

# Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 586

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

Chapter 586 – Ready To Party (Beatrice)

“Oh no!” I sighed. Even though it was an amazing gesture, I didn’t want Ronnie to spend money on me. I’m the type who doesn’t like accepting gifts because then I feel obliged to return the favor, and my empty pocket doesn’t support that either. I intend to call Ronnie and ask him about the dress, maybe even thank him if I do plan to wear it. I showered and came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my body to call Ronnie. I had not been able to think about anything other than his great gesture.

“Hey! Morning. I tried calling you so much last day. I believe the whole incident really upset you,” he chattered the minute he picked up my call. He had indeed texted me a lot. But after I returned home and had the whole encounter with the owner, I didn’t get to use my phone. And then the whole mess with Helen happened, which I didn’t even want to recall because of how awkward it made me feel.

“I’m sorry about that. I shouldn’t have left like that, but I hope you understand it was becoming really difficult for me to stand there and let them bully me,” I hissed at the reminder of Ballinda and Maddox.

“No! I understand. Even I’m surprised how they acted with you,” thankfully, he wasn’t hard to communicate with.

“By the way, you didn’t have to,” I uttered, biting my bottom lip shyly. “I didn’t have to do what?” he asked in a soft tone.

“The dress you sent me. I like it but I cannot accept it. It’s very costly and I cannot return the favor,” I mumbled in an undertone, feeling ashamed for being so helpless that he paid so much for a dress for me.

“What dress? I never sent anything,” the minute he said that, my throat turned dry.

I hastily reached the box while the phone was still sticking to my ear and noticed that there was a note that I didn’t see when tearing apart the packaging. ‘I’m sorry for my behavior. It was childish and rude. But I do hope you will accept my apology and accept this dress. I think it’s made perfectly for you. Hope to see you at the party tonight, Maddox!’ “Beatrice! Are you there?” Ronnie pulled me out of my thoughts, but I still didn’t get why Maddox was sending me a dress.

“Yeah! Umm, I’m fine,” I uttered, confused by what he had asked me.

“I’m glad you are fine. But what dress were you talking about?” he inquired in a suspicious tone.

“Nothing. I just woke up, and I guess I need to shake off the sleep first. I’ll call you in an hour,” I hung up the call because I felt like a fool for instantly thinking he sent me this dress.

However, I still couldn’t fathom why Maddox went out of his way to get me this dress and apologize. He wasn’t the type to even feel guilty about it. I still didn’t have a dress, and I had to go to the party with Ronnie. But I wasn’t sure if wearing that dress would be a great idea.

“So, who was the package from?” my mom asked when I walked downstairs with the dress in my hand.

“Oh! Is this what the package had?” my mother’s eyes shone as she quickly cleaned her hands to come check the dress.

“Yup!” I handed it over to her and sat down to start eating. I watched her smile as she liked it and then carefully placed it on the couch and returned to have breakfast with me.

“Who was it from? It seems expensive,” she inquired.

“From Maddox!” I uttered and watched my father’s face form a frown.

“That’s the Mayor’s second set of twins,” she uttered in shock.

“Yeah,” I replied, trying to avoid the deep discussion around why he was sending me such expensive gifts.

“Do I need to spill it out or are you going to get the idea from my face that I want to know why?” my mother tilted her head and stabbed the omelet in her plate when asking me that question.

“I went shopping with Ronnie yesterday, and Maddox was there. Somewhere along the line, that a\*sshole started to bully me. I left without buying anything. So this dress was his way of apologizing and inviting me to the evening party,” I yammered in one breath, and now it was on my mother to respond.

“Beatrice! That was actually nice of him to acknowledge his mistake and apologize. I think you should wear that dress and attend the party. Ronnie will be there, so you shall be fine,” of course, my mother didn’t know how much they bully me. In her mind, we got into some arguments after he maybe made a joke or two, and then he apologized.

“You think so? Don’t you think maybe he is planning something bigger to make my life miserable?” as I asked my mom that question, she started laughing. “What?”

“Beatrice! You guys are adults. What do you mean by he is planning something big? I think it is a kind gesture, and you should wear the dress. Besides, you have to wear something nice for the evening, and you have not bought anything so far,” she was probably right. Maybe Maddox realized he was wrong for acting like a child and decided to mend his ways.

“Fine. I will wear it,” after giving her a cheeky smile, I left for my bedroom to start getting ready. My hair took most of my time. I always feel troubled when styling them. For tonight, I have decided to style them into big curls and let them loose all over my back and shoulders.

“Wow! Look at you, you look stunning,” her compliment was genuine, and so was the smile on her l\*ips. I held her hand and walked carefully as the dress was a bit too much for me. And with the high heels, it was like a disaster waiting to happen. “Ronnie is downstairs, I will go see him,” I waved my hand at my mother and left my apartment with a huge smile on my l\*ips. I was so ready for the night.

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Chapter 587 – He Came With My Bully (Beatrice)

“Wow!” Ronnie exclaimed, his brows furrowing, his m\*outh widening into a larger O with each step I took closer to him. He looked incredibly handsome in a gray suit. His gaze lingered on me for a moment before I noticed his smile starting to fade.

“Let’s go,” I said, looping my arm through his as we began to cross the road, but his silence began to unsettle me. Outside the mansion, there were plenty of cars, and wealthy guests were already streaming in for the party.

“Is everything okay?” I grew curious as we slowed down at the entrance and asked Ronnie.

“No, everything’s fine,” he replied with a forced smile, then turned his attention to the host. Akin stood at the entrance in a black suit, which seemed a bit out of place, but in that moment, all I wanted to do was compliment him. He looked absolutely dashing, his black hair shining, each strand meticulously styled. His gray eyes sparkled even more, and his naturally red l\*ips caught my attention.

“Welcome,” Akin said as he stepped forward to hug Ronnie, sparing me a deep glance as he did so.

“Dad might not be able to make it tonight. He got caught up with some work at the sheriff's office.”

Ronnie began conversing with Akin, who listened intently, occasionally sneaking glances in my direction. My breath quickened as I turned slightly and almost collided with Helel, whom I hadn't noticed arrive.

He scanned me from head to toe before turning to speak with Ronnie. I observed that he was also clad in black, his hair cascading loosely over his shoulders, the curls bouncing and fresh. As they conversed, both Helel and Ronnie would sneak peeks at me from time to time, which felt rather peculiar.

“You two chat, I'll take the lady to the counter and order her some drinks,” Helel's bold move surprised me. He executed it so smoothly that Ronnie couldn't even object, and even his own brother gave Helel a questioning look.

“Hi,” Helel said, extending his hand to me, and I shyly placed mine in his. He led me to the counter and gestured for the server to prepare our drinks.

“So, I'm glad you came,” he said, leaning on the counter, blocking my view from everyone else. He stood before me, his eyes seeking a deep connection through mine.

“I was invited as Ronnie's plus one,” I replied, unable to hold his gaze for too long due to the events of the other night.

“Right! Are you and Ronnie dating?” His smile faded, his eyes narrowing as he awaited my response.

“No!” I blurted out, surprised by how quickly I responded. It made me wonder what it was about that question that compelled me to clear the misunderstanding.

“Oh, okay,” Helel said, smiling to himself, satisfied with my answer.

“Listen, about the other night-,” he began, rubbing his forehead with the tip of his thumb, and I felt the need to ease his discomfort.

“It was a mistake, in the heat of the moment. I understand,” I replied, but his quick headshake left me raising my eyebrow in bewilderment.

“No! It was not in the heat of the moment. If I get a chance again, I will do it again and even take it to the next level,” Helel murmured, his eyes fixating on my l\*ips as he took my breath away with his statement.

“Um,” I looked down, unable to come up with a response.

“It’s alright. You can take your time, but I must tell you, that guy is not a match for you. You deserve someone who can make your cheeks red with just a whisper in your ear,” Helel leaned closer, disregarding any onlookers, and whispered in my ear, “next time I see your b\*reasts, I am s\*ucking them until you start milking.”

Damn! I gasped, biting my bottom lip. He pulled away with a satisfied smile on his l\*ips and chuckled softly.

“You see,” he pointed at my cheeks, “they’re red.”

I gulped while t\*ouching my cheeks. What the heck was wrong with me? If someone else had said that to me, I would have been infuriated, but this man was able to ignite a fire within me that I never imagined feeling.

Thankfully, the torture ended when Ronnie joined us. He seemed to be scanning the atmosphere and our body language as he stood right beside me, almost as if trying to wedge himself between me and Helel.

“Would you like to dance with me?” Ronnie extended his hand and requested, making me glance at Helel and then back at Ronnie.

Helel was now looking straight ahead, a drink in his hand, but I swear I could tell he was still keeping an eye on us through his peripheral vision.

“Sure!” The moment I placed my hand in Ronnie’s, I saw Helel close his eyes and sigh in defeat. Or perhaps I was reading too much into his body language.

Ronnie led me to the middle of the hall where all the couples were slow dancing.

“I don’t know how to dance,” I whispered, giving him fair warning about my lack of skills.

“It’s alright. Oust move your body along with mine,” he hunched over and whispered in my ear. He adjusted my hand on his c\*hest and held the other as we began to slow dance. I stole glances at Helel, who was still at the counter with his drink, his body turned towards us.

Akin had returned from the entrance, but the intensity of his gaze as he watched us dance felt eerie. He unbuttoned his shirt before making his way over to Helel, his eyes never leaving our sight. Even as they began to talk, the brothers kept sneaking glances in our direction.

As we swayed to the music, my eyes wandered to the couple entering hand in hand. I tried not to react, but it was hard to ignore when Maddox joined the party with Ballinda. My two bullies together.

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Chapter 588

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Chapter 588 – Dancing With The Homy Helel (Beatrice)

“Oh! Ballinda has arrived with Maddox,” I exclaimed in surprise as I watched Ballinda enter in a stunning golden dress with Maddox by her side. I had no idea he was bringing her.

I suspected they had met at the shopping hall and were already attending events together. I wondered if the brothers coordinated their black suits.

Maddox gave me a glance before joining Ballinda on the dance floor. “Ahem!” Ronnie interrupted my thoughts, noticing my eyes following the brothers. “I thought you didn’t like that dress,” he remarked, indicating that he recognized the dress and knew I couldn’t afford it.

“I wasn’t completely honest,” I tried to downplay the situation.

“You thought I sent you that dress?” he continued, making me gulp nervously.

“I didn’t. So who did?” he pressed on. I hesitated to answer because I was afraid he would judge me. I had claimed not to accept gifts from him, so wearing a dress gifted by Maddox might make him question my intentions and the games I might be playing.

“Beatrice, you don’t need to hide anything from me. I am an understanding person,” Ronnie reassured me, urging me to tell the truth. With a heavy breath, I confessed, “Maddox sent it as an apology and an invitation to the party.”

“Let’s get a drink.” I felt his grip on my hand loosen before he cleared his throat and suggested we get a drink. We moved away from the dance floor to the counter, where we were now alone.

“Are you upset with me for accepting his gift?” I asked, noticing his change in mood since learning about Maddox’s gesture.

“No, it’s your choice. I’m just concerned,” he replied, downing vodka shots. “Concerned?” I frowned in confusion.

“It’s Maddox, Beatrice. He came here with Ballinda, the one who was with him at the mall when bullying you. I don’t think it was a wise decision to–” he was interrupted by Helel patting him on the back and informing him that his parents wanted to meet him.

“Dad wants to speak to you.” “Oh okay. Why don’t you come with me?” Ronnie inquired but I didn’t feel like going and sitting between adults.

“Um! Dad wants to discuss the town’s business with you since your father couldn’t make it,” Helel quickly intervened. I understood he didn’t want me to interrupt Ronnie and his father’s conversation.

“Oh!” I noticed the agitation in Ronnie’s body, probably upset because he had promised to stay on my side and shield me from any mishap or bullying. But honestly I felt fine here. Which is why I felt like reassuring him that I wasn’t really bothered about being left behind on my own in the mansion. It is not like anyone would bully me in this big party.

“It’s okay, I’ll be fine here,” I reassured Ronnie, declining to join the elite parents’ discussion.

Once Ronnie left, Helel approached me again. “Dance?” he offered his hand, and I hesitated.

I couldn’t understand why we kept crossing paths or why he insisted on interacting with me, but it felt like a weird situation.

Despite my reservations, I placed my hand in his, noticing his cold palms and strong f\*ingers. As we returned to the dance floor, I gasped as Helel pulled me close to his c\*hest.

His firm grip and proximity made me shyly bite my lip. He placed my hands on his c\*hest and enveloped me in a t\*ight embrace, leaving no space between us.

“I don’t know what it is about you, but all I can think of is taking you to my room,” he whispered in my ear, causing my breath to quicken.

Being at his parents’ party, surrounded by numerous people, and having his face close to my ear spoke volumes about his confidence. It seemed like nothing bothered him; nothing could make him shy away from behaving the way he wanted to.

“I think people are watching us,” I murmured, clearing my throat. The parents and elders were all gathered in the dining room, and he was taking full advantage of it.

“That’s why I think we should head to my bedroom,” he suggested, and my heart skipped a beat.

“It’s amusing how you respond to my flirting so eagerly,” he chuckled in my ear after confirming that his hands behind my back could feel my heartbeat more clearly.

“Why are you talking to me like this?” I gulped, attempting to initiate a conversation, but only managing broken utterances as he rubbed my back with his firm hands.

“That’s just me, Beatrice. I don’t hold back my d\*esires. I feel drawn to you, and I’m saying it straight to your face. I don’t want to beat around the bush,” he declared, finally pulling back from my neck so he could look me in the eye.

“But why?” I uttered in bewilderment.

“A few days ago, you were quite rude to me,” I mumbled.

“That’s because I was attracted to you. Have you seen yourself? You’re like a walking s\*ex goddess, and yet you wonder why someone finds you irresistible,” his straightforwardness was too much for my fragile heart. I suspected he enjoyed getting a reaction out of me every time he flirted with me.

“Beatrice! After this party, I want you in my bedroom,” he demanded, his l\*ips devoid of a smirk. Yet, I couldn’t even twitch a muscle; I simply kept gazing at his face until my head lifted, and my eyes wandered to the second floor. There, I spotted Zane hunched over the railing, fixated on none other than me and Helel.

His stare was so intense that I couldn’t tear my gaze away until Helel caught on, and his eyes followed mine. But before he could spot Zane, Akin’s arrival interrupted us.

“Dude, Dad’s waiting for you,” he said, patting Helel’s back, his words aimed at him but his gaze fixed on me. What on earth was up with these brothers? Why were they oblivious to their own allure, staring at me like that?

It was starting to feel eerie!

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Chapter 589 – A Hero In This World (Beatrice)



Now, I found myself standing alone at the counter, getting bored with no one to chat with or dance with. Maddox and Ballinda were huddled together, while Zane stood solitary.

“Excuse me,” an elderly gentleman approached, causing me to straighten my back in greeting. I looked around to first be certain he was indeed talking to me. There was no one in my area so he was. My eyes noticed Maddox with Ballinda and it was clear that they came together but there was not much chemistry there. She was barely able to make him speak to her. He kept glancing at his cellphone and texting someone, occasionally looking in the direction of the hall where his parents were having a meeting with the others and Ronnie. Even though Ballinda tried her best to stick closer to Maddox, he would step away and then continue to look at the hall. But my attention was driven back to the man who called for me again.

“You!” he said to get my attention and I took a deep breath and corrected my posture once more to respond to him properly.

“Hello, sir,” I offered a pleasant smile. Perhaps he was a parent of someone at the party. But why was he approaching me so assertively? Maddox wandered off to the dining room to join his family, and the timing of it rubbed me the wrong way.

“Where did you get this dress?” he asked, hands on hips, as everyone slowly turned to us, his guards trailing behind.

“Um, what?” I couldn’t quite grasp what he was after. The dress was from the town’s A-list designer collection.

“It’s a Von-D collection,” I replied with a forced smile, feeling uneasy under his intense gaze.

“You’re quite shameless to wear this dress here,” he bellowed, signaling his guards to seize my arms.

“Hey, don’t touch me!” I screamed as they laid hands on me.

The guards were rough, gripping my arms without explanation.

“Let me go!” I yelled, desperation creeping into my voice, though the music drowned out some of my cries.

The commotion caught the attention of the lone figure left behind: Zane, my foe. His narrowed eyes hinted at his concern as he swiftly made his way over, his tall figure easily spotted from a distance.

His purposeful strides suggested he sensed trouble. But his arrival didn't guarantee safety; he could make things worse by getting me into more trouble.

"Hey! What's going on over here?" Zane intervened, stepping in with visible irritation.

"This thief!" the old man accused, pointing a trembling f\*inger at me, and I felt shaken.

"No need for pointing f\*ingers, and you!" Zane gave a nudge to the man's shoulders, tapping the guard's hand firmly. "Release her!" His eyes met the guard's, who understood and promptly let me go. Freed, I instinctively moved behind Zane.

Zane, about to say something, paused, glancing at me and noticing my grip on his suit. I was too rattled to let go.

"Now tell me, why did you upset my guest?" Zane confronted the man, making him gulp nervously.

Ballinda stood nearby, holding a glass of wine, her smile missing this time.

"This dress she's wearing was stolen from our store!" the man accused jabbing a f\*inger in my direction.

My heart sank, cheeks flushing. I had no idea what he was talking about.

Zane turned to me, and I shook my head, trying to speak but failing to find the words.

"Okay! And you think she stole it?" Zane questioned, watching the man nod.

"I don't know what he's talking about. I've never stolen anything. This dress was—" I started, but Zane raised a f\*inger, silently urging me to stay quiet.

"I know her, and I know she wouldn't do anything like that," Zane defended me, without letting me explain.

"But this dress," the old man persisted.

"Wait, let me show you the proof," he gestured to his associate, who hurried to produce some papers. "She came to our store, liked the dress, didn't buy it, then returned to steal it," he accused, his words pounding in my ears. I couldn't help but clutch Zane even tighter this time. He subtly acknowledged it before turning back to face the accuser.

"This isn't what happened. I went there with—" I started, but as I spoke, Zane turned around. Unable to hold onto his coat any longer, he discreetly took my hand, leaning in to listen.

His intense gaze was intimidating as he stared at me through his raised eyebrows.

“And then she stole–” the old man tried to interrupt, but Zane lifted a f\*inger behind his back, silently signaling him to be quiet.

“She’s speaking,” he told the man, still hunched over me, maintaining eye contact.

“I went there with Ronnie and Maddox–” I began, and as soon as I mentioned his brother’s name, Zane blinked a few times, raising an eyebrow, but then continued to listen.

“Your brother and his girl over there–” I pointed at Ballinda, who quickly averted her gaze as if she wasn’t involved.

“They bullied me, so I ran away. Later, I found a package at my door. Maddox had bought the dress and gifted it to me with an apology note. I still have that note at home,” I spoke out, my heart pounding in my c\*hest.

“I understand,” Zane nodded, straightening up.

“She didn’t steal it. My guy–uh, he bought it for her, but I guess he forgot to pay for it,” Zane fabricated, coming to my defense and preserving my dignity.

“But–” the old man attempted to object, but Zane’s stern glare silenced any further protest.

“Co to my man with the blue car. He’ll write you a check,” Zane instructed the man, who nodded without resistance and left.

Once they were gone, Zane turned to me, his expression furrowed in concern.

In that moment, I couldn’t hold back anymore. I broke down, overwhelmed by the humiliation of being treated that way in front of everyone.

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Chapter 590 – S\*ex On The Counter (Beatrice)

“Um! I’ve never comforted a girl before, so if you could just calm yourself,” Zane seemed to suddenly panic when he saw me crying in the middle of the party he was hosting for his parents.

“I don’t know why your brother did that to me. I don’t even know why your siblings hate me so much,” I covered my face with my hands while he quickly led me to the side, pulling me into the kitchen. I uncovered my face completely and sniffled.

“How did I get here?” I frowned and noticed him starting to laugh.

“Even when you’re crying–” he shook his head, “Okay, don’t start crying again. I know what happened was terrible, and my brother is an a\*sshole for doing that to you. But–when I say this, I speak for myself, I have no problem with you,” he suddenly held my hand to prevent me from covering my face again.

“Really? Then why did you throw me in the trash can and sit on top of it?” I hissed at him, reminding him that he wasn’t a saint either.

They’ve been on my back ever since they arrived, as if they were so bored in this town that they found amusement in bullying me.

“Oh, that,” he scratched the back of his neck.

“But I never insulted you in public,” he shrugged and smiled as if I should thank him for that.

“I should go home now,” I sighed, trying to pass him, but he blocked my way. I raised my head to look at him, my eyes suggesting that I didn’t like what he was up to.

“Listen! You came here to have fun, and I think it’s unfair that you’re leaving with tears in your eyes,” his voice was comforting, but more importantly, it was the way he gazed into my eyes that made me lower my gaze.

“I’m fine. I had fun–,” before I could finish, I saw him roll his eyes.

“You danced with Ronnie and my brother. You call that fun?” the change in his tone made me raise my brow.

Okay! So what do you suggest I should do for fun?” I crossed my arms over my chest and tilted my head, watching him smile at me.

“Dance with me,” he shyly requested, his hands in his pockets. For a moment, I just watched him blush before shaking my head, causing his smile to disappear.

“No, thank you,” I said, attempting to get past him as he blocked my path again.

“Hey! Just one dance?” he asked.

“Nobody is even dancing anymore,” I craned my neck to look over his shoulder and remarked. The music was still playing, but nobody was on the dance floor. They were making their way to the dining hall to start feasting now.

“Dance with me here,” he tapped the counter, suggesting we dance around the kitchen like lunatics.

“Um! Here?” I frowned.

“Why not?” he sighed.

“I don’t know,” I shook my head, deciding that I didn’t want to dance in the kitchen.

“Then how about on the road outside?” he suggested, causing my eyes to widen.

“Are you crazy or what?” I pushed him, trying to walk away, but he held my hand and pulled me back, wrapping his arm around my body and holding my other hand as he started rocking his body against mine.

“I don’t know, it’s weird because–” I mumbled awkwardly, noticing how my body was following his lead now.

“Just because there is no one else dancing?” he smiled, continuing to dance around the counter.

“Because it’s odd,” I laughed but didn’t stop dancing.

“It’s not. If people can hook up on the counter, why can’t they dance around the kitchen?” he suggested with a shrug, quickly turning me around. I thought I would trip, but his hold around my waist was firm.

Who makes love on the counters? Those are just in the movies,” I rolled my eyes at him.

“Um, no! Have you never been in a relationship where you danced with your partner as he cooked something for you?” he asked, and I shook my head vigorously.

“Ouch! Boring!” he commented, dropping me over his arm and then helping me up to dance again.

“Okay! Then have you and any of your exes ever had s\*ex on the counter before?” he inquired, and I shook my head once again.

“What the—tell me there is anything fun you did with your ex?” he questioned with a judgmental look on his face. I smiled awkwardly before I pouted and uttered,”

I have never dated anyone before.”

The minute he heard my confession, I noticed his grip around my hand tighten.

“Never?” he asked as he lowered his head into my ear.

“Never!” I confirmed, and noticed he picked me up to put my feet on his shoes.

Now his body was moving, carrying me around while he had his face in my neck. The environment suddenly changed. Where he had been playfully dancing around with me, now he was seductively breathing in my ear.

“Has no one ever piqued your interest?” he whispered into my ear.

“I think it was always the other way around,” I managed to answer him. It was unlike me to have a feeling like this back to back with two different guys.

First, Helel and now him.

I wouldn’t usually do anything like that, but these brothers seemed irresistible.

“I don’t believe it. There is no way someone stared into these blue eyes and not thought about making you his,” he pulled away his head so that he could stare deeply into my eyes and utter those words.

I gulped, trying to resist the urge to stare at his lips. But when his eyes dropped to mine, I felt a little freedom to stare at his.

We stared and danced, but our movements slowed down now. It was as if we were only here to kiss each other.

And then he did it.

He pressed his lips against mine so hard that a little moan escaped my mouth into his.