

Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers #Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 231 - Read Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 231

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Chapter 231- Risking It For Helel

I briskly marched into the house after Pamela had ruined my mood with her offer. I was in shock initially, but now I was just angry.

“Think about it,” she said when she saw me rush into my room and slam the door shut. Mom shut the diary; she had been busy writing something in it, and she watched my face. What happened now?” I swear she rolled her eyes as if I were the only mess in her life.

“What have you been telling her about my dragon?’ I demanded to know the truth about her actions from her.

Title of the document

“The same thing I tell everyone just in case they notice you acting up,” she shrugged, not even looking concerned or ashamed that she was caught lying about my dragon again.

“Ace is not a seductress; she is just frustrated,” I muttered, glaring into her soul, but I noticed how she swiftly opened her diary and wrote something down.

“Ace!” she mumbled when jotting it down. I couldn’t believe this was how she was responding to something so serious.

Do you know what Pamela told me today?” I continued to speak to her in a serious tone. If she thought she would mess up things for me and I would not even object, then she is a fool.

“She told me I should sleep with her son to keep her and him happy,” I muttered. Even remembering her words made me gag. How could a woman suggest another woman sell her body? It is not my

choice, so why would she make that decision for me?

“What? Her creepy son? Did you tell her no, f*uc*k you?” She said this casually, since she wasn’t the one who had to tolerate the torture at work at the hands of Pamela.

“I did. Don’t expect any chicken soup anymore,” I told my mom, as this was the only thing she thought was torturous.

“What? I need my protein,” she argued, jumping out of bed and arguing with me as if I had made that decision.

“I don’t care about your fancy food or desires, mom. I’m not giving myself to that a*s*shole,” I muttered as I moved closer to her face.

She stared at my face for a few seconds before she nodded in agreement. “Then we will need something to hold on their heads,” she snapped her fingers, coming up with a plan. “Elex was doing some dirty work for Vasquez and Sofia. I am sure he will have something in his bags to blackmail them for,” she said to herself, but I shook my head at her.

“I am not looking for more trouble with those two,” I refused to get into another mess.

“Fine. Then I will only take things that suggest I was —Elex’s —sidechick,” I am sure she didn’t care, but suddenly she was ashamed of herself for ruining a relationship.

I don’t blame her solely for anything. Elex was as much at fault as she was, but it wasn’t about these two now. I wanted to get out of here, but only after I had gotten some answers from Markus, and so far, he hadn’t shown a moment of decency where I could speak to him.

“Do one thing. Guard the basement door while I go look for evidence of our relationship in Elex’s bags.” She said with a quick nod of her head.

What is that going to do?’ I folded my arms over my chest and frowned at her. “I know Elex had something that could scare Vasquez! Don’t you want Helel’s

body?" She then looked my way and shocked me. I thought she had no clue until I realized she must have a call recorder on her phone. She freaking heard whatever Akin and I have spoken about.

"You are nasty!" I commented with an upturned nose.

"Don't forget, I am your mother. Now, go do as I am telling you," she gestured at the door so that she can hide her diary from me.

So after I lost my diary, she started another, and I wonder how long till she gives me this one and makes me do a billion exercises a day.

I waited for my mother outside our room. If we are lucky, we will get a whole hour, or even a few minutes will be enough.

"She cannot catch us because I have locked the door from the inside this time. She will have to knock for us to open the door, and in the meantime, I will be out of the basement. Our only fear is getting caught by Markus. Now he is your responsibility," she shrugged her shoulders as she knew every time Pamela leaves the house, he wanders downstairs.

"How am I going to distract him?" We were talking in whispers, standing next to the basement door.

"I don't know. Kiss him or seduce him." She rolled her eyes after pissing me off. I watched her go downstairs, and my heart instantly began to pound harder in my chest.

As expected, after only about a minute, Markus strolled into the staircase and sat down to stare at me.

"What are you doing over there?" I played innocent, smiling at him and probably confusing him.

"You never smile for me. What do you want?" he asked, resting his elbows on his thighs and not acting so childish now that his mother wasn't around. Since mom wanted me to distract him, I had no other option.

"I want to talk about your drawings," I said, marching slowly toward him.

"Did you find it?" he asked. "I lost something the other night. I am sure you found it." He had a very light smirk form across the corner of his lips.

“This one?” I pulled the drawing out of my back pocket and showed it to him from afar.

“The resurrection of someone,” he smiled, his eyes locked on mine. The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

“Is it true? I mean, is it possible?” I asked, making slow steps toward him. “Why don’t you come upstairs to learn about my drawings?” He got up the stairs and started walking back to his floor. I stayed in my spot for a minute before deciding that was the only way to find answers.

So, I followed him.

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Chapter 232 – I Like To Be The In Charge

He took me upstairs to his room, and I followed him because of my desperation to know about his drawings. There was something that told me he could tell me what was going to happen, or more like he knew something.

After I entered his room, I found him sitting down and facing the wall. “Sit down,” he voiced, not turning his neck around to look at me. I reluctantly sat down and watched him contemplate for the next two minutes.

“You see this picture?” he exclaimed, pointing to a drawing. “It is a drawing of a White Warrior,” he said, making my heart sink in my chest as I recalled Colt’s words.

Title of the document

“A White Warrior? Is he a comic character?” I played a fool, laughing uncomfortably.

“Why did you assume it is a he?” Markus’ question left me silent. “Nobody knows its gender, so let’s call the white warrior an it for now,” he said with a scoff. “But you drew a man holding a shield,” I said, pointing to the drawing.

“And this one is the mistress of doomsday.” He didn’t answer my question and directed me to another drawing, making me realize I was right to think his

drawings had some in-depth meaning to them. Except for the explicit ones, of course. Those were just his nasty desires.

“What is that?” I pointed at one particular drawing on the wall and watched him squirm uncomfortably.

“That is the man from hell!” he whispered and then nervously played with his fingers. “He is someone who —ate dragon babies,” he uttered, making my spine erect.

“What?” I asked in confusion.

“Somebody ate dragon babies?” I was shocked and, honestly speaking, just speechless.

“The Man From Hell will be the —,” he then stopped again, “Walking Chaos!” He finished with a lot of difficulty.

He will come after the saviors and knights. He will make sure he ends anything or anyone who will come in his way.” He then proceeded to explain it to me.

“It could be a woman from hell. It just depends.” Before I could ask him another question, he explained how there was a possibility he could be anyone.

“And this will be the Dark Knight,” he said, then pointed at a picture in the corner. They were only bodies with similar looking faces. But this one in particular was a bit different from the others. This drawing had a knight with a dragon on a leash. He will capture dragons?” I asked, feeling slightly uneasy. The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

“Oh, no! he will Tame himself a dragon,” he smiled as his gaze turned sweet, “There are different ways to do so,” he then shrugged.

“So he will be a good guy?” I questioned, and Markus nodded.

“He will be the Knight for all the saviours of living creatures. In short, he will be a one- man army with a dragon by his side, of course.” He then let out a laugh before he watched me point at one picture on the side.

“This is the mistress of doomsday,” he explained again. “She will be a disaster just like the Man from the hell,” he claimed and then turned to me. There was a lot going on in the other drawings. By a lot, I mean murders, violence, and wars. “The one you are holding is about you.” He said this as he took the picture from my grasp.

“It shows I am waking up a dead being.” I stared at his face as he nodded at me.

“You will wake up someone,” he confirmed, “now! I helped you know whatever you wanted to know. But tell me, what am I getting in return for that?” he threw the paper away after crumpling it and asked me. I saw it coming.

There was no way his horny a*s*s would not demand something from me.

“Get in the bed,” I rolled my eyes and sighed exhaustedly. He looked shocked for a moment because I am a*s*s*suming he didn’t think I would give up so easily. He rushed to his feet and jumped on the bed, watching me stagger up and approach him.

“Lie straight,” I demanded, and he smirked.

“You like to be in charge,” he smirked.

“Close your eyes,” I sighed, not entertaining him by responding to his comments. He did what I told him, and soon he was lying straight in bed with his eyes closed.

I bent over him and said, “Sleep like a good baby. It is way past your bedtime,” I whispered before I rushed towards the door. I heard him grunt and get out of bed, but I had already made my way downstairs and sprinted toward my room. I saw the basement door locked, so I was sure mom has left for her room already.

The feeling of being chased by someone is very unpleasant. I made it to my room after running like crazy and locked the door to prevent Markus from grabbing me. I knew he would be a little careful in the presence of my mother. However, I heard Pamela enter the house and ask Markus what he was doing on the ground floor.

“Did you find something?” I asked my mother in a heavy voice. She looked too happy for some reason. The way she was fixing her hair and humming, I couldn’t help but wonder what was up with her.

“I risked my safety, and you are over here humming like a nightingale?” I frowned at her.

“There was nothing in there,” her answer ruined my mood, “Go to bed, Pamela has nothing to hold against us.” She explained, but also made me realize she was never looking for anything to help me blackmail Lord Vasquez into giving me Helel’s body.

I was upset, but not for too long, as the newly found hope in my heart made me excited. I didn’t even know how or when I would bring Helel back to life, but the news itself was enough for me to sleep well at night.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 233

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Chapter 233 – Sharing Too Much.

“You didn’t think about my offer?” Pamela asked me as we made our way on the road to the cafe. It’s been a few days since that conversation, and she hasn’t stopped hinting about how serious she is when talking about her son to me.

Today was the day when she finally asked me upfront.

“I am not doing that; I said without sugarcoating it. I noticed her bothersome cough, but she didn’t say much about it.

Title of the document

My mother had rea*s*s*ured me she would find something that would help us, but then later she told me there was nothing in his bags. I found it a little odd because if he had his sidechick’s picture right on top of everything, I wonder what he was hiding underneath it.

“I will be leaving an hour before the closing time today,” I said, feeling my muscles ache. Ever since we left the mansion, I have been taking my pills regularly. And the time has arrived when I noticed I was going to run out of

pills very soon. I tried my level best to remain calm, but it seems like it won't be long before I will have to beg my mother to get us those pills.

"No!" Pamela didn't even ask me why and abruptly shut down my request, saying, "I am done doing favors for you." She muttered as she hastened to make sure we were not walking together. I have never seen someone this petty. Now that I have told her in clear words that I don't want to give pleasure to her son, she has planned to make my life miserable and make things difficult for me. She

was the first one to enter the cafe, and by the time I slowly made my way into the kitchen, Pamela had already left to attend to the customers.

I was busy thinking about Pamela and the insensitivity of her thoughts about asking a girl to sell her body to someone she doesn't even like the sight of when I almost tripped on something in the kitchen.

"Ouch!" I complained, turning around to see Maura looking at me with guilt-filled eyes. She looked sad and devastated. The root of content is
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"I am sorry; I didn't plan to do that, she expressed, sitting on the floor and pulling her leg back that had accidentally tripped me.

"It is okay. But why are you sitting on the cold floor?" I inquired, sitting beside her. "Oh, wow! It is cold," I commented, feeling chills run up my a*s*s.

"I just don't know what to do," she expressed sadly. I knew she had been very down in the previous few weeks, so her outburst was expected.

"Maura! You know you can share your worries with me, right?" I gently held her hand to comfort her. From everything she had told me about herself and her childhood, I couldn't help but feel bad for her.

Just like the rest of us broken souls, she had been through a lot.

"There has been something that I have kept in my heart and haven't been able to share with anyone," she uttered, almost as if she were frightened of me. The way she slid her hand out of mine and then hugged herself, I was alarmed.

"What is it, Maura? Are you in trouble?" I asked, and she softly nodded.

“Hey! look at me. Whatever it is, I will help you and not judge you for it,” I said, meaning my words. Only if she hadn’t hurt someone.

“Really?” she took a deep breath and turned to me, “Then tell me if you would not judge me if I will tell you that my mother was a weredragon?” she looked me straight in the eye as she questioned. I would be lying if I said my soul didn’t leave my body over there for a minute. It was too much shock for me, but nothing that I couldn’t handle.

“Is it true?” I asked, not looking all shocked or shaken, “Maura! Why did you hide it from me? Look at me,” I cupped her face in my hands and prevented her from hiding from me, “I befriended Colt and cared about him. I know the weredragons are not evil creatures,” I reassured her, feeling like I had someone of my kind. It was a feeling of pleasure, but also a concern. Does that mean she is also a weredragon? But I have never seen her wear a pendant or take any pills. “Really? You are not scared that I am the daughter of a monster?” She asked, getting on her knees and smiling unconditionally.

“No!” I shook my head and said, “But how are you—,” I stopped because she herself started talking.

“I am not a weredragon. I am a Huldra, a different kind of creature that is born from a weredragon and a werewolf.” She smiled awkwardly, making my smile fade away.

“A huldra? I thought the weredragon and werewolves give birth to a tribrids, whose one side should be consumed by the other, or else it will create chaos?” I was too shocked and lost for words to even process anything I was saying.

“No! That’s not what my mother told me. She said the babies born from the coupling of these two creatures will be Huldras,” she finished before she covered her mouth and gasped.

“Your mother told you that? But you said your mother died, and you don’t have a memory— Maura! Is there something else you need to tell me?” I held onto her hand and demanded she tells me the exact truth.

“My mother is alive and has been chained to the basement of the very house I have been living in for years,” she mumbled, sounding guilty and ashamed for many reasons. I can only imagine how she must have felt for not being able to realize her mother was living in a basement this whole time.

“I am scared for her,” she then added, tears forming in her eyes.

“That man I call my father has never been my father. He abducted my mother a long time ago and now he is keeping her in the basement in iron chains,” she broke down, and with that, she alarmed me about thinking what would happen if somebody found out I am also a weredragon? Will I end up being chained to someone’s basement as well?

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Chapter 234 – Found My Kind

“That’s ridiculous. How can someone hurt someone like that? He lied so much and nobody questioned anything.” I asked Maura because something didn’t add up.

“I hope after you two are done gossiping, you will get your a*s*s to work,” Pamela came out of nowhere to shout at us. I knew she wouldn’t have said a word to Maura, but she only did it because she seemed to look very comfortable watching us talk. She wanted everyone to rely on her and share things only with her.

“We will be there in a minute.” I was the one who spoke up. Pamela passed me a hateful glare before walking out of the kutchra.

Title of the document

I cannot believe this,” I continued, expressing the shock I had received from Maura’s story.

How did nobody ask him when did he get married or when did he find a mate?’ I asked in confusion, since he cannot just appear with a baby, and nobody said a word.

“I doubt anybody cared,” she sighed, looking dim.

“I’m scared for my mom, Beatrice. It’s been some time since she has received no food.

I tried feeding her, but she told me he only gives her specific food," she uttered, as her eyes filled with tears. A parent is a dear being. Even when my mother is a heartless b*itc*h at times, I still wouldn't want to see her in so much pain.

"Can't you free her from the chains?" I asked, and she shook her head.

"She needs her pendant, or else she will transition. Her dragon has been suffering and will not stop in any case." Maura sighed as she explained to me why she hadn't freed her till now.

"I can't even ask the Alpha King Brothers for help. I cannot report against Ubel or else he will expose my mother's identity to them, and they will kill her. Even if they show a little mercy, their father has lost his mind. Ever since he regretted killing Helel, he has blamed the weredragons even more," she said with a little shiver.

"I just need to get her out of his grasp. My mother has been very sick, Beatrice. I don't think she will be able to hold up for too long." Her eyes were filled with tears when she expressed her fear for her mother's health.

"I hope my secret will stay a secret with you," she uttered. Her eyes were glistening with tears of fear and concern. I guess she desperately wanted to share it with someone, as this information was too much for her. And I was a blessed one because she trusted me with her secret.

"I promise," I rea*s*sured her. "I guess I'll be able to help your mother." I mumbled as I stroked my chin. Ever since I was little, my mom has been giving me pills. I understand now that it is fairly hard to keep the dragon calm with these pills, but maybe it will be a lot easier for her mother's dragon to calm down with the pills.

However, I don't have many pills left now.

"We need her pendant," she quickly let me know, just in case I was missing a point.

"I understand that. I think we can help her without the pendant, too." I cleared my throat and awkwardly fidgeted with my fingers.

“I think I’ve got something that might help your mother enough to move out of that basement and settle somewhere safe,” I uttered under my breath, thinking deeply.

“Really? How? And how do you know?” She bombarded me with all these questions that I could avoid by telling her the honest truth about myself. Since she herself wasn’t a werewolf, I felt safe sharing my secret with her.

“There is ummm—some pills that she has to take in order for her dragon to stay calm and not show up” I cleared my throat once again, nervously looking around and making sure Pamela didn’t hear us.

“Pills? As in, how are werewolves given wolfbane?” She inquired, and I closed my eyes, thinking if it would be a similar situation.

“I don’t think so—they are two different things. When you give someone wolfbane, their bodies are in pain, but with these pills, only the dragon is affected,” I explained to her, and her face brightened up.

“Where can I get these pills?” She looked so happy that, while trying to hold my hands, she almost jumped at me.

“I will get you those pills,” I reassured her, but then, once again, her lips formed a sad pout.

“But how do you know it will work? I’m sure your friend had a pendant, as everybody in the news talked about it. So how do you know?” She asked again, and this time it was necessary that I tell her the truth.

“Because I take these pills,” I said, and a silence from her side made me wonder if she even believed me. “Maura! I’m a weredragon myself,” I said, but this time in simple words.

“Her eyes narrowed in my face before they relaxed and grew double their size. What?” She looked like she was going to faint.

“Remember, you once asked me why I don’t talk about my wolf or why I never show my wolf? It is because there is no wolf. I have a dragon, and I have been taking pills to hide her,” I explained, feeling better for talking about my dragon with someone after so long.

My mother refused to hear about my dragon because of what a weredragon had done to her. I cannot blame her as my father raised her and put me in her against her will.

“I don’t even know how to react, but I know what to do,” she spread her arms and smiled, “Welcome to the club of unique creatures in a world full of werewolves, sister,” she pulled me in a tight hug, and I let her. It felt good. It felt like home.

Right then, when she called me sister, I decided to help her with everything.

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Chapter 235 – Kidnapped! The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

I was feeling much better now. I had a few things to take care of and then I planned to get Maura the pills so that we can help her mother out and take her somewhere safer. Right now, I didn’t have a place to take her, but I was trying to find something.

“Where are you headed again?” Pamela asked me, glaring at me as she stopped me at the exit door. I looked around and noticed how the customers were looking at the two of us.

“I have some errands to run. It is anyway my lunchtime, so I guess I will just do my work and come back in time.” I kept my voice down and a smile on my face to let the customers know we weren’t arguing. Nobody wanted to eat while watching two servers argue like dogs.

Title of the document

“Nuh-huh! Go back to the kitchen and finish your lunch. You are not leaving this cafe until it is closing time.” She had her hand resting on the doorknob and her body blocking my view. I was so intimidated that I wanted to yell at her or push her aside, but I didn’t want to create a scene. I nodded to her and briskly entered the kitchen again, getting angry with her. Once I was in the kitchen, she walked after me and threw the apron at me.

“Wear this and take the order of the customer,” she pointed at the door again. “It is my lunchtime; why don’t you take the order yourself?” I had enough of

her attitude. I know why she was trying to make things difficult for me now. She wanted me to see how miserable I would be if I didn't take her help. Well, news flash: I will still find a way to survive and thrive.

"No!" she shook her head. "You will take this order." I noticed she wasn't going to leave me in peace until I took this order. So, I snatched the apron out of her hands and wore it while not breaking my stare from her face. I was fuming.

I walked out in a ruined mood, and looking at the customer at the table didn't help me at all. In fact, I knew why she had f*orc*ed me to come here.

It was Flynn!

She knew what happened back in the mansion, and this is how she decided to take advantage of that piece of information.

"Ah! Here she is," Flynn muttered, faking a smile much wider. I noticed he had someone beside him. To my surprise, he had come with his mother this time.

"Come sit here, Beatrice!" she said, patting the empty seat beside her.

"I am not a customer here. I will take your order and leave," I stated rudely, taking out the notepad and pretending to write something on it.

"So, what would you like me to get you today?" I asked, feeling anger bubbling in my veins. I wouldn't serve them anything, but it was my job, so I had to.

"Accept my son as your mate." Varisha was able to make me stop and look at her.

"What?" I asked, taking deep breaths.

"You heard me. Accept my son," she shrugged, as if she was unaware of our history.

"Your son?" I asked, just so that I could let out a scoff.

"It is not like you are not living a thrilled life here. Why not make an attempt to be happy with an alpha king?" she said with a very sweet, yet fake smile on her face. I knew she was angry with me and was probably thinking I was responsible for what happened to her son and Mariah's engagement. She still failed to understand that it was her son who had always messed things up. He just got unlucky when he messed with me.

“If this is what you two have come here for, then I am sorry. I will have to tell you —,” I took a pause just so that I could bend over the table with my hands on it and mumble, “I am not on the menu,” I said, straightening my back and walking away from them.

I didn't even want to spare a glance at Flynn. I knew what game they were playing now. They would make me accept Flynn so that they can tell everyone it was my plan so that I can have Flynn for myself. I hope people are not stupid enough to understand that whatever Flynn confessed was his own sin. I just made him admit to those nasty deeds.

“What happened?” Pamela asked, watching me throw the napkin on the island and take deep breaths.

“What is up with you mothers wanting me to accept your crazy, sick sons?” I turned to Pamela after her constant bullying and pushing had reached under my skin.

“My son is not sick!” she muttered. “Wait! Lady Varisha wanted you to accept Flynn, and you are angry?” She shook her head before she started cackling like an evil person.

“What is so funny about it?” I folded my arms over my chest and stared into her face with exhaustion.

“It is not funny, but it is sad. You are getting such opportunities left and right when there are so many she-wolves who are dying to find their mates. And all you do is complain. I see how all this will end for you. You will be alone in the end,” she hissed, frowning and mocking me with the way she was judging me with her glares.

“I would rather be alone than with someone like your son or Flynn,” I stated this, didn't wait for her to show a reaction and walked out of the cafe from the backdoor.

I knew I would meet another sicko because I had a feeling something was happening that day. It just started weirdly for me. I had only taken a few steps forward when I heard someone from behind me. Before I could even turn around and face the person, a hand was wrapped around my mouth to silence me.

“I will see how you don’t accept me now,” he hissed in my ear, making my body cover in goosebumps.

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Chapter 236 – I Cannot Tell Anyone.

Maura’s POV:

I was glad I got to share my secret with someone who would understand. I have never thought in a million years that she will turn out to be a weredragon, but I was happy for her. For us!

“You look relaxed.” Pamela saw me smiling to myself and asked.

Title of the document

“Did Zane contact you?” She approached me in haste and whispered with a shine in her eyes.

The mention of Zane instantly withered my smile. She didn’t know why Zane backed down from me, but she was aware that I slept with him. The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

“No! He hasn’t,” I sighed, forgetting the good news.

“Oh! I hope—he didn’t just do all those sweet things just to sleep with you.” Pamela was blunt when it came to speaking her mind. She would almost never sugarcoat anything.

Thinking like that means doubting Zane’s character, and I cannot even think about it. “We had some other arguments, and those might have upset him.” I turned my gaze away from hers when I recalled what exactly went down that day.

“You are an incredibly sweet girl, Maura. You don’t understand how people can act when they want something. Fine! Even if that reason is out of the way, I think there are plenty others that you are refusing to consider,” she yammered, her eyebrow raising high on her forehead.

“What reason?” I inquired, with a visible frown on my forehead. I don’t know what could be so alarming that she found it and I couldn’t see it, but now I was attentively listening to her.

“You need to look around and make friends wisely.” She took a full spin and then cleared her throat when her eyes landed on Beatrice’s bag in the corner. “Beatrice? What does she have to do with anything?” I asked, watching her roll her eyes at me and call me silly and stupid in silence.

“She is not who you think she is,” Pamela whispered.

Hearing such a thing about someone to whom you have just revealed your secrets is never a good feeling. However, Beatrice had shared her truth with me as well. I wondered why Pamela was so threatened by her all the time. Because, quite honestly, I noticed nothing alarming about Beatrice.

“She is a sweet soul. I guess you guys are having chore troubles at home,” I tried joking and diverting the topic. But Pamela’s aggressive head shake explained why she disagreed with me.

“It’s not only about that. I am just wondering why it is that every time she goes in front of someone, they fall for her.” Pamela stroked her chin as she passed a very weird comment to Beatrice.

“What makes you say that?” I asked, and it looked like she had been waiting to gossip about this subject.

“Think about it—your father was hitting on her. The brothers come over to help her, and then there is my son—,” she paused, making me frown and stare at her face in shock.

“What about Markus?” I had to ask her because I have heard from her that he doesn’t understand this world like we do.

“I think my son is having s*e*xual frustrations now,” she scoffed, looking deeply disturbed, and I would be too.

“I saw Beatrice lip k*issing him.” She hugged herself at the thought of that disgusting memory.

“What? But Beatrice knows he is not stable. Why would she do that to him?” I asked, almost feeling infuriated. I never thought she would be capable of taking advantage of someone.

“I am so upset with her, but I can’t even do anything,” she said, rolling her eyes when talking about why she wasn’t kicking Beatrice out of the house. “Why not? if she is really doing all that to your son, I think you are free to take any step against her.” It hurt me to say that about Beatrice, but I’m sure a mother would never lie like that unless she had seen something.

“Because of the Alpha King Zane.” the moment she said his name, I felt my world shaking under me.

“Why would you say his name?” I asked, since I have watched Akin and Maddox show some weird behavior, but not him. Why would he care so much?

And even if he does, it must be because they were once living together and he probably sees her as his sister.

“Oh! You are so naive,” she sighed sadly. “You don’t see what I am seeing. He drops her home every day,” she mumbled, but couldn’t continue when she frowned and rushed towards the door to check on Beatrice.

“Ugh! this girl,” she grunted, leaving me hanging to catch Beatrice, who I guess was sneaking out of the cafe. But it was her lunchtime, so she could be going anywhere. Or maybe with someone special.

I shook my head, as Pamela’s words had left some suspicions in my heart now. To not think about it, I went to the bathroom to wash my face and stayed inside for a few minutes even when I heard the two talk in the kitchen again. I bet they were arguing about something, and by the time I walked out of the bathroom, Pamela had left to get the orders while Beatrice had walked out of the backdoor. I felt like

checking on Beatrice, and that’s when I sprinted to the backdoor. However, what I saw was something I wasn’t expecting.

Panic struck my body when I watched her getting dragged out of the alley and shoved in the car. I had only turned around to inform the guards or anyone to help her when I bumped into Pamela.

“Did you see that? He freaking kidnapped her.” I stared at her face. She was stunned- almost speechless. I’m sure she didn’t expect that to happen.

“He—,” She gulped and nervously rubbed her hands.

“I need to call the alpha king brothers,” I told her, ready to do so when she held my hand and stopped me.

“With her being gone, there will be no one left between you two,” she whispered, stealing eyes from me after suggesting something like that.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 237

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

Chapter 237 – With The Monster In The Car.

Beatrice’s POV: The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

He dragged me into his car by f*orc*e and sat in the backseat with me while the driver was told to keep driving for a few minutes and then be given directions.

I don’t know what Flynn was thinking when he did that, but it scarred my mental state. The two big bodyguards in the car with him were making sure I didn’t create a ruckus.

Title of the document

“What the hell are you doing? Where are you taking me?” I yelled but had to lower my volume when the guard cracked his knuckles as a warning to me.

“I’ve been thinking for a while about you and your actions. Without your wolf being active, you are able to ruin many lives. You can survive many punishments. Which led you to believe you can do anything you want. You started believing that you were rising above the alphas and the Alpha kings. It irks me to see you acting like a boss. You shouldn’t be allowed to have an opinion since you are nothing but a mere human and a brother f*uc*ki*ng w*hor*e.” His words stung me like a snake’s poison.

I blinked harder to get rid of the tears while he scoffed and clenched his fists. Prior to this day, I didn’t fear walking around freely. I thought maybe the worst

someone could do to me was blackmail me into accepting them, but kidnapping, How do I escape that?

“Not talking big anymore?” he then chuckled at my miserable state.

“What are you going to do to me?” I asked him in worry, wondering what kind of evil plans he had for me.

“Oh, you will see. These few days will be the best days of your life,” he chuckled, waving a gun around in his hand.

All I knew for sure was that I was screwed. Nobody even knows I walked out of the kitchen and got kidnapped.

The instant the car entered a heavy lane, his guard f*orc*ed my head down on his orders. I knew he had planned it perfectly. It wasn't an on-point decision. Then why in hell did he bring his mother here?

“Let me go.” I finally fought the man's hand off after 15 minutes, when all the blood had rushed into my eyes. I raised my head and glared at the man before looking around and noticing where they had brought me. We were on the mountain now. Our car was slowly driving up the car track and God knows heading where.

“You can take me wherever you want, but I am not accepting you,” I muttered as they parked the car in front of a messy, rundown cabin.

“We will see about it,” Flynn mumbled, getting out of the car and asking his guards to drag me out.

They nodded to him and grasped my arms to pull me out. I almost tripped and even sprained my ankle, but they were reckless.

Flynn walked ahead of us and led us to the door of the cabin. It was an extremely old cabin, covered with trees and with bushes around it.

I don't think anybody would suspect that I am being kept here. The guards shoved me inside, but only Flynn followed.

“Surround the cabin and make sure her voice is not leaving the cabin,” Flynn had given some serious instructions to his people. At this point, I was worried

about what his end plan was because he wasn't giving me any hints about how he was going to make me accept him only.

The cabin was already small, with only a small bed in it, and with the guards guarding it from every corner, I feared if I could ever escape it until Flynn let me out. As soon as Flynn shut the door, he blocked the light from entering the cabin. The small lantern was now the only source of light in the room.

Since my ankle hurt, I crawled back without getting up. Soon my back was sticking against the corner of the room and my eyes were sticking to his face.

"So, this is what it feels like to be alone with you," he smirked, probably thinking too high of himself.

"Did you see what I did there? I freaking snatched you from under everyone's nose, and nobody caught me. This is what your life has become now. Nobody gives a damn about you. Is this how you want to live your life? Do you want to be nobody?" He had a weird taunting tone to his words as he walked around the room, trying to tell me how I was nothing if I didn't give myself up to him.

"I would rather be a nobody than somebody who is related to you," I muttered, feeling the fresh pain of losing Helel.

"Ah! The hatred," he shook his head, "You miss him, don't you?" He scoffed, dragging a small stool and sitting in front of me. I squeezed myself further into the corner when watching him sit so close.

"What had he ever given to you? It is not like you were dating him or that you two had marked each other. So, why are you still crying about him?" Flynn hunched over as he rested his elbow on his thigh and tried questioning me.

"Now that we are talking about it, I do remember that I wasn't even the one who started it. I was having a fun day with Mariah when you invaded my privacy and saved my pictures to blackmail me with. Now how is it my fault that I wanted these pictures gone?" He tilted his head and pouted, excluding the real reason why I recorded him.

"Come on! Don't give me that look. You were not a victim when we slept together. You were lying about your feelings for me when you were jumping up and down my c*oc*k.' The way he said it, I felt tears rushing down my cheeks. "I had no option but to say no,' I muttered, reminding him how he was blackmailing me.

“You had. You could have just let me expose the video, but you wanted to save yourself, hence you slept with me. I didn’t f*orc*e you,” he shrugged, making me wonder if he truly didn’t see his fault or if was I responsible for that night, too.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 238

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

Chapter 238 – The Seductress

“You are disgusting,” I said, not willing to take the blame for something I didn’t do. He was the sole reason for my suffering at this very moment. For him to not admit he was at fault for the night I slept with him made me realize I had done a great job of exposing him that day.

“Hm! I see the prideful smirk hidden behind these tears,” Flynn rolled his eyes as he pointed his finger at my face, “I don’t like it.” he shook his head.

“What do you want from me, Flynn?” I snapped at him. I wasn’t going to sit here in the corner and listen to him babble.

Title of the document

“What is the rush? You will know very soon,” he said, letting out a deep breath and stretching his arms and neck.

“You think you will have that much time? Sooner or later, my mother will inform the alpha king brothers about my absence. And then the only person who they would look for is you!” I tried to remain confident because I have learned people feed on fears.

The more terrified you appear, the more confident they become. The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

“Hmm!” He stroked his chin, getting up from the stool and kicking it aside. “Does that mean I have to hurry?” He spoke to himself, but it was clearly a threat to me.

I wondered if I had made a mistake by triggering him.

“What are you going to do to me?” I asked him with hesitation, watching him take off his jacket and toss it aside.

“What is it that your mother used to say about you?” He was once again marching back and forth in the cabin. “Your wolf is a seductress. Once she gets a taste of s*e*x, she craves for more.” he bobbed his head in understanding, “I want to put that to the test.”

His intentions were evil. My heart had raced inside my chest at his ideas. What he wanted to do was very clear at this point.

“Don’t be afraid. We will have some fun.” He laughed at my raced breaths and teary eyes and said, “I will just have to make sure you don’t get your pills, and when your body is weakening, I will take you to bed with me. I am certain your wolf would love it. And then she will have a taste of me. I will give her as much s*e*x as she craves and then—,” he laughed with himself, walking back to the window and pointing at nothing basically, “Your sweet stepbrothers will see you become my s*e*x s*lav*e,” he clapped and rubbed his palms excitedly.

“But now that you have brought my attention to the fact that your mother will start making a noise, I’ll have to take care of that too,” he sighed in exhaustion but basically let me know I’m the idiot here. I just didn’t know it would backfire like that.

“What is your problem with me, Flynn? I’m your mate and you never cease to leave a moment to hara*s*s, bully or torture me,” I raised my voice when I watched him head towards the door. He stopped, and after giving it some thought, he turned around to stare at me.

“You really don’t know why?” he asked, his eyes judging me hard.

“You were my mate, but what did you do? You created a s*e*x game with the others, who have always stolen from me,” he yelled when the mention of the brothers came up.

“It wasn’t their fault. Lord Vasquez is your culprit. He didn’t want to accept you. How is it their problem?” I argued back with him, trying to make him understand. I know he was aware of everything I was saying. He just didn’t want to admit it.

“Aha? It was because of them that he didn’t think of me. If they were not in his life, he would have wanted his son with him. But he had too many powerful sons to spare a glance at his bastard child.” Flynn was in his feelings now. The wetness in his eyes was indescribable. I knew the feeling of being

rejected. But that didn't mean I should go after someone else who didn't even do me any wrong.

"Do you know how I lived with that crazy Alpha? The instant he started doubting my relationship with him, he began to torture me. My mother couldn't protest because she didn't want him to suspect I wasn't his son. But that evil man knew. So, under the disguise of training me, he made sure he broke me inch by inch, piece by piece. And he was successful. He made me what I'm today," he spat on the side at the reminder of Winchester's name. I don't know a lot about that man, but I have heard a few things about his messed-up behavior ever since I started working in this cafe.

Members from different packs would come here to gossip, and in those gossip, I picked his name as the most hated one.

"And let's talk about the brothers, shall we?" He then walked straight towards me and knelt down a few feet from me. "They didn't even welcome me into the brotherhood. In fact, Zane was the reason I messed up with you, and you forgave him but kept your attitude toward me. This and everything else made me realize I needed to steal what was mine. I need to show the brothers how their beloved Beatrice is s*uc*king me dry every day." With that, he got up and walked away from me.

"I'll be back in a few minutes. I believe you will have missed your first doze by then," he mentioned, and I realized he wasn't wrong. I was supposed to take a pill an hour ago.

"Oh! And don't even think about transitioning; this cabin is made of magic. Not a single creature can show their powers when they are here," he smirked before exiting the cabin and leaving me scared.

"S*hi*t!" I cursed, feeling terribly scared now.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 239

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

Chapter 239 – Record Me!

I couldn't get up on my feet, and I was beginning to feel a bit dizzy now. Even if Ace manages to wake up, she won't be able to transition. So, I guess it was a lose-lose situation for me.

Every time I looked in the direction of the bed, I gagged. The idea of sleeping with Flynn was churning my stomach.

After exactly a few minutes, Flynn walked back into the cabin with a black bag in his hand. As before, he locked the door and then put the bag on the stool near the window.

Title of the document

“Did you miss me?” He mocked me, unzipping the bag and pulling out a stand that he started adjusting on the windowsill.

“What is this? What are you gonna do with it?” I asked, trying to comprehend what he was doing until he brought out a camera and started adjusting it. The bed was in the direct field of the camera. It wasn’t too hard of a mystery to solve. He was planning to record us.

“What the f*uc*k is wrong with you?” I couldn’t keep my calm any longer and jump to my feet. I instantly bit my bottom lip when my ankle hurt.

“What? I am just making memories,” he shrugged, busy with the camera when I hopped like crazy towards the door. The instant I noticed he was not even trying to stop me, I figured he had pretty strict guards securing the place. I still gave it a try to unlock the door to leave. The moment I opened the door, two guards turned to face me.

“You cannot leave,” the guard smirked, and the other one played with the rod in his hand. I stood on one foot before I tried pushing past them. They grabbed me by my arms and shoved me back.

“Ugh!” I whimpered when I landed on my back, and pain ran through my body.

“Are you done trying?” Flynn, who had now turned on the camera, walked my way and wrapped his arms around my body from the back.

“Don’t f*uc*king touch me.” I waved my arms around and tried to move out of his grasp, but I was weirdly weak in front of him. It isn’t like I had Ace all those days when I was kicking b*utts, so what changed? Why was I not able to get any strength from her today? Did that mean she was awake in me all those days? Did the medicines only prevent the transition? Then why didn’t she speak to me?

“Ahh!” Flynn laughed when he tossed me in bed and slammed my face into the pillow. He sat on my back and laughed, grasping my hair in his fist and yanking my head up.

“Today will be just the beginning of something great for you. Your wolf will finally get what she has been craving.” He whispered in my ear after leaning over me. “Those brothers used to love sharing, but let’s see if they will look at you the same way after realizing you have been sharing a bed with me for weeks,” he explained his plan to me. He was going to keep me here for weeks before releasing me to the world again with a bunch of video clips to blackmail me with.

“No!” I fought hard when he tripped me around and made me face him. He had crawled on top of me with a smirk covering his lips.

“Don’t fight too hard; you cannot win over me,” he scoffed, getting up and ripping apart my top. That’s when my struggles intensified. The root of content is NovelEbook.Net

I started moving around and scratching him. I noticed how annoyed he looked every time my nail pierced through his skin, so I focused on doing that for now. As he grabbed my bottoms to open them, I

got up and grabbed his hair in my fist.

“F*uc*king b*itc*h!” Finally, he became enraged enough to twist my hand and slap me so hard that I fell asleep.

“You do it again, and I will kill you,” he yelled from the top of the bed. I could get up. I still had that much strength in my body, but I pretended to be knocked out.

“Hey!” He yelled in annoyance, jumping off the bed and turning me around on the ground. I kept my body lifeless and tried not to breathe too much.

“What the f*uc*k?” His fingers traced the bump on my head and then the blood in my hair. He had hit me pretty hard to make me bleed. However, I was still not knocked out, but he didn’t have to know this.

“Wake up!” He slapped me several times before cursing, “F*uc*k!”

“Guards!” he yelled at the guards, whose footsteps were a sign they had arrived. “She is not going to die, right?” He was such a moron that he had to ask them about my condition.

“From the looks of her injury, we can’t be sure. She doesn’t even have a wolf, so she is pretty much a human.” The guard stated, after he checked my head and then my pulse, “She is breathing, but— the blood and the bump—I don’t know. Whenever we beat up someone who doesn’t have a wolf, they have a high chance of dying from even little hits. Try waking her up, and if she doesn’t wake up, I guess we will have to take her to the emergency room,” the guard explained, and Flynn only scoffed in his response.

“No! She is not leaving this cabin. Tell me where to get a vampire blood from. We will get the blood, take her out of the cabin for a few minutes, and after injecting the blood in her, we will drag her inside again,” Flynn told the guard, who I assume agreed with him.

Alpha King Maddox and Zane had been calling us nonstop. I think we should leave her here with a guard, and the rest of us should go sign the attendance quickly. It is not like she is able to move anyway,” the other guard suggested, making my heart pound with hope.

Waiting for Flynn’s response was the worst kind of stress.

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 240

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

Chapter 240 – Maybe She Is The Reason

Maura’s POV:

Ever since I saw that horrifying act by Flynn, I couldn’t be at rest. Pamela told me to keep it to myself and not get involved.

“She is closer to the brothers than you are. She can fight Flynn, but you cannot. If he finds out you are the one who got him in trouble, you are gone. As for Beatrice! I’m sure any of the brothers will find out about her being somewhere else. If not, I believe Flynn is taking her back to the mansion to probably tell everyone the truth that she did trick Flynn into saying all those things on his engagement day.” Pamela tried to convince me by ribbing my elbow and saying things that made me even more uncomfortable.

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“Beatrice was not at fault that day. She made him confess his wrongdoings. Besides, I cannot wait for the brothers to find out. Every minute is crucial. I have to inform Zane.” I refused to listen to Pamela and sit on this information. I could tell she wasn’t a fan of Beatrice, but to be so careless of her safety, I wondered if Pamela even was a good person.

She must have noticed the quizzical stares I was giving her because she instantly held my hand and said, “It’s true that I don’t want her to return to our lives because she is taking advantage of my innocent, sick son. No mother would want a girl so malicious near her son,” she scoffed, explaining why she was no longer interested in keeping a bond with Beatrice.

I understood her point. Ever since I found out Ubel had kept my mom prisoner, I have hated him more than ever. Now I wouldn’t feel bad if I hurt him.

“Also, don’t forget, she is very close to Zane. Ever since he started dropping her off, he started neglecting you,” Pamela said before walking away to grill food for the customers.

What she said was perhaps right. She was living with her, so she must know more than I do. But how can I be mad at Beatrice if there is indeed something going on between her and Zane?

It’s not like Beatrice knows about me and Zane or that she owes me loyalty without knowing anything.

In that case, Zane would be the one who played me. I closed my eyes and grabbed my phone, shaking all the thoughts from my head.

Evil or not, I cannot sit on this information.

I dialed Zane’s number and anxiously marched around the kitchen. He did not return my calls, as he had done previously. I was getting impatient and worried for Beatrice, so I left him a text.

Me: Please pick up my call. It’s about Beatrice. She is in danger.

I sighed when pressing the send button. Somewhere in my heart, I knew I would feel rejected when he answered my call after I told him it was about Beatrice. And that's exactly what happened.

Not even a minute later, he called me himself. I smiled defeatedly before attending the call.

"Hello!" I answered with a murmur. It was so hard talking to him after that day. What was supposed to be my magical first time with him turned out to be our last time?

"What happened to Beatrice? Where is she?" he asked in worry. The way his voice sounded so concerned, I felt like breaking down right then and there. He meant a lot to me. So, hearing him care for

her and not give a damn about me was difficult for me.

"Flynn—Flynn forcibly took her away from us," I stuttered when recalling the terrible sight of her abduction.

"That bastard!" Zane grunted. "How long has it been?" he questioned. "I guess about 5 minutes," I replied.

"And what the fuck were you doing in those 5 minutes?" Zane yelled from the other side, making me shiver and step back to lean against the wall for support. I have never heard him talk like that to me.

"I am so—," before I could apologize, he hung up on me. That was what he needed to do, I realized. He never thanked me once.

"I thought you were wiser than that." Pamela had walked in on me when I was telling Zane about Beatrice's abduction. I didn't answer her and sat down on the ground.

She seemed so annoyed that she didn't come to console me. I waited there on the ground for 3 minutes when Zane rushed into the kitchen and shocked us. His handsome face's striking features had a little gloominess to them. He seemed so worried about her.

The black chambray shirt with blue jeans made him look so comfy to hug. But his arms were no longer for me. His eyes didn't carry the sparks they once used to carry for me. And that hurt.

“Where did he abduct her from?” he asked after briskly running to the backside when Pamela directed her finger towards the door.

I got up after him and found him hysterically checking the ground to collect their scents.

“She was standing here.” I pointed to a location where he could raise his head and look at me.

He didn’t. His sole attention was to find Beatrice as soon as possible. He got up after collecting the samples from the ground and fled.

“He didn’t even look at you. This should be a hint for you. In order to have him, you will have to eliminate what is causing him a distraction.” Pamela came after me and gently patted my shoulder.

“Somebody got abducted for some sinister reason. Do you think he will have enough time to check on me or romance with me?” I asked her, trying to think logically and not make this situation about myself.

“You are a nice person, Maura. But I’m warning you. You will lose him if you don’t fight for him,” she warned me one last time before walking away from me.

I didn’t know what else to say, but I could tell Beatrice was more important to Zane than I ever was.