

# Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 576

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

Chapter 576 – Can We Not Meet? (Beatrice)

I'd been sauntering down the road lazily, making my way to the apartment complex with zero energy left. I was honestly so tired of people treating me and my mother poorly. It was incredibly exhausting.

"I wish I had some superpower or something. Just imagine, one day I wake up, and suddenly I have wings and can spit fire. I'd pay back everyone who's ever mistreated me," I grumbled to myself.

My phone buzzed in my hand, and a scowl crept over my face. It was the manager calling me. I hadn't expected him to ring me up again after what went down at the bar. Was he calling to chew me out some more? Oh no, I wasn't going to tolerate this behavior any longer. With that resolve in mind, I answered the call and decided to assert myself.

"Yes? What do you want now?" I made sure my tone was sharp and forceful.

"Beatrice, is it?" I bet even he was taken aback because until now, I'd acted all innocent and fragile in front of him. Well, it's about time he knows people are only nice to him because they're afraid of losing their jobs; otherwise, he doesn't have anything special about him that warrants being treated with respect.

"Yes, who else would be answering my phone?" I rolled my eyes, even though I knew he couldn't see me through my phone's screen.

"I was just calling to let you know that you got the job," he was in the middle of speaking when I scoffed, and he fell silent.

"I get it. I heard you firing me without even hiring me. You don't have to remind me—wait, what did you say?" I shook my head and then pinched my wrist to make sure I was hearing him right.

"I said, you are hired. But are you still willing to take this job?" The slight skepticism in his voice came from the fact that I had been speaking so rudely to him.

“Yes! Of course. Oh my Cod, thank you so much. And don’t mind me talking stupidly, I had a few drinks,” in an attempt to justify my behavior, I laughed and stumbled over my words until I realized what I was doing.

“Aren’t you only eighteen? Why are you drinking on the roads of Leat High?” he questioned, and I looked around to see if anybody was watching me. “I am not outside my apartment. I am actually in my home, in my bedroom. The wind and everything is from the window,” I lied, laughing nervously.

“I will be there tomorrow,” I quickly added before hanging up the call.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes!!!” I jumped up and down, dancing with excitement on the road. The town had its own rules. Kids under the age of twenty were not allowed to drink in an open area. The rest was fine as long as they were eighteen.

“Hey! Get out of the freaking road!” however, my happiness was short-lived when I heard a familiar voice yelling at me. A car parked in my way and none other than Maddix stepped out of the vehicle.

Seriously? Why couldn’t they mind their own business?

I noticed Akin and Helel sitting in the backseat this time while Zane was the one driving the car.

“What you did back there was so disrespectful,” Maddox muttered, shaking his head at me.

“Aha? You mean to say when you tripped me and dirtied your own brother’s clothes?” I placed my hands on my waist and muttered confidently.

“She is so shameless!” Maddox turned to address his brothers, and out of the three, only Zane stepped out of the car. It was pretty evident that the older ones were not so keen on bullying me all the time, but the younger ones were a total wreck.

“It’s this behavior that got her fired before even getting hired,” Zane commented, and I rolled my eyes at him, watching his jaw clench at my actions. “Actually, I just received a call and I got the job,” I pointed out, shrugging my shoulders and noticing the way the two shared a glance.

“Easy, girl! Don’t freaking lie to us when we’re the ones who got you the job back,” it was Zane who stepped forward before his brother to defend himself.

The little confidence that I had earlier from receiving the call from the manager faded away once I heard them telling me exactly how I got the job back.

“Oh!” I gulped, stepping back because if they could get me a job, they could also get me fired again.

“Right! Look at your face now. Not so proud of yourself anymore, huh?” Maddox patted his brother’s back while commenting.

The two were staring at my face with their oddly attractive eyes and waiting for me to say something when my body jolted at the sound of a wolf howling in the woods.

The brothers went silent and then straightened their backs. I watched Maddox zone out while Zane continued to look in the direction of the woods.

“Our town is full of wolves and coyotes,” I stated because it seemed like they were shocked to hear a howl.

“Brothers! What are we doing here?” Helel was the one who was able to get their attention when he pulled his hand out and tapped on the roof of the car.

“We are coming,” Zane nudged Maddox, and the two stepped aside. As they moved out of my way, I watched Helel glance at me before turning to Akin to say something.

I was waiting for them to start the vehicle so that I could leave after them. Their seven-seater was blocking my path like a solid wall.

I’ve never been in cars much, maybe once or twice, and that was when someone would drop me home. I mean, it’s been years since–

“Hey you! Well drop you home,” however, Helel calling out to me caught me offguard. I pointed at my chest and then sneakily looked around. There’s no way these jerks were offering me a ride.

“The storm is setting in,” he added, but the expressions on the others’ faces told me they weren’t really keen on his offer. I wanted to decline, but the way the wolves were howling actually scared me.

I’ve heard about wolves attacking townspeople on stormy nights, so I didn’t want to become some animal’s meal when I have such good news to share with my mother.

With the fear of being eaten alive in my heart, I nodded and walked towards the car. Helel actually came out and opened the door to their Mercedes, and I awkwardly rolled inside.

I don’t know if I should be thankful or scared of being in the car with them.

# Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 577

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

Chapter 577 – Like A Pack Of Wolves (Beatrice)

Helel occupied the backseat while I teamed up with Akin, who, as usual, remained engrossed in his phone. I pondered whether he had a fiancé, perhaps a girlfriend taking up his time. But then again, his sour mood made me doubt his aptitude as a boyfriend. Who communicates with their partner in such a mood? Perhaps only the wealthy kind.

“Ahem!” I cleared my throat, shifting my gaze slightly towards Akin. “I’m really sorry about your shirt. I will fix my mistake”

I watched him remain silent for a whole minute before he finally set his phone aside and turned towards me, his brow slightly furrowed.

“Really? And how do you plan to make amends?” he asked, raising his eyebrow and leaving me baffled by his demand.

“Um, I’m sorry?” I bit my t\*ongue, realizing I didn’t quite understand what he meant.

“This shirt is branded, something you couldn’t even dream of affording, and all you offer is a sorry?” he tilted his head, adding to my discomfort.

“Oh! I wish I could say I’ll foot the bill for the shirt, but I don’t have that kind of money, and you already know it since you just mentioned I could never afford anything like that in my life,” I babbled on until he narrowed his eyes at me.

“Why not? You have the job. Save up and pay in a few months,” he shrugged, clearly failing to grasp the unrealistic nature of his request.

The reason I needed this job was simple: I needed money. But the idea of toiling away just to cover the cost of his shirt, when he could easily buy a new one, was mind-boggling. Not to mention, it wasn’t even my fault. His brother was the culprit behind his ruined expensive shirt. But accusing his brother while in their car? No way!

“Well, what about me? I need this money,” I retorted, noticing a playful pout forming on his l\*ips. “So, you’d rather prioritize yourself over fixing your mistake?” he quizzically closed one eye, a gesture suggesting he was pondering my actions.

“No! I just can’t afford such an expensive apology,” I quickly responded, eager to avoid coming off as someone advocating for ‘eating the rich’. I didn’t harbor hatred towards wealthy individuals. Sure, I grumbled about them often, but I had my reasons. “Hmm! In that case, I can suggest alternatives if you’re truly willing to earn my forgiveness,” he continued, one hand resting on his t\*high and the other casually stretched behind my seat. He was tall, and his body language exuded charisma. I doubted he was unaware of his own allure.

“Okay, I’m willing to give it a shot. Tell me, what do I need to do to earn your forgiveness?” I asked confidently and determinedly. If there was anything else I could do to appease him, to ensure he’d forgive me and not hold it against me, I was all ears. I had realized that tangling with these guys wouldn’t end well now that they practically ran this town.

“I’ll let you know when the time comes,” he smiled strangely, though he didn’t even glance at me. A shiver ran down my spine as he turned his face away, as if concealing his thoughts.

What could he possibly be considering asking me to do?

The car halted across the road rather than in front of my building. I understood it was their way of being messy. After all, they had given me a lift, and I should be grateful for that much. Expecting anything more from them would be foolish. And I certainly wasn’t foolish.

“Thank you for the ride,” I exited the car, then turned to thank Helel, who was oddly fixated on my face.

“No problem,” he mumbled, his hands tucked into his pants’ pockets.

“Goodnight,” I muttered, feeling utterly awkward as the brothers loomed around me. It was as if I were prey surrounded by big, bad bullies.

“Okay,” Helel responded, stepping aside to give me some space. I hurried past him, eager to reach my building before they could come up with another way to harass me. To my surprise, they didn’t follow or do anything.

Just as I was about to enter the building, I glanced back and saw them standing across the road, silent and staring at me. It felt eerie, giving me a sense of déjà vu. I closed my eyes, dashed up to my apartment, and the rest of the night blurred into a haze. I collapsed onto my bed and slept as if I had already put in a full day’s work.

Morning arrived with a tinge of sadness as I realized I had skipped school again, and my mother could sense something was wrong. We ate breakfast in silence until I mustered the courage to tell her about the job. She was happy for me but concerned about my truancy.

“Beatrice! Gloria will be returning to school on Monday, right? I want you to go back too and deal with whatever’s going on, okay? You’re not a quitter,” my mother cautioned me, not pressuring me to divulge what was troubling me.

I admired that about her. She always allowed me the space to approach her and share my worries instead of demanding I spill them out.

“Okay,” I nodded, joining her in washing the dishes.

I didn’t know if I could bring myself to return to school. After Balinda had bullied me in front of the entire school, I just couldn’t bear the thought of facing her again. The idea of seeing her roam around as if she hadn’t made me cry filled me with rage.

Just as I was in the kitchen helping my mother with the dishes, my phone started ringing. I glanced at the screen and frowned—it was an unknown caller ID.

“Answer the call, maybe it’s from your school,” my mom suggested, motioning towards my phone. I grabbed it, drying my hands on my apron, and sighed before answering.

“Hey, it’s Ronnie here. I’m outside your building,” he said. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. Why on earth was Ronnie Adler outside my building?

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 578

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

Chapter 578 – The Nosy Neighbors (Beatrice)

“Huh?” I frowned, staring at the screen before putting the phone back to my ear.

“Hi?” he greeted, “I’m outside your building.” He repeated himself, sounding a bit awkward since I hadn’t greeted him earlier.

“Hi! I’m Beatrice,” I said, instantly regretting it as he chuckled from the other end.

“Hi Beatrice, can you come outside?” he asked more directly, his focus clearly on meeting me, but I was too stunned to respond.

My mother must have noticed how frozen I looked, the phone pressed against my ear and my eyes widening with each passing second. She approached me and gently tapped her hand on my cheek.

“What happened? Don’t tell me the principal is asking me to come over?” She rolled her eyes, prompting me to quickly cover the speaker with my hand and frown at her.

“No! It’s not the principal. It’s Ronnie Alder,” I m\*outhed, conveying the news to her, watching her react with a mix of shock and excitement.

“Why is the sheriffs son calling you?” My mother had mixed reactions. She looked shocked but also excited, I guess.

“He’s outside our building and asking me to meet him,” I explained, holding my hand behind my back, leaving poor Ronnie clueless about what I was doing.

“Really?” my mother gasped, rushing over to the window of the living room and peering outside, with me following closely.

As soon as I looked over her shoulder, I saw Ronnie staring at us and waving his hand.

“Oh shoot! He saw us,” I pulled my mother back and groaned at her for making me act like a fool and getting caught peeking through the window.

“Just go speak to him,” my mom grunted, holding my hand and guiding it back near my ear with the phone in it.

“Hello, sorry I was-,” I closed my eyes as he interrupted.

“Busy peeking through the window?” His teasing tone made me even more embarrassed.

“I’m coming downstairs,” I stated and hung up the call. But my mother looked displeased, almost as if she couldn’t believe I did that.

“What?” I asked her, raising one eyebrow.

“Why didn’t you invite him to your apartment?” my mom complained, not realizing he was the sheriffs son, having lived his entire life in mansions. It wouldn’t be a good look to make him come upstairs and meet our neighbors, who thought we were prostitutes.

“Mom! I don’t want him to speak to our neighbors. They’re bad people, spreading rumors,” my tone was low, and my mood had suddenly plummeted. “Ah, I understand. But it’s okay. He just wants to meet you. Maybe he’s worried that you were skipping school, but why? You never told me you two were friends,” my mom bombarded me with questions, her face indicating suspicion of my activities.

“We’re not. We just spent time together once, and after that, I didn’t even see him again until he appeared outside our building today,” I said while quickly grabbing my shoes and leaving the apartment. I didn’t care if he saw me in an old black sweater and black jeans. It didn’t really bother me.

As soon as I stepped into the elevator, I bumped into the neighbor next door. The lady and her husband were always up in everyone's business. We called them nosy neighbors, but they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Piper.

"So you don't go to school anymore?" the lady rolled her eyes, clutching her branded purse, which I was sure somebody gifted her. Or she thrifted it.

The reason I was judging her was because she was always showy and making others feel low, even though she lived in one of the cheapest apartments. The reputation of the people living in these apartments was bad for some reason.

I sighed and tried to avoid her.

"I saw you come home late last night. You were coming from across the road, why?" she asked, not getting the hint that I was not interested in talking to her.

"Were you at the mayor's mansion?" she questioned, finally making me look at her and then roll my eyes. Hopefully, that would be enough of an answer for her.

She scoffed and stepped out of the elevator before me when it stopped, almost making me bump into her. I hated that she was lingering around just to see why I had come downstairs. The minute she saw Ronnie standing on the road and smiling at me, she turned to me and then scanned me from head to toe. It was so strange walking past her while she was examining me like crazy.

"Hi," I said to Ronnie, awkwardly looking behind at Mrs. Piper, who was standing frozen in the middle of the road with her eyes on us.

"You look great for someone who is sick and unable to come to school," he mumbled, avoiding the lady as if she wasn't present there. He was rocking a simple look with blue jeans and a white sweater. He was very good-looking and also sweet.

"That-don't tell me the principal sent you on a mission to confirm I was lying," I joked, and he smiled, making the lady gasp.

"What is going on? You look uneasy, is there a problem?" he finally picked up on my body language and stared at the lady over my shoulder.

Once she got his attention, she arched her way over and stood beside us.

"Hello, you are the sheriffs son, right?" she was short with blond hair and gray eyes. She was always dressed like she was headed to boujee parties, or at least that was the vibe she tried giving.



“Yeah, what’s up?” I watched Ronnie pull his infamous straight face and annoyed look. I had heard about it and had even seen him respond to people he wasn’t interested in with that look on his face.

“Isn’t it weird that you are talking to her? How do you know her?” the audacity of this woman to stand next to me and ask questions as if she was my mother.

But before I could respond, Ronnie stepped in, “We are classmates. Are you done inspecting us?” He wasn’t even trying to be nice. She got the hint and with a gulp, she passed us an awkward smile.

“Yeah, I was just being cautious about my neighbor’s daughter. Have fun! This age is all about making friends,” the bitterness in her tone and the eye roll she gave me while passing a dead glare was odd. I didn’t get what I had ever done to her to make her so vicious towards me.

Thankfully, she left, and now I was much more at ease.

“I heard what Balinda did to you,” Ronnie’s statement came as a surprise. I didn’t think he would be so upfront about it.

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 579

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Chapter 579 – Invited To The Party (Beatrice)

“Who spilled the beans?” I inquired, s\*ucking in a deep breath to steady myself.

“Someone from school told me. You have no idea how she embarrassed me with her actions. I’m really sorry she did that to you. But why didn’t you inform me right away?” His expression showed genuine concern. The fact that he went out of his way to visit me at my apartment made me feel kind of special. But I didn’t want to nurture any expectations, not even hopes for a friendship with him.

“Why would I inform you? She’s your friend, and she targeted me because of you. So, I didn’t think it was right to ring you up and risk making her even angrier by saying in contact with you,” I responded, noticing his disp\*leasure with my words.

“And you reckon dodging me will make your life better?” I understood what he was hinting at. I bit my t\*tongue but held my emotions inside. It was already shocking that he had come all the way to my home to apologize for her actions.

“I don’t know. All I know is I can’t handle being bullied just because I hang out with a guy whose best friend doesn’t approve of me,” I muttered, avoiding eye contact.

He fell silent for a moment, then leaned back and gazed at the sky.

“So, I’m that easy to ditch?” He quizzed, lowering his head to meet my eyes.

“No!” I shook my head hesitantly.

“Then why are you afraid to stand up for your friends?” He c\*ocked an eyebrow, waiting for my response.

“I’m not afraid of anyone,” I replied, feeling a surge of anxiety as I realized I might be coming across as a coward.

“Then why shy away from being friends with someone who’s ready to stand up for you against anyone and wants to be your friend?” He crossed his arms over his c\*hest and leaned forward, nearly making me gasp aloud.

“You want to be my friend?” I questioned, and as he nodded subtly, I followed up, “But why?” “Because, umm, I feel like we could really hit it off, and I like your vibe,” he replied awkwardly. I felt foolish for even asking why he wanted to be friends. It sounded like I was fishing for compliments.

I lowered my head and blushed. It wasn’t every day that Ronnie, of all people, expressed a d\*esire to befriend you. I was honestly thrilled, but I kept my excitement to myself.

“Should I take your silence as a yes?” he leaned in even further, hands in his pockets, a smile playing on his l\*ips.

“Sure,” I mumbled, shyly tucking a strand of hair behind my ear.

“Friends, then?” He withdrew his hand from his pocket and offered it to me for a friendly handshake.

I stared at his muscular hand for a moment before nodding and extending my small, fragile hand. He shook it quickly and then grinned.

“Now, don’t worry about Balinda. If she tries bothering you again, she’ll have to deal with me,” he frowned slightly, emphasizing his seriousness.

That was exactly what I needed to hear. I’d been stressing out about school, and I knew there was no one better equipped to handle Balinda than Ronnie.

“So, what are you up to tomorrow night, by the way?” he asked, but before I could respond, an unexpected figure joined us.

“Are you making plans for tomorrow night?” It was Maddox, approaching us. My body tingled just watching him come closer. He had his hands tucked into the pockets of his black jacket, his blue eyes shining brightly.

“Hey,” Ronnie greeted him, indicating they’d already met. Of course they had. Ronnie’s father was the sheriff, and Maddox’s father was the mayor. They were both from wealthy families and knew each other well.

“Didn’t you receive the invitation for tomorrow night?” Maddox directed the question to Ronnie, blatantly ignoring my presence as if I were invisible. “Invitation? No, I didn’t,” Ronnie replied, his gaze flickering to me occasionally, perhaps to ensure I wasn’t feeling left out. It also seemed like he wanted me to know he was still paying attention to me.

“We’re throwing a party for our parents,” Maddox informed, his eyes briefly meeting mine before I quickly looked away.

“Oh,” Ronnie muttered, rubbing his forehead with two f\*ingers, appearing slightly embarrassed as he now had to make a decision.

“And you’re both invited, along with your dad,” Maddox boasted, puffing out his c\*hest playfully, and Ronnie chuckled, rubbing his hand against his stomach.

“Yeah, sure,” Ronnie agreed, then turned to me, an awkward silence settling between us until he added, “I’ll bring a plus one.”

My spine tensed at Ronnie’s subtle hint. Maddox followed Ronnie’s gaze, glancing at me. He seemed to understand, nodding hesitantly, as if struggling to come to terms with the fact that Ronnie wanted to bring the girl he disliked so much to a party he was hosting for his parents.

“Sure,” Maddox finally responded, making it abundantly clear, at least to me, that he wasn’t thrilled about the idea.

“So, you’ll be my plus one tomorrow at the party,” Ronnie smiled at me, right in front of Maddox, who had treated me like some disposable object he could kick around whenever he pleased.

The expression on Maddox’s face betrayed his shock, though he struggled to maintain composure until I nodded in confirmation, at which point it seemed like he couldn’t contain his reaction any longer.

“You know her?” he asked Ronnie, the disgust evident on his face.

“Yeah, she’s in my class and–” Ronnie paused, shooting me a smile before continuing, “and she’s my friend.”

I couldn’t help but blush at Ronnie’s gesture. I wondered how Balinda and the other girls at school would react to the news that Ronnie had befriended me. He was constantly pursued by others, yet he had chosen to befriend me. It was well-known that he only associated with Balinda because their fathers were friends and Balinda’s uncle was our principal. No wonder she always got away with being messy and never faced any consequences for her actions.

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 580

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

Chapter 580 – Going Out Shopping With Maddox! Have I Done That Before? (Beatrice)

Maddox glanced over at me before chuckling again and I knew he was about to start bullying me once more.

“You know you’ll need better clothes for this party, right? I mean, all the elites will be there,” Maddox said directly to me, making me glare at him for being such a jerk, but I noticed Ronnie had an even harsher reaction. His jaw clenched, and he cracked his knuckles.

“It’s fine. I’ll take her out for shopping. It’ll be easy to find a dress for her since everything looks so good on her,” Ronnie’s compliment changed my mood once again.

I gave him a smile, but before our moment could become more special, Maddox intervened.

“You were supposed to go shopping with me. I’m new here, and I don’t like shopping alone,” Maddox placed his hands on his waist, staring at Ronnie, who seemed to have forgotten about it.

I could tell their fathers were the ones bringing them together, or else Ronnie wouldn’t want to be in the same room as these arrogant brothers, who didn’t miss a single chance to remind others they were better than them.

“We can go together,” Ronnie, not wanting to upset the mayor’s son for obvious reasons, suggested, and my smile began to fade away.

“I’ll be shopping in high-end stores, though,” Maddox muttered under his breath before grudgingly nodding, “Fine. See you in two hours then.”

Thankfully, Maddox decided to walk away. I let out a breath and straightened my back to face Ronnie, who had been such an incredible friend to me all this time.

“I hope you wouldn’t mind me gifting you a dress,” Ronnie smiled, his hands in his pockets.

“That would be sweet of you, but I’d like to pay for my own dress, Ronnie,” I said. I didn’t want to take advantage of anyone’s kindness towards me. Besides, I wasn’t really comfortable receiving gifts from anyone. I wouldn’t even let my mother get me a lot of stuff. It makes me feel like a burden.

“You’re not going to ask me to come inside?”

Ronnie smiled awkwardly, and my heart sank in my chest.

“Um, my home?” I laughed, and once he nodded, I gulped, “It’s nothing like your home.”

I was trying to make it light, but his expression told me that he didn’t like my comment.

“A home is a home, Beatrice. It’s made from people, relationships, and love, not from walls,” his tone was soft, but I could tell he was stern when teaching me that.

“You think I don’t know that? It’s just that I know others don’t think that way,” I stopped smiling and uttered in a genuine tone.

“Well, screw those then. I’m not like others,” the calmness of his voice and the depth of his stare were doing something to my heart.

“Then you can come inside, but let me tell you something, my mother asks a lot of questions. She’s very overprotective of me,” I warned him before leading him upstairs. I did get some harsh stares from the neighbors. Whoever passed us expressed their shock at seeing the sheriff’s son walk behind me.

It was a huge thing for someone so rich and powerful to be in our apartment. Once in the apartment, I realized my mother had been spying on us through the window all that time.

“Mom!” I grunted, eyeing her. She quickly pulled away from the window and smiled at us.

“I was wondering where you had gone. You took a lot of time,” my mother attempted to sound harsh, strict.

“I was here the whole time,” I gave her a blunt expression.

“Oh! That’s Ronnie, the sheriffs son,” my mother couldn’t hold back her excitement and quickly introduced herself to him while offering him a handshake, “I’m Beatrice’s mother.”

“Nice to meet you. I now get where she gets her beauty from,” his comment made my mother’s cheeks turn red, and I rolled my eyes at her behind his back.

My mother was extremely supportive and charming, just very unfortunate in finding love or someone who could understand her.

“So, what are you two kids up to?” My mom offered him a seat and quickly rushed into the kitchen to make him her special tea.

“Um, I actually wanted to ask for your permission,” I was surprised when Ronnie started talking. I didn’t even think about it, but he had it in his mind.

“I want to take Beatrice to the party, and I want to take her shopping in two hours. Only if you allow,” he quickly added, but my mom already knew that he had come by to ask her permission.

It was wholesome. I honestly loved how decent and considerate he was. Unlike all the other guys I have met in my life – which were none.

“I have no objection. You are more than welcome to take her, but–” my mother’s smile began to fade as she started to talk about something serious.

“But?” I asked curiously.

“But can you please take care of her? I know she’s not a child, but my daughter is sensitive, and she doesn’t really know how to stand up for herself,” my mom stated, her broken smile fluttering my heart but also making me feel guilty.

“You don’t need to worry when I’m with her. She won’t need to speak for herself; I will do that for her,” although I really admired how he was so caring and taking care of my mother’s wishes, I was still stuck with the fact that I couldn’t stand up for myself. Why the heck was I so weak?

While my mom offered him tea, I went upstairs and changed into gray jeans and a white top. However, as I held my savings in my hand, I wondered if it was the right decision to waste money on a dress that I would only be wearing once? Well, not like I had any other choice. I didn’t want to come across as poor in front of Ronnie, so I left my apartment with him to go shopping.

And right off the bat, my mood was ruined when I watched Maddox standing beside his car, gesturing for us to join him.

