



## 28 28-The Kiss Of Rose

**Helanie:** 1

The glare Kaye was giving me was the scariest thing I had ever seen. It took me back to the day he had chased me through his mansion like a madman. And now, seeing me here with his brother in his garage, of course, he wasn't going to take it lightly.

"I can't believe this," Kaye muttered under his breath, his voice dripping with anger, though this time it wasn't directed at me. He was furious with his brother.

"Kaye! It's not like that. She—" Maximus stammered, glancing at me before turning back to his brother.

"Then what is this? We decided to cut her out of our lives, and you bring her back?" Kaye snapped. "Don't tell me you needed a sister so badly that you decided to keep her for yourself after we kicked her out?" His voice rose as he shot me a venomous look.

"Oh, come on, Kaye!" Maximus groaned,



throwing his hands up in frustration.

"Kick her out right now," Kaye demanded, glaring at Maximus. But before his brother could respond, he continued, turning to me. "You! You manipulative little thing. What kind of sob story did you spin to make my brother feel sorry for you and bring you here?" He jabbed his finger in my direction. 2

"I didn't tell him any sob story," I began, trying to defend myself, but Kaye wouldn't let me finish.

"You're not allowed to speak to me. Gather whatever you brought and get out!" he shouted, his hostility inching toward me. Maximus quickly stepped between us.

"Kaye—" Maximus groaned, trying to calm him down.

"If I am not allowed to speak, don't ask me any questions!" I shot back, my voice rising in frustration. His frown deepened, his anger visible on his face.

"What did you just say?" Kaye asked, his tone dark and menacing. He had an unsettling way of intimidating me—he didn't need grand gestures





or loud threats. His stillness, combined with the way his piercing eyes seemed to bore into my soul, made him even more terrifying. His muscles tensed, barely contained beneath his skin.

It was a truly terrifying sight.

"Easy! Come with me, and we can talk about it," Maximus finally got a grip on Kaye and pulled him away from me. He led him outside, but I could still see them clearly. Kaye stood rigid, his large frame dominating the space.

"I am so disappointed in you. Are you playing both sides? Acting like her older brother when we're not around?" Kaye's voice rang out, clear as day. He wasn't even trying to lower it, as if he wanted me to hear their conversation. Despite Maximus wanting them to speak privately.

"It's not my fault. You're barking up against the wrong flower," Maximus protested, his tone exasperated. I cleared my throat and muttered quietly, "Tree," amused by the confusion in his words. 1

Of course, I didn't say it out loud. The fact that Maximus had mixed up the saying was proof

that, despite their strength, they weren't as infallible as I had expected.

"Then who should I blame?" Kaye asked stubbornly, clearly not one to be reasoned with easily.

"Emmet!" Maximus replied, a look of guilt flashing across his face as he dragged their brother into the mess. I instantly wanted to defend Emmet, but then I remembered—they were brothers. By the end of the day, they'd forgive each other, but not me.

"Emmet? What did he do now?" Kaye rolled his eyes, clearly used to his brother's antics. I could imagine Emmet being the one who often stayed out of their schemes.

"He's the one who practically forced us to accept her as a candidate," Maximus admitted. I guess he should have explained that part first, because Kaye immediately latched onto it, pointing an accusing arm in my direction.

"She applied to the academy, and you let her?" Kaye's voice rose again, but Maximus quickly grabbed his arm and pushed it down, trying to keep the situation under control.



"Emmet did. You know how he's getting; he's becoming a real nuisance," Maximus wasn't lying. Emmet was the reason I even got the chance, and I hadn't even thanked him for it yet.

"Huh! I'm more surprised Norram allowed it," Kaye said, his hands now resting on his hips. He looked so aggressively dangerous, it was hard not to feel intimidated. 1

"What could he do? He's stuck between his brothers. He doesn't have a favorite, so whenever we clash, he sidesteps to avoid picking sides," Maximus explained and quickly added, "I had to bring her here because I didn't want her going to Emmet for help with money. He's been showing a soft spot for her, and that could lead to her asking him for—" He cut himself off abruptly when his eyes landed on me.

It was painfully obvious that Maximus was struggling to convince Kaye that he wasn't interested in helping me. I mean, how long could he keep dragging his brother into this and blaming him for everything?

That's when Maximus grabbed Kaye's arm and pulled him even farther away, their voices



lowering until I couldn't hear them anymore.

My attention drifted to the table where Kaye had left some of his things. Among them were small glass bottles filled with herbs. I picked one up and read the label on the white note stuck to the bottle. "Flame of lust." I then tilted my head and read what this herb was. It was a lush green herb that can cause a creature to go into heat, wanting sex, in simple words.

I stared at the herbs for a moment before my eyes were drawn to a small brown package. Something was poking out from it that I couldn't resist touching. 1

It was a purple rose.

I had never seen one before. The edges of the petals were white, and the stem was completely free of thorns. Just pulling it out of the package made me smile.

It looked so inviting, so delicate. I held it the moment I laid eyes on it.

I completely forgot about the brothers, or that I was even in the same place as them. All I could think about was the rose in my hand.





"You're so pretty," I whispered, holding it up to my face. "I bet you smell amazing."

I wasn't sure how a rose could possibly speak to someone, but I swear it felt like it was asking me to smell it.

And I had to.

How could I deny a beautiful rose's request? I brought it closer to my nose and took a small sniff, smiling at the heavenly scent.

Then I did it again. And again. A total of five times, until I felt like I couldn't get enough of it. But it had enough of me. 2

Suddenly, everything around me blurred. My knees buckled, too weak to hold me up. My eyes grew heavy, and before I could even call out for help, I collapsed to the ground, my fingers tightly wrapped around the purple rose.

Everything went silent for what felt like an eternity. Then, a soft whisper in my ear jolted me awake.

"My sweet, beautiful daughter, come have breakfast with us."



There she was—my mother, dressed in white,  
with a purple rose in her hair, gently stroking my  
hair.

It was as if I had woken up in a perfect world.

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*Have some idea about my story?  
Comment it and let me know.  
Your gift is the motivation for my  
creation. Give me more motivation!*

**AlexisDee**

Creator's Thoughts