

STEPBROTHER'S PUNISHES ME EVERYNIGHT -

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MIA'S POV

Diego saw my fear and placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "I understand it's not what you wanted, but don't worry. Rolex graduated from that school few years ago. "No one will dare to bully you again after he tells them you're his stepsister."

I bit my lip, hoping to find solace in his words. But the worry persisted, nagging at me. Would it truly be so simple? Will they really cease because I am his stepsister?

Before I could digest this knowledge, I heard footsteps coming. I turned to see Rolex enter the corridor. He was clothed in a sleek black jacket and dark jeans, with a helmet in his hand. His piercing eyes met mine briefly before he looked away, plainly unhappy with the circumstance.

"Where are you going?" Diego questioned abruptly, halting him in his tracks. "Did you forget what I told you yesterday?"

Rolex shifted his weight, obviously uncomfortable. "I have a lot of patients to see today. I can't drive her to school; I'll be late—"

Diego's look had silenced him. "Don't forget that I am your Alpha, and you must heed my orders. Do as I've instructed: take her to school and put her off safely."

Rolex moaned, his shoulders slumped slightly. "Fine," he mumbled, his tone resigned. He gazed at me, his expression opaque, then turned and went outside.

I nodded quickly, feeling both relieved and anxious. "Thank you," I whispered softly to Diego, then followed Rolex out. I anticipated to find one of the many automobiles in the garage waiting for us, but instead I saw a sleek black motorcycle parked in the driveway.

Rolex straddled the bike and strapped on his helmet before turning to face me, impatience written all over his face. "Get on," he yelled abruptly, cranking the engine.

I hesitated and took a step back. "I've never been on a bike before," I confessed, my voice scarcely heard above the noise of the motor.

He rolled his eyes, obviously frustrated. "Okay, call it your first time. Now hop on. I'm getting late."

My heart beat in my chest as I took a tentative step forward. You can do it, Mia, I reassured myself, slinging my leg over the bike and uncomfortably sitting into the seat behind him. I reached for the handlebars behind me, my fingers trembling slightly.

Rolex jerked the bike forward slightly, causing me to gasp and lean against him. "Hold on to me," he said, his voice harsh. "Unless you want to fall off."

With shaky hands, I wrapped my arms around his waist and held on tight. My palms brushed against the hard ridges of his abs, and I could feel the heat from his body through his jacket. I had a peculiar, twitchy sensation in my stomach, a combination of terror and something else I couldn't quite identify. He's your stepbrother, Mia. Get a grip.

We sped out of the driveway, and I automatically tightened my grip on his waist. The wind blew through my hair as we raced down the road, our surroundings blurring. I pressed closer to him, feeling the engine's vibration and the solid warmth of his back on my chest. My heart was beating, not only from the speed, but also from the heady sensation of having my arms around him.

Stop it, Mia. Focus. I pushed myself to look away, trying to take my mind off the way his muscles flexed under my palms and his aroma surrounding me, making me dizzy. This is merely a ride to school; nothing more.

But as we drove down the street, I couldn't help but notice how my body responded to his, wanting to press further closer and feel every inch of him. I shook my head, attempting to get the thoughts out. This is ridiculous. He's my stepbrother. I can't think like this.

"Hold tighter," he said over the roar of the wind as he made a steep curve. I did what he requested, pressing against him and feeling the strong muscles of his back under my chest. My fingers sank into his jacket, and I forced my eyes tight, attempting to ignore the exhilarating sensation coursing through me.

We eventually slowed as we approached the school, and I exhaled a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. He approached the entryway, stopped the bike, and turned off the motor.

I paused before letting go, my hands resting on his waist for a second longer than necessary. He tilted his head slightly, and I could feel his gaze on me even through the helmet.

"Get inside, Mia, or are you planning to walk like a tortoise all day?" Rolex's voice jolted me out of my reluctance. As he parked his bike outside the school gate, his glittering eyes met mine with a mixture of impatience and displeasure.

I moaned, my feet hesitating to move as the thought of returning to that school weighed heavily on me. My fingers fidgeted with the strap of my purse, and the lump in my throat became larger.

"And wrap your shirt around your shorts," he said, his eyes moving to my legs. "Those things are way too short for school."

I looked down at my outfit: white shorts and a flowy T-shirt. It wasn't too horrible. "It's not too short," I mumbled, attempting to defend myself.

Rolex rolled his eyes, apparently finished with the conversation. "Do whatever you want," he replied, starting his bike. "Just stop walking like you're on your way to your own funeral." With that, he revved the engine and drove away, leaving me standing at the school gate, feeling abandoned in the middle of a war.

I took a deep breath and told myself I could make it through the day. But as I stepped past the gate, I realized I was lying to myself.

As I had anticipated, my first steps into school were not unnoticed. The instant I stepped into the courtyard, I heard a familiar voice that made my heart drop. Aria. She is the daughter of Lycan's King Beta and could be the future beta.

"Well, look who is returning. Miss 'I-can't-handle-school' returns," Aria's scornful tone cut through the air. She stood with her usual bunch, arms crossed, as if she owned the whole school. "I thought you'd finally figured out that leaving was the best thing for you."

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