

Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers #Chapter 421 - Read Sharing Beatrice A Luna to her Stepbrothers Chapter 421

Chapter 421

Sharing Beatrice A Luna To Her Stepbrothers By Alexis Dee Chapter 421

Chapter 411 My Akin Is Innocent

Taking only a few seconds break, he leaned on my face once again, and this time he was much more passionate and soft. His lips s*uc*ked at my lips in a very gentle way. I was able to find a way to steadily spread my legs and give his body easy and comfortable access between my legs.

He didn't hesitate before adjusting his body and pressing his h*ard, bulging body over mine.

As his lips moved around my lips, I realized how thirsty he had been for my t*ouch. Setting my one hand free, he placed his hand on my boob and gently pressed it, making me squirm and gasp inside. "Ah hmm mum mm," I moaned when his tongue licked my lips, gently and very greedily making its way into my mouth.

"Ah!" I moaned once more before s*uc*king his tasty tongue and moving my body against his. His widely spread shoulders and sexy physique were really intoxicating. He ran his hand around my boob until it found an entry into my naked skin. He slid his hand up my shirt and pressed my tits between his f*ingers so gently that I bit into his tongue.

It didn't bother him. He was so hungry that he didn't want to focus on anything else. Before long, he was rubbing his bulge between my legs and playing with my n*ipple.

"Ahh, Akin--," I broke the kiss long enough to take a d*EEP breath and moan his name.

"Shushhh! You talk way too much," he smiled before pressing his lips ever so gently against mine this time. The night was still not over, and we were hornier than ever. Just as his hand traveled down and reached between my legs, I closed my eyes to give him free access.

He understood the assignment and lifted his body only enough to pull his shorts down and kiss me at the same time.

However, it didn't go any further because soon the chaos erupted.

Suddenly, our moment of intimacy was shattered by a commotion outside. He lifted his head from my lips, his expression mirroring my own concern. As we hastily mended our clothes, we made our way to the door, curious about the source of the disturbance.

Peering out, we witnessed a scene of utter horror. A young woman, perhaps in her early thirties, hurried past us, cradling a lifeless child in her arms. She was clearly in a state of distress and was searching frantically for the lair's doctor, who was known to reside in the mansion for emergencies.

Without a moment's hesitation, we followed the woman down the hallway, our hearts pounding with anxiety. As we caught up to her, we could see the desperation etched on her face. It was clear that time was of the essence and that we needed to act quickly to save the child's life.

"What is going on?" I asked the people running behind her, and before they could say a word, they looked at Akin and hissed.

It was pretty evident at this point that they didn't like Akin's presence in the lair. But what does that wounded baby have to do with Akin?

"Akin, you stay there. I will go look around and see what's happening," I gently pushed him inside the room, but he refused to sit tight.

"No, I am coming with you," he eyed me for not letting him follow me. Since I wasn't left with much of a choice, I agreed and let him tag along.

The two of us rushed to the other side of the mansion, where my mother's room was, and were faced with a group of elders outside her room.

The way they all shared a glance before glaring at Akin was another red flag that disturbed me. I gently held Akin's hand and made him walk through the angry crowd to enter my mother's room.

We were welcomed by my mother and Vincent. Both of them looked frightened and agitated.

“Beatrice,” seeing me, gave her enough strength to walk my way and pull me into a warm hug.

“Vincent, right?” Akin asked the guy, who nodded in response, “Tell me what’s going on? How did that child get injured?” He proceeded to ask him while I sat my mother down and helped her drink some water.

“He was attacked,” Vincent explained, but my mother’s heavy grunting objection silenced him.

“He should be the last one speaking to any of us,” Mom hissed, her eyes throwing darts at Akin, who looked clueless.

“What happened? Why is everyone so against him?” I know it wasn’t the right question, but at the moment, it seemed about right because he hadn’t done anything wrong after he came here. It was pretty obvious that they were making it seem like whatever happened to that child tonight was his fault.

“Huh, his kind has always been vicious and vindictive towards us. Look what they did tonight?” She complained, and I realized maybe something very terrible happened between the werewolves and the weredragons. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

“Mom, just because one of them did something doesn’t mean all of them are wrong,” I tried to explain it to her, but she refused to understand and moved her head vigorously to dismiss anything I had to say in his defense.

“They are all the same. Isn’t this how they treated us as well? They accused one of us of killing their royal servant, and in return, they punished us all?” When she muttered and made eye contact with me, I was able to glimpse into the terrible life they led because of Sofia and Vasquez.

I didn’t have much to say in defense of the werewolves, but I wouldn’t stop defending Akin. As far as I knew, he was innocent.

That’s when a knock on the door alarmed us of Igor’s arrival. He entered the room with a sad look on his face before he began to explain what led to this chaos, “a werewolf from the nearby village sneaked in, ra—ped and killed the babysitter, and almost killed the little boy.”

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Chapter 412- His Anaconda

After we discussed the whole thing, Akin and I returned to our rooms and everybody was asked to leave the mansion. The mother and the child were now taken to the hospital and the authorities have sealed the crime scene. Everything was put to rest until morning.

“It doesn’t make any sense,” I said, wandering around the room and trying to solve this case.

“Maybe it is one of their ways to make us look evil?” Akin suggested and I tilted my head at him.

“But my mother would never sacrifice a life just to prove a point,” I argued in a soft tone. I was now realizing how difficult it was to look him in the eye after what happened between us in the weakest moments.

“I am not saying your mother is involved, but even if she is, you wouldn’t know. I used to think my parents were saints—nah, actually I always had a feeling they were messy,” he then shrugged and sat in the bed.

“Akin! You are maybe not taking it seriously. The type of things they are trying to do to make werewolf look evil is a very dangerous game they are playing. This is only one incident, but imagine if this keeps happening. They will get their hands on you—,” I was yammering when his soft words shut me up.

“You will save me,” he said and when I looked at him, he shut his eyes and pretended to be resting.

“About that— how would I save you if I don’t even know what is going on with you?” I asked, and my eyes accidentally traveled to his shorts. He really left this room with such a big weapon hiding in his shorts?

I gulped and shyly looked away.

“I want to know everything about Talia?” I asked, my heart pounding with a mixture of fear and confusion. He nodded gravely, his expression darkening as he spoke.

“When I scolded her for attempting to seduce me, she came clean about her plans. She told me that Igor wanted her to manipulate me into doing things with her that he could later use against me in front of you,” As he spoke, I felt a wave of revulsion wash over me.

It was as if a veil had been lifted, revealing the depravity that lurked just beneath the surface of our seemingly idyllic life. “She explained what was really going on,” he continued. “Igor keeps many innocent girls as s*ex slaves and uses them for his own twisted pleasures.”

I was stunned, my mind struggling to comprehend the enormity of what he was saying. The shock of the revelation was so great that I felt myself gagging, unable to even speak. At that moment, I knew that we had to act quickly. We couldn't let Igor continue to prey on innocent young women, using them for his own sick pleasure. But how could we possibly stop him? The enormity of the task ahead of us was daunting, but we knew we had to try. “That's ridiculously cruel,” I huffed, placing my hands on my waist and fueling with anger.

“Which makes me wonder about tonight's chaos,” Akin whispered, but that's when his phone rang and he got out of bed to attend to the call.

“Hmm, okay! Good. Keep an eye out for him,” he said and hung up, showing me the screen. “It was Colt.”

“So, he's working for you now?” I said, my voice dripping with sarcasm and raising my eyebrow.

“He trusts me more with his queries than you,” he shrugged teasingly before walking around to look for a charger. I was about to give him a good response, but then my eyes landed on his shorts again. I

don't know how he was not noticing it, but his d*ic*k was so huge and standing so h*ard.

He turned around and then looked at me with a frown on his face. “Have you seen my charger?” Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

I turned my face away because I was seeing more than just a charger now.

“What happened?” he asked innocently, standing tall with his broad shoulders and that huge sword in his shorts.

“I don’t know,” I yelled, waving my hand to make him turn to the other side.

“What’s going on?” he asked in bewilderment and came in front of me.

“Look at me,” he insisted and I took a d*eeep breath before raising my head. He must have noticed my red cheeks because he started scratching his scalp.

“What is—,” he paused when I turned away again, “you— oh s*hit!”

Yeah, it took him some time, probably because he thought he could fool us with his black shorts.

“This is —because of—,” he tried making an excuse but couldn’t.

“It is okay. It is a natural thing. It happens,” I cleared my throat and spoke awkwardly, “just go to the bathroom and take care of it before returning to the bed.”

I rushed to the bed and got under the covers as if it wasn’t a c*oc*k but an anaconda I was running from. He stood near the bed still for a few minutes before I heard him walk over to the other side and get in the bed.

“I told you to take care of it first,” my damn mouth. I cannot stay silent for a good one minute. As soon as I complained, he turned to face me and mumbled in a very sexy one.

“I thought you were going to do it for me.”

I swear that moment he said that word was the only time when I have been so shy. My eyes jumped out of their sockets and I let out a loud gasp, pushing the covers away and getting up once again to look at him.

This night kept getting worse.

“I mean, of course, it is a terrible night. Somebody died and I am— I will go take a shower,” I am sure he got worried with my response because he didn’t wait around for another minute and left to take a shower.

I felt bad for reacting like this. It must have been so h*ard for him to come out of his shell and I ruined it all.

The night was peaceful after that, but the morning was not. We woke up to an announcement that the boy had fallen into a coma.

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Chapter 413 It Is Looking Bad For Akin

“What could have possibly happened?” I sat with my mom and Akin on the rooftop to discuss this matter. The lair had been under a lot of stress after hearing about the last night’s incident. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

“A werewolf from the nearby village found out there is a whole country that appeared out of nowhere and decided to steal things from us. He entered our neighborhood and went into the first home they found open. They raped the babysitter and injured the little boy, thinking they have killed both of them to hide the truth, but the boy survived and lived enough to tell us who was the culprit,” Igor said everything with a very tired look on his face. He had just joined us and sat down like he had been working since morning.

“Oh, good morning,” as soon as he put his phone down and stared at Akin, he greeted him with a grin. He and his greetings were Akin’s worst nightmares.

“You said it was an individual and now you are claiming it was more of them,” Akin pointed out a little discrepancy in his statement, and my mom turned to Igor to explain himself.

“That’s because one of them found out about the country and brought the other ones. But why does it matter how many of them were there? The point is that after the lair disappeared, the werewolves came and started living in the mid-west in villages. They have taken over everything and now we have to face it all. All thanks to your daddy dear and crazy mommy,” he looked straight at Akin and said those words to get a reaction out of him.

“And what are you planning to do to keep our people safe?” I interrupted, calling him out for his bulls*hit. He was all talk and no action.

Ever since I have come here, I have watched him wander around and terrorize people. He loved wearing crowns and walking among people who would bow before him.

"I am doing everything I can, unlike you, miss an arrogant princess. You have been here and the only piece of interest is the one that you brought with yourself," he straightened his back to taunt at me when Akin slammed his hands on the table and shook our attention to him.

"Watch your tone when you talk to her," he didn't care anymore what others will think of him. My mom stared at Igor and then looked my way.

"Bold of you to threaten me in my own lair," Igor fixed his coat and then leaned back again.

"Besides, I haven't seen a mark on her neck. So, tell me again, how did you two accept each other?" now that he was irked, he was openly firing shots at us.

My mom looked a bit interested after realizing that he was indeed right. I was not marked.

"You don't need to know," sadly, I didn't have a very satisfying response for him. Vincent then interrupted us by placing a file in front of each of us and started displaying some pictures of us.

"These claw marks are from werewolves. We found them at the scene of the crime. The crime was actually committed hours ago and it was done in a haphazard way. So much so that the killer didn't get a chance to clean the mess after him. When the mother of the child returned, she found the naked dead body of the girl in the doorway, as if the poor girl had tried one last attempt to escape. The boy was found injured in his bed," Vincent went into detail when describing the situation to us.

Sure, it did seem like a werewolf attack, but maybe it was only one werewolf because there was not much evidence to suggest the idea that there was more.

"How about we discuss this later? I have to speak to my daughter about something," Mom then excused herself and me from the group. Akin got up and gave me a nod to alert me he will be around while Igor and Vincent left together. Now that we were left alone on the rooftop, I was ready to have a burning conversation with my mother.

"You have to give Igor a chance," Mom mumbled stubbornly, folding her arms over her chest to let me know she will not be open to any excuse.

“Mom, I am already with Akin,” I said and she shook her head.

“Then convince him to let you be with Igor. If he objects, that’s your chance to leave him. Use that excuse and be with Igor,” her statement was really heavy for me.

The fact that she thought I will be looking for an excuse just so that I can be with Igor shocked me.

“I am not with him because I didn’t have a choice, Mom. I am with him because I love him. His company makes me feel like myself. I don’t even have to pretend like I am someone else when I am with him. You should understand this of all the people. You have lived with Igor. Tell me if you truly believe he is good enough for me?” I asked and noticed how she went silent for a minute.

“He is still better than Akin,” after a minute’s pause when she opened her mouth. I expected a different response, but I was disappointed.

She didn’t want to understand my point and realized I cannot just accept Igor because he is of my kind. Even if he was an excellent character man, I would still not accept him. It was just that I didn’t feel a pull towards him.

We spoke for about an hour when our conversation got hindered by an earsplitting scream coming from the wooded area.

Mom and I shared a glance before getting on our feet and rushing downstairs to see what happened now. It was truly devastating that every few hours there was something happening.

If it kept going, the relationship between the werewolves and weredragons will never get better.

As we reached the mansion’s gate, we found three young girls running towards us with guards around them.

It is sad to say; they were only wrapped in sheets, so I can already tell what happened.

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Chapter 414 The Mother Of My Child (Helel Spade)

It's been two days, and I have learned to live with these medicines. I will inject myself with this goodness and then lose energy and lack strength to get up or even feel any other pain.

Today was a bit different. I was dizzy but haven't taken another dose yet. It was just that I couldn't stop thinking about Beatrice, and somewhere deep down, I didn't want this pain to go away today. I wanted to sit and miss her, think about her, and feel the little burning pain of her departure.

'What do you think will be happening over there?' Hel asked, and I shrugged.

'Don't ask me,' I replied.

'Then who should I ask? I miss that Helel who used to talk to me. Now I feel trapped inside. You don't talk, and you don't let me transition. Every few hours, you inject yourself with this stupid wolfbane and stuff and drive me to a slumber. Do you not understand what you are doing? If we stop doing good things, we will be driven to evil,' he said, trying his best to get under my nerves. That's how I saw his motivational lecture.

It didn't affect me one bit.

'You know, now that I think about it. It was you who caused all this mess,' I got out of bed with difficulty and nodded to myself. 'Wait, what did I do now?' he asked. 'You were the one who was in pain and causing me pain as well. You were the one who felt a mate bond with Gwen—,' as I continued to accuse him, he shut me up by causing my bones to crack.

'URGHHH!' I yelled in pain and dropped to my knees. He was being very forceful, and we still had wolfbane in our bodies.

'I was the problem? You were the one who refused to talk about it. You didn't want to discuss it because you thought if we didn't talk about it, it would never happen. You instigated it and hurt our brother. It was all your fault. But obviously, you wouldn't listen to me. You would rather shut me up than try to make things work with me. You know what? I am now getting why Beatrice left you. I think I should do the same,' as he threatened me, and I got concerned.

'You will not leave me. You are stuck with me,' I groaned, placing my hands on my waist and trying to hear any sign from him.

'Okay, give me the silent treatment. I will not talk to you either,' I sat down and noticed my phone's screen lighting up.

Since it was a new number, I answered the call without wasting a minute.

"Hello?" I don't know why, but something told me it had to be Beatrice. I had actually shattered my phone previously, so the new one didn't have too many numbers. Beatrice got a new phone before leaving because she didn't want the old one, which had many call logs and text messages, to be with her.

"Helel?" It was Reign. The hope that had been born in my heart washed away very quickly.

"Reign, why are you calling me? Is everything alright?" I asked in an exhausted tone. She has been calling me every few hours with different numbers because I kept avoiding her.

I don't know who put her up for the job of babysitting me, but I wasn't having it.

"Is Gwen with you?" The way she asked that question, I felt my heart reviving.

"Why? Who is asking?" I got attentive. "Does Beatrice want to know if I am with Gwen or not? Tell her I am not. She is not here. In fact, I have not seen her ever since Beatrice left," I began to yammer and

not let her speak. I wish I had, because I embarrassed myself by thinking too far.

"Oh no. That's not why I'm asking for her. The thing is—Gwen is missing," she explained, and for a moment, my mood got ruined.

My heart went back to beating so low that I could barely hear it.

"I don't know where she is. Must be at the mansion," I sighed, without having an interest in talking about her.

"Helel. She is not there. In fact, she went missing, and the weather outside was so bad. I don't know what to do," she began to mumble in a broken voice.

"Just call her. She will come back," I said, but it seemed like the situation was far more serious than what I was being told. "Her phone is off. She is pregnant and all alone," as she reminded me what state Gwen was in, I felt guilty.

She wasn't the only one involved in this situation, so why is she taking that responsibility alone on her shoulders?

And didn't Beatrice ask me to take care of her?

"Don't worry. I will look for her," I said as I hung up and grabbed my coat to leave. I have been dealing with a different kind of heartbreak, and during that chaos, I completely forgot about Gwen and my baby. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

'Hel, I will need you to locate her with her scent,' I said, and I started leaving the woods. 'Hel?' I called for him again, and in response, I only got silence.

'Fine. F*uc*k you. I will find her myself,' I grunted with anger and decided to treat him the same way he was treating me. While I kept pacing around, I made some calls and found out from the guards that

they had seen her wander around the pack's border.

So, I hurried to catch up with her and ask her what the f*uc*k she was trying to do. I didn't have to look around too much because I knew where to find her. She had already crossed the pack's border but was now sitting on the side of the road with her face in her hands.

"Gwen!" I yelled when I finally saw her on the side of the road.

It's time to have a very uncomfortable conversation with the woman who is carrying my child.

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

Chapter 415 The Nasty Culprit (Beatrice Dismay)

"There was a big black wolf. He was staring at us and even coming towards us," the first girl and the oldest of them all cried. We had sat them down in our foyer and had been trying to comfort them.

The girls were in the age range of 24, 22, and 20. They were extremely gorgeous and full of potential. They claimed to have gone to the river to swim around n*aked when they found a wolf spying on them. Once they were

n*aked and in a very miserable state in the water, the wolf came out and attacked them.

“So the motive was—,” Igor paused as he uncomfortably adjusted his coat.

“It was to do things with us against our will,” the girl said, filling her face in her hands and beginning to cry.

“What is happening in our lair? Since when did our women become targets of all this nonsense?” My mom whimpered at the condition of the girls. They were badly shaken up and unable to pull themselves together. I felt bad for the girls.

“Vincent, please drive them back home safely and hire a guard on their doors for the next few days until this wolf is caught,” I ordered Vincent, who nodded instantly and got on his feet to fulfill my wishes. He seemed to be a good handyman and was always attentive, too.

“We were better off in a prison than living in a world where we only looked like s*ex objects,” an old lady complained, and the others agreed with her. I noticed the way Igor scanned her from head to toe and then shook his head.

“It is not like you have to be worried about anything,” he scoffed and rolled his eyes very disrespectfully.

As the people began to leave the foyer, a guard briskly made his way inside with something in his hands. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

“Your highness, I found this near the river. The werewolf must have left it behind accidentally after transitioning back into his human form,” he said, handing me over a coat, and just by looking at it, I felt my chest tightening.

It was Akin’s coat.

I swiftly looked around in search of him and found him missing.

As everybody left and only my mom, me, and Igor left, I noticed their quizzical stares. Igor made direct eye contact with me before his eyes landed on the coat again. He would always make these faces, and the reason behind them was very apparent from his gestures alone.

“This is Akin’s coat, isn’t it?” Igor finally broke the silence. My heart skipped a beat, realizing what they were implying. It was indeed a mystery that his coat was found

near the river, as was the fact that the girl’s description of a wolf was exactly what Akin’s wolf was.

“It is?” My mom gasped and snatched it out of my hands to smell it.

“Smell it and tell me if he is telling the truth,” she then handed it back to me and requested that I test it.

Before I could say a word, we watched Akin return to the mansion without a coat. His hair was all messy and w*et, and he looked like he had been through some shit.

“Here he comes,” mom grunted, and she stepped forward to block me from his attempt to get closer to me.

“Where were you, Mr. Wolf?” she asked him while shaking in anger.

“I was-,” as Akins started explaining himself, I shut him down.

“I have asked him to look for his coat that I lost last night,” I lied shamelessly, and I swear everybody could tell.

“You are not saving him from getting exposed for such a heinous crime,” my mom whispered, gently nudging my arm.

“I am not lying, Mom. Last night, after everybody had gone to bed, I left the mansion with him. It was cold, so he gave me his coat, and I wore it. After that, we were just playing around, and I left his coat somewhere near the river. That’s the truth,” I was guilty of lying so bluntly. But there is no way I would believe that Akin did this shit.

“Let him say what he was going to say,” Igor interrupted, but I didn’t let him get a word in the edge- wise.

He can play his games elsewhere, not with Akin. I will not let anyone use him for their secret agenda or any kind of personal gain.

“Not now,” I waved my hand at him and shut him up. He looked shocked. No matter how many times I defied him, he never ceased to look amazed by my audacity.

“Now, if you guys excuse us, we will leave for our room now. I am sure we will find the real culprit. Tell them, just increase the security,” I told them as I grabbed Akin’s arm to drag him along.

After we entered our room, I felt relieved to escape their hard glares. Igor was looking at me as if he would attack us at any minute.

I am certain he didn’t want me to take his side.

“I can’t believe someone stole your coat and left it at the crime scene,” I sat him down and began to walk back and forth in front of him.

He was awfully silent, so much so that if it wasn’t someone who knew him, they would have suspected him to be the culprit. “Akin, you don’t worry about anything. I promise I will not let them ruin your

reputation or accuse you of anything that you haven’t done,” I promised, tapping his shoulder, but the more I talked, the guiltier he looked.

“Hey, don’t worry about it. I am telling you I will—,” as I sat down with him and tried to comfort him, he raised his head and made blunt eye contact with me. That gave me shivers. There was definitely something he was trying to tell me.

“I was there,” he mumbled, and I leaned back from him. “I left the coat there because I was the black wolf they were talking about,” he added, and it was at that moment that everything went downhill.

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Chapter 416 The Happiest Uncle (Reign Winchester)

I had just arrived at the mansion and found out that Zane had been cooking in the kitchen. He had turned everything upside down and burned down a lot of cookies.

“What are you doing, Zane?” I asked, entering the kitchen and trying to run for the window. It was all foggy in the kitchen.

“Whoa, who are you cooking?” Colt’s comment made Zane turn around and roll his eyes at us.

“Tell us, what are you doing?” I insisted on knowing because the way he was wearing that pink apron was just adorable.

“Don’t tell anyone you saw me in this state,” he instantly frowned and scolded us, “I am actually preparing some food for our niece,” he smiled widely, showing us his white teeth.

“What?” Colt and I yelled in unison, and the response we got from him made us bite our tongues. He scowled at us for raising our voices and probably exposing him to everyone.

“I don’t like her, okay,” he placed his hands on the shelf and mumbled, “she is just ew,” he continued to speak about Gwen in a very distasteful manner. I could have stopped him, but there was no point, so I let him take his anger and frustration out.

“But then, she has someone who is our blood now. She has our brother’s baby in her womb. I am just —too excited to think about what I will do when the baby is finally here,” Zane raised his hands and stared at them with a smile. It was as if he were already imagining the baby in his arms.

“What if it is a boy?” Colt shrugged.

“It will be fine, but I really wish it was a little girl version of Helel,” Zane smiled, and his eyes soon got covered in tears, “Things have been rough between us in the past, but now I don’t want to hold on to any grudges. We are brothers, after all. I really wish he could come back so that we could raise the baby together. Imagine growing up under the shadow of strong alpha king uncles,” he changed his tone to a powerful one, exaggerating his strength before he turned around to secretly clean the tears from his cheek.

“You should speak to him,” I suggested. I have been noticing that ever since Beatrice left Helel, Zane hasn’t had a problem with him. It was almost like Zane had reached a point where his only problem was that he could not see her with anyone else but himself.

“Do you think he will talk to me?” Zane turned around to face us again.

“Who will?” Maddox had just returned with food bags when he realized they had to clean the place before Akin returned. He hates his kitchen dirty.

“Helel. Zane wants to make amends with him,” I spoke up and noticed the way Maddox looked my way and then at Colt, who was busy trying the burnt cookies. We were not on good terms after that day.

I was beginning to see why our friendship had survived for so long. It was due to my efforts. Because the minute I stopped making an effort, our friendship was doomed. I gave him so much attention and power in this relationship that now he doesn't even want to give it his 100 percent to fix things.

But thankfully, I have a colt with me now. He never makes me feel guilty or lonely. In fact, sometimes I have to beg him to leave me alone. But he cutely walks away, just to stand in the corner and give me some space.

Just the reminder of it made me turn my head to Colt and give him a smile. He tried asking me through his gestures why I was smiling like a fool, and I just gave him a head shake.

“That's a good idea. But do you think this burned food will be good enough to lure him in?” Maddox asked, and we all started laughing at Zane, who looked annoyed.

“This is not for him. This is for my niece,” Zane argued, placing his hands on his waist and complaining.

“OH! Our niece. I didn't know you would be cooking for Gwen,” stupid Maddox, he brought her name up at the wrong time. Now that he explained how it seemed, Zane looked astonished.

“No, obviously not. I wouldn't cook for her,” he said, lowering his head because there was a lot happening between Gwen and him. It seemed like neither party liked each other.

He had been complaining a lot about Gwen passing comments on him and trying to make it seem like he was only after Helel because he had Beatrice.

Now it was true. Even we thought about it. But Helel was the one who attacked him first, so it couldn't be Zane's only motive to be upset with his brother.

"But it is fine. We can start from the beginning and maybe mend things together. The baby needs to come into a healthy and happy household. Remember this guys," I instantly shut down any negative thoughts appearing in Zane's mind.

He nodded after giving it a thought and smiled brightly.

"She is right. Let's all be friends and live like a family. For the sake of my niece," Zane zoned out, but the cute smile never left his face. Even Maddox seemed to be thinking about it. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

"I will go call Gwen here. I think we should start by doing things together," I informed them of my plan before heading out of the kitchen to look for Gwen.

As soon as I entered her room, I found everything upside down. It was as if a tornado had hit her stuff.

"What the— Guys!" I yelled while examining the situation. Her bags and clothes were missing.

"GUYS!" I yelled again and caught the attention of the happy guys in the kitchen. They all rushed to the room and were as surprised as I was.

"She left," I announced to them, and the happiness on their faces faded away immediately.

That was not how we expected it to go. The first thing I did was call Helel and let him know Gwen was missing. The father of the baby must know of his baby mom's disappearance.

Chapter 427

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

Chapter 417 My Innocent And Sweet Akin (Beatrice Dismay)

I was lost in what I'd heard from Akin. His confession ruined everything. I was confused for a moment and even stared at his face for too long before I shook my head and held his hands again.

"So, you accidentally left it there?" I asked without showing any skepticism, but it was indeed frightening that they described his wolf. I get it. He must be running around, and they got scared of his big wolf.

"I was there when I saw one of the girls drowning. I tried to reach them, but I was in my wolf form. However, they started screaming and didn't even let me do any savings. I was shocked because some of the claims they were beginning to make were far from the truth," he explained as he recalled the whole incident. It was indeed confusing because the girls looked and sounded genuinely frightened.

"Maybe someone is behind all this mess," I said as I stroked my chin, brainstorming what is going on here. It started off with an incident, but now it was only growing.

These claims have made my people very hostile toward the mention of werewolves. Imagine how they must feel whenever they see Akin wandering around. I looked at him and smiled weakly. It was true. I was worried about his safety now.

"I think you should go back home," my words must have hurt him because he freed his hands from my hands and pulled back in his seat.

"Do you think I might be hiding something?" he asked, his eyes expressing the hurt he must have felt from my words. The air was thick with tension as Akin questioned me, his eyes searching for any hint of doubt in my response. I felt a pang of guilt at the hurt expression on his face.

"No, I will never doubt you," I said, determinedly, as I took his hands in mine and leaned in closer to his face. "I didn't doubt you, even when they showed me the coat or when you confessed to being around those girls."

"Akin, I know you well enough to say that you would never do anything evil," I mumbled, and as I leaned in closer, I could feel the warmth of his breath on my face, and I could see the pain in his eyes slowly dissipating. His hands felt warm and comforting in mine. I squeezed them gently to let him know that I was there for him. "I am asking you to leave because I feel like there is a conspiracy happening here. They are trying to portray you wrong just so that

they can find a reason to harm you,” I was sitting close enough with him and talking in whispers, looking deeply through his eyes. It was so that he could look into my eyes and see the fear of him getting hurt. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

“And leave you alone here? No!” He snapped, pulling his hands out of mine and leaning back on the couch, “They are trying to scare me away from you. I will not leave you no matter what, Beatrice.”

“You don’t understand,” I sighed and shook my head.

“I understand everything very well. I am not a child. I am not leaving you here among these people who have lost the understanding of differentiating between right and wrong,” he sounded aggressive when letting me know there is no amount of terror they can cause him to leave me here by myself.

“Beatrice,” as I stayed silent and kept staring at his face. He leaned ahead again and cupped my face in his hands. “My parents caused all this distress for these people. I promise to stay here and make things right. They are not only your people; they are mine too. Your concern is my concern—,” finally, after speaking a lot of sweet words, he realized what he was saying.

“I will fix everything,” he mumbled determinedly, and was about to pull away from me when I held his hand and brought him closer.

“And I will keep you safe,” I smiled as he smirked at my response.

“I know you would,” he whispered.

Our eyes were staring right through each other’s eyes when his smile faded away and a serious look took over his face when looking at my lips. Waiting for a few seconds, before he tilted his head and very gently pressed his lips over mine. His lips very gently sucked my upper lip, making me feel butterflies in my stomach.

His hand against my thigh and the way he kept groping it was a sign that he was excited. The softness of my skin with his firm grasp. Our bodies were ready to explode on each other. As his hand traveled between my legs, I noticed that his body flinched.

The gentle grazing over my p*ussy after he spread my legs while not breaking the kiss was spectacular. He didn't stop until his finger was running up and down my p*ussy lips from over my pants.

"Ah!" little moan escaped my lips, and that's when my phone began to ring like crazy. Sadly, I had to pull away from him because, given the circumstances, the call could be urgent.

The awkwardness every time we got intimate was a different kind of feeling. I took a deep breath and attended Vincent's call.

"Yes, Vincent, is everything okay?" I asked as I cleared my throat to sound normal. "Your mother is not feeling well. The whole uncomfortable situation had led to her discomfort. She wants you to stay with her for the night, just you," he then added after giving me such bad news.

"Okay, I will be there in a minute," I said and hung up, watching Akin, who was confused and anxiously waiting to know what happened now.

"Mom is not doing so great. She wants me to be with her. Do you think you will be alright by yourself?" I felt bad for leaving him alone, but my mom had directly asked for my visit. I couldn't leave her sick.

Sadly, Akin had to stay silent and not show any aggression because he wanted my people to accept him.

"I will be fine. Just let me know if you need anything, okay?" He said it with a smile.

I just don't know why, but I was not comfortable leaving him alone. However, I had to do it.

Chapter 428

Chapter 418 Wrong Person In The Wrong Time (Akin Spade)

After Beatrice left, I began to wander around the room in sheer panic.

'She is falling for me,' I said to King, who scoffed.

'For me. It has to be me,' he argued, and I shook my head vigorously at his claims. I cannot believe she t*ouched me or let me t*ouch her. I have been so

careful in my responses and actions because I didn't want to scare her away with how fast I was moving.

But it seems like she is really easygoing, and I just scare myself with the thought of her getting offended for no reason.

'Ah! Did you smell her skin? She is mesmerizing. I was afraid I would take a bite of her. She smells so good.' I smiled and jumped in the bed, hugging a pillow. 'Her lips... I was urging to keep sucking on them' King mumbled with a chuckle.

'She is perfect. She has it all. No wonder whoever she breaks up with cannot move on from her. She is impeccable,' I didn't have any words to describe what I was feeling. Definitely, we have felt the sparks, and I would be delusional to say I didn't notice the way she had been looking at me.

'Her eyes hold so much respect and concern for us,' Thankfully, King brought it up. I wanted to hear it all from him.

'Really?' I smiled.

'As if you didn't notice. She gets so jumpy when anyone looks at us in even the slightest bitter way. She even defended us when she found our coat on the site of the incident,' as King brought that one up, I sat up and wondered what those girls screamed at us.

'Why do you think they lied?' I couldn't wrap my head around the fact they saw me and called for me to help their friend, and when I tried to reach for her, they began to claim I was assaulting them,' I recalled with a sad pout.

'Beatrice is right. There is a whole conspiracy going on behind our backs,' King said, and I grinned again. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

'When is she ever wrong?' I couldn't help but keep smiling and giggling. It was just that I never really thought I would get a chance with her.

I remember she used to have a crush on me back when I didn't want to admit it or look at her differently, but the heart wants what it wants. After that, she never really showed that love for me, so I began to feel like maybe that was it. Maybe I would never have a chance with her.

But look at us now; she was melting like butter in my arms. And then the thought of last night flashed before my memory, and my smile grew.

She was under me, and my body was pressed against hers. It felt so good.

I quickly freshened up but didn't plan to go to bed. She was in the other room, but I was worried for her. I couldn't sleep at all. I have decided to rest when she returns; otherwise, I will stay awake. I had my eyes on my phone, and the instant it rang, I rushed to pick it up.

However, right off the bat, I knew it wasn't her calling.

The number was new.

"Hello?" I frowned at who might be calling me after midnight.

"Alpha King A—kin," I heard sobbing from the other side, "please he—lp me."

My heart flipped inside my chest when I heard the devastating voice of Talia. I remember what she told me about Igor. But

I thought he might have given her a break. That right there made me wonder who this alleged r*apist could be.

"Talia? What is happening?" I asked, and she continued to sob.

"I am in the front garden, n*aked. He beat me up and left me without clothes," she whimpered in a heartbreaking voice.

My jaw clenched at his brutality.

How dare he think he can take away someone's right to their body? It was not only brutal but also inhumane.

"Stay there; I am coming over," I told her, and rushed into the closet to get a robe and leave the room for her aid. I was briskly making my way with my fists clenched around the robe. This has to end now. He cannot just hurt anyone he wants. As soon as I reached the second garden a little farther from the mansion, I was met with another surprise. There was a weredragon guard on top of Talia while she was protesting and fighting him off.

"F*uc*k off," she cried, and tried to push him away, but he was much more forceful than her.

Anger had already been bubbling in my veins, and this only made things worse. I sprinted and lunged at the weredragon. As I dragged him away from her, I saw the fear in his eyes. But before he could transition into his weredragon form, I landed a punch on his jaw and knocked him unconscious. Now that he was lying unconscious, I turned to Talia. She was covered in bruising and had wh*ip marks all

over her body. She was hugging herself and crying hysterically on the ground when I approached her and unfolded the robe, making her cover herself.

“He is going to kill me for asking for help,” she smiled weakly, but I could tell she was hysterical in the moment. Her body was shaking. She was holding my hands with her trembling hands before she pulled into my chest and hugged me.

“Please save my family and all the other girls he has been using for his benefit and gain. We are tired, and our bodies are tired, Akin. We cannot take it anymore,” she sniffled as she cried.

“Please,” she begged. For some reason, I felt like my little sister was begging for help, and I would never deny helping anyone.

That’s when another mess awaited me. I heard a bothersome cough that made me look the other way and watch Beatrice’s mother, Melanie, walk toward us with nothing but anger in her eyes.

I knew right away that she got it all wrong.

Chapter 429

Chapter 419 Arrested But Not Guilty

“Shame on you!” she proceeded to approach me with her harsh gaze falling upon my face. Before she could even give me a chance to respond to her and let her be aware of what her favorite guy, Igor, was doing, she smacked me across the face to cause me humiliation and degradation. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

I closed my eyes and stepped away from Talia, who was ready to flee the scene at this point.

“My daughter is madly in love with you, and you are doing this behind her back?” She began to shout and throw a tantrum.

“I wasn’t doing anything that would upset Beatrice. Talia over here—,” I began to explain, but she once again cut me off in the middle of my words.

“She will be dealt with. As for you, I demand you leave my land right now,” she yelled shakily, throwing her angry glares at me.

“I will leave for my room,” Talia whispered, and she instantly slipped away.

“No,” I said, and Melanie had to shake her head to make sure she heard me correctly. “You cannot defy me,” she mumbled, and this time when she tried to get closer to yell at me, I stood a step ahead and made her step back.

“Watch me,” I muttered. “I would not leave Beatrice behind with that psychopath, who you need to keep an eye on because this girl over here called me just a few minutes ago, crying about him hurting her and keeping other s*ex s*laves hidden from your eyes. Now tell me, where are you when he is hurting these women?” I was feeling this anger inside me that I couldn’t control anymore.

The only reason I wasn’t bursting into rage was because the woman in front of me was my beloved’s mother. Beatrice had waited for this moment her entire life. I would never take that family away from

her.

But that didn’t mean I would let her mother separate us. Not after I have waited so patiently to be accepted by her.

“I saw you with her. So, I would rather believe my own eyes. Now go back to your room because my daughter will deal with you in the morning,” Melanie hissed and pointed in space.

I could argue back and forth, but she wasn’t going to listen to me anyway. Wasn’t she sick?

Why the heck was she wandering around, especially the instant her daughter fell asleep in her room? Thinking I would deal with everything in the morning, I walked back to my room but couldn’t rest for the whole night.

There was this fear inside me that kept me awake. I couldn't stop wondering if Beatrice would believe me.

'Don't worry, she will,' King reassured as we walked into the shower early in the morning. 'It is not Igor against me. In fact, her mother will be filling her ears against us now. She will claim she saw us with Talia,' I muttered under my clenched jaw tiredly.

'Talia can testify for us,' King said.

Talia will be happy to tell the world what kind of monster Igor is. But then there was one tiny problem. Why didn't she stay to clear our name? Why did she run away like a culprit?

I was beginning to question everyone, as well as my ability to foolishly believe everyone. As I changed and walked around in the room, I found an omega knocking on the door and delivering breakfast to my room. I didn't feel like eating anything, so I only drank the water and continued pacing around and waiting for the arrival of Beatrice.

I only decided to leave and meet her myself when the door busted open like they were here to arrest a culprit, and I wasn't wrong for thinking like that.

They had actually come to arrest whoever they thought was behind all the horrible events. The guards had their guns out and were pointing at me, led by none other than Igor.

"What the hell is going on?" I asked, feeling a little nauseated. Something wasn't right. I was not able to feel the same energy I had when waking up anymore.

My mind seemed to be blocking a lot of awareness. The only thing I could focus on was the blurred face of Beatrice in my memory.

"Why don't you tell me what is going on?" Igor scoffed, tying his hands behind his back and eyeing the guards. "Arrest him."

That has been scaring me, and now it was happening. I wondered if those allegations were all created by Igor. But wonder was all I could do because when I tried putting up a fight, I felt my body go numb.

“F*uc*k off, don’t get your hand—s on me,” I warned the guard, who I could get in my grasp, but soon my fingers felt too heavy to move and he had escaped out of my grasp.

“There is no need to be putting up a fight anymore. You have made a mistake by coming here and harassing our women. What kind of shameless bastard keeps his dirty eyes on his mate’s pack women? You truly have no shame, just like your parents. But I will make sure our people don’t have to fear or worry about anything anymore. As I am now personally taking care of this matter,” he shook his head and stated every word with a lot of pressure.

He was implying that I only came here to ruin whatever they had managed to secure.

My tongue was so heavy that it forbade me from uttering a single word in my defense. So, I got arrested while I dropped to my knees. They had silver chains, and everything worked out as if they had been planning it ever since I arrived. The silver made my body squirm when it entered my veins, and I let out a sigh. Now I was completely out of energy and being dragged away from the room by the guards. My legs were folded and getting tugged, and my head was down.

I was worried about the reputation this case would make of me.

Chapter 430

Chapter 420 With Me Now (Helel Spade)

I called an Uber and drove Gwen to my cabin without having any conversation with her. She had been sobbing every few minutes, so I didn’t want to bother her by forcing her to tell me what went down in the mansion.

Once we arrived at the cabin, she stood in the corner and kept sobbing. Now it was getting boring. I mean, if she will not say a word, how would I know what the lingering issue is?

“Gwen, sit down,” I said tiredly, watching her shake her head at me.

“Why? Is standing in the corner going to help you in any way?” I asked, and she finally wiped away her tears to lift her head and look at my face. The stare she gave me looked so quizzical. Originating from n0v@lbin☆, this material safeguards undisclosed information.

There was complaint in her eyes as she kept staring into my face.

“I don’t want you to burn another perfect couch of yours because I have t*ouched it,” the harshness in her tone and a big tear rolling down her eye made me realize what had made her upset in the past.

“I was angry, and that couch was my belonging. I ruined it, so what?” I asked as I shook my head.

“Of course, you love to ruin what you own,” her comment actually made me flinch, but I didn’t argue with her. She was pregnant and very emotional.

Not to mention, she was pregnant with my child, and I was over here acting all hurt and irresponsible. It wasn’t that I didn’t feel bad for her. I guess I just felt worse for myself in the beginning.

“Fine, you can sit down. I won’t burn it down,” I sighed and watched her shake her head in disapproval, but then she did sit down. I grabbed her some fresh juice and food and then sat on the sofa to ask her about her sudden departure from the mansion.

“Now, do you mind telling me what happened? Why is it that I am getting a distressed call from Reign, asking me where have you gone?” I asked under pressure. There is no way she just got up and left without anything happening.

“Your brother kicked me out,” she said, and put the glass down. “Zane grabbed me by my arm and dragged me out of the kitchen because I was trying to cook for myself. He said I should not be using their kitchen. He said I was a s*lut who wanted to trap one of the brothers, and now I have succeeded. He said our baby is a bastard child and that he will never accept this baby as part of his family because I seduced you into sleeping with me and to upset Beatrice. Do you want to know what else he said?” She was staring into my eyes while a stream of tears was leaving hers.

I was not surprised that Zane misbehaved, but all these things were too much. I didn’t expect him to go this far.

“I will talk to him,” I said, feeling humiliated. How can he talk like this about my baby? Who is he to decide if the baby will get our name or not?

“There is no need to. It is not like you have ever respected me. It is true, Helel. You never accepted this child. You didn’t even care what I was doing. You just

left the mansion again and came here to cope. I'm the one carrying our baby. You did nothing, and neither did you ever ask me about the baby," she began to raise her voice and be in her feelings.

I just felt so guilty and ashamed of myself.

"You talk about trying to do good. Well, flash news, your own baby is going to suffer because his father cares about everyone but—," she shut up once I grunted in a protest.

"My baby will not suffer," I got up from my seat and pointed a finger at her. "And don't f*uc*king tell me that I don't care."

"But you don't. So don't go around fighting Zane. I don't want everybody to think I am making you two fight," she hissed as she went against the idea that I speak to Zane. "I will just ask him to take his words back," I had calmed down because she didn't seem well, so I decided not to cause her more agitation.

"No, thank you. Don't talk about it with anyone. I don't want anybody to think I told you what Zane said. Nobody likes me anyway. This will make them hate me even more. I just want my pregnancy to be peaceful and to give birth to a healthy baby. Is that too much I am asking for?" She grunted loudly and began to cry.

I let out a deep breath and sat down again. "Okay, but don't cry," I mumbled softly. "But if he disrespects you again, I will not listen to you," I murmured, and she nodded.

"I want to leave this pack. I don't have a family, but there is a friend who lives in—," She was talking when I shook my head to reject all her requests.

"You are not leaving. I mean, you are with my baby—," I began to feel a weird pressure on my chest when realizing when she leaves, I will lose my baby too.

"Helel, I cannot stay here. I need care and attention. This pack is filled with chaos. I want to be at peace," she requested in a broken voice, and I shook my head once again.

The head shaking was probably so annoying to her, but I was doing it for a purpose. I didn't want her to leave with my baby.

“I will take care of you,” as soon as I said those words, I felt bad, but this was my baby she was carrying. She wasn’t the only one who should have the responsibility of the baby on her shoulders.

“You will?” she asked in confusion.

“I want to take care of you because of my baby. Give me a chance,” I murmured, realizing this is what Beatrice would never be upset about.

With that being said, Gwen gently nodded to the agreement to stay in my cabin.