

20 20-Maybe A Little Sketchy Job

Helanie: 1

We were led inside the cabin, and, well, it wasn't very fancy, but it had mattresses. I couldn't believe I had already found a place to call home for a week. It was an open-concept room with three mattresses lined up along one wall and three more on the opposite side. Each side had its own bathroom, and there was a small kitchen in the backyard for the candidates.

"Everyone, bring your tracksuits and keep them ready. The shoes and other items listed should also be with you when you arrive at the training ground on the first day. Remember to come prepared," Maximus instructed before stepping back, providing information I wasn't aware of.

He left the cabin, but I rushed after him to ask about the tracksuit situation.

"Maximus!" I called out from the front porch, stopping him.



He halted abruptly and turned around, his eyes seeming distant for a moment before he raised an eyebrow, silently questioning why I had called him.

"I don't have any of the things you just mentioned," I said, taking steady steps down the stairs to meet him. Standing in front of him made me feel so small.

"And how is that my problem?" he replied, his tone cold and hostile.

"I mean, where can I get them from, and what exactly do I need?" I watched his jaw tighten and wondered if he hated seeing me every time I spoke.

"Go to Lamar and ask him. He'll give you the list," he dismissed me with a wave of his hand. But before he could walk away, he paused briefly, studying my face for a moment. "Since you said you don't have a home anymore, I would suggest not wasting money on something you're going to fail at. We're giving you a chance because you were persistent, but let's face it—you won't pass any of my tests. So why waste money on a tracksuit and the other items? Go back to your



pack and find something useful to do," his words felt like a slap in the face. 1

So that's how he saw me? A child given a chance just because she insisted. He didn't even take me seriously.

"Thank you so much for your advice. I'll find a way to earn money and buy what I need," I responded, trying not to sound rude since he was now my supervisor.

"Earn money? You don't even have any savings?" he scoffed, leaning down slightly, bringing his face closer to mine as if daring me to repeat myself. I didn't. My stepmother used to take away whatever I earned.

"I don't," I admitted, and he pulled back, stretching his neck as he looked up at the sky with an exhausted sigh.

"Is anything in your life going right?" he asked, placing his hands on his hips. As much as I desperately wanted to shake my head, I didn't want to come across as pitiful.

"No! I'm lucky enough to have this opportunity to even be a part of this test," I replied, but he

narrowed his eyes slightly, clearly skeptical of my response.

"If you'll excuse me—," I turned and walked away. He didn't call me back, and by the time I reached the door and glanced over my shoulder, he was already walking away.

Once inside, I found the five other candidates watching me as they spread clean sheets over their mattresses.

With only a small bag in hand, I walked over to the last empty mattress and sat down on it. They had their own pillows and blankets too. But I didn't mind using what the shelter was providing.

"So, are you guys from rich packs too?" The two girls spoke in unison and then giggled at the coincidence. They looked nearly identical, but one was taller and had a different hairstyle. There were also slight differences in their face shapes.

"Hi, I'm Sydney Coombs, and this is my twin, Salem Coombs," the one with purple hair said, shrugging her shoulders good-naturedly. Both of them wore branded clothes, carried designer



bags, and sported expensive jewelry. Salem, however, didn't seem interested in talking; she rolled her eyes as her sister introduced them.

"We're from Blood Hunters Pack," Sydney continued, mentioning a wealthy northern pack. Those packs were known for their affluence. I had heard great things about them, but it made me wonder about the omegas in their packs. The news always focused on betas, alphas, and gammas.

"What about you?" Sydney turned to the quiet guy lying on his mattress, neck bent as he scrolled on his phone.

He glanced up, and the way he looked at her made me uncomfortable for her. His gaze was cold and emotionless.

"I'm Lamar Baker," he said flatly. He had very little hair, shaved off intentionally, and a scar split his upper and lower lip. He wore a black jacket, black pants, and heavy black boots. The fact that he didn't mention his pack was strange.

"And what about you? Do you need an invitation to introduce yourself?" she said, making me nearly choke on my own spit. The guy beside me



immediately lowered his gaze, clearly embarrassed by her cruel comment.

"I am Lucy Dixon, and he's my mate, Gavin Tee," she said quietly, lowering her head after introducing them.

"And where are you two from?" Sydney pressed, arms folded over her chest.

"I'm from a small pack in the south," Lucy replied, her voice soft. My body tensed at the mention of the south.

"Oh! The south has small packs?" Sydney sneered, exactly what I had expected her to say. The north and south were always in competition, but the north kept their pack matters so secretive that no one really knew much about their internal issues.

"And what about you?" Sydney's attention turned to me, and I noticed how everyone paused what they were doing to look my way. At this point, I wished Sydney was as quiet as Salem.

"I don't have a pack," I said, taking slow, steady breaths.



"Oh! A rogue!" Sydney made a gagging motion and then turned away in disgust.

"How are you going to pay the academy fees then?" Lucy asked, surprising me. It was clear they had already noticed I had very little, but her question about fees caught me off guard. 1

"Fees?" I echoed, confused. I didn't know there were fees to pay.

"There's a hefty fee for both the shelter and the academy classes," Sydney shrugged with a smug smile, clearly enjoying her upper hand.

I was speechless. How on earth was I supposed to pay fees?

As I sat there, stunned into silence, I heard a slight chuckle from the guy lying nearby. My side of the cabin had Lamar and Gavin's mattresses and the rest were on the other side, opposite to us.

"If you want to earn some money, I can offer you a job," Lamar spoke up. It felt like my prayers had been answered, even though I hadn't prayed.

"Meet me outside in five minutes. I'll explain,"

Lamar finished, giving me a glimmer of hope in an otherwise overwhelming situation. 1

“

Do you think Helanie Should take this job?

AlexisDee

Creator's Thoughts