

STEPBROTHER'S PUNISHES ME EVERYNIGHT -

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MIA'S POV

I avoided her eyes, intending to slip by, but she wasn't having it. Before I could even step around her, she grabbed my arm and yanked me back hard. Her sharp nails cut into my skin, but I bit my lip and refused to reveal my discomfort.

"Where do you think you're going?" she growled, moving closer. "Do you think you can come back after complaining about me? You think you can get away with that?" Her voice raised, capturing the attention of the students around us.

"I didn't complain to the principal," I responded quickly, attempting to keep my voice steady. "I said nothing about you, Aria. I did not want to come back."

"Liar!" Her hand came up, grabbing a fistful of my hair and pulling it hard. "Do you think I don't know what you did? You informed the principle about me and the window, and now you're going to pay for it. " She slapped across my face so hard that stars appeared in my eyesight.

I stumbled back, my cheek hurting, but I remained upright. "I swear, Aria, I said nothing—"

"Shut up!" she shouted, cutting me off. "Do you think you can talk your way out of this? You are nothing here, Mia. My father is the Beta of the Lycan King. No one in this school would try to challenge me. And yet, you're acting like you can."

Before I could respond, she pulled me to the stone pillar in the courtyard, her people around me like vultures. I attempted to resist, but they were too strong. They promptly tied my hands behind my back and to the post, immobilizing me while a crowd gathered to watch.

"Alright, everyone!" Aria shouted out with a nasty smirk on her face. "Whoever makes her bleed will receive \$100 from me! "Let's see who is brave enough."

My heart raced in my chest, terror building as the audience whispered and students eagerly stepped forward. I could see it in their eyes: they weren't simply doing it for the money. They enjoyed it. They relished watching someone weaker struggle.

The first blow came quickly, a punch to my side that knocked my breath out. I gasped, struggling to stay upright, but the strikes kept coming. My eyesight faded, and I could barely hear the laughter over the ringing in my ears.

"Aria, please, stop this," I managed to beg between gasps. "This is not right. You cannot keep doing this."

Aria's eyes narrowed, and she slapped me again, harder than before. "Shut up!" You are just a wolfless loser. Don't act as if you suddenly developed a backbone.

I felt numb from the pain of the hits combined with the humiliation of being so powerless. But I pushed myself to gaze at her, even if my eyesight swam.

"And what's with this outfit?" Aria scoffed and stepped back to examine me. "You think you can come to school looking like that?" She took a jar of dark crimson lipstick from her suitcase and smeared it across my lips and up to my nose, laughing like crazy.

"Look at her!" She yelled out to the crowd. "Isn't she beautiful now?"

The throng jeered, and their laughter filled the air. My cheeks burned with embarrassment, and all I wanted was to escape. But Aria wasn't finished.

"Oh, but wait, something's still missing," she remarked, taking out a pair of scissors. She smiled as she slid the blades through my hair. "Maybe a haircut will fix this disaster."

I closed my eyes, ready myself for the inevitable. But before the scissors could reach my hair, a deep voice broke through the noise.

"What the hell is going on here?"

My eyes opened just in time to see Rolex storming through the mob, wrath emanating from him. Aria instantly moved away, dropping the scissors as if they were poison. The crowd began to disperse, understanding that the game was over.

Rolex approached me, his eyes softening briefly as he loosened my hands. "Mia, who did this to you?" His voice was strained with rage, and his eyes searched the crowd for answers.

I shook my head, unable to formulate any words. I was too tired and broken.

Rolex's expression clouded as he turned to confront Aria and her companions. "You?" he snarled, moving closer. "Or was it one of your lackeys?"

Aria flinched, her confidence gone. She looked aside, refusing to respond.

Rolex placed his jacket around my shoulders, hiding my ripped clothing. "If any of you come near her again, I swear, I'll make sure you regret it," he said, his voice icy. "Do you want to test me?"

Nobody dared move. Aria tried to keep her head up, but even she appeared terrified. I watched the gathering slowly disappear, muttering amongst themselves.

Rolex returned to me, his face still tense with rage. "Let's go," he murmured under his breath, directing me to his bike.

Once we arrived, he wasted no time. "Why didn't you defend yourself?" he questioned, clearly frustrated.

I could not meet his look. "There were too many of them. I tried—"

"No excuses," he demanded. "If you want to be a part of my family, you must behave accordingly. Don't let people treat you like this."

His comments stung, and I bit my lip, trying not to let my emotions get the better of me. "I'm sorry," I muttered.

He groaned and shook his head. "Look me in the eye when I'm talking to you."

I made myself meet his stare. His glittering eyes drilled into me, looking for something—perhaps strength or resolution. But I had no idea if I had any of those remaining.

After a long pause, he looked aside and ran his fingers through his hair. "And stop wearing that transparent T-shirt," he said, his tone softening. "You're just giving them more reasons to target you."

I blinked, perplexed and embarrassed by his unexpected comment. "It's not that bad..."

"Just stop," he mumbled, as he started the bike. He motioned for me to climb on. "Hold on tight."

I put my arms around him as he drove away, leaving the school, Aria, and all of the murmurs behind.

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