The way he furrowed his thick eyebrows was so



eye-catching. I had to look away in order to focus on the deal he was offering me. It was actually a great opportunity, but why would he want to offer me work when he was the reason I was without a roof right now?

"Why? Why would you offer me work?" I tilted my head, my arms folded across my chest.

"You do realize I can disqualify you, right? What is this attitude for? You should be grateful I'm giving you work and not kicking you out of the back hostel." He made me secretly roll my eyes at him, but he wasn't wrong. He could use this information against me to finally get rid of me, just like he and Norman wanted. So I'm guessing he felt pity for me and decided to offer me a job.

"Fine, I will do the job," I replied, and he closed his eyes, stretching his neck almost like he wanted me to thank him a million times.

"Get in the car; I will drop you at the shelter," he scoffed and led me in. Well, as expected, he made me sit in the backseat because being seen with him would not only make him look uncool, but it would also upset his brothers.

We drove in silence, and when we reached the

woods, he stopped the car so I could get out. Without a word, he stretched his hand back with an address to his garage and then let me out. I stepped out of the car, and he drove past me to his mansion.

I began to walk back to the shelter, but this time the area looked so creepy. Once I arrived, I entered the hostel to find everyone else asleep. In fact, even the guy who was supposed to pick me up had come after I believe he couldn't find me.

I didn't realize how much time had passed while I was talking to Maximus. It was almost like time had stopped.

I reached my mattress and sat down, trying not to make noise to wake anyone. However, soon my stomach started growling, and I remembered the candidates were supposed to receive food from the royal academy's kitchen today.

I sneakily got up again and left the cabin, heading towards the backyard to the kitchen. It was a cozy place with a fridge near the window, and as expected, the food inside was amazing. There were pies, different kinds of pasta,



lasagnas, sandwiches, and even fried rice and chicken.

I filled a plate with a little bit of everything and sat down on the cold floor of the kitchen. The moonlight illuminated half the kitchen, allowing me to watch the trees sway in the wind while I ate.

However, after eating a good amount, my stomach was no longer the issue. Loneliness started to consume me, and I recalled how I had gotten myself tangled in yet another awkward situation today.

How did my life turn into a shithole like this? 1

