

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee

Chapter 13

13-Her Amazing Body

Helel's POV:

"We will just clean up her wounds and—," Akin paused when his phone rang in his shorts' pockets.

"I'm in my room. Why?" He answered the call, looking anxious.

"Oh! I'll be right there," He hung up and slapped his forehead.

"Please don't tell me that was her mother," I asked, pointing at Beatrice.

"That was the elder of the council. Zane and Flynn left home at midnight and vandalized some abandoned buildings." I could hear the tiredness in Akin's voice. It has become a routine. The instant those two get into an argument, they go out and vandalize buildings to get their anger out.

Later, Akin and I have to clean up the mess after them.

"Don't tell me you are leaving me alone here," I asked when I watched him get out of bed.

"It's not like I have a choice. I'll go check up on those two before somebody comes here and gets us both occupied. You take care of her while I go deal with this mess," Akin probably didn't hear when Zane said Beatrice acts differently when she is not on her meds.

"All right," I said reluctantly. It was just that seeing her like this was making me feel guilty. And now that I have to clean her wound, I know I will feel worse

'I have never seen you being afraid of anyone,' Hel commented, as he noticed how slow I became when getting into bed.

'Stop giving me hell. I didn't know she was genuinely scared.' I rolled my eyes at Hel, who thought the same last night. I patched her up, but the moment she tried to lie down straight, I stopped her.

I didn't want her wound to open again. It was right around the corner. I don't want her to bleed any more than that.

So I held her up, my hand behind her neck. For a minute, I kept staring at her face in bewilderment.

'She looked so innocent when she asked me to stay in her room.' Guilt took over me once again the moment my eyes traveled to her eyes. She was watching me with her big blue eyes last night, hoping I'd stay.

'Isn't she beautiful? I wonder what would have happened if we agreed to sleep here last night.' It was then that Hel lost it and angered me.

'Stop! She is going to be our stepsister,' I retorted angrily, shaking my head at him for even thinking that. It is disgusting to think of her in that light.

'Nothing would have happened; did you hear me?' Hel growled, shutting him down.

'I mean, she said she would take off—,' before Hel could start again, I decided to shut him up good this time. 'She was scared. She thought that would make us stay. Now that I'm thinking, I can only imagine how afraid she was to even suggest something like that.' My eyes traveled back to her face. I was holding her up in a sitting position, my eyes scanning her face.

'Let's just say, what if she did take off her clothes and cuddle with us? Then what?' Hel questioned once again.

'Then nothing would have happened. Hel! I have a lot of control over my body. Besides, she is supposed to be our stepsister. There will never be anything more than that between us.' I made my point clear to him, just in case he was thinking otherwise. I knew there was no way my father would have a mating ceremony with her mother, yet I wouldn't want to think of her in any other way.

She might have problems, but that doesn't change the fact that these mothers and daughters came here to take over.

I had just finished talking to Hel when I saw her eyelids move. Maybe she was waking up. My face turned to the clock and a wave of anxiety crossed me. I didn't even notice when the time passed. It was 9 am already. Have I been silently looking at her face for an hour?

I could tell she was healing because the drops of blood dripping down her neck, even after putting on so many bandages, had stopped.

The moment she heals; I'm giving her the meds. I don't want to know what she does when she is not on her pills. I was now uncomfortable, holding her so close and sticking my hand behind her neck. Her blood had dried up on my hand.

She slowly started opening her eyes. The blue in her eyes was back to normal. She blinked those big eyelashes for a moment before her eyes fixated on my face.

It was just weird how flawless she was. There was something about her that was unlike anything I had seen in other she-wolves.

Not getting excited, just complimenting her beauty. She didn't resemble her mother at all. She didn't resemble anyone. The long blond hair had a hint of glitter in it. I don't know how it was possible, but it was true. She had eyes that were always shining. Her fuller red lips didn't need any makeup. Her rosy cheeks made me wonder if she was always cold.

I never looked at her body so closely. In fact, I didn't pay attention to it, but I heard Zane and Maddox pointing out her perfect, sumptuous body to us when she first arrived.

That's when I realized what I was thinking. Why am I even thinking about all these things?

Why am I not looking away from her? What the fuck is going on? Has she hypnotized me? There were no expressions of confusion, fright, or panic in her eyes. She was staring me dead in the eye, and that's when I heard it.

'Mate!'

My heart raced inside my chest and my eyes turned watery. This can't be!

This was not possible. I was panicking and staring at her. Did she feel it too? Is she fully awake? I hope not. I hope she missed it.

How can I feel this? How can my wolf feel it?

And then I heard it again. My wolf, in his sweetest voice, called her.

'My Mate!'