

## 22 22-Oh Dear Stepbro!

Helanie: 1

"This building is for the elites having a good time," he said, guiding me toward one of the buildings at the end while handing me the porcelain mask.

"Oh wait—," however, the moment I took a step toward the entrance, he halted me. "You cannot go inside looking like this."

He wore a strange expression, his eyes scanning my appearance.

"But I don't have anything fancy," I replied softly.

Lamar gestured at the tall man standing nearby and then pointed at me. "Take her inside to the dressing room. Get her ready for the fun. Make sure she is as comfortable as possible."

I watched the large man size me up before stepping aside to lead the way.

I didn't even know how I kept moving, as I had never done anything like this before. I suppose



the idea of gaining admission was enough to distract me from everything else. Even the fact that being surrounded by elites might bring me closer to the touch of the alphas. I was ready to risk my mental peace at any cost.

It is not like I have been sheltered before, I was on my own since I was six years old. So now it was time that I truly stand up for myself as my own hero. 1

"Go inside; I will meet you again after midnight at the same spot where I dropped you," he waved his hand at me to dismiss me as I began to follow the guard inside.

There were many rooms on both sides of the corridor, but the interior was much fancier than the outside. I guessed it was meant to disguise the building.

"Go inside and pick any dress," the guard ordered, opening a door to a dressing room. There was no one inside, so I slipped in and heard the door lock behind me.

"Okay! Calm down. I can do this," I tried to reassure myself by breathing through my nostrils. I desperately needed this money.

I knew it wouldn't be my first time being touched and probably kissed; the first experience was forced. But I no longer wanted to save any experiences for my mate or my future boyfriend.

I was past that foolishness of wanting to get married and have babies. That desperation had gotten me into a lot of trouble.

There was a closet with lingerie and very short dresses on one side of the small room, and a large vanity mirror on the other side, adorned with makeup and various accessories.

I chose a black short dress. However, its length worried me about whether it would even cover my butt.

I held my breath and rushed into the bathroom, quickly washing my face before slipping into the dress. 1

Right off the bat, I didn't like it. It was too tight in the chest, and my entire cleavage was on display. It was extremely snug around my waist as well, but because I had a tiny waist, that wasn't a bother. However, my behind was another story; I had a large backside, and now it was all hanging

out. 1

"I should have picked something else," I cursed, but then again, everything else was quite similar. "Ugh! It's just a few hours, and then I might get used to it," I pumped myself up with confidence, reminding myself that I would need money for the future, too.

I didn't realize the academy was so costly. No wonder not many could get in; I had thought it was all about strength and capabilities.

After coming out of the bathroom, I applied a red lipstick, as that was the only part of my face that would be exposed. I put on the mask and combed my long blonde hair, leaving it loose before grabbing the black stilettos from the side.

But my bad luck— the minute I put them on, I tripped. I had never worn such shoes in my life, so it was going to be difficult for me to walk in them. Yet, I managed to take a few steps and make my way toward the elites. I felt like an amateur walking through the corridor after the guard, who stared at me as if I were a piece of food.

"This one," he said, stopping in front of a room



and gently knocking on it. "The elite is a special one. Make sure you don't mess it up with him. If you can please him, you'll earn a good cut for this one," the guard quickly informed me about the elite.

Even as he talked about the importance of this job, his eyes lingered on my cleavage, making me incredibly uncomfortable. I wasn't sure how I would survive under the hungry gaze of the elite. Soon, I was let into a dark room with just a little light on in the corner. 1

That darkness helped mask my fear and allowed me to fight back. I saw a man sitting on the couch, his legs spread and his arms extended as well. He looked gigantic in the black shirt, which was partially opened, revealing his abs. He wore a black mask on his face, leaving his lips exposed.

I had been handed a tray of alcohol bottles to serve drinks to him. The guard had briefed me on what to do and how to prepare the perfect drink.

As I tried to keep my steps steady and not trip while carrying the tray, I began to walk over to

him. He silently stared at me as I placed the tray down and reached for a bottle to open it. I thought I would just serve him like a hostess and that would be all. But he instantly reached for my hand and stopped me.

"I'm not here for the wine," he said, and the moment he uttered those words, my heart flipped inside my chest. I had been told the elite would touch me and even initiate kissing and other groping, but I didn't realize he was only here for that.

A gulp ran down my throat as he straightened his back and placed his finger on my shoulder. I don't know what it was about him, but his cologne was mesmerizing. He didn't seem like a danger, even as his finger pulled the strap of my dress down and he planted a kiss on my bare shoulder.

My body shuddered as his lips moved on my shoulder, smooching the skin and causing my heart to rise and fall.

At that moment, everything around me went silent. I couldn't come up with a proper response to his advances. I knew I should respond in kind,

but I hesitated.

Then—his hand glided over my shoulder to my chest, groping my breasts that were spilling out of the dress and then suddenly sliding inside.

The moment he did that, his hand cupped my breast, and my breath hitched in my throat.

"You've got quite a pair of breasts," he chuckled, and that's when it hit me. I suddenly jumped back, shocking him as well.

It struck me hard when I finally locked eyes with him. I had been so frightened at first that I hadn't paid attention to the blue eyes and voice until now.

With a shaky and trembling voice, I uttered, "Maximus?" 4