

## 14 14-On A Mission

Helanie: 1

With my breath erratic and terror filling my eyes, I stayed motionless even after he had secured the window and saved me.

"Do you not eat at all?" His husky and seductive voice from behind me sent chills down my spine. With much hesitation, I turned and slowly raised my head, finding Emmet standing before me. His beautiful hair was tousled by the wind, but he held me close for a moment before quickly unwinding his arm from around my waist.

His hand alone was nearly the size of my small waist.

"I was trying to—" It was then that I realized I was probably trespassing in his study. A large desk sat in the center, covered in papers that had been scattered by the wind.

I recalled how the brothers were particularly possessive about their property.

"I'm sorry—I was just trying to," I stammered

again, still in shock from how the wind had almost swept me away.

"Thank you," he muttered, cutting me off. I fell silent, raising my head once more.

He was watching me with his head tilted slightly. "If you hadn't come in time, I would have lost all these papers."

He was much kinder and gentler than I expected, especially since I had heard he was the most unpredictable of the brothers. And unpredictable, as I understood, meant he could be quite dangerous when he wanted.

"Oh! Do you want me to help you with them?" I offered, gesturing toward the scattered papers, trying to avoid his intense gaze. His eyes were so deep, framed by thick lashes that could make anyone self-conscious. But the real question was, did he even blink?

I have not seen him blink once, until he did. It was one heavy blink, slow and dramatic but effective.

"Sure." Instead of asking me to leave or insisting he'd handle it himself, he casually stepped back



and motioned for me to help. I knelt down, gathering the scattered papers while he took his time before joining in.

He calmly adjusted his pants and gave his coat a sharp tug before kneeling on one knee.

There were so many loose papers, unorganized and unclipped. Yet, even as he helped gather the documents, he kept watching me, his narrowed eyes fixed on my every move.

"Ahem! You might want to use that stapler," I uttered, not trying to be sarcastic but genuinely offering a suggestion as I spotted the stapler on the desk.

"Got it. What should I do next?" he replied, his tone dripping with sarcasm. <sup>2</sup>

"Uh, use it?" I raised an eyebrow, not quite expecting him to respond the way he did.

He smiled.

It wasn't a big deal, but something about his presence had led me to believe that he didn't smile.

"Sure, anything else?" he asked, the hint of a



smile still playing on his lips, causing a strange flutter in my chest. I quickly looked away. He was intimidating, to say the least.

That was it—I had to ask why he kept staring at me.

"Is there something wrong?" I finally blurted out, avoiding his gaze while bundling the papers together.

"Have we met before?"

His simple question made my entire body freeze.

\*Have we met before?\*

So, he was trying to recall where he had seen me. How could I possibly tell him it was from the night we felt the mate bond?

"We? I don't think so," I lied, squinting slightly as if I was really trying to remember his face.

"Alright. That'll be it. Thank you." He stood up, tossing the papers onto the table without any sign of frustration. It seemed like he was naturally a bit... disorganized.

As I placed my neatly stacked bundle down, I



noticed him glance at it. He placed a finger on the stack, then watched as I moved closer to the pile he had casually thrown down. I began organizing them as well.

"Your brother asked me to leave after this storm," I mumbled, keeping my eyes away from him.

"And are you going to?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied with a sigh.

"I don't want to stay where I'm not wanted. Sure, I could beg him to let me stay, but that would mean he'd hold power over me. Next time I make even the smallest mistake, I'd be threatened to leave." I explained, laying out why I wasn't pushing to stay here.

"Hmm. Well, thank you very much. You can go now, but just make sure you don't get too close to any open windows."

I turned to look at him, surprised. I hadn't expected him to completely avoid the topic I had brought up. He was casually rolling his shoulders and stretching his neck, as if the conversation didn't matter to him at all.



I guessed I was done here. But as I was about to leave, something caught my eye, stopping me in my tracks. I reached for a piece of paper—more like a notice.

"The Red Jackets versus the Blue Jackets..."

"You know about that?" I hadn't noticed when he'd turned his attention back to me.

I nodded slowly, my vision blurring as memories resurfaced. The Blue Jackets were a painful reminder of the alphas from that night.

They were coming back from training. The blue Jackets represented the students of the Fellmoon Academy. It was the second best academy for training werewolves.

"Our students will be facing some of the Blue Jacket holders next month. It's just a friendly match, but I want ours to win," he explained, walking closer and snatching the paper from my hands.

"That would be it," he repeated, dismissing me once again. Without much thought, I walked out of his study. He slammed the door behind me, though it didn't feel rude, just explained his

rough and loud ways even when he was very calm and polite himself.

But my mind was stuck on that piece of paper.

"Hold her hands, she's scratching me everywhere."

"She thinks she can fight the Jacket holders."

Those words were seared into my memory. I shut my eyes tightly, covering my ears with trembling hands.

The way they groped me, touched me—it was disgusting, humiliating. How could they be given a chance to train, to potentially become future Alpha Kings?

No.

"No!" I muttered aloud. "They shouldn't. They \*can't\* win."

I refused to accept the possibility that they could one day rise to a higher rank after having destroyed my life.

That's when a thought struck me. The rogues had the most prestigious academy—the Red

Jacket holders. The Blue Jackets, on the other hand, always tried to enter Vortex Sanctum, and when they failed to gain admission, they settled for Fellmoon, the Blue Jackets. 1

"I'm going to ruin them. I'll become a Red Jacket holder and destroy them so thoroughly they'll wish they could go back in time and avoid me at all costs."

A single tear burned its way down my cheek as I resolved to take on this mission. It wouldn't be easy, but I would make it happen. 2

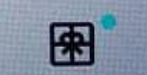
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