

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 581

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

Chapter 581 – Bullied By The Mayor’s Son (Beatrice)

“I don’t like this one,” I fibbed as I inspected the fabric of the red dress. It was one of the prettiest dresses I’ve seen, and I’m sure I would’ve rocked it, but I didn’t have the money to buy it. I had overestimated my situation; I didn’t have enough money to purchase any dress from these stores.

“How about I bring you a surprise with a dress of my choice? It’ll be like a gift from a friend,” I knew what Ronnie was trying to do, and it was making me feel uncomfortable.

“I think she doesn’t have money,” Maddox’s comment made me clench my jaw and lower my eyes. Other customers overheard him and started laughing, especially the girls my age.

“Ronnie?” one of the girls said his name, and I recognized her voice. It was Balinda.

“What are you doing here and why with her?” her excitement drained upon seeing me standing next to him. It was as if she wanted to scratch my eyeballs out for not heeding her warnings from the other day.

“We came here for shopping,” Ronnie said without hesitation. He had no reason to fear her. She wouldn’t say anything to him but would bully the life out of me.

“I’ll go look over there,” I quickly excused myself and stepped away, trying to create distance between Ballinda and me. She was scary, and I didn’t like how she was glaring me up and down.

Once I was all alone, I grabbed my torn-apart wallet and counted the money inside. It was barely enough for me to buy a top, and that too from another store.

“So, you’re hanging out with someone else’s boyfriend?” I almost jumped as Maddox joined me.

“He’s not her boyfriend,” I grunted, sneakily trying to slide my wallet into my pocket.

“Ah! But you left like a guilty person,” he shrugged, and I rolled my eyes at him.

“Why do you enjoy bothering me?” I turned to face him, keeping one eye on Ballinda and Ronnie as well. Her body language was enough to tell me she was upset with him and wanted him to show some effort in convincing her that I didn’t mean anything to him. And his body language suggested he wasn’t even interested in having a conversation with her at the moment.

“I just don’t like people like you. Opportunists,” he hissed, bringing his face closer until I instinctively pulled away from him.

“Aha!” he laughed, “it’s so easy to get under your skin,” his comment didn’t come from a lie. It was easy to annoy me. I was already upset with life, and this grown-a*ss guy found p*leasure in annoying me. “Beatrice! Did you select a dress yet?” Ronnie suddenly turned away from Ballinda, and the way her hands were in the air suggested she was still in the middle of an argument when he turned his attention to me.

“No! I don’t like anything here,” I lied, keeping my eyes on him because Ballinda’s angry glare was scary.

“Or–” Maddox shifted behind me and hurriedly pulled my wallet out of my back pocket, making my heart drop in my c*hest.

“What are you doing?” I turned to face him, tears already forming in my eyes as I watched him count the money inside.

“She doesn’t have money,” Maddox pulled out the few dollar bills and waved them separately to help them count.

“Oh!” Ballinda rushed over to us and covered her m*outh to stifle a laugh. Of course, she wouldn’t miss this opportunity to make fun of me.

“Hey! What the heck, dude?” Ronnie reached for the wallet and grabbed it, glaring at Maddox.

“What? I’m just upset that she was wasting our time so much. Why couldn’t she be honest that she cannot afford to come to a store like this?” Maddox scoffed, and the staff around started to whisper as they pointed at me.

Tears began to blur my vision, but before I leave, I had to give it to Maddox.

“You know what? For someone so rich, you really are cheap!” I muttered as I came face to face with him.

His smile shifted, turning into a scowl. “You need some growing up to do. Or maybe use the money you have to get yourself help because picking on miserable people at this age is not normal.”

Once I was done talking to him, I snatched the wallet out of Ronnie's hand and sprinted to the exit.

"Beatrice!" I heard Ronnie call for me, and when I briefly turned around, I saw Ballinda clinging to his arm, preventing him from coming after me. He was attempting to free his arm, but she seemed like a freaking glue.

I ran past everyone and was on the road now. My arms were wrapped around my shoulders, and tears were streaming down my face as I recalled the humiliation Maddox had caused me.

As I neared my apartment, I watched the owner of the house come out with a satisfied smile on his lips. Something told me there was something very wrong. He slowed down when passing me and gave me a very disgusting smirk before speeding away.

"Mom!" I called out, and once I stepped into the apartment, I saw my mother sitting on the couch, crying with a piece of paper in front of her.

"What is this?" I asked my mother, quickly sitting beside her and wrapping my arm around her shoulder.

"He is kicking us out," she could only speak those words before she began to sob uncomfortably.

"What? But he cannot do that. We paid him extra rent for the next two months," I was in disbelief.

That man was such an evil person.

"Who would listen to us?" my mom sniffled, covering her face in her hands, but I wasn't done.

I wouldn't sit here and cry. I was already so angry because of Maddox, and now this.

"I will," with those words spoken, I got up and ran after the owner.

"Beatrice, no!" my mother's cries turned silent as I focused on catching the guy on the road. I will give him what he deserves for doing us wrong.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 582

Chapter 582 – Just Like Deja Vu (Beatrice)

“Mr. Bobaski!” I shouted after him as I watched him stride across the road. I was so furious that I didn’t notice who else was outside. I just knew I had walked past the mayor’s mansion and was now chasing after this crazy man, who didn’t care about anyone and loved money so much that he would go to extreme lengths to make other’s lives miserable.

He paused briefly to glance back, and upon realizing it was me, he rolled his eyes and continued walking as if he didn’t believe I had anything important to discuss.

“Hey, you jerk!” Now, with a tone he truly deserved, I halted him abruptly, and he turned to face me. There was anger etched on his face, and his fists were clenched t*ightly.

“What did you call me, you little piece of...” before he could finish cursing me out, I shoved my hands against him, sending him tumbling to the ground.

“What the hell!” he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet.

“How dare you deceive us? Do you think you can do whatever you want and we won’t object?” I yelled at the top of my lungs, venting my frustration. I didn’t even realize I was sobbing and hiccupping as I confronted him.

“Oh, I can, and watch me kick you out tomorrow,” he jabbed his f*inger in my face, visibly riled up. “You wouldn’t dare,” I warned, even though I didn’t know how to prevent it. This man had made us sign a shady contract.

“I gave your mother some days, but now I’m taking back my word. If you two aren’t on your feet and out of my apartment by morning, I’m throwing you out myself and keeping your stuff,” he bellowed, pushing me back.

I loathed how anyone could lay their hands on us and not face any consequences.

“We paid you advance rent. Pay us back, and we’ll leave,” I hissed, wiping away the tears.

“Ah!” he sneered, “try to take it from me,” he muttered through clenched teeth, but his behavior was peculiar tonight. After I pushed him, he seemed to interpret it as a sign that he could lay his hands on me whenever he pleased.

He swiftly lunged at me, seizing me by my collar and shaking my body.

“You two have been a living nightmare to me-” as he hissed in my face, he intentionally pushed me against his c*hest and then groped my b*reast in such a hasty manner that I couldn’t even process what had just occurred.

“Or you could always sell this boy of yours to pay me extra and live here in peace,” he mumbled in a low tone, still clutching my b*reast.

“What the heck! Let go,” I attempted to push him off, but he wouldn’t release his grip. We were near a dimly lit street, and even though we were close to the mayor’s mansion, this street was eerily silent and dark.

“Release me,” I scratched his face when humiliation clouded my judgment.

“Come back here!” the moment I was freed, he grabbed my hair and pulled me backward, starting to drag me along the street.

As soon as we were engulfed by darkness, he kicked me in the back, and I crashed to the ground.

“What the heck!” I screamed, but he couldn’t approach any closer because a burly man in a white shirt and black shorts emerged, shoving him away forcefully and sending him sprawling to the ground.

“How dare you lay your hands on her?” it was the mayor’s son, Helel. He pushed him back once more and then knelt down, delivering punches to his face, while I felt a pair of strong hands being placed under my arm, helping me to my feet.

I turned my head to the back and noticed Akin in a suit, his eyes narrowed at the man. Once he had me up on my feet, he rushed past me to kick the owner of the apartments to the ground. The two stood over him and kicked him while I watched them in silence. It felt oddly satisfying, but also a sense of deja vu washed over me.

“Please, I am sorry!” the owner cried, and some people from the apartments came to his rescue.

“Sir, please let him go. You’ll k*ill him,” our neighbor requested, Akin and Helel, making sure not to sound too authoritative.

“Then tell this jerk that if we see him near this girl again, we’ll rip his balls off and feed them to you,” Akin pointed at the neighbor, who probably regretted coming to Mr. Bobaski’s rescue in the first place. But now that he was already here, he nodded quickly and started assisting Mr. Bobaskiu, whose face was entirely disfigured and blood- covered whatever was left unbroken of his body.

Once they were done with him, the two turned around and began marching in my direction. I got to see them one by one, realizing how good-looking they were. In that moment, I wondered how lucky their girlfriends would be.

“You okay?” Helel asked in his perfect accent and voice.

Before I could nod, Akin took off his coat and wrapped it around me.

“I think she’s in trauma,” Akin uttered to his brother.

The two hunched over, their hands on their knees so they could reach my level and examine my face.

Oh Lord!

It wasn’t easy to stare into Helel’s blue eyes and then into Akin’s gray ones and then nod my head to tell them I was okay.

“Come on, let’s take care of you,” Akin said as he straightened his back.

“He wouldn’t dare, you have my word,” Helel assured me, still hunched over. When he said that, I felt my heart flutter inside me.

As he straightened his back and waited for me to start walking, I sensed something wasn’t right.

“Ow!” The moment I took one step ahead, my back was seized by excruciating pain, and I started crying, almost falling to my knees. But Helel wrapped his powerful arm around my tiny waist, saving me from a bad fall.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 583

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

Chapter 583 – T*ouched By A Handsome Man (Beatrice)

“Is your back alright?” Akin inquired as Helel effortlessly carried me to his mansion instead of my own building.

I didn’t have a chance to ask him why, as his scent was overwhelming me.

Once inside the mansion, he led me to a room on the second floor. His room.

He settled me on the plush bed and stood up, joining Akin to observe me as if I were a broken object they were contemplating how to mend.

“Why have we come here?” I managed to ask after clearing my throat.

Helel and Akin exchanged a glance before turning to me with furrowed brows.

“I’m not sure,” Helel uttered in confusion, his body language indicating his own bewilderment.

“I’ll go fetch the maid to bring you something to eat,” Akin reassured his brother before leaving.

Now it was just the two of us, and I couldn’t help but feel bashful around Helel.

“So, what was all that about?” he inquired, arms folded over his chest and legs spread as he stood before me.

“That’s the landlord of our apartment. I’m sure you already know. Ahem! I returned home to find my mother in tears. It was tough for me because she had been working so hard to comply with his unreasonable and unfair demands. Yet, he still wanted us out. So I told him we wouldn’t leave the apartment since we had already paid the rent in advance, which he wouldn’t even refund,” it was as if I had been waiting for someone to ask me these questions. I spoke as if this was my only opportunity to pour out my heart to someone.

“Don’t worry about that jerk. He won’t evict you,” Helel’s voice held a strange comfort as he spoke.

Something I hadn’t heard from him before.

I lowered my gaze and hugged myself, still feeling repulsed by the fact that man had touched me inappropriately.

“Is there anything else?” he inquired.

“He—touched me inappropriately,” I closed my eyes as I remembered.

“He groped me—and then hurt me,” I finished as tears welled up in my eyes.

“That jerk!” Helel cursed and threw a punch in the air.

“I’m going to chop off his arms and shove them up his ass,” his anger startled me.

I understand anyone would feel disgusted if a perverted man is going around committing these kinds of crimes, but there was more to his body language.

“It’s okay. He got his punishment anyway,” I sniffled and tried to get up, but the pain in my back made me yelp and sit back down immediately.

You shouldn't move," Helel quickly sat down in front of me and took hold of my arm, helping me settle comfortably.

"But I need to go home. I want to check on my mom. She must be worried about me," I murmured softly, feeling miserable.

"I'll inform her that you're safe," he said, starting to rise, but I grabbed his hand to stop him from leaving.

"No! She can be a bit overprotective at times. I don't think she'd be okay with the idea of me being in your-bedroom," I averted my gaze as his eyes lingered on my face for too long.

"You know!" he sounded so sure as he spoke, "parents seem to like me. There's just something about me that makes them comfortable with their daughters staying in my room."

My cheeks flushed, but I quickly regained my composure by teasing, "and you definitely do more than just talk to their daughters in your bedroom."

It was meant as a joke to lighten the mood, but I regretted it when I noticed the slight smirk on his face.

"Not just anyone, but if you're expecting it- I wouldn't mind," he casually slipped his hands into his pockets, leaving me stunned by his remark.

"l-no! I was just-" he noticed my struggle and started laughing.

"Your mother will be fine."

He walked over to the drawer and picked up a bottle of oil, bringing it towards me. Instead of handing it to me, he gestured for me to turn around.

"Oh no! Thank you. I'll do it myself or ask my mother to help me," I laughed awkwardly, but he didn't even crack a smile.

"Beatrice! Turn around and take off your top," that jerk.

The way he said it made me close my eyes and hug myself in front of him.

"You're acting as if I'm going to f*uck you if you turn around," he shrugged, and I shot him a glare as my eyes opened.

"Stop saying such things. You idiot!"

"Fine! Turn around," he gestured again, giving me an exasperated look.

I couldn't understand why he was so insistent on taking care of me. Last time I checked, we couldn't stand each other.

I scanned his body and gulped. I had never been t*ouched by anyone so good-looking before in my life. Despite wanting to refuse his help, something inside me urged me to agree.

So, I followed my instincts and turned around slowly.

"Lie down," he instructed, and i obliged, gently biting my bottom lip. Fortunately, he couldn't see my face anymore.

I carefully removed my top and positioned myself on the bed, lying face down.

After a few moments of silence, he switched off the light, leaving the lamp to illuminate the room.

I was grateful for his gesture, but my gratitude turned to regret as soon as I felt his hand on my back.

"Ouch!" I exclaimed, causing a sharp pain in my back. I must have sounded crazy, but he didn't react. I settled back into the bed, and his hand continued to move up and down until it encountered an obstacle.

Before I could say anything, I heard a loud click, and my bra opened.

"Heck!" I muttered under my breath. His hands were strong, applying pressure as he massaged my back. It started to feel good. My body had been tense for a while, so his massage helped relax my aching muscles.

Everything was going well until he began to move his hands towards a sensitive area.

I became alert and frowned, realizing he was slowly approaching my side. With each movement, he inched closer until his hands slipped between my b*reasts and the mattress.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 584

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Chapter 584 - F*ucking My Boobs. (Beatrice)

“Um, that’s okay. It’s not hurting there,” I stuttered, biting my t*ongue. He suddenly stopped and focused solely on massaging my back. Even though I was the one who asked him to stop, I instantly regretted it.

As I kept quiet, I decided to give in. I just don’t know but my n*ipples were feeling this urge to be pressed and twisted.

“Actually, it does hurt there,” I quickly corrected myself. His hand paused on my back before he whispered in my ear, leaning closer to my body.

“Where?” the playful tone in his voice boosted my confidence. I could tell he was feeling the same kind of feeling that I was.

His whisper and husky voice made me reconsider whether I should respond or not.

“Where you were t*ouching before,” I mumbled awkwardly, feeling shy.

“Where was I t*ouching?” he inquired, sliding his hand down, almost reaching my panties. He then moved his hand up and stopped near my bra straps, which loosely hung on my body.

“Here?” he asked, and I gulped.

“No, a little to the side,” I murmured.

“Here?” he questioned as his f*ingers grazed my side boob.

I gulped and bit my t*ongue, noticing the playful tone in his voice intensifying.

“Tell me, where?” he asked again, and this time, I had to respond. “Under my boob,” I said, biting my t*ongue when I heard his chuckle in my ear. He proceeded to turn me around, and I didn’t resist. His hands against my skin seemed like a perfect match.

Once I lay with an open bra on his bed, he got up and gazed at my body before walking over to lock the door.

My heart raced, but I remained still.

I had never experienced anything like this before, but a new sensation was emerging in my body, and I couldn’t tear my eyes away from it.

He returned, removing his shirt and tossing it aside. As he crawled on top of me, I held my breath.

“Here?” he placed his hand on my stomach and trailed it up until it reached my boob.

I shyly nodded, my bra still covering most of my b*reasts.

“Is it a bit more towards the n*ipples?” His words made my body tingle. Hearing him talk about my body made me blush even more.

“Yes,” I nodded, closing my eyes t*ightly as he slid his hand under my bra and cupped my b*reasts.

My toes curled as his strong hands began to massage my soft b*reasts, caressing them.

I kept my eyes shut as he played with my b*reasts, and then I felt them completely exposed. Opening my eyes, I saw Helel had removed my bra entirely and tossed it aside.

His eyes lingered on my b*reasts before he ran his f*fingers around my n*ipples, arousing me.

As my body heated up, I watched him lower his head to my c*hest and start k*issing all over my n*aked b*reasts.

Many guys had made advances towards me in the past, but I never allowed them to t*ouch me.

However, with Helel, I felt more intrigued than ever.

I let him play with my n*ipples, bite them, and even s*uck on them.

He latched onto them as if his life depended on it.

Even his manhood pressed against my stomach, causing a sensation I had never experienced before. My b*reasts tingled as his m*outh encircled them, as if he was not just s*ucking on my boobs but on my entire body. Before I could comprehend what was happening, my hands found their way into his hair, running through it and causing his c*ock to twitch against my stomach.

I was surprised by how hard he was, even through his shorts. When he lifted his head and looked into my eyes for permission, I responded by placing my hands on my boobs and pressing them together, signaling that I was ready for more.

I was acting out of character, beyond my usual self.

He rose to his knees and exposed his manhood, sitting n*aked on top of me.

My eyes widened at the size of his c*ock, its head swelling and veins visible on its shaft.

He slid his manhood between my t*ightly pressed boobs and let out a loud grunt.

His hard c*ock felt firm between my soft, ample b*reasts, and I could tell he was experiencing the same p*leasure. His face turned red as he began to t*hrust his c*ock in and out of my boobs aggressively.

I m*oaned louder as he continued with force, his c*ock t*ouching my chin and then sliding back between my b*reasts. He increased the speed, and suddenly I felt a hot load of cum hit my face. It was so much that I held my breath, fearing I would be overwhelmed by it. After he had released every drop onto me, he pulled away, leaving me shocked by my actions but unable to snap out of the trance.

He took my hand and led me to the bathroom, where I washed my face in the sink, staring at my reflection in confusion.

Why did I give in so easily?

I was attracted to him and felt aroused by his t*ouch, but to surrender so quickly?

As I looked at my n*aked b*reasts, the reality of my actions sank in with greater force. “What have I done?” It may not have been too much, but it was certainly not nothing. It could make our future encounters awkward, and I didn’t want to be seen as someone who gives in easily. I hurriedly cleaned my boobs, found my bra and top, and wrapped my arm around my b*reasts as I dressed.

As I turned my back on him, I heard his whisper, “You don’t have to leave now.”

“I need to go,” I replied, and quickly put on my shirt.

“Beatrice! What happened? Did I make you uncomfortable?” I am not sure why he thought I didn’t consent when I initiated it after asking him to massage my boob. But his voice behind me showed that he now understood my discomfort at how easily I had let go.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 585

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

Chapter 585 – A Gift From Maddox (Beatrice)

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me,” I heard Helel call from behind me, but I had rushed away. My back felt fine, but my mind was all over the place now. As I crossed the road, I couldn’t help but tear up. “What’s going on with me?” I muttered to myself, sprinting into my apartment and throwing myself on the couch, crying into my hands.

My mom had been informed by Akin that I got into a confrontation with Mr. Bobaski, and Helel took me to his mansion to sort out the issue. They played down the whole situation in front of her, and I believe they did well. My mom would have never understood and would only stress out if she knew I was hurt. But now I was fine physically, mentally, not so well.

I eventually dozed off on the couch, and when I woke up, it was still dark. "I should probably go to my bedroom," I sighed, getting to my feet and leaving the couch when I felt like someone was in the kitchen. There was no reason for my mother to be cooking at this hour of the night. I cautiously made my way to the kitchen, and it wasn't so dark anymore. But what I found inside shook me to my c*ore. It was the brothers. Akin was standing behind a huge counter, which seemed nothing like my small kitchen. He was cooking while Helel was standing behind him with a can of beer. Maddox was sitting across the counter with Zane, both teasing each other.

Suddenly, they went silent and turned their attention to me. "What's going on here?" I asked myself, my knees shaking. "Beatrice! Come, have breakfast with us, our stepsister," Helel said, making my skin form goosebumps. "Oh yeah, come along. Look, your stepbrother is cooking breakfast for all of us," Maddox gestured at me, waving his hand.

"Don't be weirded out. I won't tell your secret to anyone," Zane winked, clicking his t*tongue and instantly putting his f*inger to his l*ips. I began to shake my head, stepping back to get out of this kitchen. What was this place? As I turned around to run to my mother's room and talk about the intruders, I realized I was in a living room with a TV playing.

"The volcano is soon to erupt. But there's no need to panic as the Alpha King brothers promise to take care of it," the news blared, and I gulped, noticing the brothers sitting on the couch together.

They all turned to face me simultaneously with steady movements. "Look, Beatrice! It's the Vortex!" they all said in unison.

"No! What's going on? I'm not supposed to be here," my voice barely loud enough to be heard by them. I began to run upstairs, and once again, instead of finding my room, I found a much larger room with a big window behind the bed. "This isn't my room!" I stuttered, before two hands swiftly wrapped around my waist and carried me to toss me onto the bed. It happened quickly, but I was scared.

"Stop it! You're not going to set the guestroom on fire," Helel's voice came as he attempted to pin my hands on the bed. "Get off me," I screamed, wondering what he was talking about. What guestroom? What fire? He pinned my hands above my head, and that's when I started wailing with my eyes closed. "Beatrice!"

“No! Set me free!” I shouted again, trying to break free from his grasp. “Beatrice! Wake up!” Finally, my mom’s hands shook me awake. I found myself on the couch, breathing heavily and sweating profusely. “It was just a nightmare,” my mother said, sitting beside me and gently patting my cheek.

“I saw–” I rubbed my face in my hands and stopped. She didn’t need to know. It would only worry her. It would be worrisome for her that I’ve been having nightmares about the mayor’s sons. So, I decided not to spark a conversation about it. “When did you come home last night?” my mom asked, running her hand through my hair to fix them.

“Late!” I replied, coughing to clear my throat.

“What happened last night? I heard you spoke to the owner in front of the mayor’s son,” she seemed worried, and rightfully so. The owner had threatened to kick us out, so she was probably wondering if we’d be homeless by tonight.

“Helel said-” I paused as my mother interrupted, “The mayor’s son! The one with the long hair?” she inquired, and I nodded. She didn’t have to try to recognize him. It reminded me of my steamy encounter with him from last night.

“What did he say?” being curious, my mom shook my arm to wake me out of my thoughts.

“He said the owner won’t kick us out,” I watched her smile in relief.

“I didn’t know the mayor’s sons were so kind. I’m glad you had his help. I was so scared of what Bobaski would do when confronted by you,” she uttered with a satisfactory smile playing across her lips.

“I made breakfast. Go freshen up and come join me,” my mother’s warm smile was all I needed to feel better after such a scary nightmare. I’m sure I had that dream because of my encounter with Helel.

“I’ll be downstairs in a few minutes,” I informed my mother, ready to leave for a shower.

“Umm, by the way–there was a package that arrived in the morning,” Mom informed me, and my proceeding steps halted. “A package for me?” I frowned in confusion.

“Yeah, I put it in your room. Who sent it to you?” she called from the kitchen.

“I’m as clueless as you. I’ll go check it,” I ran upstairs to see what this package was about. Once I was in my room, I found the package resting on my bed. Tearing it open, I was stunned to see the same dress I had liked in the store where Maddox bullied me.