

# **Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers #Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 201 - Read Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 201**

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 201**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

Chapter 201 – Blindly Following him.

Maura's POV:

I couldn't believe I would see Zane so early in the morning. I was very aware of the stress he had been dealing with after his brother's death. It wouldn't be the first time that we were meeting. Our secret meetings had been the best highlight of my day.

So far, we've only spent time together as friends. However, there were a lot of moments where I thought he was going to kiss me, but then he f\*orc\*ed himself into behaving. I wished to speak to someone about him.

Title of the document

My first choice would be Beatrice, but since she was once their stepsister, I felt uneasy talking to her about him. Once I had walked into his view, I realized he was too busy with his brother to even spare me a glance.

They seemed to be arguing. I wondered if it was the right time for me to interrupt.

"Then there are other ways to help. Don't act like you are doing a favor for her," I heard Zane muttering to his brother when I reached their table.

"What would you like to get today?" I stole their attention with a mild smile covering my lips. I wanted to sit here and admire how handsome Zane looked in that gray t-shirt, but that thought took only a few seconds to scatter because his brother was not in the mood for a cheery server.

“Don’t you see we were talking?” Maddox raised his voice and slammed his fist on the table. My smile faded instantly.

“I am so sorry, —” I tried to apologize, but then he slammed his fist again and dropped the glass of water everywhere.

“Ugh!” he complained. “What is wrong with these servers here? do they not know how to do their jobs?” He raised his voice, and that’s when my heart missed a beat. I wouldn’t want my father to walk in when a customer is losing his mind and accusing me of disturbing him.

“Maddox! Calm down. It is only a little water. You will not drown in it.” Zane came to my defense, but his tone was still mild.

“Thank you! If we need anything, we will call for you, okay?” Maddox ignored Zane and turned to me, making direct eye contact with me and angrily delivering his words to me.

I faintly nodded to him and turned around to rush back into the kitchen.

“What the heck was that?” I heard Zane scold him, but by the time I could hear their conversation any further, I had already left for the kitchen. Beatrice was in the restroom, so I rushed out of the backdoor to cry alone in the alley. The iñčęptiøn øf thiš çøntęnt çån bę tråçęd tø n0v€1ebook.org

It wasn’t easy to be a server and not find rude customers, but it happened in front of Zane. I was in such a good mood and expecting so much, but now it was all ruined. Zane coming early morning gave me hope. I knew he had come to see me since I have been a little out of energy after finding my mother in chains and not being able to help her.

That was another burden I was dealing with. I would go back home, knowing damn well that my mother is chained in the basement, and I would wait for my father to leave so that I could spend some time

with her. She had asked me to get her a pendant, and so far, I didn’t even have a plan. I wished to speak to Zane and ask him for help, but I was scared.

After how they wanted to execute Colt, a weredragon, I wasn’t sure if it would be a safe idea to expose my mother’s identity to any of the alpha king brothers. “I didn’t know he would make you cry so much.” I heard a deep and

s\*e\*x\*y voice from behind me, and it startled me. I didn't even have to turn around and look at the person to recognize him.

I could recognize Zane by the way he breathes.

"It is alright. I believe he is in a bad mood," I excused on Maddox's behalf. "Look at me." Zane gently held my chin and turned me around to face him. His beautiful eyes were sparking under the sun. I feared losing my breath. "I want you to come with me, would you?" he asked, making me wonder where he was planning to take me.

"Where are we going?" I asked in bewilderment.

"That would be a secret for now. Just tell me if you trust me and will follow me to wherever I lead you," he asked, holding his hand out for me.

I stared at his hand for a moment before I gently gave him my hand.

"I trust you with all my heart, Zane!" I whispered, shyly looking down from his face as his intense gaze gave me chills.

"Well then, your day is mine," he whispered before he tightened his grasp around my hand and started walking me to his car. I had no inkling where he was taking me, but I began to follow him blindly.

I knew for a fact Zane would never take me anywhere I am not safe. He sat me down in his car and then helped me with the seatbelt. I have never been in his car before, so I was a bit shy around him.

His scent filled the whole car to the point that I felt like I was breathing him.

He started taking me in a weird direction, far away from the population, I believe. I wanted to ask him what his plans were, but I didn't want to make him think I didn't trust him.

He parked the car in front of an abandoned hotel and looked out to say. "We were taking cla\*s\*s\*ses here for a while, but it is back to being abandoned now," he said, making me wonder if nobody was living here. Why were we here? He then got out of the car, ran over to the passenger seat, and held the door open for me. I had a few seconds to decide if I wanted to blindly follow him or maybe ask him at least a few questions.

I did what my heart told me to do.

I blindly followed him.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 202**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

Chapter 202 – Everybody Moved On

Beatrice's POV:

Zane and Maddox left instead of ordering anything. I wasn't too surprised because I knew Maddox had only come here to vent his feelings to me.

"Where is Maura?" Pamela walked into the kitchen with empty plates in her hands and asked for Maura.

Title of the document

"I don't know. When I walked out of the restroom, I found her gone,' I told Pamela, watching her look around for Maura.

"She never leaves like this," Pamela said, concerned, as I shrugged.

"Maybe she went to her house to get something?" I suggested, and Pamela reluctantly nodded. There was not much we could do about it.

"Ah!" Pamela let out a sigh of relief when checking her phone. "She had left me a message," she informed.

"What did she say?" I asked Pamela, who didn't show me the message but looked extremely pleased about something. I knew there were some things they wouldn't share with me, and since I was too new, I didn't f\*orc\*e them or try to make them uncomfortable by eavesdropping on their conversations. "She indeed went back to her home to get something.' Pamela f\*orc\*ed a smile on her lips and immediately broke eye contact with him. I knew at that moment that she didn't want to share it with me.

"If you don't mind, can I also take some time off?" I turned to her and asked her with high hopes. I needed to call Akin and ask him about Helel's body.

“What for?” Pamela grabbed the dough and asked me with a bit of an attitude. I realized she wanted to know everything we were doing. It was as if she wanted us to rely on her, and that was not something I would do. The  
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I appreciated her for being nice to me and wanting to be a shoulder for me to cry on, but sharing everything with her was something only Maura could do. I believed in keeping my secrets to myself.

“I have something to do,” I said, not disclosing anything to her. She stopped kneading and raised her face to stare at the wall ahead as she gave it a thought and then shrugged.

“Fine. Go ahead! But come back in a few minutes. I cannot take care of everything alone,” she warned me while I took my apron off in a hurry and exited the cafe.

I was only given a few minutes, so I needed to hurry and not waste my time. I haven’t even walked away from the cafe when I watched somebody standing at a distance and watching me.

“Markus?” I whispered in confusion, “What is he doing out there?” I frowned at the way he was standing there when his mother told me he doesn’t even walk past the tall gra\*s\*s.

I haven’t been able to process what he did with me the other day and now this. Instead of ignoring it, I walked briskly into the kitchen and called for Pamela.

“Pamela!” My voice was loud and filled with urgency.

“What happened? How did you come back so soon?” She taunted but was obviously joking.

“Markus is here.” The moment she heard me say her son’s name, her body shuddered, and the smile from her lips faded away.

“What? My Markus?” She couldn’t even believe she heard that.

“Yeah! He is outside the cafe,” I confirmed, grabbing her hand to drag her out with me. She has told me he cannot be outside. Then why the heck was he walking around so casually?

She didn't try to get out of my grasp and followed me like crazy. The moment he was outside the cafe, I realized I should have kept an eye on him because he was gone.

"Where is he?" she asked, looking around and then at me. She seemed to be judging me.

"He was here, I swear!" I said, feeling like a fool for believing he would stand here and wait for me to call his mother on him.

"Hm!" She crossed her arms over her chest and raised her brow, biting the inside of her cheek and keeping her eyes on me.

"What? you are not thinking that I —" I sighed when she nodded, making me understand that she was suggesting that I lied on purpose.

"What would I get out of it?" It was frustrating that she wasn't even saying anything and was just looking at my face with such a look.

"You want to make my son look creepy and a liar?" She yelled in my face, causing me to want to step away from her.

"Listen, little missy! I have been nothing but kind enough to keep your troublesome a\*s\*s and your good-for-nothing mother at my home. But I am warning you to stay out of my son's business. You have been causing US a lot of issues, and I am beginning to get irritated with it," she yammered while pointing her finger in my face. Since I didn't have proof to show her, I remained silent. "Now go finish

whatever you wanted to do and come back to work. You are not getting paid for nothing,' she muttered grumpily before stomping her foot and walking back into the cafe.

Since there was not much I could do in this case, I rushed across the road and ended up in the phone booth.

I dialed Akin's number, and it took him a few minutes to answer my call. "Hm?" he said, sounding super drunk or maybe sleepy.

"I-," before I could even make a noise and tell him it was me calling him, I heard someone from behind him that stopped me from uttering a word.

“Come back to bed. Who is calling you so early in the morning?” The girl sounded annoyed when questioning Akin.

“I will take this call and then return to bed.” He told her, making me wonder who he was sharing a bed with.

“No! You are not doing that. Today is nobody’s day,” she seemed to have snatched the phone out of his hands while he didn’t even object, “Whoever you are, call later.” She said that and hung up on me.

I had no words to say, and I couldn’t call him back again.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 203**

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Chapter 203 – Gifted My Virginity.

Maura’s POV:

“You look frightened,” Zane commented as he held my hand and walked me through the hallways. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t scared at all. There was just this fear in my heart about my identity that I couldn’t stop worrying about. After what happened and how they shunned their stepsister, I could expect the worst treatment for myself. I couldn’t help but wonder what Zane would do when he found out I was the daughter of a dragon named Destiny Despair.

Will he punish my mother?

Title of the document

What would he do when he will hear about my identity?

All these thoughts were worrying me when we were finally there. I gasped and stepped back from him when he led me to a room, and I got a good view of my surroundings.

“Happy Birthday to you!” He bent in my ear from behind me and whispered in a little humming tone.

“How—,” I was stunned to see the beautiful white cake with several layers of a rainbow, the fairy lights and white balloons, and all the pictures he took of me over the course of time, hang around.

It was a sight I never expected to see. I never thought I was special enough for anyone to do such a thing for me. But he did it.

“I am an Alpha King. I keep data on everyone in my little attic,” he teased, walking in front and coming into my view.

“You did it for me?” I kept staring around and feeling ecstatic. There was no way I have found someone who was sweet enough to do all that for me. The  
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“I did,” he answered, stepping on the little balloon that had run out of air. ‘I don’t understand how I have not felt a mate bond with you yet because all I can think about these days is you. Do you know-after my brother’s untimely demise, I never thought I would return to my peaceful space, but you did it for me. You stayed with me and helped me cope. No one has ever done that for me. They see me as someone who is unable to express feelings and emotions, and that makes them think I don’t suffer.” His words made me feel for him. His beautiful lips expressing his emotions were something I could never get tired of.

“I don’t talk much with the others, Maura. But when I am with you, I just keep talking and opening up.” He walked closer to me and gently held my hands, “Now enough about me. I want to hear about you today because it is your day,” he smiled, walking me to the other side of the small table and handing me a knife. “Let’s cut this cake because I cannot wait to see your expression when you see your gift,” he whispered s\*e\*xily, holding the knife with me and cutting the cake. My heart was loaded with contentment, and my stomach was filled with butterflies. Everything was like a fairytale. Even when I cut the cake and gave him the first bite and he licked my finger a little, I couldn’t help but blush hard. I turned around and noticed how gorgeous and soft his lips looked. My eyes were stuck to his lips when he caught me staring.

I immediately turned my face away and pretended to be unaware of what had just happened. But he knew what had happened.

“If you like them so much, why not taste them?” he whispered, bringing his lips near my ears and licking the earlobe with the tip of his tongue. My heart raced in my chest, and my b\*reas\*ts went up

when I inhaled, matching the pace of his tongue.

His hand traveled from behind my back to my stomach and stayed there for a few seconds while he kissed my cheek and melted me in his arms. Soon his hand could no longer remain apart from my b\*reas\*ts, and he gave in to the urges. His strong hands cupped my b\*reas\*ts and squeezed them while his lips covered the area near my lips and crashed onto them gently. I felt the movement in his pants and knew he had hardened.

While his tongue explored my mouth and his hands played with my nipples, I moved my hips in a rhythm and ma\*s\*saged his d\*ick in his pants. He let go of my boobs and drew his hands down to run up my thigh and lift my skirt to the point

from which he could pull down my panties. I felt his hand reach my p\*uss\*y, and a little shudder from my body alarmed him into knowing it was my first time.

He proceeded to graze around my pubic area for a while before using his two fingers to spread my p\*uss\*y and ma\*s\*sage the inner lips with much love as if he were rubbing his fingers on a block of butter.

“AHHHHHHHHHI” I moaned into his mouth, letting him know I was ready for more. He turned me around without breaking the kiss and took me to one side. As he pushed me onto the bed, he spread my legs and got between them while taking off his shirt and opening his fly.

He rubbed his hard d\*ick around my v\*agina, making me carve for him before he rested it gently and started pushing it further. He didn’t have to wait for me to allow him with words. He already knew I was ready.

I spread my legs even more, and he thrust his d\*ick inside me. My p\*uss\*y contracted, and my hips clenched. I felt the liquid from my p\*uss\*y run down, but it only encouraged me to let out a mixture of a

scream and a gasp.

“Ah!” I couldn’t believe I made such a loud noise. He adjusted his body fully between my legs and started moving his c\*ock in and out of me.

I enjoyed every thrust he made into me while he came on top of me and started kissing me.

**Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 204**

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

### Chapter 204 – He Saw Me Doing It.

Maura's POV:

He f\*uc\*ked me in several different positions before we fell asleep n\*aked on the bed of this abandoned hotel room. I probably wouldn't have woken up, but then I heard something land on the window, waking me up from sweet slumber.

I grabbed Zane's shirt and wore it without buttoning it up to the top. The only two buttons in the stomach were closed at this point because my attention was stuck on the window where I had heard the thud. Once I opened the window and walked out onto the balcony, I saw the sad sight of a pretty little bird dead on the floor.

Title of the document

My heart ached for the little bird as I looked around and noticed a possible mother bird sitting on the tree and looking restless. It seemed like the little bird was only learning to fly when the strong wind messed up her sense of direction and she broke her neck when colliding with the window.

I crouched down and picked up the dead bird in my hands, holding her in my palms and staring at her with teary eyes.

"Oh, little birdie," I pouted, feeling this f\*orc\*e of tears trying to stream down my cheeks. I have promised myself not to use magic outside the cowshed, but how could I not?

Her mother was staring at me as if she were telling me that she knew I had some powers that I could use to bring her little baby back to life. With all these thoughts and the memory of my mother, I couldn't

help but steadily raise my hand to my head and untie my hair. As the red hair fell across my shoulders and back, I closed my eyes to do what I do best.

Bring back the dead animals to life.

I felt my palm heat up while a little movement and poking made me realize I had done it again. I opened my eyes to see the little bird get up in my palm

and look around until her eyes landed on her mother in the tree. She fluttered her wings and spread them, flying away to meet up with her mother. I kept staring at them chirping and having a reunion.

I could never get enough of seeing them be happy when they are given a second chance.

“How did you do that?”

That’s when reality struck, and I acknowledged I wasn’t alone. I was somewhere with a powerful creature who probably wouldn’t stay asleep when the lady he had s\*e\*x with woke up and left his side. I turned around in hesitation and watched him narrow his eyes in my face as his demands stood firm.

He wanted an answer from me.

“She— she was probably just hurt.” I smiled awkwardly, taking a step away from him when he started walking in my direction. The way his deep and intense stare was sticking to my face, I realized it wouldn’t be easy to get him off my back.

“You did something!” he said, finally stopping when he was only a few feet away from me.

“You opened your hair and held her in your palms,” he gestured at my hair and then at my hands, “I watched her lay dead in your hands until you did something and she woke up again. What did you do, or should I ask, how did you do that?” His voice felt breathy. It was as if he was running miles inside his own imagination.

I was hesitant to respond to him because what could I say to the alpha king? I am sorry you have been having an affair with a creature who isn’t even a werewolf.

Nothing could get me out of this trouble.

“Maura! I am giving you a chance to speak your truth before it’s too late.” He lowered his head and stared at me through his eyebrows, warning me not to lie to him anymore.

“What are you, Maura?” he asked again, with a lot more aggression in his voice. I knew if I didn’t tell him the truth now, he would do something that would leave me with no choice but to admit I was not a werewolf, so I told him the truth.

“I am a huldra!” I whispered, watching the folds forming a frown on his forehead disappear as his expression went from being confused and bewildered to being shocked.

“I was born from a weredragon and a werewolf,” I mumbled, but he hushed me into silence.

“I know what a huldra is,” he said. “You kept it from me? Why?” He finally raised his voice and shook my body stepping back and collapsing against the wall. “I didn’t know how to tell you. I was afraid you woul—” before I could explain to him why I couldn’t tell him anything about my identity, his next question put a full stop to my words.

“Your father is a werewolf; what does that mean? Is your mother—?” He had to close his eyes to hold back and ask me that question. I could sense the hatred for the weredragon in his voice and in his body language.

“She is dead,” I lied, realizing that was the only way I can protect my mother. No way he would punish her and drag her out of that basement to execute her in front of everyone.

“That’s why I couldn’t feel the mate bond with you. That’s why nobody could feel a mate bond with you,” he started mumbling, calculating something.

My mom has told me I would never find a mate, but I will have to find a partner just like other creatures. Werewolves can have only one mate, or more if they are truly blessed. They do get a second chance mate, but only if they reject the first mate or if the first mate dies. However, dragons have multiple mates. So, when a weredragon is mated to a werewolf, the werewolf can also have a fated mate from his own kind and have a weredragon as a mate on the side.

It wasn’t that complicated, but I never knew about it until my mother told me everything. It was sad because, where everyone had mates, Huldras didn’t have anyone in particular. This means Zane can be with me but also have a fated mate of his own kind. The ïñčęptiøn øf thiř çøntënt çån bë tråçęd tø n0v€1ebook.org

But that was beyond the point. He looked upset now.

“Get dressed; I am dropping you off at the cafe,” he said after he showed no interest in talking to me any further.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 205**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2 The  
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### Chapter 205 – I Am Inviting Myself To Flynn’s Coronation

Beatrice’s POV:

I have returned to the cafe with lost hopes. I didn’t know who else to turn to for help. Just when I have stepped a foot into the Cafe, I saw a familiar. The face I didn’t want to see again unless I know how to defeat him and punish him for running everything just because he was hurt.

Title of the document

“Seems like the servers are very unprofessional here. I wonder why my brothers love to come here,” Flynn smirked when commenting on me to Pamela. She turned around and passed me a miserable smile.

I could already tell he had bothered her enough.

“It’s fine. I can take care of this,” I told Pamela as I plodded close by his table. The white shirt and clean hairstyle could fool no one. I knew he was a dirty rascal.

Pamela waited a little longer before she trudged back into the kitchen. “Look at you! stripped off of every single luxury, yet your attitude is only swelling. But how are you Beatrice? Tell me, was that chaos you created worthy of losing everything you ever cared about?” he had a grinning face when spreading his arm behind his chair and looked me shamelessly in the eye.

“How is the crown, Flynn? Is it too tight? Or perhaps too heavy?” I asked with an angry smirk on my lips. I was trying to look okay because showing him weakness meant letting him enjoy another victory.

“Oh, it’s the perfect size. Seems like it was made especially for me,” he joked, running his hand over his head and pretending to touch the invisible crown. “This place isn’t prestigious enough for you. Tell me how many hands have run up those fine legs of yours and penetrated your panties, sticking their fingers up your tight and thirsty v\*agina.” His remark made me unconsciously clasp my legs tightly.

I noticed the other customers secretly stared at my legs and then whispered into each other’s ears.

The customers here have always treated us with respect and never let us complain about that kind of treatment, but now that an alpha King was opening a door for such nasty comments, I was expecting some to follow his lead.

“You shouldn’t worry about that. Keep your crown tight and pants’ fly closed because that day is not far when you will no longer need to ask others how many hands and been up their a\*s\*s\*ses,” I smiled, purposely hinting I was not leaving him to enjoy his crown.

“Anyway, I only came here to let you know I’m accepting Mariah on her 20th birthday. I hope to see you come,” he smirked, pulling out an invitation and throwing it on the table for me.

“Not as a guest, obviously. Your cafe will be serving us. We have already paid Mr. Ubel an advance,” he announced, making me nod while gritting my teeth at his sight.

I grabbed the invitation card from the table, as I was going to enjoy this ceremony more than anybody else.

It would be fun to watch him cry his eyes tears of blood on his very happy day. “Would you like me to get you something?” I still asked him, letting him choose his last meal.

“Nothing! I already got everything,” he commented with an upturned nose and got out of his seat to leave. His mission here was over, so he didn’t waste any time before leaving the cafe.

I walked into the kitchen to find Pamela standing by the shelf and staring at a list in her hands.

“What’s that?” I asked her.

“Remember, he was crowned the Alpha King, along with the other brothers?” She shocked me with her words, “Yes! The coronation of the brothers happened. They are now officially moving out of the mansion in a few months to take care of the packs under them. In fact, that’s what this list is about. We are supposed to deliver some sweets for the Spade mansion to celebrate the great new beginning,” she detailed the whole news to me with a frowning face. She was scared I would object.

“We have already accepted the advance from them,” she said this time, expressing her fear in words.

“Oh, don’t worry about me. I will personally deliver the sweets to their mansion,” I said with a smile on my lips.

“Beatrice! What for? If you have something running through your head. I advise you to drop it and let us handle this.” She looked pretty attentive after she noticed the confident smile on my lips.

“Don’t worry, I will do nothing wrong. I will just go in with the sw—” I paused when I watched Maura get into the kitchen from the backdoor with her head down and her hands clasp around the hem of her skirts.

I had an inkling that something was wrong, but I didn’t want to call her out and make her uncomfortable.

“NO! Maura and I will go to the mansion with the sweets.” Pamela refused to listen to me and said her name anyway.

Maura stopped walking away and thought over Pamela’s words for a moment before she raised her head and revealed her red, puffy eyes.

“To the mansion? Why are we going to the mansion?” The way she asked

Pamela with so much hesitation in my voice was all I could focus on in the moment.

“Lord Vasquez wants us to present him the best sweets from our shelves,” Pamela smiled confidently, because she had spent a few good hours in baking and filling the shelves.

Maura heaved a sigh of relief before she shook her head vigorously and denied. "I can't come. I'm not feeling well," Maura excused. Seemed like she wanted to get away from the crowded area and be alone for a moment. Looking at the way Pamela was eyeing her, I expected Maura to have a brief fight for her space. "Well then, it's decided. I'll accompany Pamela to the mansion. Now let's see, should we make croissants as well? I know the brothers likes them," I shrugged, showing interest and making Pamela give up. She knew she wouldn't be able to do all that alone, and libel would never offer her help. He would rather wander around and catcall young she-wolves for how their furs were so shiny on the full moon than to come down to his cafe and put some effort into helping us.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 206**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

Chapter 206 – The Frowned upon Relationship.

Author's POV:

Reign had to forget about that monster and meet Mykel again, who had not talked with her about branding again. She walked through the school's hallway in haste, her eyes fixed on that one door at the end of the corridor, and her pace was fast. The mark around her neck never healed, which was another question she had for Mykel.

The instant she stepped closer to the door and opened it without knocking on it first, she found Mr. Mykel was not alone.

Title of the document

Dream turned around to look at her side and then adjusted her posture in the seat in front of Mr. Mykel.

"What are you doing here. Dream?" Reign asked Dream judging her for being in Mr. Mykel's room this early in the morning.

"Mr. Mykel is hired for counseling the young wolves about their issues, so I supposed, why not I too visit him? You have also been around quite a lot," Dream passed a smirk to her sister, fixing the seat next to hers and offering her sister to sit down in silence.

Reign could tell something happened from the way Mr. Mykel was stealing her eyes.

“What is going on here?” Reign sat down and asked the two.

“That’s what I came here for,” Dream stated, wiping the smile off her face to look more serious.

“You do realize she is an alpha’s daughter, right?” Dream turned to Mr. Mykel, looking him in the eye and calling him to go down a path with Reign where they would never have a future together.

“Why do you feel like you need to remind him of that?” Reign was pretty defensive when it came to Mr. Mykel, the only person who had shown her the tiniest bit of affection.

That has never happened before. She used to be the black sheep of the pack until Mr. Mykel wrote good things in his report about her, which got her father interested in her more than Dream.

“Because it seems like he forgot he cannot have a relationship other than a counselor’s with you,” Dream muttered after her sister refused to understand such a simple thing. The fact that Mr. Mykel it was frowned upon to be having a relationship with a student and was yet continuing that absurdity was exasperating Dream.

“There is nothing going on between us. I can get you before father for accusing me of this balon-ey,” Reign stole her eyes from Mykel when giving their relationship that title.

That’s what I told Miss Dream as well. I don’t know what made her think that was even possible. Anyway, I would suggest you two resolve whatever issues you are having at home. School is not meant to carry your personal burdens. I hope this conversation will end here, and next time, I will not be put on trial before a 19-year-old. Have I made myself clear?’ Mr. Mykel asked Dream. His tone was harsh, but the fake smile on his lips was deceiving.

Reign and Dream gave him a nod and exited the office. He made it clear that he didn’t want to speak to any of them for now.

The instant the sisters were out of the office. Dream noticed the pink scarf Reign was wearing tightly around her neck.

“Why are —” Before Dream could reach for the scarf, Reign pulled away from her. Since when did you start caring? Or are you just jealous that Mr. Mykel is paying more attention to me now?’ Reign grunted at her sister for the first time. Dream has always known Reign to be silent and afraid of loud voices, yet here she was, openly raising her voice at her sister.

“Where were you when I needed you all these years, Dream?’ Reign muttered, recalling all the bullying she had faced from Dream’s friends.

“I was right here. You never came asking for help,” Dream objected, not taking the blame at any cost.

“Oh no! You were not here. You were busy being too cool.” Reign’s voice held a lot of pain that shook Dream.

I was just concerned about you. Men like these tend to prey on vulnerable girls like you,” Dream tried grasping Reign’s hand to drag her to the side so that they can have a peaceful chitchat, but Reign shook her hand free and took a few steps away from Dream.

“Vulnerable? Huh! I don’t think Daddy thinks the same. In fact, I am sure he is betting on my victory.” Those words escaped Reign’s lips out of frustration.

Dream’s brows rose a notch, her eyes widening at the comments she had received from her sister. It deeply hurt her, and even Reign noticed.

“I am so-,” Before Reign could apologize for her remarks, Dream sped away from her.

Looking defeated and destroyed. Reign marched out of the school and sat on the side of the road with her hands on her face.

Unknown to her surroundings, she didn’t even catch Maddox’s arrival. He had heard the sisters argue in the corridor but didn’t quite get what they were quibbling over.

“Is there anything I can do for you?’ he asked, startling her into raising her head and watching him lean over the parking sign.

“If you truly want to help me, can you take me to her?’ Reign asked him, sniffing her tears back and getting to her feet.

“I think it would be better if you two stay apart for a few minutes before you approach her again,” Maddox suggested, thinking Reign was talking about Dream.

“Beatrice!” as Reign said her name, Maddox’s wounds were open and a stinging pain struck through his every nerve. The inception of this content can be traced to [n0v€1ebook.org](http://n0v€1ebook.org)

“I want to see Beatrice!” Reign demanded, watching Maddox give it some thought.

“Why though? I hope whatever is happening between your sister doesn’t have anything to do with Beatrice because Reign, I am not taking you to her to bother her or argue her over with,” Maddox warned Reign from dragging Beatrice into their drama.

“I am the one who will visit her cafe just to pass taunts and comments on her, so chill!” Reign rolled her eyes as she recalled how harsh Maddox was to Beatrice the other day.

Fine then, get in the car,’ he said, not bothering to ask her much and taking the lead. He had to show he wasn’t happy to see Beatrice again, but deep down inside, he knew her sight was pleasant for his sore eyes.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 207**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

Chapter 207 – The Cause Of Her Destruction

Beatrice’s POV:

After that was decided, I waited for Pamela to scatter around so that I could check on Maura. But it seemed like I wasn’t the only one interested in looking after Maura.

Pamela was walking around the restroom, waiting for her to come out so that she could scoop her to the side before I got to her.

Title of the document

I stood in my spot with a spatula in my hand, but my eyes were on Pamela when the utensils started banging against each other. The little noise of the

wind howling made me think maybe it was a storm, but that wasn't what it was after all. Among all of it happening, I heard an agonizing howl in the distance, but the wind and the window clapping subsided that grunt and kept our focus on the physical attack. The earth started shaking, making us realize it was an earthquake.

The overall scary ambiance shook me to my core.

"Run to the exit!" Pamela yelled at me while knocking on Maura's door at the same time.

I nodded but couldn't stomach leaving the two behind.

However, Maura rushed out, and it seemed like she couldn't clean the tears that were shedding from her cheeks in haste.

Pamela held her hand and dragged her to the exit while I followed them. The  
inception of this content can be traced to [n0v1ebook.org](http://n0v1ebook.org)

All the customers stood in line on the road, watching the cafe and the trees sway.

The muddy dust from the storm made my heart race in my chest.

We stayed put until the rain started pouring. And that's when the natural disaster stopped causing havoc.

"That was crazy!" One of the customers complained.

"The storm came out of the blue," another one mentioned.

I scouted around and saw Maura wretchedly holding Pamela's hand and looking lost. "Just like old times,"

The one old lady's tiring sigh was all my attention went. I turned to watch her and noticed how sparkly the blue of her eye was.

She suddenly turned her gaze to me and fixed it on my face. I swear, I thought she could hear me speak in my head.

As her stare got intense, I heard someone call for me and break our attention from each other.

“Beatrice!” I heard her again. Upon turning, I came face to face with Reign, who had to put all her f\*orc\*e into stopping before she would land on me.

“Hey! What brought you here?” I asked Reign, watching Maddox come after her, carrying no umbrella.

Reign’s umbrella helped me survive the little rain. The customers have found their way back into the cafe now that it is all over.

“Can we talk, please?” Reign looked like she had been dealing with some mess, of course, a mess was standing right behind her, glaring into my face.

The look he was giving me was a clear indication that he wanted to be anywhere but here.

“Sure, let’s go inside,” I said, walking ahead of her and leading them into the cafe.

We sat in the corner end of the seats with the window right next to it. “How are you, Beatrice?” Reign asked with a sad pout on her lips.

“I’m actually very fine here,” I said, not wanting her or anybody to feel bad for me.

Huh!” Maddox scoffed, looking outside the window the instant I focused on him. “I had been meaning to speak to you regarding something personal,” she whispered, almost as if she were hiding it from Maddox too, who noticed it and didn’t appreciate it one bit.

“Fine! I’ll wait for you in the car.” Maddox got the hint and got up from his seat. Just before he was about to leave, he turned and looked my way. Our eyes connected, and I felt like he might be wanting to talk about something, but then he continued walking away.

The fear I had of being seen with the brothers had slowly withered away. At least if there was a third person around.

“He is not a bad person. He had just been in a terrible place,” Reign rushed to excuse on behalf of Maddox’s craziness.

“I understand, Reign. I have lived with him,” I said. “What brings you here?” I watched her mouth go dry when the attention was back on her.

“I wanted to speak with you about that nightmare session.” She recalled, making me straighten my back and rest my elbows on the table. I was wondering when she would bring that up.

“I know you saw the girl in the hoodie, and I’m certain you saw her face too.” It was shocking to me that she knew I had seen way more than what I’d told them.

“What compelled you to ask about it now?” I asked, wondering if her life was in danger.

“I just want to be wary of my surroundings. Tell me, Beatrice! Was it somebody I knew?” She asked, taking deep breaths. I couldn’t help but feel bad for her. The answer she is looking for might not leave her satisfied. In fact, she will be more broken than ever and probably hysterical too.

“Please,” she requested when I didn’t answer her for a few seconds.

“Yes” I nodded with difficulty. It is never easy to inform someone that the one they should trust the most is going to be the cause of their destruction.

She looked not only shocked but upset, too.

“Who was it?” This time, she clarified that she wanted to know the whole story.

I don’t know what kind of chaos it would create, but she deserved to be alarmed by the danger lurking in the dark shadows for her.

As she fixed her gaze on my face and waited for me to speak, I nodded and mumbled, “It was Dream! It was your sister,” sadly, I had to tell the truth before it was too late.

The look on her face changed from being scared to being depressed. Her tears told me she wanted it to be anyone but her.

## **Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 208**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

Chapter 208 – My Kind Is Trapped.

“What?” Reign looked like she was going to break down. I noticed the formation of mist in her eyes. It was a mist of tears.

I am so sorry. I pouted, feeling her pain because nobody wants to be betrayed by their own blood.

“Maybe there was something wrong with the powder. Besides, it was a nightmare, so there is no reality in that. The nightmares arise from our fears,” she shrugged, giving herself excuses at this point.

Title of the document

“You are right. I am sure that’s what happened,” I said, not wanting to freak her out because she looked terrified at the moment.

“Anyway,” she took a deep breath and got up from the chair. The ïñčęptiøn øf thiš çøntęnt çån bę tråçęd tø n0v€1ebook.org

“You don’t want me to get you anything?” I asked, following her out of my seat. “Oh, no! There will be no need for that. I will just head back to school now,” she said anxiously, but I could tell the truth she wanted from me had unsettled her. “Okay! Have a good day,” I whispered, feeling guilty for being in a situation where she had to learn about her fate from me.

Or maybe not. It could be just a nightmare, and a nightmare indeed it was.

She rushed out of the cafe, and I had to follow her just to make sure she didn’t trip and hurt herself. That’s when I saw Maddox watching her get into the car in tears. He looked over at me and placed his hands on his waist, maybe guessing that I told her something that had upset her.

“Oh!” I sighed at him and walked back into the cafe. My attention went back to the lady near the window, staring outside and probably enjoying the rain.

It didn’t look like that, though. Her comments from earlier intrigued me into having a word with her.

“Never knew an earthquake would bring rain.” I joked, reaching her and acting causal.

“It does not,” she responded. “But that wasn’t the earthquake we feel normally,” she uttered, turning to me and finally smiling.

“Then what was it?” I inquired with a mild smile on my lips, making sure I didn’t trigger her.

“It was the sign of their arrival.” She stated and shook her head at some thoughts occurring.

“Whose arrival?” I asked, struggling to keep the smile intact on my lips. “These natural disasters! You know, they were quite a trouble back when the great war was happening.” She started talking as she looked outside again. I made sure there were not many customers around, and then I sat down with her from across the table.

“The great war that they now recall as the werewolves’ vs some creatures. They never teach our kids that the war was between the werewolves and the weredragons. It was a sad moment in history when two powerful creatures began to fight and one of them was shunned to the other side, from where they couldn’t return because they were afraid they would lose again,” she yammered, looking insightful.

The way she was recalling everything was making me wonder if she knew something others didn’t.

“The weredragons were killing our innocent kind,” I recalled what I have been told by the brothers and the teachers. She looked my way, and in those brief moments of her just staring at me, I felt judged.

“Honey! Why would they enter the weredragon territory in the first place where they knew the old dragon was resting?” She scoffed, shaking her head at me and not believing the history. She seemed

like a werewolf, but her side wasn’t very obvious.

“My husband had fought in that war,” she then explained, “and my husband died in that war, but he didn’t die at the hands of the weredragons. He died when he refused to take part anymore. Then one day, he was suddenly gone, and I was told that the weredragons had killed him.” She had tears in her eyes when recalling her husband.

“It all started with Lord Vasquez and Lady Sofia claiming the dragon attacked and killed their loyal servant, who had witnessed a set of killings by the weredragons,” she mumbled, but sounded bitter.

“The loyal servant? What happened there?” I asked, feeling intrigued by the history at last.

“They used to have a loyal servant. I don’t know what he was doing in the mountains of the Vortex, but he died there, and after his death, Lord Vasquez made a claim that it was the old dragon who killed him,” she explained as she exhaled with difficulty.

“Why was the dragon in the mountains of the west?” I asked, not remembering if anybody had told me where exactly the weredragons lived or where exactly our home was.

“Sweetie! The weredragons had asked for the vortex because that’s where they used to get their powers from when they turned old. The very first weredragon was born in the vortex, so they wanted to spend their last days there. After a certain age, they would transition into their full dragon form and would never be able to transition back into their human form. They would only sleep near the volcano and call it home.” She let out a sigh when talking about the weredragons. “And—the others used to live in the west then?” I asked and got a head shake from her.

“Midwest! But it is basically called an end zone now. Nobody gets there, as the weredragons are living there, hiding behind a magic wall.” Her words were able to cover my body in goosebumps.

I never thought I would hear about my kind from a werewolf.

“You sound like you are on —” before I could finish, she uttered. On the weredragon’s side? That’s because I think the war started with a lie. That servant died, and suddenly a war broke out. Nobody asked why he was in the mountains or how his body looked like it was just placed there.” Her a\*s\*sumptions made me gulp and watch her with my widening eyes.

“Who was this loyal servant?” I asked, since whatever happened to him resulted in the outrage of the werewolves against the weredragons.

I’m not sure what it was, but something was starting to make no sense.

“Elex Garcia!” she said, shaking the world from under my feet.

**Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 209**

## Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

### Chapter 209 – Fine! Let's Kiss!

The lady had left the cafe after telling me everything that I needed to know for now. The alarm bells were ringing in my head, as even I thought something was not quite right in the story Lord Vasquez had been telling everyone.

I had been thinking weirdly all this time. I returned to the kitchen where Pamela and Maura were and noticed how silent and distant Maura was from any of us.

I was shocked that Pamela never told me anything about her mate being killed by a weredragon. I did know her mate was Lord Vasquez's loyal servant once, but that's about it.

Title of the document

I stayed silent for a while, and then, when Pamela left to attend to the customers, I approached Maura, who had burned the third pancake in a row because she was too lost in a pool of her own thoughts.

"It seems like your mission is to make sure nobody eats here today." I joked, rubbing her elbow to get her attention.

"Today was my birthday," she said to herself, staring at the empty wall with tears in her eyes. I understood that maybe that's why she was so down.

"You should have told us, but worry not. The day is not over yet. We will celebrate it," I said, taking a deep breath of relief now that I knew it wasn't something too seriously.

"No! I —don't want to celebrate anymore," she excused and walked out of the kitchen in such a hurry that I couldn't argue with her anymore.

"Let's go," Pamela walked right after Maura had left and gestured at me to follow her, "We will first go to the Spade mansion and set up a section in the kitchen," she yammered, echoing what she had kept from me in our last conversation.

“I thought we were taking the sweets from the bakery,” I frowned, following her on the road. It was exhausting at times to think we ladies are working our a\*s\*s off and Ubel didn’t even give us enough to take a cab.

“That’s because I didn’t feel like explaining everything to you. We are preparing sweets for the—,” she started talking, but my constant grunting made her shut up and turn around to stare at me.

“Fine. I told them I would be bringing one of the servers with me, and I gave him your name. Alpha King —Flynn then decided that we should cater his engagement ceremony with Mariah,” she sighed, basically telling me that he purposely added extra work on us because he thought I would be jealous when watching him getting engaged to that rusty bum.

“Okay!” I shrugged, ready to jump straight into making Flynn’s life miserable. It would be the first time that I was going back into the mansion after so much had happened, so I was a bit hesitant in my heart. For some reason, my heart refused to believe Helel was gone.

How can someone be gone so easily?

Shaking the thoughts away, I was led into the mansion by the guard, and a strong sense of nostalgia hit me. The garden, the fresh smell of lunch, and the beautiful sight of the white sculptures. Everything was a remainder of my time here.

“I am not participating in this bullshit. He is getting engaged, he should do it himself.”

For our luck, we walked straight into a live show. Lord Vasquez and Zane were standing at the entrance of the mansion and arguing over something.

“He is your brother; have —Lord Vasquez tried

convincing Zane, but he only shook his head and laughed at the words of his father. Lord Vasquez always struck me as a messy person, but now I was just disgusted by his presence. “He is not. My brother was the one that you beat to death. There will be no other brother for me, no matter how many bastard children of yours pop up out of nowhere.” Zane had only said that much when his father raised his hand to hit him.

It didn’t hit Zane because he had grasped his father’s hand. Pamela gasped secretly while I kept my eyes peeled so I would not miss any details.

"I am not Helel, dad. I will not take any beatings," he muttered under his breath, deepening the eye contact with his father, and then jerking his hand free. He stepped back and turned around to leave when his eyes landed on me. His stiffened muscles relaxed when he saw me.

The rain was still pretty bad, so the little umbrella Pamela was holding on her head hadn't helped me this entire time. The ïñčęptiøn øf thiš çøntęnt çån bę tråçęd tø n0v€1ebook.org

"Your highness," Pamela bowed down to lord Vasquez, who was so angry that he didn't even acknowledge anyone, and marched into the mansion. I found Pamela rushing after him whilst I stood outside, staring into the eyes of Zane. "Beatrice!" He whispered my name, making me lower my head and gulp. "You are soaking wet," he informed me as if I didn't know already.

"Your highness!" I mumbled and f\*orc\*ed myself to give him a little bow as my emotions were all over the place when he approached me and gently held me by my elbow to walk me to the side.

"Umm! Don't do that," I said, freeing my arm from his grasp and shaking my head at him in disapproval. "Don't get yourself in trouble by a\*s\*sociating with me," I said, not raising my face to look him in the eye when we were standing this close.

"That's it? You think I will be dead too if I talk to you?" His voice was full of disappointment. "What happened to Beatrice, who didn't care what others said or did?" he made me finally look up and give him a smile before a tear broke down my eye.

"That Beatrice ended up killing one of the finest and kindest men in her life," I murmured in a voice full of guilt.

"And now I don't want anyone else to die," I said confidently, sticking to my ground, but I forgot Zane wasn't someone who believed in restrictions.

He nodded his head before he cupped my face in his hands and crashed his lips over mine.

**Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 210**

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers by Alexis Dee Book 2

## Chapter 210- f\*uc\*king Other Girls

For a moment, I was frozen, and then I reacted with a push to his chest. He broke the kiss but kept my face in his hands. It was as if he was trying to tell me something.

“I am not afraid of death, Beatrice!” he whispered on my lips and crashed his lips against mine one more time. I had a few seconds to give a thought to it, but I was melting under the soft seduction of his lips. The warmth of his hands made me let go of my stubbornness and let him suck my upper lip and push his lower lip into my mouth.

I don't remember when was the last time I tasted something so good. Being a weredragon, I didn't feel that much pull towards my mates unless I wanted to, and he didn't feel so strongly about pursuing me. So we were only there because we truly wanted to, and not because some mate bond was compelling us. “Mumm!” he moaned on my lips, tilting his head and causing the skin to rub even more tightly. His tongue tried looking for an entrance, but that's when I felt someone's hard to grasp against my arm. The ïñčëptiøn øf thiš çøntënt çån bë tråçëd tø n0v€1ebook.org

Title of the document

“What are you doing?” Sofia grunted when f\*orc\*efully pulling me away from her son, who instantly held my other hand and dragged me back towards him. “Mom!” Zane argued, glaring at her for being too rough with me.

“Do you not remember what happened to your brother because of her? Do you want to have a similar fate like Helel?” She was only grunting and not raising her voice because she didn't want anybody to hear about us.

“I am not afraid of pursuing my mate. Do you not understand that?’ Zane muttered at his mother, making her part her lips and then cover her mouth at the shock of what she was hearing.

“She is mated to you —as well?” she asked, remembering the entire argument and where Maddox and Helel finally told them I was their mate.

“She is mated to all of us, okay? Now listen to me, I am not a child, nor am I going to die. So, if you truly love and respect me, you will not come at her again,” Zane warned his mother, who was too shocked to respond to his threat at the moment.

“How is she mated to—,” She was too busy contemplating what was going on. “Beatrice! You don’t have to listen to anyone. I am with you and nobody—,” Zane was nonstop talking and making me feel some type of way before the whole Helel’s death flashed before my memory and I pulled away from him myself.

“If you care about him, you will stay away from him.” Sofia noticed and highlighted to me what would happen to Zane if I continued hanging around him.

“She is right. I am not even—interested in you,” I told Zane, just to push him away. “In fact, I was only submitting because I wanted Flynn to see us together and feel the heat of jealousy.” I lied, watching Zane roll his eyes at me. I knew he would never buy my lie, but at least his mother was convinced that we would not meet up behind her back now.

I rushed into the mansion, leaving the two outside, and realized Pamela was still in the living room with Lord Vasquez, discussing the whole catering thing. “Why didn’t the other girl come?” Lord Vasquez finally saw me and questioned Pamela.

“She was sick!” I answered, walking into the living room before Flynn, Lord Vasquez, Varisha, and Akin.

Akin seemed like he had just returned from somewhere, with his hair messy and his eyes restless. The reminder of that girl’s voice made me not look his way. “I hope that’s not a problem,” I asked Lord Vasquez, who raised his brow at me for speaking to him directly.

“How is your mother, Beatrice?” Lord Vasquez had a hint of mockery in his voice when talking about my mom.

I never understood this about these lords and alpha kings. They would only need a few minutes to forget they were once in love with the person they were mocking.

“She is doing much better now that she doesn’t have to follow someone’s lead just to please him.” I reminded him how hard it was for her to always be on her feet and walk behind him.

“You sound bitter,” Lord Vasquez scoffed, smiling and trying to make it seem like I was the only one at the receiving end of an agonizing pain.

“You should be too. You lost your son, or perhaps you didn’t care.” As soon as I reminded him of his heartless act, he grunted and slammed his fist on the table to alert me.

“She is just joking.” Pamela rushed over to me and hurriedly held my arm to shake me awake. Lord Vasquez and I were only staring angrily into each other’s eyes. “Go wait outside for me.” Pamela eyed me and told me to not go any further and leave. We both knew what happens when Lord Vasquez’s dignity and self- esteem are challenged.

Not wanting to stick around for too long, I ambled out of the living room and to the garden in haste, but little did I know Akin had followed me.

“What was all that? Why would you mess with him and get yourself in trouble?” he questioned, stopping behind me and talking to me aggressively.

“Because I don’t give a f\*uc\*k!” I turned to him and looked him straight in the eye. “Don’t get under his radar.” Now that I was facing him, he didn’t respond aggressively to me.

“That’s none of your business,” I told him, remembering how easily he forgot about his brother, and instead of helping me find his body, he just went around f\*uc\*king other girls.

“It is my business. I care about you!” he said, sounding offended that I didn’t consider his emotions.

“Really? Is that why you were f\*uc\*king another girl instead of helping me find Helel’s body?” I scoffed as I told him I knew about his dirty little secrets.

Needless to say, he was shocked...