

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee

Chapter 8

8-The Beast On The Training Ground

Akin and Zane were in their rooms when I was asked to join Helel in the garden number 4. That particular garden was a good distance from the mansion, with a labyrinth on one side and big trees on the other side.

I didn't want Helel to get angry, so I had arrived a few minutes earlier than Helel. The moment he appeared in black work out shorts and a black sleeveless shirt, I gulped.

"You came here wearing this? Has no one ever taught you basic discipline?" His tone was so harsh that he completely pulled me out of my dreams about him.

"Look at you," he pointed at my baggy sweater, whose sleeves I had to constantly pull up in order to expose my hands and wrists. And then his eyes travelled down to my booty shorts.

"Have you ever worked out before? Or have you ever set a foot on the training ground?" He yelled, coming strong at me. His eyes were no longer just those beautiful things, they looked scary get it. He was serious about the gym and training, but everybody is different. I didn't have the same enthusiasm for all this as he did.

"It's my first time," I whispered, looking down to avoid his angry glare.

"What did you say? Speak up!" he shouted, and I shuddered. I did not like it. I didn't come here to get humiliated and yelled at by him. He was talking about decency of work, but he didn't know that this is not how you train a newbie.

What happened to the good old days when we first introduced ourselves and tried to set the rules and regulations for the newcomers?

"What? Are you going to cry now? I am giving you my time. Don't f*ckin make me realize I am wasting it." He stopped right when he was facing me, but kept yelling.

I was frightened of this giant looking Alpha King coming at an Omega with no wolf like me.

"Beatrice!" he said my name and even through all the stress, my heart s*ipped a beat. I raised my face unintentionally, compelled by how his lips said my name, and found him hunched down with his hands on his knees.

"When you set your foot on my training ground, you f*cking stop acting like a b*tch. Grow spine, confidence and speak the f*ck up when I ask you to answer me." Those words swept the world from under my feet.

"Now say something," as he yelled again. I stepped back and burst into tears. I hated being so weak, but fear was what had kept me alive.

"Oh, Goddess!" he sighed, almost as if mocking my tears.

"I don't want to take any courses from you." I finally raised my face and said it in a raised tone like he wanted.

"Good! Then call my father and tell him it is your decision." His tone had softened now that he had won against me. I acknowledged that it was all his idea to make me quit so that he didn't look like someone who was not listening to his father.

That angered me.

anche "I will. My mother told you I was a beginner, but the way you behaved, I feel like I need someone who understands me." I said, and he clicked his tongue to look at me. He was all set to leave when my words stopped him in his tracks.

"I want someone professional to train me," I added, and his mood changed for the worse. He was listening to me with his hands on his waist and his jaw popping in anger.

"You think I am not professional?" he asked in a gruff tone, giving me a chance to change my statement.

"Who am I to think of anything? I am saying the truth. You train people at home, hence you don't know the common practise of how a newbie should be trained. I understand it is hard for you to train someone like me. Maybe you are used to training those who are already good? That explains it. But it is fine. I am sure there will be professionals to help me out." Every word from my mouth was falling into his ears like a fireball.

He would casually stretch his neck while not removing his hands from his waist. I didn't just touch his ego; I slapped it.

"You have two minutes to prepare for the first session," he finally opened his mouth, and I was astounded by how easily cracked him.

So it was nice to know their weak points. I could use that to my advantage.

"I am sorry! I don't want to take any lessons from you. I wan--," I continued to make excuses when his angry glare silenced me.

"Okay!" I said, stepping back to stand cluelessly. I didn't know exactly what he was going to start with, but the time he was taking made me realize he was going to take his anger out on me somehow.

"So," He stretched his neck to prepare for me when his phone rang and his attention travelled back to his phone's screen.

My muscles stiffened at the sight of him holding his phone and then walking away just a little.

"Yep!" he said, "How is she feeling now?" The way he was murmuring and kicking a little rock while inquiring about someone's health just freaked me out. He looked almost shy. I didn't know much about him, but I could guarantee he wasn't the shy type.

"Hm! Keep a close eye and make sure she feels safe. I will pay a visit again. Have any of my brothers visited the hospital to see her again?" He stretched his neck uncomfortably when asking that question.

"Oh! Okay." The sound he made was a hint that he didn't like whatever answer he got from the other side.

"Alright, I will talk to you later. Bye!" He then hung up the call and turned to me.

"Who is she?" I don't know what got into me, but after he toned down, I couldn't help but ask him.

"Listen, I don't care what is wrong with you and why you were born this way. But keep her name out of your mouth, understand?" His aggression towards protecting her name compelled me into retching.