

2-His Huge Cock

I clasped closer to my mother's sweater, watching the decor around the opulent living room of the head of the counselor, Lord Vasquez Spade.

"Please have a seat," he told my mom the second time. The first time, she couldn't accept his offer because I didn't want to let go of her.

"It's fine, Beatrice! Sit down." She gently patted the back of my hand and made me flop down with her.

Lord Vasquez gave me a quick smile before his eyes traveled to my greasy hair.

"Is she alright?" He asked my mom,

offer.

“It’s all okay. Beatrice is going to be living here. I’m sure she can find the guestroom.”

The tone she used was for me to understand she wants me to obey her. I got up from my seat reluctantly and obeyed my mother, even when wandering around a new place was way out of my comfort zone.

I walked upstairs to the white mansion and faced the rooms displayed before my eyes.

“How the heck am I supposed to know which room is the guestroom?” I frowned, taking a wild guess and reaching for one of the rooms that gave me the guestroom vibes. Although all the doors were similar, that room seemed to be calling for me.

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A gasp was all I could let out when I saw a young and handsome man sitting in front of a computer and rubbing his dick in his hand.

It was my first time seeing a man's genitalia from that close. His dick was long and big, even bigger than both his hands combined. My body felt a weird wave of interest.

He immediately broke the static stare from the laptop's screen and looked my way. His blue eyes caught my sight like an eagle prying from above.

"Who the fuck let you in?" his deep, dark, and heavy voice yelled from across the room, making me tremble in my body and pull out of the door anxiously.

The sight was enough to traumatize me,

not to mention that he was definitely one of my stepbrothers.

I ran downstairs as if my life depended on it. In no time, I was back in the living room and hiding behind my mother.

“What happened? You didn’t clean up?” She turned to me and scanned me quickly.

“I think she didn’t find the restroom. I will ask Mrs. Brown to help her later.” Lord Vasquez smiled awkwardly, clearly watching me tremble in my skin.

“I’m so sorry! She is just not like others. Beatrice needs attention and guidance since her wolf barely speaks to her.” My mother didn’t think too much of it and rubbed my arm to calm me down.

How do I tell her I saw my stepbrother’s

dick? It is going to be so awkward meeting him now.

"I'll go check up on my sons. I need to introduce them to you." Lord Vasquez Spade left his seat to go upstairs. I wondered if my stepbrother would be angry at me for watching him naked.

"Now tell me what happened?" My mother knew something went wrong upstairs, but she didn't ask me in front of Lord Vasquez.

"I saw one of my stepbrothers naked," I replied, my face flushed with embarrassment.

"What? How the hell did y--," her words turned muffled when I raised my face and saw another young man walking through the door and entering the foyer.

My eyes jumped out of their sockets when I saw that asshole from earlier in the mansion.

“That’s him!” I yelled, ignoring everything else happening around me.

“What are you doing?” my mom whispered, but I pointed at the boy once again. He stopped in his tracks and looked my way, sharing the same element of shock.

“He bullied me!” I yelled, glaring at Zane. That’s how I remember him introducing himself to me in school.

“What?” my mother stepped forward to glare at the boy. Hearing the commotion downstairs, Lord Vasquez ran to check on us.

The moment he arrived in our sight again, I pointed my entire hand in the direction of Zane and yelled, "He bullied me in school. He is the one who did this to me." It was just the panic of seeing him again that made me cry out for help.

The silence in the air made me return to my senses. Wait! Why was he here?

"Zane bullied you? My son Alpha Zane V. Spade?" Lord Vasquez helped me understand who I was accusing of bullying me.

He was my second stepbrother!

"Why the fuck are these rogues here?" Zane yelled, after getting angry at me for complaining about him, "Did you come all the way here to accuse me of bullying you?" He looked at me directly in the eye

before his father turned him around to have a word with him.

"Is it true that you bullied this girl?" I heard them argue.

"No! She is lying," Zane lied, trying to save his ass.

"What is going on? Is he really the bully from the school?" My mother whispered to me when the father and the son were busy arguing with each other.

"I promise he is the bully. He convinced Flynn to hit me," I uttered back to my mother, shivering in my skin at the thought of living with him.

"Now you stay silent and let me take over. We have to fix this, as you are going to be living under the same roof as him and his

other three brothers. His father needs to keep him under check," my mom advised while puffing air out of her mouth to prepare for a battle.

"Actually, my daughter is not lying. Your son bullied her, he groped her." The moment my mother lied, my heart missed a beat. I wasn't lying, so why did she have to exaggerate the whole incident?

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" Zane gasped, stepping away from his father in fear. "The--y are lying. What the fuck!" He yelled, but made sure he had created a respectful distance between himself and his father.

I started off really messy here. I saw one of my stepbrothers naked and accused the other one of harassing me.

"I'm ashamed of you," Lord Vasquez

believed my mother over his son. Without delaying a minute, he lunged at his son and slapped him.

The sight was hard to digest. The way Zane stepped back from his father and watched him with teary eyes melted my heart. My mom shouldn't have lied.

But it wasn't the end of Lord Vasquez. He looked around as if he was searching for something else to beat him up. All this to impress my mother.

"I didn't do anything!" Zane shouted, and the commotion drew his brother's attention from upstairs. The shirtless guy rushed downstairs to step between the two. My body shuddered when watching and remembering what I saw earlier. This one was almost identical to Zane. The only difference was the sharp jawline and the

eye color.

“Get out of my way, Maddox,” Lord Vasquez said as he pushed his son away from Zane.

“What the fuck are you doing, dad?” Maddox yelled as he made sure he covered his brother like a shield.

“He is beating me up over some complaints from these filthy rogues.” Zane’s voice held so much resentment that I couldn’t even think of his comment toward us.

“She is not some rogue. She is going to be your stepsister.” The words from Lord Vasquez’s lips filled the air with silence.

It was a very wrong way to introduce us to his sons.