



## 25 25-Teach Me Senpai

Helanie: 1

I had left the hostel much earlier than the others would have even woken up. I needed to see what my new job entailed, and I wanted to work every hour to make the most of it.

The busier I was, the better I felt about myself. By that, I mean I didn't think about that night or those haunting chuckles.

"This is where you will be working," Maximus stated, standing beside me and showing me a garage next to an abandoned building. I didn't know what part of town it was, but there seemed to be deserted houses and structures around. He had driven me here when I met up with him in front of the academy in the morning.

It was a huge garage where he had some old cars and several wooden tables scattered with an assortment of tools.

"When was the last time someone cleaned your garage for you?" I asked, my hands tied under my abdomen. I avoided how pumped his biceps



looked. He must work out every morning and probably every hour to look so insanely muscular.

"What do you mean by someone else doing it for me? I can do it myself. I've done it before," he replied, sounding proud and full of himself, even when I could tell he wasn't good at cleaning up after his mess. If he were, his garage wouldn't resemble the aftermath of an earthquake.

"Really, I can see," I said, taking a deep breath and exhaling as I managed to walk ahead through all the debris on the ground. It was an extremely spacious area filled with so much garbage that I began to wonder how much I would make by the end of the week.

"It's not so bad," Maximus commented from behind me, probably trying to downplay his messy lifestyle.

"Well, I will be the one deciding that," I said, tilting my head. I had just turned around when I heard his comment.

"You should move your hands instead of running your tongue."





It was odd that I was receiving this remark frequently now. Previously, I had avoided unnecessary arguments. In fact, I thought if I acted sweet and didn't argue, I would be spared.

Certainly, that wasn't the case.

So now I just spoke my mind whenever I had the chance, but I definitely analyzed the situation first. 1

"That bathroom—you will find the mop and the bucket in there," he pointed toward one of the doors in the side wall. I nodded and walked to the bathroom, expecting a dirty sight to hit me. But the moment I pushed the door open, I was surprised to see how clean it was. It smelled fresh and had everything neatly arranged.

I had to glance outside at Maximus, who was gathering items from the closet next to one of the desks, and I rolled my eyes at him. He only cleaned his bathroom. 1

Grabbing the mop and the bucket, I walked out and then stared at the vast area, searching for an empty spot to begin the cleaning. "Screw it. I need to first pick up all this mess." As the realization struck me, I set the bucket down and



walked over to the far end of the garage, tying my hair up in a messy bun to start the work.

I began picking up the empty cans and food bags with a large black trash bag in my hand. It took me some time to finish that before I started taking the empty pizza boxes to the trash can outside. The weather was beautiful, but the deserted roads and tall, abandoned buildings were a bit eerie.

I didn't understand why a strong and wealthy man like him had chosen this location out of all the places in the area.

"By the way, we had a party the other night. Me and some of my friends, which is why there's so much stuff around," he said, holding a strange-looking dagger in one hand and chalk in the other. He didn't even look up from the dagger as he was making some markings on it.

"I can tell," I replied.

Of course, the amount of food and alcohol bottles strewn about made sense now.

"Did you used to have parties back when you lived in the pack?" He finally put down the chalk





but kept the dagger in his hand, rolling his chair to look my way.

I continued my work, ready to mop the ground now that I had removed all the trash. "No! I didn't have friends."

"How come? Were you able to scare them away with your harsh and swift responses?" I heard him chuckle, probably expecting to get on my nerves.

"By the way, sorry for touching you. I didn't mean to. If I had known you were the one behind the mask, I wouldn't have—" I finally turned to face him, and he got the hint.

"I would appreciate it if you didn't talk about it," I requested, having to force that memory out of my mind.

"Sure!" He raised his hands to gesture that he wouldn't do it again.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" His next question stiffened my muscles. I took a deep breath and continued to mop while shaking my head in response.



The reminder of my so-called boyfriend sent goosebumps across my body. That night, when I looked into his eyes as he jumped on the train, I saw emptiness. It felt like he never loved me. I could have sworn he went back home and slept peacefully. In fact, he had agreed with his father to execute me because I could become a threat to his reputation.

"Hmm, you know, the more you try to hide things about yourself, the more you compel me to find out about you," Maximus shocked me with his comment. I turned quickly and shook my head.

"No! There's nothing to find out. That's why I don't talk about myself. I look around and see people with pasts, presents, and even plans for the future, and I feel bad for myself because all my life, I've thought about none of that," I yammered until I was out of breath and took a break to inhale a fistful of air.

"I was just kidding," he narrowed his eyes as he examined my anxious state.

"What is that?" In order to divert my mind, I quickly asked Maximus as I pointed at the





dagger in his hand.

"This! These are the recent daggers I am working on. They are going to be the best. They were here before, but I need to modify them," he said, looking so proud of himself when talking about his creations. I moved closer and watched him hold the dagger. "Look closely; this spiral design is what differentiates this one from the others. This is Frostine," he smiled as he showed me the white dagger with a small spiral design on its blade. The rest looked similar, each with different markings.

"What does it do?" I questioned, taking an interest.

"It causes paralysis upon piercing, freezing the muscles in place. This one has three circles with cross marks, and it's called—The Ocean of Silence. It mutes sound around the victim, making it impossible for them to scream or call for help." 2

I was noticing every dagger with much attention. I had always been good at studies. Learning about my kind and the weapons had been my passion, but I just didn't get much time at home.

"This is Devil's Touch, with a bone-like pattern, and it instills a sense of dread and hopelessness in the victim, paralyzing them with fear. This is Wrath's Grasp, with sharp zigzag patterns, and it inflicts excruciating pain without visible wounds, leaving the victim in torment." With a much prouder smirk, he concluded his explanation of the last dagger on his table. 2

"I have more coming, but I need some boxes for them. They should not be in the hands of an ordinary man." He moved his shoulders until he returned from the clouds of pride and looked my way again.

"Anyway, let's drop this and wash this car together," he said, getting up from his spot and pointing at the car that had become a victim of their outrageous party.

Why didn't he hire someone to do all this work for him? 1

"Did you have maids before?" I asked, watching him walk over to me. His broad shoulders moved as he strolled, his face handsomer than ever.

Wow! If I had friends, they would be asking for my stepbrother's number.



"I told you, I do all my work here. I don't trust anyone with my personal stuff. And as for you—you are not my maid," he surprised me as he walked past me, but because I didn't move, he turned around just a smidge to add, "You are my annoying little stepsister who is helping me for an allowance." 1

Somehow, his words brought a smile to my lips. It assured me that I belonged somewhere.

