

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 591

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

Chapter 591 – Caught By His Mother (Beatrice)

His gentle l*ips pressed against mine as I managed to grasp onto his bottom lip, savoring it like it held all I ever d*esired. He wrapped both arms around me, lifting me up and settling us on the counter.

Somewhere along the way, I unconsciously parted my l*egs, allowing him to position himself between them without breaking our passionate k*iss. His l*ips moved with such intensity that breathing became an afterthought.

I could feel the pressure of his groin against mine, even through our clothes. A soft m*oan escaped my l*ips as he broke the k*iss and trailed k*isses along my cheek to my earlobe.

My arms held him t*ightly as he caressed my b*reasts, his l*ips now on my earlobe. A shiver ran down my spine as he fervently k*issed and s*ucked on the skin of my neck, trailing down to my cleavage.

His hands moved with urgency, deftly removing the straps of my dress and bra. K*issing my shoulder with tenderness, he showed his affection.

Lost in the moment, I almost didn't notice her standing in the doorway, glaring at us with disapproval.

From the disapproving look she shot my way, it was clear she wasn't a fan of the scene before her. Zane noticed my reaction to his intimacy and frowned, following my gaze to see his mother standing behind him.

His body tensed, but instead of distancing himself from me, he stepped forward, positioning himself as a shield between me and his mother. "Mom, what are you doing standing there?" he asked respectfully, though the word 'mom' made me bite my t*ongue.

"Your family's been waiting for you," her voice sent a shiver down my spine, forcing me to close my eyes briefly to compose myself. But a nagging feeling tugged at me; I felt like I'd seen her before, but where?

Though I'd never met the mayor's wife or Zane's mother, her presence felt strangely familiar. "Okay, I'll be there in a minute," Zane responded, still standing protectively in front of me, blocking his mother's view.

His broad frame made it difficult for her to peer around him, and he seemed intent on keeping it that way. "Sure, just you. It's a family gathering with Ronnie and some other important people," she emphasized, making it clear that I wasn't welcome.

Zane fell momentarily silent, as if weighing his options, until he spoke up again. "Sure, my friend will be there too," he said, reaching back to hold my hand, prompting me to adjust my dress discreetly.

"Zane, I said only you! Your little friend can stay in the hall with the other guests and feast there," her tone grew hostile, sending a wave of unwelcome tension through the air. I took a deep breath and tapped my f*ingers on Zane's shoulders to get his attention.

"Zane!" Finally, he turned to me. "I'll be fine. I have to go home anyway. My mom didn't allow me to stay out for too long," I conveyed the message, observing his mother folding her arms t*ightly over her c*hest, her glare fixed on us.

I just wanted to leave; it was clear his mother didn't approve of me. "But you haven't eaten anything," Zane said, despite his mother's disapproving looks, leaning forward with his hands on the counter, his intense gaze locked on my face beneath his enticing brows.

It was surreal to have such a comfortable conversation with the guy who had once tossed me in the trashcan and bullied me relentlessly. "I'll be fine. Please, just go join your family," I insisted, and he closed his eyes with a grunt of complaint.

"Fine. But I'm making sure you get home safely," he declared, turning back to his mother. "I'll come back after dropping her home. It will only take 5 minutes," he assured, causing his mother's eyes to widen in shock. Without waiting for her response, he took my hand and carefully helped me down from the counter, leading me past his mother.

In fact, he switched sides, ensuring I didn't walk on the same path as his mother as we left the mansion. Once outside, I let go of his hand and hurried across the road while he remained rooted to his spot, watching me.

With the fresh air filling my lungs, I began to process what had transpired inside the mansion. How had I become so comfortable with Zane of all people? Even when I made it home and glanced out the window, I spotted him standing across the road. As soon as our eyes met, he nodded and disappeared back into his mansion.

I changed into my pajamas and crawled into bed, but sleep eluded me as my mind raced with thoughts. I needed to inform Ronnie that I had left for home already. However, as I checked my phone, I was bombarded with messages from numerous people, causing me to

raise my eyebrows at the screen. It felt like I had stepped into a whole new dimension with so many hot guys checking on me.

Helel messaged me, asking where I went. Ronnie was wondering about my whereabouts too. Zane wished me a good night's sleep, and then there was one guy whose message made me grunt in annoyance.

Helel: Bea! Where are you? I heard you left, why?

Ronnie: You left?

I had to respond to him to let him know I was gone.

Me: I had to return home because mom was worried. You enjoy your stay, we will talk tomorrow.

I sighed and then checked Zane's message.

Zane: Worry not about anything and rest. Goodnight!

I smiled, blushing as I recalled my dance with Helel and makeout with Zane. And soon I felt like a bad person for juggling so many guys at the same time.

So many guys!

That was not my plan and that had never happened to me before. Maybe it was my eighteenth birthday glow? Or whatever it was. My eyes narrowed at the screen for the text from Maddox.

Maddox: Why did you leave?

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 592

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

Chapter 592 - The Mayor's Son In My Bedroom. (Beatrice)

I didn't talk to anyone and went straight to resting. I woke up to my mother shaking me by my arm and whispering something under her breath.

"Mom! What are you doing waking me up at-" I checked the clock on the wall with one eye closed and frowned, "7 am in the morning. Today is my day off!" I groaned tiredly. But she kept shaking my arm persistently.

“You have someone waiting for you in the living room,” she mumbled. Her voice was so low that I could barely make out her words. And being sleepy didn’t help at all. I heard her and closed my eyes again, trying to roll over and cover my head with the blanket when my mother protested and stopped me.

“Bea! You have the mayor’s son-,” my mom’s words were cut off, and she didn’t shake me again. I barely opened my eyes as I began to recall what she was trying to tell me.

“Maddox, why did you bother coming upstairs? I was waking her up,” my mother’s voice carried a hint of hesitation as she welcomed the devil named Maddox into my freaking bedroom. I jolted myself awake and sat up with the blanket pulled up to my chest, my eyes still blurry from sleep.

I had to quickly blink multiple times before I saw him enter my room with a bouquet of flowers in his hands.

“It’s alright. She’s my friend, so I guess I can come up here. Oh, and by the way, this is for you,” he handed the bouquet to my mother, who accepted it with a bright smile across her lips.

“Bea! Take care of your guests; I’ll go make some snacks for you two,” my mom said sweetly.

“Mom!” I grunted, but it was too late. My mother had happily hugged the bouquet and left the room to let the devil stay with me. He was wearing a black leather jacket that made his eyes stand out even more. His smile was bright, as if he were the saintliest person ever. But I couldn’t be fooled. I knew his truth. He was the guy who made me accept his gift only to be accused of stealing the dress and face humiliation. If it weren’t for Zane last night, I would have been kicked out so brutally and insulted in front of the town folks who were present at the party.

“Good morning,” he uttered, getting my attention.

“Huh! Why are you here?” I yelled as I crawled to the end of my bed and briskly made my way into the bathroom.

“To see you,” he replied awkwardly.

I didn’t close the door but bent over the sink to wash my face.

“Oh yeah, you want to see how my humiliation went last night because of you?” I grunted at him as I continued to rub my hands aggressively over my face, causing the soap to form bubbles.

“I actually came to talk about that only,” he didn’t even leave a hope for me to expect him to say it was a whole big misunderstanding.

“Oh! So it’s one of those times when you act sorry, give me a gift, and then accuse me of stealing it– wait a minute, that bouquet,” my heart sank in my chest, and I quickly began to splash water on my face to be able to open my eyes again.

“No! No! I bought it and brought the receipt,” Maddox quickly stepped in my way as he watched me trying to leave the bathroom to go see my mom. I didn’t want her to get accused and arrested for stealing a bouquet.

I glanced at the receipt and stepped away from him, walking back to my sink again. My bathroom was small, and so was my bedroom. And this giant barely fit in it. I wondered if all four of the mayor’s sons could even fit together in my bedroom.

I quickly shook my head and grabbed the toothbrush to get that thought out of my head. I didn’t even know why I was thinking about fitting them in my bedroom. Even if the three of them spoke to me and did come to see me, the fourth one was minding his business most of the time and even avoiding me.

I had to shake my head again because why the heck was I even thinking about it? Why would I want the attention of all four of them?

“So what are you here for?” I asked in annoyance.

“I’m here to apologize,” he uttered, but I intervened because that was all I wanted to hear to lash out at him.

“To humiliate me? Or are you just sorry because your plan failed?” I was done brushing my teeth now. At least now it was easy to argue with him. I hate waking up and speaking to someone with dirty teeth.

He watched me grab a towel and waited, as if he knew I would add something else.

“Apology not accepted,” so I did. I finished talking and watched him shake his head before putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a bill.

“I paid for that dress, Beatrice!” Hearing him say my name with such intensity was something I never expected to feel. He showed me the bill, and a frown creased my forehead.

“I know we have argued many times, but there’s no way I would pull that off to anyone. That was beyond disgusting. I’m not sure why that owner lied, but I had him arrested from his home first thing in the morning,” he hissed as he crumbled the bill but threw it on my bed.

“If it wasn’t you, who could it have been? Why would an owner of such a big shop lie?” I placed my hands on my waist and wondered, watching him grunt angrily.

“The one who wanted to become a hero before you so bad,” he muttered, his eyes showing how much rage he had in them as he mentioned his brother. His own twin.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 593

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

Chapter 593 – The Villain is Disguise (Beatrice)

“Someone —,” I frowned.

“Your hero from last night,” he echoed, and inexplicably, my heart fluttered a bit more in my chest.

“Zane? Why would he do that? He didn’t even know—” I trailed off because it wouldn’t be difficult for him to figure out what happened in the shop yesterday.

But still, why would he do that and suddenly become a hero in my eyes?

“I’m guessing you’re wondering about his motive? Well, I heard you guys had a little makeout session in the kitchen. So I guess he succeeded,” Maddox seemed genuinely upset about the whole ordeal.

Now that I think about it, for Zane to be present there and suddenly take care of the matter when previously he had been nothing but a bully to me, shocked me.

But then again, all these brothers were weird like that.

It wasn’t until I recalled Maddox’s statement once more that I gasped and bit my bottom lip.

“Mom made a huge deal about it. I just thought I would give you a heads up,” he sounded low after mentioning the makeout to me.

Though I was embarrassed, what did he mean by his mother making a huge issue out of it?

“Your mom is angry? I thought you guys are adults and can choose who you want to hang out with and who you don’t want to be around,” I pouted, annoyed that I got myself tangled in this mess.

And now I was also getting fed up with another speculation that it was Zane who did the dirty deed to get in my good books last night.

“That’s not how it works in our mansion, Beatrice. But that’s not the point. The point is that I didn’t do you wrong. When I apologized and left that dress for you at your door, I meant it. I didn’t like seeing you cry in the mall yesterday, and in that moment, something just clicked inside me. It was all I could think of the entire day, and I even hated myself for how I treated you,” now that was something new. The mayor’s handsome son was walking my way, making me back up while he was saying things that would have made any girl happy. But I was confused, lost, and awkwardly shy. “Umm! Why would Zane do this to me? What could he get out of it? And please don’t say he wanted to make out with me, that’s why,” I added quickly before he could give me the same excuse. Why would his brother make him look evil just to make out with some random girl?

“Because that’s how he is. He sees his brothers happy and tries to ruin their happiness,” Maddox rolled his eyes at the mention of Zane. But I wasn’t satisfied with the answer. I thought brothers loved each other.

“Brothers?” as I felt guilty, the sigh came out of my lips itself.

“Yeah, he doesn’t like being close to any of us. He’s just a weird one,” the intensity of anger in Maddox’s voice wasn’t something he was making up. It indeed seemed like someone who had been hurt by someone many times to come to a conclusion like that.

“Anyway, I just came here to clear my name. I don’t want you to hate me,” he clicked his tongue and turned around to leave, but when his steps stopped, I gulped.

“What now?” I inquired, my hands touching my face, wondering if I had something on it. He had been staring at my face for way too long before he hunched over and planted a warm kiss on my cheek.

It was just a little peck, but suddenly a surge of emotions rushed through me. I closed my eyes as if time had stopped, and the kiss felt like an hour-long journey to somewhere I had never been before. Suddenly, I felt like I was on a bike ride with Maddox. We were heading far ahead, and the wind was playing with my hair and skirt.

“Maybe I’ll set you up later for a cup of tea?” Maddox said, and I shook myself awake, realizing he had backed away from my face a long time ago.

I was so stunned that I didn’t get a chance to comprehend what he was asking, and I gave him a nod. He smiled at my response and walked out of my bedroom.

Now that I was alone, I grasped what he had asked, and I cursed under my breath instantly.

“Why did I say yes to going out for tea with him when his mother is already angry that she caught me on her kitchen counter with her son?” I hissed at myself, cursing my stupidity.

And what was all that flashing before my eyes about? Since when did I start having such fantasies?

While I was busy contemplating a plan to cancel this meet-up, my phone rang, and a smile covered my lips after seeing Gloria’s name.

“Thank goodness you’re finally calling me,” I sighed in relief, recalling how long it had been since I’ve seen her or spoken to her on the phone. She would text me here and there but wouldn’t be available by the time I would respond to her.

“My mom has gone nuts,” she hissed, but I could hear her sniffle too.

“Hey? Are you crying? What happened?” I quickly left my bedroom, realizing it’s not like I can reach her.

“I’m just so annoyed that I live here. Why are they my family?” she complained, tears sniffing back.

Yep! She was indeed crying.

“Maybe you need to get out of there for a while. I understand that your brother is a golden child, but what’s with this birthday preparation that isn’t letting you come to school or job? At least insist on getting out for a job. That way, you’ll be able to spend some time away from them and breathe in peace, even if it’s only for a few hours,” I suggested and waited for her response. The silence from her side made me wonder what she was thinking about. I really wanted to meet up with her. We have so much to share.

“Fine. I’m meeting you at the bar tonight,” she finished.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 594

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Chapter 594 – The Man Who Pinched My A*ss (Beatrice)

“Mom! Hurry up, please!” I called out to my mother as I waited impatiently at the door.

“I don’t get why you gotta head in so early today,” my mom grumbled, handing me my lunch in a box.

“Mom! The boss asked everyone to show up. There’re some big-shot business folks coming in today. He wants us to dish out food and then drinks. It’s gonna be like a fancy shindig. So chill,” I explained, rolling my eyes not because she was fretting, but because of how the boss kept changing his mind all the time.

He’d specifically said we wouldn’t be needed before 7 pm. But here he was, summoning us for an afternoon cafe gig. At least he was tossing in some extra cash, which made it not too bad.

“Ha! Just watch your step and don’t hang around those rich dudes longer than necessary. They’re real jerks,” my mom warned, sneering at the mention of wealthy folks, and I chuckled at her adorable cynicism.

“Cot it! Ill let ‘em know not to bother me ‘cause my mom says they’re jerks,” I teased, tossing my bag over my shoulder and stuffing the lunchbox in.

“Make sure you drink plenty of water and finish your lunch,” my mom’s voice echoed in my ears as I hopped into the elevator to head to work.

I didn’t have a car or a bike, and with the clouds looming, I dreaded the thought of walking. So, I aimed to hit the road as quickly as possible and make it to the venue.

Thankfully, I arrived on time.

The cafe setting was a breath of fresh air compared to the dim, eerie atmosphere of the bar at night. They were after the vibe, so the bar was dimly lit and filled with sketchy characters.

“Ah, there you are. He’s asked about you like four times already,” Gloria greeted me, and my grin widened, even though her words were concerning. “I’m fashionably on time. But hey, it’s great to see you again,” I embraced her warmly and gave her a little squeeze before slipping on my apron and hopping behind the counter.

“You never mentioned how hot the owner’s son is,” she whispered as we hugged. I raised an eyebrow at her as we parted.

“Why would I say that when I haven’t even met him?” I scoffed, shrugging my shoulders to convey how ridiculous she sounded.

“Oh, come on, that guy! He’s the owner’s son,” she pointed at Kevin with a mischievous grin. He was busy attending to the elite guests, but that didn’t stop him from pausing for a brief moment and returning her smile.

I gasped as it dawned on me. He never mentioned to me that he was the owner’s son.

“He’s Mr. Landon’s son?” I inquired in disbelief, and it became evident to Gloria that I had no clue.

“Wow, you’re clueless,” she exclaimed, dramatically covering her mouth with her hands.

“Girls! Quit gossiping and start serving drinks,” the owner clapped his hands, snapping us out of our conversation, and we immediately sprang into action.

“By the way, how’s everything going with you?” Gloria asked as we grabbed the trays and began making our rounds to serve drinks. The regulars were absent today; the entire cafe was reserved for some meeting hosted by a wealthy individual.

“The mayor’s son,” Gloria pointed out the handsome guy sitting with some of the older businessmen. He was dressed impeccably in a sleek black suit, which accentuated his piercing grey eyes. It was Akin.

“He’s hosting this reception?” I inquired, and she nodded.

“It’s like a celebratory lunch for him sealing a deal. These are all his colleagues along with the wealthy CEO daddies,” she grinned to herself, earning an eye roll from me.

Wow! I had no idea he was such a big shot in the business world. No wonder he seemed disinterested in everything and everyone around him.

“Who’s she?” My gaze drifted to a girl sitting in the corner, eyeing Akin. She didn’t seem to be from his office.

“That’s Mr. Landon’s daughter, Ariana Landon. She’s here just to ogle that hot guy,” Gloria replied, with a hint of disdain in her voice.

“Let me tell you something, stay away from her. She’s one moody person,” she warned as she went her separate way. I had to serve the table next to Akin.

I paused briefly as the gentlemen deliberated on their orders. In those spare moments, I caught Akin stealing glances at me, acknowledging my presence here.

“Excuse me,” he said, his gaze intense. Something about it told me trouble was brewing.

As he started to rise from his seat, I watched Ariana, the owner’s daughter, approach him briskly. Being the boss’s daughter granted her free reign around the place.

“What can I get for you, sir?” I asked the middle- aged man who had been taking an eternity to decide.

“Is this available?” However, what happened next left me frozen in shock for a few seconds. He pinched my behind and smirked, winking at the others, who joined in laughter as if it were the best joke.

My breath caught in my throat, and I instinctively shifted away.

“I’d like some of that too. It seems big enough for us all to take a bite. And I’m guessing it’s t*ight too, but don’t worry, there are lubes to help all four of us fit,” another guy from his table chimed in, gesturing to the four of them seated there.

“Excuse me,” I muttered in a shattered voice, but before I could retreat, I felt a hand run up my skirt, pinching my skin so hard that a yelp escaped my l*ips.

I didn’t stick around; I fled to the back room, tears streaming down my face, overwhelmed with pain and disbelief. I didn’t even want to acknowledge what had just happened. As if things weren’t already bad enough, I saw Akin aggressively coming after me and I wondered what he had to say now.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 595

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

Chapter 595 – The Mayor’s Son Is My Savior (Beatrice)

I had run into the back kitchen to cry alone when Akin followed me. He grabbed me by the arm to turn me around, and the minute our eyes connected, I forgot about the pain I had felt just moments ago.

For a moment, the world around me shut down. All I could focus on was the gray in his eyes. I swear there were reflections there that I couldn’t comprehend.

I wasn’t the only one frozen; he seemed stuck too. He suddenly let go of my arm and stepped back, only to shake himself back to reality and look at me with the same aggression again.

“Why did you do that whole thing that angered my mother so much?” he asked, trying to hold power in his voice, but he was just as shaken up as I was.

I don't know about him, but I didn't even know why there was this sudden awkwardness.

"Huh?" I finally shook myself out of the trance to think over his question.

"That party—why did you do that in front of my mother?" he frowned at me, now in full swing.

"I did nothing. I didn't even meet your mother," I rolled my eyes and put the tray down when Gloria rushed into the kitchen with her tray in her hands, her face showing she knew what had happened with me.

Throwing her tray aside, she ran until she had her arms around me, confusing Akin.

"I'm so, so sorry!" she sobbed, shocking me as well.

But I guess I would have been crying too if Akin hadn't intervened. He stood behind Gloria with his hands down and shoulders slouched, as if he was waiting for the drama to be over so he could confront me properly.

"I'm fine," I uttered softly, though I wasn't truly fine. The event was far from over, and I had no clue how I would face those bastards again.

"No! You are not. You have every right to be upset," Gloria pulled back and pouted, shedding genuine tears.

"I think it's all part of a money-making deal," I looked away, knowing I was saying random things to lessen the intensity of the insult and harassment.

"Beatrice! That a*sshole—! can't believe he did that," Gloria continued. Akin stepped forward with a much bigger frown on his forehead this time.

"Excuse me, what is going on?" he tapped his f*ingers on Gloria's shoulder and asked her.

She steadily turned to him and stood obediently, fearful of upsetting him.

"It's none of your business," I grabbed Gloria's arm to make her face me again, rudely interrupting Akin.

"Beatrice!" Gloria gasped, eyeing me for misbehaving with Akin, who narrowed his eyes before turning to give his full attention to Gloria. "I'm talking to your friend, not you," he sighed.

"You tell me what happened?" Akin asked Gloria, pointing his f*inger at me to signal I shouldn't interrupt.

I didn't see what he would get out of knowing it.

“A guest-” Gloria turned to me, seeing me shake my head, signaling her not to say anything. She turned back, “harassed Beatrice.”

As soon as she finished, Akin hunched down and tilted his head, “What?” “Those old men were passing nasty comments at her, and they even pinched her a-” Before she could continue, I held her arm and pulled her behind me to face Akin myself.

“You got the gossip, now leave!” I said sternly, feeling Gloria nudge my elbow to stop me.

I knew they were too afraid of him and his brothers, but I’d had so many encounters with them by now that I was used to being rude to them.

Akin straightened his back and glared at me for a few seconds before he suddenly grasped my arm and pulled me towards him.

It happened so quickly that I couldn’t comprehend what mistake I made until he opened his m*outh.

“You are coming with me.”

I tried to resist, but he was so strong that he dragged me to the door easily, and I flew behind him like a feather.

I heard Gloria yelp and come after us. The minute we were in front of everyone again, I pulled myself together in embarrassment at how he was pulling me behind him. I didn’t even know what he was up to.

He stopped me right next to the table of the old men and then looked around before letting my arm go.

The men, who had been cheering and drinking till now, turned serious as they watched me with Akin. “Which one?” he asked, snapping his f*ingers in front of my face to get my attention. “Tell me, which one of these t*ouched you,” he groaned again, this time even more authoritatively.

“I don’t want trouble,” I hissed under my breath, but he leaned in so that he was the only one I could see.

“You won’t be in trouble,” he uttered, “now tell me.”

As the pressure grew on me, I realized he wasn’t going to back down unless I told him exactly who had harassed me.

“It was these men,” I said without hesitation, pointing at the table where the men sat.

Akin straightened his back, still looking me in the eye, and then turned around to face the men. He didn't even question them. He grabbed the exact man I had pointed out by his collar and dragged him out of his chair.

The minute he pulled him off the chair, everyone started to gather around them.

“This is what you do when you see a woman around? How are your daughter and wife safe from your dirty paws?” Akin's voice was loud as he landed one punch after another on the man, making him drop to the ground and grunt in pain.

As he got on top of him to keep beating him, someone from his company quickly held him and whispered loudly enough in his ear for me to hear. “You've made your point, sir. Don't ruin the event for someone like her. She is not your woman, don't ruin your deal.”