



23 23-You Can't Break Me

Helanie: 1

I saw his eyes stare at my face in silence before the intensity of them began to shift. It was as if he was realizing what I had just comprehended now. He quickly pulled back and then gasped. I managed to adjust my dress strap and get up in haste. I needed to escape from here. Why the hell did I end up in a room with my stepbrother? What if things had escalated? As if what happened wasn't bad enough already.

Within minutes, I was running out of the room like a madwoman. Thankfully, the guard had left. Other rooms were occupied by some elites, and all I could hear were moans and grunting from inside. So the elites did take it far after the initial consent from the hostess. What if that was what had happened between us?

I was losing my mind at the thought of being with my stepbrother. I covered my ears to drown out the voices in my head, accusing me of landing in this mess because of my desperation. I rushed back to the dressing room and changed

quickly, putting on my old clothes. At this point, I just wanted to get away from him and never face my stepbrothers again. By the time I grabbed my bag and was on my feet to the exit, the guard spotted me.

"Why are you out already? Did you mess it up?" I heard him yell after me while I ran past him to the outside. Thankfully, he had a new girl with him that he needed to escort to the dressing room. Not wanting to scare her by grabbing me, he had to let me go. This was their motto; they didn't force anyone here.

I was able to run away and make it to the street where I would meet Lammar after midnight. But it was too early, and I was now beginning to feel the cold weather too. With nothing else to do, I recalled the way Maximus ran his hand over my body and then under my dress. He had cupped my breast and touched my nipple too. 1

I squeezed myself together and closed my eyes, feeling awkward and weirdly aroused. And that made me hate myself even more.

"What the hell was that?" However, another shock hit me when I heard an aggressive grunt

from behind me, a hand turning me around to face him. It was Maximus. He had taken off his mask and had come after me.

I was beyond ashamed and guilty. Even looking into his eyes took me back to the moment when I had to deepen my stare just to recognize him.

"You were—what were you doing there?" He quickly blinked his eyes, as if to show he was feeling the same awkwardness that I was. He had to shake my body by grabbing onto my arms to drag me back to reality.

"I needed money—for the admission," I stuttered, unable to look back into his eyes.

"Ugh!" He pushed me back and paced away, his hand covering his eyes as he rubbed them.

"Do you have any idea what just happened?" he spoke with difficulty, his breaths heavier than his words.

"I didn't—know—" I felt so dirty because now he would think I jumped into his lap on purpose. However, thankfully he didn't.

"Helena—you are my stepsister—dammit—and

you are taking admission into VS Academy. We have an image to uphold. Do you know what would have happened if someone else had recognized you? You would be banned from participating in any of the academies," he yelled, quickly looking around to make sure nobody was listening to us.

"Come with me." However, he realized it was a risky place to have this conversation. Instead of letting me follow him, he grabbed my arm and began to drag me to the road where his car was parked.

I had so many things to say to him, but for now, I kept silent and tried to keep up with his long strides. He tossed me into the backseat of his car and then sat in the driver's seat himself. I guessed he was really afraid to be seen with me.

Once he started the car and drove us out of the area, I managed to sit up and noticed how he was glaring at me through the rearview mirror. "Are you going to start talking, or is glaring at me another form of torture?" I hissed under my breath. Of course, he was taking me out for a ride; he would eventually question me. With that thought, he suddenly stopped the car and got

out. We were on a long highway, seemingly abandoned.

Or maybe nobody took this road during nighttime. But Maximus was a powerful werewolf; he could literally go anywhere without the fear of anyone attacking him.

I watched him pace around the car with his hands in his hair. The devastation was visible on his face until he finally calmed himself and walked briskly toward my side, opening the door and then grasping my arm to pull me out of the car. Once he slammed the door shut, he placed his hands on the car on either side of me, caging me between his arms.

"You are disqualified." The minute I heard those words, my body was covered in goosebumps.

"What for? I was only trying to earn money because—" My words trailed off due to his loud scoff.

"I don't care what excuses you have. It is against the rules to indulge in such activities because it drives a person's mind away from the purpose of training and studies. Our students only focus on training and nothing else." All the while he was



talking, he wasn't even looking at my face, as if I were some filth he had to speak to out of obligation; otherwise, he would have ditched me here and driven off. 1

"A luxury only those can afford who have money stacked up with their parents. I have to earn—" I tried to reason, but he shook his head again.

"I don't care. This is not the job we allow. You could have earned by working at the bakery or any other place. These environments are dangerous. There have been so many cases where a client becomes obsessed and then starts stalking and attacking the hostesses. Do you want to lead such dangerous men to the academy and put others' lives in danger too?" he hissed, slamming his hands on the car, making me close my eyes and jump. 1

But if he thought he was done, he was wrong.

"Yet you go there to take pleasure. A trainer can indulge in such activities just for the sake of fun, but a student can't even do it for the purpose of earning?" The minute I said that, he finally raised his head, and our eyes met. 1

"I am homeless. I have no money, no relatives, no

experience in work, and I have to be able to earn money by the end of this training. How do you expect me to make money in such a short time?" I raised my voice, my vision blurring as my eyes welled up. I would not let him make me feel dirty. 2

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*Have some idea about my story?
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AlexisDee

Creator's Thoughts