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Genevieve:

"I didn't like that kiss, and I am not kissing anyone," I muttered through gritted teeth. Caspian was smirking, and he could tell I knew what he would say next.

"You guys can make a decision because, honestly speaking, I didn't enjoy that kiss, but she was —going strong on me, trying to shove her tongue down my throat, and ew—I don't even want to recall how bad she tasted."

Those insults made me take a deep breath and clench my fists. The other assholes nodded as they agreed to the most entertaining version of the truth.

"Ah! I suspected it. Thanks for taking a fall for us. I am not kissing those lips," Emre shrugged.

As silence deepened, their eyes landed on Wolvin, who instantly looked away from me and commented, "She is not my type. I am not kissing her either."

I don't know why I was standing here, listening to these men insult me. And then it was time for Bellamy to open his nasty mouth.

"I have a girlfriend, and luckily, she is a better kisser than anyone. She tastes so—," he said, stopping after realizing he could not gush over his girlfriend in front of us.

"Caspian must be very desperate to taste those lips that her ex also

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rejected," Bellamy, who was still not over the fact that Caspian texted his girlfriend, quickly switched sides.

"Hey, I didn't do anything. She jumped on me like a hungry tigress," Caspian lied, while the other three secretly looked my way.

"She—was wild?" Emre, who claimed to not want to touch me, asked in a meek tone.

"These assholes were talking about your body a few hours ago," Caspian pointed accusingly at the others, trying to deflect the attention from himself.

In the past, I used to act like a helpless and obedient little thing in order to avoid getting into any trouble or, worse, getting killed. But now that these big men were paid to protect me, I felt like I could finally be myself and let them do their job.

"You guys can keep fighting. I'm going out to practice," I declared, but the assholes just chuckled in response.

Their mocking laughter made me feel uneasy, so I hurried out to the front garden to jog and clear my mind.

The weather was absolutely incredible that day. Normally, I would wake up and get dressed just to sit on the balcony and read books, but on this day, I felt the urge to hold a weapon and learn to fight. I had only finished my first round of jog when I returned to my spot and found my unmarked mates waiting for me on the front porch, hoping to be entertained.

As I watched them take their seats with snacks and beer cans in

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hand, Wolvin stood off to the side, leaning forward with his hands on the roof.

"It's fine," I told myself, trying to push aside any doubts or distractions. "They're just trying to ruin my motivation." I then dropped down for a set of push-ups.

"What is she doing?" I heard Emre ask.

"I think she's looking for something," Wolvin responded. "It must have fallen on the grass."

"I think she calls them push-ups," Caspian joked, and the others laughed. Feeling frustrated, I gave up on my attempted exercise and decided to do planks instead.

"Her hips are too heavy to stay up. It's literally dragging her down," Bellamy commented before cracking open a beer can.

"She needs a good lesson on almost everything," Emre mumbled.

I had finally had enough of their bullying. Living with such egotistical men would now become a daily challenge.

"Huh!" I jumped up and glared at them, my hands on my hips. "The one talking is the warrior who was kicked out. I wonder why?" I scoffed, directing my attack at Emre. I knew he was the ex-warrior who had been banished from the pack with his parents.

I wasn't sure why, but I didn't need a reason to take a hit on his ego. The looks on the others' faces as they secretly made fun of Emre over my comments were a clear indication that I had gotten under his

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skin. I had succeeded in screwing him over mentally.

Without taking anything into consideration, he began to come forward in a threatening way. "Says the weakest one," Emre yelled, stopping a little farther from where I was.



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