

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 565

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 3

Chapter 565 – Messing With The Arrogant Brothers! (Beatrice)

“I heard some mixed things about them, though,” Gloria added while I bit my bottom lip, feeling stupid for acting so foolishly and staring directly at the guy.

“What kind of things?” I inquired.

“They’re rude but also very s*exy. They come in pairs; the eldest ones are twins and then the younger ones are twins,” she added, and I sighed.

“Wow, four is a lot,” I mumbled, then sneakily reached my bed and sat down, feeling tired.

“Enough about them, tell me, are you coming to school tomorrow?” she asked, and I nodded before realizing she couldn’t see me through the phone.

“Yeah, why? Are you not coming?” I asked.

“I might not come. It’s just that my brother’s 19th birthday is coming up, so I’ll be staying at home for a week to prepare a party for him,” I could tell from her voice that she didn’t want to do it but must have been forced by her mother.

“Why a full week? Isn’t it a bit too much? I mean, I don’t want to be rude, but it’s not like your brother has done anything heroic after turning eighteen,” I muttered, recalling his stupid face. He was so full of himself, always picking on people around him as if he were someone important.

“Mom thinks the whole house needs to be cleaned, and I have to take care of the tall grass. It keeps growing in our backyard,” she complained. I had heard her talk about it so many times.

They would clear out the grounds, but then in weeks, the tall grass would grow and cover the area, especially around their house, as if the grass wanted to hide the house.

I had never actually been there for years, so I didn’t know how it looked now. I didn’t like her family; they always gave me the creeps.

“I wish I could come and help you,” I sighed, mumbling the words quickly because I didn’t want her to ask me to come to her place.

“That’s a good idea,” the minute she said that, I held my breath, and she began to let out a laugh. “Don’t worry, I know you don’t go anywhere because you can’t sleep in someone else’s bed,” thankfully, she didn’t truly know that I hated her family.

“Thank you for not holding that against me,” I felt guilty deep down. What a friend I am, not being able to help her?

After we ended the call, I spent the rest of the day working on school assignments and then ate dinner with my mother. I went to bed early so that I could wake up fresh for school in the morning when I realized the area where we live was not going to be too peaceful anymore.

The new owners of the mansion in front of us seemed to have different plans. Sadly, my mother was not even at home. She had picked up some jobs and was now working most of the time, and it made me feel so guilty.

I was going to take a job, but no one was ready to hire a teen except for that one cafe where Gloria was going to start working from next week. I planned to join the job with her.

“Ugh!” I groaned, shifting in my bed as the loud music from across the road felt like someone was hammering my head.

“What is wrong with these people?” I yelled, getting up from my bed and grabbing a soda can from the nightstand. I opened the window and in anger and frustration, hurled the soda can out. I didn’t think it would do anything.

It was just my way to get my anger out. However, there were four people standing across the road with beer bottles in their hands when my soda can hit one of them so hard that I began to question my own strength.

I gasped when they looked around and then their eyes fell on me.

“F*uck!” I cursed, ducking and hoping they wouldn’t take it too seriously. I kept sitting in my bed with my head down, praying. When I slowly raised my head, I found the road empty.

“Thank goodness,” I sighed, a hand on my chest. But that was all I did when I heard the doorbell to my apartment ring.

“Has mom arrived early?” I jumped out of bed to go tell her about the mistake I made. But I was only reaching the door when I heard the noises from outside the door and ceased running. I froze with one leg up in the air.

“It’s just a mother and a daughter that live here,” it was the guy from the apartment downstairs talking to someone about me and my mother.

“What’s the issue again?” the guy continued.

“Someone threw a soda can at us, and it struck my brother on his forehead,” the sharp accent and the deep voice sent shivers down my spine.

For a minute, fear didn’t even register in my head. The aura of the guy outside the door could be felt even through the closed door.

I was frozen until a bang on the door knocked me awake.

“S*hit,” I whispered to myself, slowly putting my leg down and tiptoeing to the side where I could hide behind the couch.

I knew they couldn’t see me through the door, but I was so scared of messing with the wrong people that my brain went into flight-or-fight mode. Well, I fled behind the couch.

“I don’t think they are home. The mother and daughter leave their home and then come early in the morning or late at night. I guess they’re into prostitution,” the neighbor whispered, and my body shuddered angrily.

“What the f*uck!” I wanted to go out and punch him in the face when I wondered if the people in the apartments truly thought we were doing that.

“So, this is an even messier situation,” there was another voice from the other side. I began to wonder if I hit one of the brothers, and now they were outside my door.

“And we know she is inside because we saw her looking at us through her stupid broken window,” the other voice was deeper too, but his way of talking about me and my living situation shocked me.

I knew for a fact that I was in trouble now.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 566

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Chapter 566 – The Bully Brothers (Beatrice)

I cowered behind the couch as they pounded on the door, making me wonder why they couldn't let this one mistake slide. They must have too much time on their hands to gather in a group and bully an eighteen-year-old.

"That's enough. We don't want to wake the others because of this imbecile. We'll deal with her later," one of them said with authority. I heard their footsteps fading away, and only then did I sprint upstairs to peer out the window.

As I did, I witnessed four tall men crossing the road. Clad in suits, they were so tall that I doubted I had ever seen anyone so towering before. While I observed them, not expecting them to turn around, one of them did, causing my heart to skip a beat.

His grey piercing gaze pierced my chest and penetrated deep into my heart. His jawline and flawless high cheekbones made me swallow my fear and continue staring at him when I should have ducked.

He kept moving forward and lightly tapped the other guy's back, prompting the blue-eyed hunk to turn around and follow the grey-eyed guy's gaze. I gulped upon realizing that the two resembled characters straight out of a comic book with handsome male leads. I gulped one last time before ducking, feeling like an idiot.

"They are so hot," I mumbled as I sat on the bed. Silence enveloped me as I frowned at myself.

"Who was I talking to?" I slapped the back of my head, feeling foolish for expecting a response from some inner voice.

I struggled to sleep through the rest of the night as they continued to blast music. Their disregard was so blatant that soon I realized good looks meant nothing when they behaved like such jerks.

"Good morning," Mom exclaimed as I joined her for breakfast. "How come my daughter is up so early today?"

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night," I sighed, shaking my head as I recalled the incident from the previous night.

"Is it because of the noise from across the mansion?" she muttered, already looking displeased.

"I heard about it from the neighbors, but no one has the guts to confront them. And why on earth did they think they could come here and knock on the door of a teen living alone?" Mom was already angry, having been informed about the incidents from last night.

“Exactly, I was so scared,” I tried to reach for a bagel, but my mother raised her eyebrow, and I quickly withdrew my hand. I guess she wanted to talk about something.

“About that, what made you think it was a good idea to launch a can at the mayor’s son?” she hissed, looking displeased.

“I wasn’t throwing it at him. I was just so angry and had been jolted awake by the noise that I couldn’t comprehend what I did. I was hoping to just throw it on the road to vent my frustration,” I explained, watching her continue to stare at me. “Of course, I would have cleaned it up in the morning.”

“Beatrice! Anger and frustration are not for people like us. We don’t have the means and support to express our emotions without any fear. If we get ourselves in trouble, it’s game over for us. We will be punished as if we have committed the biggest crime. So next time, try to avoid any kind of altercation—,” she got up after filling my plate with food and looked outside the window, her words cut short when she saw something.

“How dare they!” my mom hissed uncontrollably and started yelling at someone across the window. I quickly got up and joined her, watching her scold the mayor’s servant, who had come out and dumped all the trash in front of our building.

“No way, I am not allowing this,” My mom did a dramatic f*inger wag before she turned around to grab her sweater and leave to confront them. However, she first bumped into me, and I stared at her with my arms folded over my c*hest and my eyebrow raised.

“Didn’t you just lecture me about how people like us shouldn’t confront rich and powerful people like them?” I asked my mother, who shook her head and grunted.

“That’s different. You are a young girl, and I am an old woman,” said the very good-looking old woman in front of me.

“Beatrice!” Noticing that I wasn’t letting it go, she scoffed at me.

“I’m not going to let them get away with this. First, they blast music the entire night, and now this? Dumping their party’s mess in front of our building?” At this point, I could tell my mother was unstoppable, so I didn’t say a word and followed her silently.

She was constantly muttering under her breath and wearing a sweater as we took the elevator to the exit.

As soon as we were out of the building, we spotted the brothers coming out of their mansion too. My heart sank in my c*hest as I remembered the previous night.

The brothers were once again in suits, but their bodies were so massive, muscles almost bursting out of their coats.

“Hey,” my mom called out to them, diverting their attention to us.

The brothers exchanged a glance and then paused with their car. Right away, I felt like my mother shouldn't even be confronting these people.

“What is this?” Mom yelled from across the road, striding briskly towards them and pointing at the garbage they had dumped outside our building.

“That would be garbage. You've never seen one before?” the brown-haired, gray-eyed guy retorted, slipping his hand into his pants pocket.

“Your garbage. Why is it outside our building?” my mom continued to raise her voice even as we approached them.

“Your building? You're only renting it. Besides, Mr. Bobaski doesn't mind. He said we can do whatever we want with his building,” he continued, while the others stared at my mother before one of them, with slightly longer and curly hair, leaned over the tallest one and whispered something in his ear.

And then, one by one, their eyes traveled to me.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 567

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Chapter 567 – The Price I Paid. (Beatrice)

“Is that the girl who threw the can at you?” the tall one gestured towards the other tall one, causing me to gulp.

“Mom! We need to leave,” I seized my mother's arm, attempting to drag her away from me. It was then that I recognized the tall guy with gray eyes. He was the guy from the ice cream parlor. No wonder he turned heads that day. He was so incredibly handsome. Not to mention, the others were equally as handsome as him.

I really wanted to meet the parents who produced such a handsome set of twins. But right now, I was under the scrutiny of their harsh gaze.

“Your daughter struck my brother,” the ice cream parlor guy stepped forward, speaking in his elegantly majestic tone.

“And then she didn’t even answer the door,” the one with slightly long hair on his neck added. He was the guy I saw with the movers the other day. His blue eyes were enchanting, but then his jawline and strong neck made me gulp. He was muscular too, more than the rest of his brothers.

“It was a mistake. She didn’t mean to hit anyone, and you shouldn’t have been at my door at that hour of the night, terrorizing a teen like that,” my mother hesitantly defended me when the guy pointed at the bump on his forehead.

“Really? So, you’re the one wh—” as the ice cream parlor guy started to speak again, my mother showed him her palm and silenced him in shock.

“I was here to talk about the trash thing, and you’re going back to the topic of my daughter? I’m not interested. Let’s go, Beatrice,” as soon as my mother said my name and held my hand, the angry guy who had just been interrupted turned to his brothers, and they all began to stare at me as if they knew me or something.

But soon, their glares turned towards me.

Thankfully, my mom didn’t stick around, or else they would have directly confronted me, and I didn’t think I had an excuse for my behavior at that point.

“Thank goodness you defended me,” I said as I re-entered the apartment.

“That doesn’t mean I’m not angry with you for throwing that can. What if it hit him in the eye? Not that leaving a bump on his forehead is not wrong, but don’t act like that again,” she hissed at me, shaking her head in disapproval.

“I get it. Don’t worry, I won’t do anything like that again. I was just angry,” I sheepishly looked away before my mom dismissed me with a hand gesture. That day didn’t start well, but I had no idea how the rest of the day was going to be as I prepared for school, wearing a gray sweater over a white shirt and blue jeans. I had to walk my way to school every day, but it didn’t bother me as long as I didn’t have anyone following me, which had happened a few times when the bullies had too much time on their hands.

The first few classes were really boring that day as well. With Gloria not being present, I didn’t have anyone to talk to. And then the break time rolled around, and that’s when I used to get bullied the most. But weirdly enough, until that part of the day, nobody had made any comments towards me or tried to bother me.

“Hey, Beatrice! Balinda has been waiting for you in the cafe,” a girl I knew to be the queen bee Balinda’s right-hand approached me and gently nudged my arm.

“Balinda wants to see me?” I frowned, obviously in shock.

“What for?” I proceeded to ask.

“It’s just that she wants to speak to you about the party last night. She was feeling bad when she heard somebody tried harassing a girl from our school,” the girl gave me a very sad look.

I stared at her for a moment and then wondered if that was where they drew the line. They bullied others, but for some older college guy to come and harass their fellows was the limit they never wanted anyone to cross?

“That’s sweet of her,” I commented with a mild smile covering my lips.

“She wants to speak to you,” she repeated herself and this time, even held my arm and made me follow her.

I wanted to protest as her feeling bad for me was enough, but she kept dragging me to Balinda. Once I was in the cafeteria, I watched everyone gather around Balinda, who looked at me and then passed me a very sad smile.

“Beatrice, come here!” she pulled her hand out for me, making me suspiciously get closer to her and accept her hand.

“I heard what happened,” she sighed, making me sit down and stand beside me. I began to look around in worry. Why was everyone standing around with the same sad smile on their lips?

“What is going on over here?” It wasn’t long before I started to panic. The way their smiles turned into evil smirks and their hands were behind their backs gave me the impression that I had made a big mistake by following the girl to the cafe.

Balinda looked at everyone before suddenly grasping a chunk of my hair on my head and shoving my neck back, making me yelp and my eyes water.

“You piece of s*hit, you tried to get Ronnie’s attention last night, didn’t you?” she screamed in my face while the others began to call me slurs.

“You think just because he swerved your musty little a*ss, he’s all yours? Why the hell did you accept his offer to drop you home?” she was hunched over me and yanking my head.

“Let go of me, enough is enough!” I screamed back and pushed her away, making her almost trip and gasp in shock.

“How dare you!” as the others yelled too, as if by defending myself, I had committed the biggest crime, she rose to new levels of anger and lunged at me with a bottle of juice. That’s when I realized that everyone had some food items behind their backs that they started to throw at me now.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 568

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Chapter 568 – Welcome Home Brothers! (Maddox)

“How could you do this to me?” Zane screamed, lunging toward Abilene, who appeared utterly bewildered.

“What’s happening?” she murmured, seeking refuge behind me.

“Don’t worry, I’ll handle this. Just head to your bedroom,” I whispered, ensuring she was out of harm’s way and spared from our turmoil.

She nodded and began to depart, but before leaving, she quickly planted a k*iss on my cheek in front of Zane.

“Please be careful,” she said softly before darting to the bedroom. Zane seemed to be reeling from what felt like the ultimate betrayal.

“How could you—and how could she casually betray me right in front of me?” Zane yelled, making a move to follow her, but I blocked his path. His eyes welled up with anger, his voice trembling with fury.

“It happened, get over it,” I shrugged, feigning indifference, which only seemed to fuel his rage.

“Get over it? How does one get over betrayal?” he bellowed, seizing my collar and shaking me, yet I offered no resistance. I refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing me succumb to guilt.

“It’s not like I killed you or anything, you’ll be fine,” I rolled my eyes and attempted to grab his arm to lead him away, sparing Abilene from his yelling and screaming. But he broke free and shoved me back.

“You stabbed me in the back, and you expect me to just get over it?” Zane screamed, his face contorted with anger. I looked at him and wondered if betrayal was worse than stealing someone’s wife.

“No! You’re the one who stabbed me in the back, Zane,” I hissed, and he nodded vigorously.

“I know I messed up by sleeping with your girlfriend and cheating on my wife. But I thought you forgave me? Is this your way of getting revenge on me?” He was screaming and crying hysterically, unable to bear the pain of betrayal. If only he knew I suffered even worse.

“Zane! You can’t just stand here and shout until you explode. There’s someone else living here, and I won’t let you terrorize her with your complaints,” I said, pretending to be indifferent. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and his jaw dropped to the floor.

“Do you even care about me?” he gasped.

“I used to,” I muttered.

“You know what, I’m going to confront her too,” obviously, in his mind, he felt betrayed by both of us. But as he tried to rush past me, I grabbed his arm and began leading him towards the exit.

“No! I won’t leave with you!” he screamed, but it was too late. I had a firm grip on him and was dragging him along.

“If you want to know why I did that to you, you’ll have to follow me,” I hissed once his resistance became futile.

After a few seconds of staring at my face, he finally started to follow me. Throughout the journey to the big rocks, he cried and yelled about how much I had hurt him.

The moment we reached the rocks, he straightened his back and seemed to zone out.

“What is this place?” his tone calmed down, and tears no longer filled his eyes as his memory seemed to reset, yet it appeared even messier now. “I was taking you home,” I began again.

That day, I took him to the new grandparents’ house while I took Abilene to the rocks. When she returned, I told her Zane was her husband. I did this multiple times to Zane, and each time, he would come home to discover some devastating truth, leading him to cry until I reset his memory.

It was entertaining to witness him in such agony. Yet, somewhere deep down, it still wasn’t enough. Perhaps because I knew he was already dead, so there was no way I could inflict upon him the same level of betrayal he had caused me when he senselessly took my life.

“Ah!” It must have been the twentieth time I had brought him to the rocks and reset his memory. Slowly, he was losing his sanity. Even with the memory reset, he remained an emotional wreck.

“What happened?” I asked with a smirk on my lips, standing tall while he knelt before me. We had just crossed the rocks, and the memory reset caused him pain.

“I just want to know something,” Zane uttered, and I sighed.

“Yes?” I was still contemplating a new reality I had to create today to cause him suffering.

“How many more times will you hurt me until you forgive me?” As he asked that question, my body was covered in goosebumps.

“You think I’m so weak that every time you brought me here, I didn’t remember why you were doing this to me?” he raised his head, and his teary eyes met mine. “I did something to you, and you’re punishing me. I remember my memory resetting, but then I follow the same foolishness over and over again,” his voice broke.

“Then I’m sure you remember the whole thing, Zane,” I hissed, gritting my teeth as I glared into his eyes.

“So it’s true, you’ve been resetting my memory, but why?” he yelled, barely able to straighten his back to face me.

But before I could even answer him, something strange happened.

Both Zane and I shared a glance as the surroundings started to shake. That had never happened before. Why was the ground moving?

What was this loud noise?

Before long, we saw an opening forming, and both of us stood beside each other, staring at it.

“What’s going on?!” Zane yelled, stepping back from the opening.

“You need to pass through the opening. It’s happening,” I recognized the voice. It was Reign!

“Reign?” I frowned, having no idea how it was possible.

“Maddox! I don’t have time to explain, but just know that Beatrice is in danger. Everyone is in danger, and in order to bring everyone back to where they belong, you must take Zane and cross the portal,” she screamed, and I could hear commotions behind her.

“Beatrice!” Zane uttered her name and then gasped.

“Reign! What happened to her? I’ll help her alone. I don’t need Zane, but how do I do it? I’m dead,” I stumbled over my words as I watched the portal begin to shrink again.

“We don’t have time, and the brothers must come together or else-Beatrice will be lost forever,”

Reign insisted. I had no clue what she was talking about, but since she mentioned it was for Beatrice, I figured I might have to cross the portal to maybe see them for a while before coming back here.

Without wasting a moment, I leaped through the portal and didn’t even look back, knowing Zane would follow. Once we were done helping Beatrice, we’d return to the dead zone, where I’d do my best to punish Zane some more.

But what was happening? As soon as I entered the portal, my body began to dissolve into darkness. I heard Zane screaming just like I was, but then I began to hear other voices too.

“S*hit! Who else has crossed?” I yelled, but it was too late. It seemed others might have crossed too. I mean, they’d be back in a few hours, so it wasn’t an issue. But where was I being led into the darkness?

And then I landed on something, closing my eyes t*ightly.

“It’s not that bad.”

“You think so? I like the city life more.”

“Just give it a try, you big baby.” “Don’t f*ucking call me that again.”

I heard some chatter and shook my head to wake up. I was in a car with my brothers, entering the town where we had been relocated to.

“Maddox! Did we wake you up?” Akin glanced at me through the rearview mirror, apologizing.

“Ah! It’s okay,” I groaned, sitting up in my seat and stretching a little. Zane sat beside me, my twin, while Helel was in the passenger seat with his twin.

Our brothers were the ric*hest of all and also the most powerful in terms of our connections with higher-ups. So the new town didn’t really sound scary to me. I wondered why I always have such weird dreams where I am falling down a dark tunnel or something.

“Welcome to Leat High Town,” Helal read the sign, and I closed my eyes again to rest until we reached our new home.

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Chapter 569 – The Royal Douchebags (Beatrice)

“Get off me,” I yelled, moving my hands around and trying to push away whoever was getting too close, but they were coming at me from all angles.

“Do you think you can have him? Do you think you can play the damsel in distress and he’ll fall for you?” Balinda leaned in close, her grip t*ight on a chunk of my hair, whispering into my ear before finally letting go. My outfit was drenched in sauces, and my arms were scratched up. It made sense now. I should have known she would not let this pass. Ronnie was her best friend and some even said that she had a crush on him. Why would she sympathize with someone who Ronnie had defended? She would absolutely hate that person, in my case, it was me. She hated me now.

Finally, I managed to rise from my seat, pushing through the crowd as I made my way to the exit.

Once outside, I began to p*ant and hyperventilate, my mind blocked from overthinking and my vision blurred by tears. I had no d*esire to return for the rest of the periods. As rain began to fall, I stomped through the mud, sprinting to my apartment with tears streaming down my cheeks.

I despised these people with all my might. These bullies didn’t care about anyone else’s life or emotions; they were selfish and only cared about themselves.

I ran like a headless chicken until I forgot I was on the road, and a car honked at me. Completely drenched, I stopped and screamed, “Ahhh!” My heart raced as the car came to a halt just before hitting me. Sniffling, I watched as the car steadied, trying to calm my breaths. The rain suddenly began to ease, almost as if...

The car door swung open, and a guy in a black suit stepped out, holding an umbrella even though the rain had slowed down.

This was the guy from the ice cream parlor. He furrowed his thick eyebrows at me, and following him from the passenger side was the other brother. “Look who almost bumped into our car, Helel,” the guy with the umbrella said, while the muscular, long-curly-haired guy beside him scoffed. He didn’t bother holding an umbrella over his head; the rain had

almost stopped, so I guess there was no need anyway. Still breathing loudly, I stared at them as the one called Helel shook his head, almost laughing at me.

“And she’s the same one whose mother accused us of throwing trash in front of her apartment,” Helel mocked, remembering my mother’s accusation of the apartment being ‘ours.’

“Isn’t that so, Maddox?” Helel continued, calling out for the third brother, who jumped out from the backseat and started laughing until he suddenly seemed to recall something.

“And she hit Zane, didn’t she?” As soon as he mentioned the last brother, the door opened, and it felt like my soul left my body.

The second tall guy emerged from the car, narrowing his eyes at my face, his gaze deep.

“Akin! Why do you think she was jumping in front of our car?” Zane asked his brother with the umbrella.

“I think she wants attention or maybe trouble,” Akin replied, finally giving a name to the ice cream guy.

I watched them all in silence before shaking my head to snap myself out of the trance-like state.

“I’m sorry, I guess I wasn’t watching where I was going,” I mumbled, trying to look down, but their chuckling made me raise my head again.

“Or where you were throwing. It’s always one thing or another with girls like you,” Maddox rolled his eyes, placing me in some sort of category.

I couldn’t help but close my eyes and try to calm myself down before responding in a way that might hurt their egos.

“I’ll get going now,” I uttered, stepping aside, but they weren’t finished yet.

“Do you think there will be no consequences for attacking me?” Zane called after me. Ever since they were introduced to me, something very odd was happening to me. I felt like my heart was skipping beats, and their presence only made matters worse.

“So what do you want to do? Hang me in public for throwing a soda can at the most deserving douchebag?” Finally, something snapped inside me. Probably the anger from the bullying and my hard, miserable life’s torture, and I could no longer pretend I was fine.

As I turned to glare at them, I realized I should have kept my m*outh shut.

“That’s it. This b*itch is going down today,” Maddox hissed, and as soon as he took a step towards me, Helel pulled his arm and stopped him in his tracks. “We’re not going to stoop to her level. Middle-class people like her want our reactions so they can play victim later and get money out of us,” Helel’s words were filled with judgment, and it was obvious he was looking down on me.

“It’s not like she’s living a good life. Let her be,” Akin told his brothers, then closed his umbrella and slipped inside the car.

Helel gave me one last judgmental glare before stepping into his vehicle. Following him was Maddox, and the last one stood tall, his eyes narrowed at me as if he would devour me alive.

“We’ll meet soon,” Zane m*outhed, finally breaking a smirk and joining his brothers. Akin drove the car so fast that I jumped to the side in fear of being run over. Once I made sure they were far gone and no one could hear me or witness my reaction, I stomped my foot and yelled, “Freaking assholes! I’m not scared of you. You think-,” I abruptly paused when I remembered I wasn’t supposed to mess with them.

Defeated, I continued my journey back home on foot. By the time I arrived home, the brothers had parked their car in front of their mansion, and two of them were sitting outside on their impeccable decks, drinking beers.

Maddox and Zane!

“Oh, look! The rag doll is home,” I heard Maddox comment and avoided him. I just knew it was going to be hell living in my apartment now.

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Chapter 570 – I Keep F*ucking Up With Helel (Beatrice)

I entered the apartment and barely stepped into the elevator when I spotted Helel stepping out of it. We nearly collided before I hastily stepped back. What was he doing in our apartment complex?

I looked up and our eyes met; he appeared so relaxed, with his hands tucked into his pants’ pockets, his gray coat neatly pressed and stylish.

“Watch where you’re going or you might end up bumping into someone you’d rather avoid,” Helel remarked casually as he passed by. For some reason, I couldn’t resist making a retort of my own.

“What makes you think you’re not the one I’d rather not bump into?” I rolled my eyes and scoffed before stepping into the elevator. That’s when I noticed Helel had stopped moving away and was now glaring at me.

“What did you say-” his further threats were cut off as the elevator doors began to close.

I found it amusing because now I was safe from his anger, so I made the mistake of sticking my t*ongue out thinking I was invincible. But as soon as I did, Helel swiftly reached out and the next thing I knew, the doors stopped closing.

“Ah!” I gasped as he stepped inside, his forehead creased with anger.

“What the heck!” I tried to step back but found myself pinned against the elevator.

“Do you think you can run your m*outh as long as you have somewhere to hide?” Helel stepped closer, his hand resting on the elevator beside my head.

His tone was surprisingly calm, as if he took pride in scaring me.

“What happened? Not feeling so c*ocky now?” He let out a little scoff before sighing deeply and tilting his head.

I had never been this close to such a handsome man before. His beautiful eyes and chiseled face made him resemble a hot celebrity one could only dream of.

“Step out of my way,” I hesitantly tried to push him, but as soon as my hand t*ouched his c*hest, he stopped talking and lowered his head, raising an eyebrow to stare at my hand.

I quickly withdrew it, biting my bottom lip. Why was he doing this to me? And why the heck was I feeling so fl*ustered?

“Hm! You think you can shove me away with those little hands of yours?” He adjusted his position in front of me, getting more comfortable and hunching down even further. My cheeks were burning by this point.

“The elevator!” I exclaimed as it finally stopped, reaching the top floor where my apartment was. But he was blocking my way, so I couldn’t get past him. He didn’t respond to my statement, but instead stretched his arm back and pressed the buttons again, causing my heart to skip several beats. I gulped as he tilted his head.

“What are you doing? You need to get out of my way,” I finally managed to say, but it only made him smirk.

“Why are you blushing? Are you that sensitive to a man leaning over you?” he whispered, bringing his face even closer.

I realized he was enjoying watching me squirm and feel uneasy in his presence, so I attempted to straighten my back and confidently meet his gaze. However, I ended up gulping as I noticed how beautiful his blue eyes were.

“Look at you—your eyes-” he mumbled. For a split second, a frown creased his forehead and his demeanor shifted. He stared into my eyes, and a gulp ran down his throat this time.

It was in that moment that I bet he understood he shouldn't be this close to me. He finally shook his head and pulled his face away, trying to regain composure by smirking and appearing normal.

“You are free to go now, but remember-don't ever mess with us again,” he said with a phony smile as he stepped out of my way. However, as soon as I began to walk towards the door, ready to escape the elevator, I felt him shift behind me, standing so close that I had to hold my breath.

“I like the color of your eyes,” he whispered from behind me, causing me to hug myself tightly and squeeze my body together.

“You shouldn't blink them so cutely when somebody stares into them. What are your plans, huh? Do you plan to hypnotize everyone with those eyes?” He was making me lose my mind.

This man had decided to come flirt with me looking like a snack himself. I wasn't fond of the romance genre, but I had watched some movies due to Gloria's insistence, and honestly speaking, the male leads were never as charming as this dude behind me.

However, I was busy pondering this when the door abruptly opened, and Helel shoved me out by bumping me with his shoulder. It happened so abruptly that I landed against the wall with my hands supporting me. I turned around and watched Helel wink at me, his hands in his pockets and a smirk playing on his lips.

That was the last I saw of him before the elevator door closed again. I didn't want to linger outside any longer, so as soon as I caught my breath, I ran back to my apartment.

Once safely inside, I climbed the stairs to my room and sat on the bed, peering out the window hastily to see if I could watch him return to his apartment. Sure enough, there he was, making his way across the road to his brothers sitting on chairs in front of their mansion.

They seemed to engage in a conversation where Helel patted his c*hest and then pointed right at my window. I could only assume he was telling them about our interaction when they all stopped talking after spotting me in the window.

I was curious and thought maybe Helel was telling his brothers how he made me blush, so my dumb mind thought it was appropriate to show them I wasn't intimidated by them and wasn't thirsty for them.

I raised my middle f*inger and waved it at Helel, then I realized I messed up because the smile on his face was replaced with a very stern look.