

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 571

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

Chapter 571 – Eyes On My Target (Zane)

I had no clue why Helel looked so worked up after that girl flipped him off, but I could guess he didn't like anyone disrespecting him at all.

"It's fine. She's just a random girl craving your attention," I hurried after Helel, trying to cheer him up because today was a big day.

"Zane! Can you please quiet down for a minute?" Helel abruptly stopped and almost yelled at me before noticing Akin arriving home with some men trailing behind him.

"Is everything okay?" Akin asked, adjusting his coat. "Yeah! What's the news on mom and dad? When's their flight?" Helel talked to Akin, his twin. I didn't mind him being rude to me here and there, but it has been happening a lot lately. Ever since we came to this town, I thought maybe we would grow closer, but we've only grown apart. The three of them would always stick together and have secrets, while I was cast out like I wasn't even part of the family.

"Their flight is in two hours," Akin announced, nodding to Maddox, who had to help the men behind him clean the rooms and prepare meals for our parents' arrival.

"Why would they wait until the last minute to tell us when their flight is?" Helel scoffed, and as he complained, I remembered I was supposed to inform them about their flight.

"Maybe because they told someone, and that someone doesn't care about anything but himself?" Akin turned to me, and I bit my tongue.

"Zane! They told you?" I heard Helel yell, and I couldn't bring myself to turn around and face him. I just stood in my spot, head down, hands tied before my body like a guilty person.

I hated making mistakes because then they would remind me of my mistakes every now and then and even ignore me.

"I don't know why I forgot," I clicked my tongue, scratching the back of my neck as I faced my two brothers.

“Zane! You’re not a child anymore. You even have a part in the company that you’re supposed to take care of. But what do you do all day? You wander around forgetting everything, and then you complain that we don’t speak nicely to you,” Akin shook his head, his tone raw and rough with me.

I understood that I was a nuisance at times, but even when Maddox made mistakes, the elder brothers never raised their voices at him. He was their favorite, and I knew it by now. But even knowing it didn’t ease the pain.

“I promise to be attentive from today onwards. I will not disappoint you two ever again,” I quickly smiled for them, preparing in my mind what I needed to do to make them like me. Maybe if I did things properly, they would get along with me. I mean, I do make a lot of mistakes.

“Forget about it. This is not the first time we’ve heard your promises,” Helel rolled his eyes and turned his back to me, facing Akin and starting a conversation with him.

I stood in my spot awkwardly, watching them walk away to meet up with Maddox. Once again, they began to talk with each other and make plans for the night. I was left in the dark about their plans and only found out about them when I had dressed up in a black suit and white shirt with my hair messily placed on my forehead. I was ready to meet my parents, but would they be happy to see me?

Mom and dad were picked up by Maddox, and now they were all gathered in the living room having tea.

“Mom!” I ran inside the living room and hugged my mother t*ightly before turning around to hug my father, who gave me a very weak hug before taking his seat with the same look of pride on his face that he always carried.

“Sofia! Did you see our bedroom?” Dad asked mom, and she nodded pleasantly.

“See how my son is taking care of things and catching up with his elder brothers?” Dad mentioned Maddox, who grinned.

“Maddox is really good at taking over meetings too. He’s thriving in his part of the business,” Helel added, and everyone began to smile for Maddox, who shyly waved his hand at them to dismiss their praise.

“Can you guys stop?” He shook his head before his eyes landed on me.

“In fact, Zane is also doing his best these days,” This was the first time someone had mentioned me, but before I could even smile at Maddox for praising me, he added, “he successfully disappointed the clients today,” I felt like somebody had snatched my heart out of my c*hest and squeezed it in their hands until it stopped beating.

I felt so awkward when everyone just stared at me silently.

“The man was being ridiculous; he was proposing a deal that would only benefit him,” I quickly explained, but the look on their faces made me shut up. There was no way they were believing me. “Maybe focus more on business, and you’ll find some benefits for our company too in those deals,” Dad rolled his eyes before turning his attention to my brothers again.

“I was thinking about throwing you a big party,” Helel said, and Dad proudly nodded for him.

“For all of us, and my sweet boys,” Mom quickly added, but she didn’t look my way when talking about her sons.

I felt so odd and out of place. I wanted to get out of here so that I could take a breath of fresh air.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” I pretended like I was getting a call, so I excused myself, rushing out and not even looking their way to see what they were saying behind my back.

Once I came out of the mansion, I shoved my phone in my pocket again and grunted. I just didn’t get why they were so indifferent towards me. I was part of the family as much as the others.

And then I watched someone come out of her building with big trash bags in her hands. It was the girl from the apartment who had been bumping into us and ruining our moods.

Somehow, I felt like taking my anger out on her was the only way to make myself feel better. Hence, I began to walk in her direction with nothing but determination to make her cry tonight.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 572

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Chapter 572 – Grinding Me On The Trash Can (Beatrice)

I picked up the trash bags and left my apartment to dispose of them. I always forget to do my chores, and it gets me into trouble with my mother. I do feel guilty for her, and now I want to assist her more often. She is working hard and doing odd jobs for me and what do I do? Get bullied and then cry myself to sleep.

Wearing a gray slim-fit hoodie with a black puffer jacket on top, I felt cozy as I walked out into the cold weather.

I had barely reached the trash cans when I heard someone coming from behind me. The footsteps sounded intimidating, so I knew right off the bat that whoever was approaching meant trouble.

I dropped the bags to turn around and get ready to fight when I stumbled at the sight in front of me. It was one of the brothers hastily approaching me with his fists clenched.

I was so intimidated that instead of backing away or running back into the apartment complex, I remained in my spot and tried to recall his name.

Zane! It was the younger twin, Zane.

“You!” he exclaimed, halting abruptly and shoving me, causing me to land against the trash can. However, I quickly got up to regain my posture.

“What the heck is wrong with you? You can’t lay your hands on me,” I yelled, feeling angry yet also scared.

He was so tall and good-looking that I couldn’t decide whether to fight him or simply stare at his face.

“What did you mean by flipping us off?” he snapped his f*ingers in front of my face, and I realized there was no time to admire his handsomeness. He was a jerk, and that seemed to be his only personality trait.

“It’s my f*inger, I can wave it around if I want,” I raised my f*inger, and the moment I waved it, his eyes narrowed, making me gulp.

Quickly retracting my hand behind my back, I shook my head. “You need to leave me alone,” I muttered, keeping my hands behind my back since they seemed to bother him so much.

“You want to be left alone? How about I take you to a place where you’re completely isolated?” His threat and approach made me gulp. Before I could even respond and tell him that I wasn’t interested in going anywhere with him, he grabbed me and shook the ground beneath my feet.

No, literally. He placed his hands on my waist and lifted me, stealing the ground from beneath me effortlessly. He kicked the trash can, causing the lid to come off. The next thing I knew, he hastily sat me down in the trash can. It all happened in a matter of

seconds, so I couldn't really fight back even if I wanted to. Once I was in the trash can, he replaced the lid, and everything went dark.

"S*hit," I cursed, attempting to get up in hopes of opening the lid, but a loud thud made me realize that he had sat on top of it. I could hear the trash can being banged, and what I could only assume was him waving his l*egs and hitting the trash can with his feet while he sat and dangled his gigantic feet down.

"What the heck is wrong with him?" I began to feel afraid. The darkness caused me to struggle to breathe, and because I was panicking so much, I was already short of breath.

"Let me out," tears finally started streaming down my face. I felt miserable, and it only reminded me of my childhood. I hugged myself and started to calm down because I couldn't tell when he planned to get off the top.

And just when I thought he really wanted me dead, he jumped off, and the lid came off. I stood up as quickly as I could before he changed his mind. Once I was standing in the trash can, I placed a hand on my c*hest before covering my face with my hands and started to sob.

"This will remind you not to mess with us again," he muttered stubbornly, not realizing that he was a twenty year old, bullying an eighteen-year-old.

"What? You think your threats will make me feel sorry for you?" I heard him scoff, which made me uncover my face from my hands.

"Why would you do that? Do you have any idea how much trauma it caused me? How much I had to work on myself to forget about it?" I protested, wanting to slap him, but I ended up crying in front of him like a little kid, and I hated it.

He stared at my face in silence, and just when I thought he would mock me again, he surprised me by grabbing me by my puffer jacket and dragging me out of the trash can, knocking the lid over.

He kept holding me by my jacket, pulling me close to his c*hest and locking eyes with me. "What trauma?" he asked, surprising me that he even expected an answer.

"Tell me before I get angry again," he warned, narrowing his gray eyes at me.

In that moment, I was about to make another big mistake, but this time, I felt like he had provoked it. "This trauma!" I exclaimed, raising my knee to hit him between the l*egs. However, I miscalculated. I should have known that an evil person like him would anticipate my move. He grabbed my knee with his one free hand and glared at me, his eyebrow raised as he scolded me silently for my action.

He then lifted my knee, pulling it up before placing his hands under my b*utt and carrying me with my l*egs apart and his body between mine.

“What the-,” I closed my eyes and clamped my l*ips shut, while he continued to set me down on the other trash can with his body still between my l*egs.

“You wanted to feel it, didn’t you?” I heard his whisper near my ear, and my body shuddered.

Why do I always find myself in trouble like this?

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 573

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Chapter 573 – Ten Second’s S*ex! (Beatrice)

“Are you satisfied now?” he murmured into my ear, sending shivers down my spine. “What are you talking about? You’re being so inappropriate,” I stammered, my hands trembling as they rose into fists. I dared not move a muscle, fearing his t*ouch would draw too near.

“Oh, is the little cutie scared?” he leered, leaning closer to scrutinize my face, when suddenly I heard someone calling for him, and he hastily backed away.

“Zane!” I sprang off the trash can as his brother arrived. “What were you doing?” Helel’s gaze bore into us, questioning our connection.

“It’s not what it looks like,” I rushed to explain, though I shouldn’t have cared what this random jerk thought.

“Hush!” Helel snapped at me, growling like a wild animal.

“Sorry, we got carried away. I didn’t think a quick chat would take so long,” Zane remarked, somehow making it sound like we were doing something more intimate.

Helel turned to me, his nose wrinkling in disgust as he judged me. “In the middle of the road and on a trash can?” He didn’t even bother hiding his disbelief that a girl would just jump into his brother’s lap like that.

“No! That’s not true,” I tried to stomp my feet, but Helel glared at me again. “I’m not talking to you, and I don’t care where my brother took you. I just don’t want him to do it in public and be seen with someone like you,” his f*inger jabbed towards my face, highlighting our class difference.

I should have kept explaining and denied any involvement with his brother, but the way he framed those words made me so angry that I just nodded, adding another mistake to my tally.

“Huh! It’s not like your brother took his time. It was only a ten-second mistake,” I shrugged, watching Zane narrow his eyes and almost lunge towards me to stop me from leaving and confront me.

However, his brother restrained him by the arm and pulled him back. “We don’t have time for this. You can toy with her later,” Helel hissed, “Everyone is waiting for you at the dinner table.” I caught just

a fragment of their heated conversation as I entered the building.

I couldn’t help but notice Helel’s judgmental tone towards his brother. Perhaps it was because they had been waiting for him while he was busy bullying a teenager? But there was something peculiar about their interaction, or maybe I was just overthinking.

Back in my apartment, I waited for my mother’s arrival. I was supposed to meet the manager of the cafe where I was planning to work with Gloria. She had aced her interview and secured the job. She had spoken to the manager about me, and he had asked me to come meet him a little after 8 p.m.

I knew those hours catered to the elites or anyone willing to splurge on overpriced drinks.

The Café transformed into a bar after 8 p.m.

I knew my mother would initially object, but I desperately needed this job; otherwise, she would exhaust herself working multiple jobs. I worried about her well-being.

“How was your day?” I inquired as my mom sighed and entered the apartment, looking visibly tired.

“I’m good. Did you eat dinner?” Mom continued to remove her shoes and then pulled out a cupcake from her bag for me. I nodded appreciatively and took the cupcake from her hands. My mother was the best thing that ever happened to me.

“Here, you take half,” I quickly cut it in half and offered her a piece.

“Aren’t you getting ready for bed?” Mom asked as she settled on the couch, releasing a deep breath.

“Remember that job I told you about? I have an interview in an hour,” I muttered, feeling awkward as my mother initially froze before turning to look at me. I could sense she was waiting for me to say I was joking, but when I didn’t, she shook her head to dismiss the idea.

“Mom, please,” I insisted, moving closer to her.

“Listen to yourself, Beatrice. He wants you to come at this time for an interview? What kind of job is that?” Mom raised her voice when I didn’t heed her initial objection.

“But you agreed before,” I pouted. I really needed to land this job and do it for her. She had been under so much pressure that her life had become solely about earning money. She barely had time for herself. In fact, I wanted her to spend time doing things she enjoyed, even dating and finding happiness.

“Because I thought you were working at a cafe. Had I known it was a bar, I would have said no already,” Mom’s voice remained stern and sharp.

“Mom, please let me do this. Gloria will be there too, please! You’re making me feel like a child. I need to grow up and be able to take care of myself and you. I’m sick and tired of everyone treating me like this dumb blonde eighteen-year-old that they can fool around with or even mock without facing any consequences,” I blurted out, jumping off the couch to face my mother, pouring out my frustrations in one breath.

I suppose all the recent events had gotten to me. I was annoyed by the way those brothers treated me. I couldn’t understand how someone so wealthy, with so many luxuries, could find the time to pick on a poor neighbor like me. Don’t they have anything better to do with their lives?

While waiting for my mother’s response, I pondered over the brothers, hating the very thought of them. My mother’s reply snapped me back to reality, and honestly, I felt much more at ease when she said, “Fine, but I want you to keep your eyes open and be honest with me about your time at the bar.” “Thank you so much, mom!” as I hugged her happily, she sighed and cupped my face to look me in the eye and say something dreadful.

“Please be careful. Something is happening in this town, and it is not as safe as it once used to be anymore.”

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Chapter 574 – Serving The Arrogant Brothers (Beatrice)

I slipped into tight jeans and a gray shirt, throwing my hair up into a high ponytail before heading out for the job. If I land this gig, I'll aim to stash away some cash so I can cover the rent and give my mom a chance to kick back and maybe even start dating again.

I know she's hesitant about dating due to past traumas with the wrong people, but I genuinely believe she deserves someone who can show her love and treat her right for once in her life. But for now, I've got a mission at hand. I need to win over the manager.

"Good evening, hope I'm not running late," I approached the backroom and tapped on the open door, gestured inside by a suited man. I heard he only came down for job interviews.

The manager, a forty-something family man, seemed content from what I gathered. A happy family guy, so I figured he might be a bit more relatable when chatting with teenagers.

"Take a seat," he said, removing his glasses and setting his phone aside.

"Thanks," I murmured as I settled into the chair. Honestly, I wasn't fond of being around wealthy folks. They often came off as snobbish and full of themselves, always reminding us poorer folks that they were above us.

"Beatrice Mintz!" he exclaimed, scanning through my papers.

"Mintz is actually my surname, given to me by my father's-," I trailed off, realizing how ridiculous it sounded.

"Hmm! So, Beatrice, you're young and probably one of those teenagers who think they deserve respect even when they don't show any to others. But here's the thing, in this establishment, people from all over town come to relax and have a good time. Since alcohol's involved, they can get a bit unruly. Now, what would a good server do in such a situation?" I struggled to figure out which part of his spiel I should focus on first.

First, he passed judgment on me, then he labeled basic rights as teenage entitlement. And now, he was quizzing me on how I'd handle a rude customer, without any assurance that someone would have my back if things went south.

But was I going to do anything about it? Probably not. I was desperate for money, and I figured if I could steer clear of such customers, I'd be alright.

"I'll politely diffuse the situation and ensure they have a pleasant experience here," I forced a smile onto my lips, letting him see that I wasn't taking offense to his ridiculous question, even though I was seething inside.

"Hmm, good," he nodded, pursing his lips.

“Then I’ll give you a task. You’ll be assigned a table to serve tonight. Once they’re well taken care of, I’ll ask them about you. If they’re satisfied, the job is yours,” he smiled, diving back into his phone and scrolling through some lists.

“Table number 4 is yours for the night,” he said, and I nodded eagerly. I was excited, so I quickly rose to my feet. But before I could make my exit, he called out to me once more.

“Um, Beatrice! Just one last question,” he paused, making me raise an eyebrow at him. “You won’t be wearing those clothes for work, right? I mean, do you have any nicer outfits?”

I just stared at him, and he continued, “The servers here are always well-dressed. It creates a good impression for the customers.” “Sure, I’ve got some decent clothes,” I once again plastered on a smile for him.

“Remember, skirts and shorts are preferred,” he winked at me, as if we’d discussed this before. I gave him yet another fake smile before leaving his office, inwardly grunting with annoyance. My mother was right. Places like these could be a challenge, but when you’re desperate!

With a sigh escaping my lips, I headed to the bar and leaned against the counter to scope out the table I’d been assigned.

There were a few guys at table 4, which meant this shift might be over sooner. Men usually don’t complain much. Just give them a smile and they’re good, right?

Wrong!

Not everyone is the same, and the customers at table 4 were far from pleasant. As I began to step closer, I realized who I’d be dealing with. I paused briefly, rolling my eyes and taking a deep breath before approaching them.

“Hey, good evening! How can I assist you tonight?” I flashed a wide smile, holding a notepad in my hand, and watched as the mischievous brothers turned to look at me one by one.

It felt like a scene from a movie, and I was stunned by the way they all stared at me before bursting into laughter. I bet even they were surprised by how many times we’d come face-to-face.

“Ah! Since when did such a high-class bar start hiring homeless people?” Obviously, the comment came from Maddox. He always held himself in high regard. Akin was engrossed in his phone, barely raising his head. It was the first time I’d seen him in casual clothes. The black jacket looked really good on him. He sat next to his brother with a man bun and a brown jacket. Maddox and Zane were together, with Maddox wearing a white jacket and Zane in a gray sweater.

“What would you like to order tonight?” I continued, already regretting it. The bar was more like a hostess bar, so I was supposed to appear cheerful and make them feel superior.

“Are you on the menu?” After a brief silence, it was Zane who made the remark, then he raised his eyes to meet mine. I gulped and shook my head, but I kept the smile plastered on my lips.

“Martinis,” Helel raised his hand and waved his fingers. “For all of us, and then leave us alone for a few minutes.”

The way he said it, I could tell he wasn’t in a pleasant mood. I quickly nodded in agreement. But as I was about to walk away, I overheard something from them that didn’t sit well with me.

“They should not have hired her here. She flipped Helel out earlier,” Maddox reminded his brothers of my actions, only making them angrier at me.

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Chapter 575 – Getting Fired. (Beatrice)

I headed back to the counter, letting out a sigh and taking deep breaths as if I’d been tasked with running a marathon for the customers. It wasn’t less than a marathon. Pleasing these arrogant rich kids wasn’t easy.

“First time?” a guy from across the counter asked, and I nodded before lifting my gaze to size him up. He looked around 20 years old, just like the brothers, with blond curly hair and blue eyes.

“Are they giving you a hard time?” he continued, smiling as he mixed their martinis.

“They’re rude as hell,” I commented, turning to look at Maddox and Zane, who were now staring at me. Akin and Helel had their backs to me, deep in conversation with their younger brothers.

“The rich kids,” the guy remarked, “by the way, I hope you get this job. And when you do, I want you to know that Kevin is there for you.”

I smiled at his introduction. "I'm Beatrice!" I mumbled, extending my hand for a handshake, but he handed me a tray instead and laughed.

"Their drinks are ready; you don't want them waiting," he said, and he was right.

I grabbed the tray and took another deep breath before approaching the table again.

"Here!" However, my bad luck seemed to worsen when, as I tried to place the martini glass before Akin, I nearly tripped, splashing the entire contents of the glass onto him. It happened so suddenly that my mind didn't register it at first. The next thing I knew, I set the tray on the table and stepped back, covering my mouth with my hands.

"What the heck is wrong with you?" Helel yelled, and Akin grunted, shooting me a deadly glare.

"I'm so sorry! I don't know what happened?" I stuttered, my lips downturned as I noticed everyone in the bar staring at me.

"Wow! It is like she is on a mission to mess with us," Maddox made it seem like I did it on purpose.

"You—" Helel began to rise, but the moment I lowered my head, he didn't say anything, "just please grab us some napkins."

His tone had completely changed, so I nodded and hurried back to the counter to get some napkins. But as I made my way back towards them, someone blocked my path.

It was the manager, Landon.

"You leave it," he warned me, glancing over my shoulder at another waitress. "You take these napkins and make sure their rest of the stay here is good," he instructed her, snatching the napkins out of my hands. The girl gave me a sad and helpless smile before hurrying towards the table where chaos reigned. Maddox and Zane were constantly griping about the bar, while Helel remained silent. I stood in place, watching the girl assist Akin, escorting him to the restroom.

"What a mess," Landon faced me, judging me with a harsh look on his face. I regretted not paying too much attention.

"Please, give me one more chance. I don't know what happened there," I pleaded with the manager, who shook his head, dismissing me instantly.

"No! This was your test, and you failed it," he said firmly, hands on his hips.

“But I didn’t do it on purpose. I don’t know what it is about the brothers, but I always mess up around them,” I rambled, realizing how ridiculous it sounded to be mentioning superstitions to a business owner like him.

“I don’t want to listen to your sob story. As for the brothers, they are the mayor’s sons, so they are frequent guests. If you have a problem serving them, then you shouldn’t even be here,” he stated firmly, and honestly, at that point, I lost my interest in pleading before him.

It was pretty evident that I wasn’t getting this job. I pressed my lips into a tight line and glanced around. Even the brothers were observing us intently while the waitress tidied their table.

I don’t know why, but I had a bad feeling about this incident. But there wasn’t much I could do except extricate myself from the bar.

Feeling like a failure, I exited through the back door since the front was crowded. Once outside, I released the breath I’d been holding in, and tears began to flow freely.

“Beatrice!”

I paused at the voice of the boy I’d met a few minutes earlier. He walked out of the back door and frowned sympathetically.

“I’m so sorry that happened,” he said, sitting on the steps and watching me wipe away my tears.

“It’s okay. I guess I wasn’t meant to receive good news tonight,” I mumbled.

“No! I think you should have gotten this job. I mean, you would have if the brothers hadn’t messed it up for you,” he insisted, but I frowned.

“Yeah, but I should have been more careful,” I decided to take full responsibility for my clumsiness, but he didn’t seem to agree.

Kevin had a knowing look on his face, like he knew something I didn’t.

“No! You were careful. That mayor’s son named Maddox? He stuck his leg out to trip you,” as soon as he revealed the truth, a detail I couldn’t focus on because of my nerves, my jaw dropped.

“Huh? He’s the reason I tripped?” I asked again, and he nodded confidently.

“What an asshole,” I muttered, grinding my teeth and stomping my foot before sighing in defeat.

“Is there any issue between you guys? I mean, it was pretty obvious he did it to sabotage you,” he added, and I nodded.

“They live across from our apartment, and since the day they arrived, they’ve been hostile towards me. It’s just sad that they used that hatred for me in a professional environment. I needed this job,” I explained, taking a deep breath and then exhaling heavily.

“Just go home. Maybe you’ll get good news soon?” he said cryptically before heading back inside, leaving me pondering the empty space he left behind. What did he mean by that? Was I really going to get lucky tonight somehow?