

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates

#Tasting 1 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 1

Tasting 1

1-Hello Stepbrothers, Please Be Gentle With Me. I thought the Moon Goddess had blessed me with a new family when I met my quadruplet stepbrothers. Bu ittle did I know, I was moving into a home where my stepbrothers called me their stepsister during the day and their mate at night. Nora: "It's really tough for me to look after this wolfless girl," the principal complained to the head of the council, Lord Atwood Archer. My head hung even lower as I couldn't stop shaking. "Tell me what went down today?" Lord Atwood asked, giving me a quick glance while I kept my tom- open shirt forcefully closed. "Some of the boys and girls targeted her until she was found hiding in the school's basement. She was badly shaken up and in tears," Mr. Fortin explained the day's events that led them to summon Lord Archer to the school grounds. Clearly, the principal opted for the most PG version of recent events. In the explicit version, I was tossed around and prodded until my shirt ripped open down the middle. That's when I sprinted to hide from the bullies. "Your teachers and staff can't handle a few high school bullies?" Lord Archer raised his voice, and as I shivered at his tone, he calmed down. 268auchen "It's not easy for us to provide protection to Omegas, let alone a she-wolf whose wolf never woke up. She's basically human, and it's really becoming difficult to shield her. These powerful Alphas from different packs are being sent to our academy for training, and when they see her, their inner ego pushes them to bully her. You, being a father of quadruplet alphas yourself, know how challenging it is to deal with alphas. I cannot upset. the Alphas," the principal made his stance clear. However, I foresaw this coming. The pack's high school operated under the most significant hierarchy system. "That's ridiculous," as Lord Atwood complained, the principal decided to add some more statements

to complete his argument. "I'm sorry, Lord Atwood, but you were the Alpha King of the Red Storm Pack, and these rules were established during your reign. Now that you've retired, and the council is in the process of electing your Quadruplets as the Alpha kings, life may seem. perfect for you and your boys. However, this high school accommodates other Alphas from neighboring packs, and if we prioritize Omegas, sigmas, and humans over them, our high school will lose its charm," the principal was delicately conveying that it was our fault for being born weaker. Humans were essentially those whose wolves never woke up, making them ultimate targets. Omegas were treated as s**s, and sigmas were considered insignificant. "Well, then I must say everyone is wrong to think they can mistreat her," Lord Atwood uttered as he took a deep pause. It seemed like he had come up with something. "Because she is not an ordinary human girl. She is my stepdaughter." Ill 15.45 The moment those words left his lips, the principal took off his glasses, watching me with much anticipation now. I had no

clue what Lord Atwood was talking about. "Nora Oman, right?" Lord Atwood turned to me and asked, and as I nodded, he lowered his head and let out a sigh. "The only reason I have been coming here to check on her is because of her mother. Nora is the daughter of my late second- chance mate. I wish I had stepped up before, but it's never too late," Lord Atwood continued speaking, and we continued listening. A part of me wanted to bring up many questions, but silence. seemed like the best option at the moment. "Oh sweet Goddess!" Principal Fortin exclaimed in horror. As he stood up from his seat and paced around, I gathered that her was not actually very excited about the news, "Do your sons know about it?" Fortin questioned, and Lord. Atwood shook his head. "I guess they'll meet her today when I take her home," he sounded a bit flabbergasted at his own decision.

"Are you sure it's a good idea? The young Alphas are already troubling, and with this new information, they'll hate you even more, Fortin uttered, stopping near Atwood and gently placing. his hand on the back of Atwood's hand. The two used to be best friends, so I assume Fortin was shocked but also concerned about the new revelations. "I have to do what I can. Besides, they are really at their best. behaviors for now, just for the sake of crownings," Lord Atwood 5pbrother, Please the Gentle With Me 203 Wouter took a deep breath and then stood up from his seat to turn to me, "Are you ready to meet your stepbrothers, Nora?" He looked so guilty and scared as I gave him a nod. I figured it would be better to live with him and have a family than to live in the mountains or live in the hostel. They were too troublesome for my liking. "Update me on how they react when you have time," Fortin voiced as I walked out of the office with Lord Atwood. Now that we were out of sight of Principal Fortin, I began to notice Lord Atwood's appearance. He was tall, probably 6 feet, and had blue eyes. His hair was all gray now, but his build was still pretty solid. I've heard about the Alpha King brothers. They were young achievers with not only a desire to be an alpha King but having their own interests to spark good relationships with their pack. members. "I'm so sorry for not coming soon for your rescue," he whispered, stealing glances from me. In response, I only nodded. I didn't know what to say to him. Just a few minutes ago, I had no clue my mother was a second chance mate to the Alpha King, Atwood Archer. "Let's go home," Lord Atwood then walked me to his car and helped me slide into his Bentley. After a much stressful ride, I finally arrived at my new home. However, reality was beginning to set in on me. I wondered if it was a good idea to live with so many people. But then I saw the

49.09% 15:47 mansion ahead, and a little greed for living the life of an Alpha King's daughter sparked inside me. The hierarchy was evident in the mansion. The s**ts outside were either Omegas or Sigmas. And the guarding responsibilities were handed over to the G**as. "Listen, my sons are a little hot-headed, but they are good people. Once they accept you as their little sister, they will keep you protected, Lord Atwood mumbled while opening the gate for me. Now, I didn't know how else to take his words, but I was ready to head inside. Right upon entering, I realized my hand was cramping up from holding my shirt tight from the middle to not accidentally flash my stepfather. "Oh, why don't you go inside while I attend this call?" Just when I thought my misery would end, Lord Atwood gave me a hand gesture and stepped aside with his phone

clutching to his ear. Upon stepping inside, a dazzling chandelier hung from the high ceiling, casting a warm and inviting glow over the foyer. The floor was made of polished marble, reflecting the shimmering light and adding a touch of luxury to the space. Expansive windows allowed natural light to flood in. While the rest of the mansion was consumed with silence, there was one particular room at the end of the hallway on the second floor where I could hear some noises from Desperate to have an interaction with someone, I stormed in its way. "How intimidating could the brothers get? I shrugged to myself. Once they discover they've got a little sister, they're bound to warm up to me and treat me like a princess. Those were my initial thoughts, and I clung to them until I opened the partially ajar door to the expansive room. It wasn't just any room. It was an art room, a studio. Paintings of various kinds adorned every nook and cranny, and the large window that covered most of the wall lent it an even more splendid ambiance. I moved closer to the lone uncovered painting, perhaps left without a white sheet like the others for

drying purposes. The very first thing that escaped my lips was a gasp. It was a nude painting of a stunning woman draped in chocolate. The details were so intricate that I had to avert my gaze shyly. And that's when the artist himself emerged from the small room. within the larger space. The attractive guy sported only khaki pants with paint brushes. sticking out of them. The lack of a shirt revealed his perfectly defined abs and broad, muscular shoulders. Holding a brush and a wine glass in his hands, he spared me at quick glance. I was stunned by the sight of his sharp jawline, striking hazel eyes, and dirty blond hair. He was broad and muscular, but it was the way his body moved as he walked that made me gulp and forced my gaze downward. Don't even get me started on the package in his pants. I shouldn't be looking there, but he was the most ruggedly handsome man I had ever seen in my entire life. And then he opened his d**n mouth, letting his s**y III 1 Hello Stepbrothers, Please Be Gentle With Me 1288 Vouchers voice stun me. "So, you're the model here for naked art?" The words shook the world beneath my feet, especially when spoken by my stepbrother. 2-Don't Grow In Your Pants, I Am Your Stepsister Nora: Actually, as I struggled to form a word, he silenced me by striding closer to me. He was so tall, standing over 6 feet 3, that a 5 foot 6 inches girl like me looked tiny in front of him. He tucked the brush behind his ear and brought a stool to sit in front of me, his long legs spread apart, his suspenders over his naked chest was something I couldn't even look away from. He probably did it to be on my level. Taking a sip from his wine, he silently observed me before his gaze landed on my cleavage, which I had beer This book had been added on your bookshelf. "Remove your fingers," he instructed, gesturing with his eyes. I didn't want to continue and wanted

to let him know immediately that I'm not the model he thinks I am. I am his stepsister. "I-," as I struggled to form a word, I noticed he grabbed the paintbrush and ran the back of it around my nipples over my shirt. At this point, I felt even more uncomfortable. The tingling sensation down my spine made me gulp and look up to meet his eyes. "I read your email that you sent me before coming here. I didn't respond because, let's be honest, I didn't know what you looked like. But looking at you now, I will say yes!" he whispered, his brush still stroking my chest. With every word, he would move his eyes and raise his eyebrows, making everything he said even more intriguing. But now it was

getting out of hand, and if I didn't say anything soon, I would end up in an embarrassing situation with my stepbrother. Thankfully, his cellphone rang, and he finally decided to step away. But as he looked at the screen, he rolled his eyes, tossed his phone aside, and walked back to me. I was surprised because I caught a glimpse of the screen, and it was his dad calling, a call he didn't even want to take "So, where were we?" his attention was back on me. And honestly, I felt like I was committing a sin. The way he walked and moved his shoulders made my heart race with every gesture. "Oh yeah! you were going to take out your breasts," hearing that word from his lips made me shrink into myself and take a deep breath. That was it. I had to tell him I am his stepsister. But how could I? He is so incredibly attractive. He stared at me and then rolled his eyes when he saw that I wasn't moving or letting go of my shirt. "What is your rank? have you never seen an alpha before?" he was not wrong; I seemed stunned. But the reason I was stunned was because my stepbrother was the most handsome man walking on this land. Don't Grow Your Pants, I Am Your Steperatur My eyes traveled down once again, and this time, I could see a visible bulge in his pants, rising upward and giving a silhouette of how big his manhood was,

I gulped and closed my eyes with pressure. I felt like a dirty person for examining my stepbrother like that. The worst was what he said next. "Don't be nervous. If it helps you, you are the only attractive model that made me react like this in over a year," his comment made me open my eyes in shock and look back at him as he stood only a foot away from me, his eyes examining my body. At this point, I was the one to be blamed. I let him get so comfortable that now I know my stepbrother, who has not -found any naked model attractive, finds me attractive even when I am fully clothed. "Oh! My son Cain!" Thankfully, my stepfather arrived in time. He welcomed himself into the room with his arms open, but Cain stepped away from him after giving him a judgmental look. From the get-go, I could tell they were not on good terms. At least Alpha Cain was not on good terms with his father. Lord Atwood instantly put his hands down and then turned to look at me. "What are you doing in my studio?" Cain didn't even let him say another word before he started raising his voice at his father. He was probably disturbed because he thought I was the model he would be working with. "I told you not to come near my studio when I have guests over," he added, making his father frown and stare at him. 43668 17 2 "Oh! this is not only a guest. I mean, not only your guest. Didn't you tell him?" Lord Atwood seemed bewildered, and I don't blame him. I should have opened my mouth and introduced myself already. "Tell me what? Do you know her?" Cain's frown intensified, narrowing his hazel eyes at me. "She is your-little stepsister," the moment those words left Lord Atwood's mouth, Cain's eyes shone a red color so clearly that I gulped and stepped behind Lord Atwood. "What the heck are you saying? Do you even know what that means?" Cain yelled, hastily approaching his father. "I know what I am saying. She is the daughter of Lillian," Lord Atwood's voice turned lower when

mentioning my mother. The look on Cain's face scared me. It was as if watching him go through a variety of emotions, including anger, confusion, and disgust. "How dare you bring that filth here? Is that how you repay us for forgiving you? You bring the w**e's daughter home, who is the reason our mother left this world?" Cain didn't waste a

minute before he tossed his wine glass across the wall and yelled at the loudest. He probably even forgot that as an alpha, his anger can bring chaos. But the way he talked about Lillian in itself was a sign that I am glad I wasn't the one who told him I am his stepsister. "Your anger is justified but not towards Nora. She has done nothing but live alone for years and get picked on. I have promised Lillian that I will take care of her daughter-I am going ||| 16:47 to deliver that promise," Lord Atwood uttered while Cain's eyes shimmered with tears. One could only imagine how much pain he was feeling at my arrival. "Of course you would. You only care about your mistress wishes. And then you wonder why your quintuplets grew up so messed up," Cain made it very clear with his soft tone that he would never accept me as his little sister. And then when I thought he would just want us gone now, he turned to me, "by the way, your daughter was staring at my pants. I hope she is not as messed up as her mother. I felt so ashamed when Lord Atwood turned to look at me. It was like he was disappointed but also shocked. What a way to start a journey with my new family. It was just one brother, I have yet to meet the other brothers of mine.

Tasting 2

2-Don't Grow In Your Pants, I Am Your Stepsister

Nora:

Actually, as I struggled to form a word, he silenced me by striding closer to me. He was so tall, standing over 6 feet 3, that a 5 foot 6 inches girl like me looked tiny in front of him.

He tucked the brush behind his ear and brought a stool to sit in front of me, his long legs spread apart, his suspenders over his naked chest was something I couldn't even look away from.

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This book had been added on your bookshelf.

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At this point, I felt even more uncomfortable. The tingling sensation down my spine made me gulp and look up to meet his eyes.

"I read your email that you sent me before coming here. I didn't respond because, let's be honest, I didn't know what you looked like. But looking at you now, I will say yes!" he whispered, his

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his eyes and raise his eyebrows, making everything he said even more intriguing.

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I was surprised because I caught a glimpse of the screen, and it was his dad calling, a call he didn't even want to take

"So, where were we?" his attention was back on me. And honestly, I felt like I was committing a sin. The way he walked and moved his shoulders made my heart race with every gesture.

"Oh yeah! you were going to take out your breasts," hearing that word from his lips made me shrink into myself and take a deep breath.

That was it. I had to tell him I am his stepsister. But how could I? He is so incredibly attractive.

He stared at me and then rolled his eyes when he saw that I wasn't moving or letting go of my shirt.

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stunned was because my stepbrother was the most handsome man walking on this land.

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“Don’t be nervous. If it helps you, you are the only attractive model that made me react like this in over a year,” his comment made me open my eyes in shock and look back at him as he stood only a foot away from me, his eyes examining my body.

At this point, I was the one to be blamed. I let him get so comfortable that now I know my stepbrother, who has not -found any naked model attractive, finds me attractive even

when I am fully clothed.

“Oh! My son Cain!” Thankfully, my stepfather arrived in time. He welcomed himself into the room with his arms open, but Cain stepped away from him after giving him a judgmental look. From the get-go, I could tell they were not on good terms. At least Alpha Cain was not on good terms with his father.

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“Oh! this is not only a guest. I mean, not only your guest. Didn’t you tell him?” Lord Atwood seemed bewildered, and I don’t blame him. I should have opened my mouth and introduced myself already.

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“Of course you would. You only care about your mistress wishes. And then you wonder why your quintuplets grew up so messed up,” Cain made it very clear with his soft tone that he would never accept me as his little sister. And then when I thought he would just want us gone now, he turned to me, “by the way, your daughter was staring at my pants. I hope she is not as messed up as her mother.

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What a way to start a journey with my new family. It was just one brother, I have yet to meet the other brothers of mine.

Tasting 3

3-My Stepbrothers Are Hot But Crazy! Nora: “I promise I didn’t mean to listen to him talk about my-,” I bit my tongue as I lowered my face and clutched my hands before my body. “It’s alright. I know he’s exaggerating. I mean, how can you even tell him who you are. So don’t worry, I’ve known you since you were a kid, and I believe in your character, my child,” Lord Atwood’s soothing tone made me feel complete. I closed my eyes and turned my head to the other side because a faint memory of my own father disturbed me. He never used such kind words for me. I was so disgusted by him. “I don’t think Alpha Cain will accept me as his sister,” I uttered as I sat down in the foyer with my new father, who seemed much better than my old father. “It will take time. Even if he argues with you or fights with you, he will not let any outsider treat you wrong. That’s the thing about my sons; they protect what belongs to them,” Lord Atwood smiled as he talked about his sons. I was worried about what kind of relationship he had with

Lillian. Obviously, I didn't know any secrets. The brown seven-seater sofa set with a big display TV on the wall and all the decor around looked so lonely. The mansion was filled with emptiness even when so many were living under this roof. I wasn't even over the trauma of meeting my one brother when the door swung open, letting us hear the commotion outside as a young man sprinted inside with his raspy breaths louder than anything else and blood running down his nose. "Oh My Goddess! Is he okay?" I took to my feet at the sight of the man walking hastily towards us, only to step back and sit down out of fear when he pointed his finger at me, warning me not to get any closer.

"Nash!" Lord Atwood said his son's name, trying to get up but instantly changed his mind and remained seated when Alpha Nash hunched over him in a threatening manner. "What have you done, old man? Huh! Why is it that Cain is telling me that you brought home that s**'s daughter and now you want us to take part in your twisted games that you played with our mother and accept this trash?" he yelled at his father before he turned his head towards me and pointed at me. I straightened my back and lowered my eyes to avoid eye contact with him. Lord Atwood had given me a gray sweater to cover myself with since my shirt was all torn from the middle. Alpha Nash tossed aside his boxing gloves and wandered around, running a hand through his one inch hair and aggressively sniffing. His aura was so strong and rough that I didn't even want to be in the same room as him. He seemed like he could take aggressive action and probably hit me if I dared speak a word to him. His striking sea-blue eyes were bloodshot, and his black hair was drenched in sweat. -Lord Atwood had told me that Nash would come home late because he was participating in a boxing match. But since he got the news of my arrival, he came home early. "Would you have rather let me deal with everything alone? I have made a promise-," now that Nash had stepped away, Lord Atwood got up from his seat to explain it better to his son why he brought me here. But Nash was an impatient young man; he hissed and silenced his father. "You made promises to us when begging us for forgiveness. You told us we would never hear about your mistress or anything related to her. So why is this-girl here? I don't accept her as my sister," he pointed at me and took a brief pause before declaring his decision. "Hey, brother! What's going on?" Before any more words could be spoken, two more alphas walked inside with their mood cheery and probably having no idea what mess was awaiting them. "Nash! Weren't you supposed to be-," the guy with striking gray eyes and two-toned hair, black with streaks of silver, was about to ask his brother when he halted to pass me a glance, "looks like dad got caught in bed with someone who could easily pass for his daughter," his comment made me flinch in disgust.

There was something about him that seemed so wrong and s** at the same time. He was wearing a black jacket over his white shirt and black pants, his sleeves rolled up and small knives hanging down from his pants' pockets. "What kind of language is that, Ryker?" Lord Atwood tried to object, but Nash's loud scoff brought silence to him, "Come on, let me introduce you to your little sister—remember 111 220 Veles Lillian? That's her daughter and now our sister," Nash ran over the words when rushing in my direction and literally pointing his finger in my face. I pulled back in my seat and watched the two young Alphas share a glance and then look at me. "Dad! How could

you do this to us? To our mother?" The one who hadn't said a word till now spoke up. He had curly black hair that was messily resting on his forehead while the black frame of his glasses secured his beautiful gray sharp eyes. He had much fuller lips than his brothers and a white labcoat tucked under his arm. The black hoodie was unable to hide his perfectly toned biceps as he had the sleeves rolled up too. "Silas! Out of all of you, I hoped you would understand," Lord Atwood expressed his sadness through his soft tone, but the brothers seemed unfazed. "This is a new kind of disrespect to our mother," Silas shook his head when answering his father. "Well, anyway," now that Lord Atwood seemed like he didn't have a choice because the reactions were too explosive, he used his calm and ex-alpha King voice to address the situation, "she is my daughter and your sister. Whether you like it or not. And I'll not accept anyone disrespecting her under my care," he declared, spreading his arm over the sofa and taking a deep -breath of relaxation. "So! Meet Nora,, from today onward, she is your sister. And Nora! These unhinged, arrogant, and self-destructive Alphas are your brothers. They will take care of you, and if they don't, feel 3-My Stepbrothers Are Hot But Crazy! free to tell me 'all about them," the sudden shift in his tone was

shocking. He sounded authoritative. The brothers now stood in line, glaring at their father and understanding that he was using his status over them. I heard they were under the test period before they claimed the title of the alpha Kings of north, south, east, and west. Hence, they were forced to act decently even when they were far from just that. However, I did understand their feelings. They have lost their mother because of their father's affair, so I don't know what to think about my new father yet. "Nora! The one in the messy state is your brother, Alpha Nash. He came out a few minutes earlier than his other brothers. He's a boxer, who punishes the pack's Sinners by boxing with them, almost leaving them dead before kicking them out of the pack. And he is also soon to be the Alpha King of the South," as those words left Lord Atwood's lips, Nash looked around at his brothers before taking a seat in silence. His breathing was still erratic, but he was holding in all the anger now. "And the Royal Highness who has finally decided to show up," Lord Atwood turned to Cain, who was coming downstairs, still shirtless. "He's Alpha Cain, a royal painter. He only keeps his nose in pack's royal assets. You must have also taken a peek at his work." Lord Atwood now sounded sarcastic as he disapproved of them shouting at him ever since they arrived. Cain rolled his eyes and stopped behind the couch where Nash. was sitting. Cain hunched over and rested his hands on the couch's backrest, narrowing his eyes at me, indirectly threatening me. "This is Alpha Ryker, he's your senior in high school and also a border patrol officer, a warrior if you may say, for now before he takes over the West," I watched the one with two-toned hair. Weirdly enough, he was the only one who passed a smirk, a very disturbing one. "And this over here! The ruture Alpha King of the North is Alpha Silas; he's the packs doctor," Lord Atwood introduced the one wearing glasses to me. "Hacker!" Suddenly, Ryker's comment changed the whole ambiance of the foyer. "Someone who is able to hack a helpless Omega's wolf," he added and my body formed

goosebumps. "Sorry? Lord Atwood tilted his head to his son, who in return glared at Silas. "I found a helpless omega wandering around the pack's border today, trying to cross it. But when I found him, I noticed. something odd about him. His eyes were

mostly white as if he was under control of his wolf but later he claimed, his wolf was under someone else's control. I wonder who could be the best. doctor of wolves in our pack who can directly communicate with wolves without even involving their human forms," Ryker was staring at Silas, who refused to accept any of it. "For the last time, I didn't do anything. Silas abruptly yelled, and I got chills running down my spine. The brothers weren't even close. "You're lucky I don't have proof; otherwise, I would have thrown your sorry a** in jail for trying to send a poor omega out of the pack," Ryker hissed, only stepping back when Nash got up and stepped between them. 'Don't raise your voice when I'm around. Unless you want me to rearrange your face. Nash yelled at the two, who were constantly glaring at each other They had problems of their own, how the hell were they going to resolve my issues? Lord Atwood got up from his seat, stealing eyes from me for introducing his messed-up family to me. The four started bickering in the distance after Atwood dragged them away from me I completely forgot that there was still someone standing behind the couch, his eyes fired on me until I straightened my posture and accidentally made eye contact with him "Welcome to our perfect little family, little sister, Alpha Cain smirked, erecting his spine, and then turning his attention to his brothers. He inattentively rubbed his hand over his stomach, grazing his abs before joining the chaos. That was a messy start. I was beginning to feel like made a mistake by coming here:

Tasting 4

4-Highly Inappropriate Desires. Nora: I was guided to my bedroom by a maid while the brothers continued arguing with each other and their father throughout the evening. Being with my new family felt unsettling; they seemed messier than my previous living situation. I woke up feeling thirsty, realizing the morning had already arrived. I couldn't recall when I had slept so peacefully in weeks. Wearing a loose, casual nightdress, I descended the stairs. A black silk camisole top with adjustable shoulder straps and a V-neck descended to the valley of my deep cleavage, exposing the line between my ample bosom. The low-cut back revealed more skin. Paired with s**y short booty shorts that barely covered half of my behind, I didn't think much of it, as it was common in the dorms with girls. The silk elegantly shaped my breasts. My hair was tied in a rough bun with loose strands framing my face. As I casually entered the kitchen, I remembered it wasn't an all-girl dorm anymore; I was now living with my stepbrothers, who seemed to have forgotten about my existence as well. I noticed Shane leaning against the counter with a protein shaker in hand, shirtless, displaying his big muscular biceps and perfectly toned abs. The gray jumper tied loosely around his waist revealed a V leading down, with a hint of pubic hair. He seemed oblivious to my arrival as he shook the protein shaker, causing a noticeable bounce in his private region. 0.00% 1549 Although I knew I should have looked away and retreated to my bedroom, I found myself unable to move. "And he was talking about planning another atoh," Nash continued chatting with someone hidden from my view, 'so I said, "bring it on." His continuous shaking and the movement of his bulge. combined with his deep, raw voice, made me feel like I was doing something illegal.

“You’re crazy for this. You need a break between matches. Dad has been talking about us not focusing on the pack business” the other brother remarked. I turned my face to see shirtless Ryker next to the microwave, wearing black cargo pants that were slid down a bit. As he turned around, I glimpsed his V disappearing down. In just a few seconds of staring, when I raised my eyes, Ryker was looking at me, and to make matters worse, he glanced down to check his pants. I felt like giving myself a slap and then to him. Why would he do that? Obviously, to embarrass me. The two fell silent after watching me arrive. Nash glared at me for a second before putting down his shaker and quickly turning around. I could tell he was adjusting his pants. In order to avoid making matters even worse, I too started walking in the direction of the refrigerator, which was on the opposite side of the kitchen, opposite to the microwave. “Men live in this house,” I was jolted into turning around at Nash’s commanding voice. He had fixed his pants now, but he was still shirtless and his body was strangely attractive and muscular. “Don’t sneak up on us and make things awkward,” it was the fact that he was glaring at me with disgust. I lowered my eyes and then nodded. “I am sorry,” I whispered, nervously and awkwardly fidgeting with my fingers. “Our little sister seems to have adapted to his life pretty easily. Most girls would not even show their faces after they have been welcomed poorly. But look at her, she is already in our kitchen,” Ryker commented, but there was no hint of anger in his voice. He sounded more like he was having fun by taunting me. I got to see his body and noticed a few weird cuts and marks all over his skin. His body was lean, but he was ripped. His abs. seemed like bricks piled onto each other. His muscular and toned shoulders were broad and eye-catching. Not to mention, they had incredibly well-sculpted faces too. Some people just get lucky left-right. They didn’t only get powerful wolves but were gifted with G**d-like looks. “What?” Nash raised his voice to nag me when he caught me checking out Ryker, and I lowered my head even more. Another few minutes of silence prevailed before Nash cleared his throat and continued, “so, now that you are here and our sister—” I raised my head to see him react to it. He had rolled his eyes

when calling me his sister. “You need to know that since you are one year younger than us, you will have to listen to us,” he had grabbed his shaker again and was looking at me through his eyebrows, “which means, you will obey us. Before you do anything, make any decisions, you will have to talk to us. And only after we allow it, shall you proceed.” tilted my head and then frowned, not really getting what he was trying to say here. Was he trying to say I was now their s**e or what? “Do you have a boyfriend?” Ryker intervened, stepping ahead with some bowl in his hand that he had just microwaved. “No!” I shook my head, watching them share a glance and then nod. “Good. I don’t want anyone in this mansion. So even if you are thinking of making a boyfriend, drop the idea. You should focus on your studies,” that was Nash who ordered me. I didn’t like the idea. He was trying to control my life when I was eighteen and could make decisions for myself. “But I will need to find a mate eventually,” I tried to speak, but my words were cut short when Nash, who was drinking from his shaker, suddenly stopped to pass me a glare. “And I will decide it for you. Right now, I told you, I don’t want anyone to come tell me they are sleeping with my stepsister,” the look on his face when making up these rules sent shivers down my spine. Even his word choice was odd. “Which brings us to the next question,” Ryker added the moment he noticed Nash

was probably done talking. There was a weird hint of a smirk on Ryker's face as if he was only instigating Nash. "Are you a virgin?" Ryker questioned, and his smirk grew when Nash's body tensed up. "She better be. She just turned eighteen and doesn't have a boyfriend," Nash didn't even wait for me to answer him and decided it. However, I nodded because it was true. The off part was that I didn't want to talk to my brothers about my virginity. "Okay, may I grab a sandwich now?" I felt like asking Nash was the right thing to do since he

wanted to control my life so badly. "Why are you asking me? I am not your master, I am your brother," and with that, he left me stunned and left the kitchen. I was in disbelief, but there was one more shock left. Ryker, before leaving, stopped briefly in the door, his head down in the bowl and taking a spoonful of mac and cheese, commented, "next time, don't check out your brother's d**ks. It's highly inappropriate."

Tasting 5

5-Take Me To School. Nora: I grabbed a sandwich and hurried upstairs after a strange encounter with my brothers. Although I wanted to stay in my room and never leave again, I had to go to school. I quickly took a shower and put on baggy jeans and a white top to cover my body. Their comments really affected my mind. I grabbed my school bag and left for school. Just because I was now living with the alpha king, didn't mean I could skip school. Dad told me I could enjoy the events and welcoming parties on the weekend, but today was Friday, so I had to face the students once again. I left my room and had only raised my head when I saw the door to the studio open. While walking past it, I got to look inside and noticed Alpha Cain standing next to the window shirtless. Not only that, I got to see a silhouette of his butt, and that's when I lost my balance. He had his pants up till his knees as he was in the process of wearing them when he heard the bang and turned around, quickly pulling up his pants. Our eyes met, and I felt guilty, ashamed for eyeing his naked butt. It was so muscular and round. Oh my god! What was I thinking about? He is my stepbrother, for heaven's sake. I mean, he looked equally p**d off. He saw me lying on the floor and rushed over. I merely p*ar*ed myself to accept his help and apologize for ogling his butt, but instead of helping me | 15:50 3 up, he slammed the door shut. I felt like a thirsty and dirty person. The way he closed the door and judged me through his eyes was just too much. He must be thinking that I was peering at his butt. Collecting my stuff again, I got up and walked downstairs with my head down. Things were not going well. This is not how I had expected to be treated or introduced to the brothers. "Are you ready for school?" Thankfully, before I could be spotted by any of my brothers, I found dad standing under the staircase in a suit and holding a laptop bag

"Yes! Thank you for dropping me off at school," I met up with him on the first floor and noticed the way he shook his head. "Oh! I wish I could. But I have an urgent meeting. Besides, your school is quite far from my office" dad used a gentle tone, looking sad for me. "But worry not, I have already assigned your brother for this task," as he said that, he gestured at my brother to come out from the kitchen. Ryker walked out holding a sandwich in his hand, his eyes scanned me before he raised his brow and then turned

to look at his dad. "Do I really have to be her chauffeur?" The tiredness and exhaustion on his face was a sign that he was forced to do this job. "What have I told you about her? You are going to pick and drop her every day since her school falls in your way," dad's voice was stern this time. It didn't take me long to understand that dad can be very strict and they obliged him if he tries hard. At the same time, I didn't realize that somebody was coming downstairs, and I was a hurdle in their way. As I stood in the way, my body was tossed to the side a bit roughly by Cain, who had walked downstairs all fresh and dressed up. I could tell why he pushed me aside. So the reason he was naked was that he had taken a shower, but why didn't he close his door? Does he always leave the door open for show? I closed my eyes and hissed at myself for thinking about it. "Anyway, you have to take her responsibility," I was pulled out of my thoughts when dad raised his voice at Ryker, who closed his one eye before nodding reluctantly. "Now Nora, grab something to eat and then leave, okay?" Dad's affirmation really made me feel like I was finally loved and well taken care of. "Thank you, Daddy," I said innocently, but my response was met with a loud laugh and a taunting chuckle from the two brothers standing beside their father. They exchanged a glance and then

laughed loudly, making me look at them with sad eyes. "What's wrong with you two?" Dad asked them, noticing the awkwardness on my face. "She calls him daddy, no wonder he listens to her," Ryker made a mess of such an innocent sentiment. It was disgusting how Ryker made fun of me and my stepfather. I wondered where they drew the line. "Don't," Dad scolded them, "just because you boys joke about 36635 15:50 these things doesn't mean you can joke like that with your little sister. The minute he reminded them that I am their sister, their smiles faded away. Cain rolled his eyes and grabbed his phone out of his pocket, casually scrolling through it, while Ryker was now watching me and waiting for his father's orders. "Take her to school and make sure you tell the teacher to introduce her again to the class, but this time, as your stepsister" I could tell that Dad's words didn't sit well with Ryker as he frowned and took a deep breath. Ryker didn't say a word and walked towards the exit before me. He made sure to take long strides, leaving me behind as if he wasn't going to wait for me. However, when I left the mansion, I was stunned to see him sitting on a black heavy bike. 'I have never ridden a bike before, I commented, approaching the bike and admiring how beautiful and savage it looked. "Great! Check it off the bucket list now," Ryker sat down and wore his black helmet, looking so handsome with his black shining long coat and pants on. He had a few weird weapons tucked around his pants. I knew he was a patrol officer and would occasionally come to our school to teach the students some of the surviving techniques. I have seen him around but never took his class as I joined this school not long ago. "Hop on, I'm not going to wait for you the entire day," he hissed, turning the bike on. I sat behind him and as I was about to wrap

15:50 my arms around his waist, I noticed that he adjusted the mirror in a way that he could keep an eye on me. I held my arms around his stomach and leaned on top of him, feeling very awkward. However, the moment we hit the road, I realized it was not safe and this stepbrother of mine was crazy. The way he sped on the road left me tightening against his stomach and closing my eyes. I prayed he didn't run into someone and in just a matter of a few seconds, we had already arrived at our destination. "You are not

coming with me?" I uttered softly, making sure I'm holding onto his jacket so that he just doesn't take off on his bike. "Why would I go in there with you?" he took off his helmet to make a deep eye contact with me as if warning me to not annoy him. "The school bullies attack me. That's why dad said you should come with me and introduce me as your stepsister," I continued to explain but the look on his face told me that he was not at all concerned. "And? You think I would believe your story?" he shrugged, giving a quick stretch to his neck before turning his attention back at me, "I know all this bullying story was so that you could ask my father to bring you home. You can fool that old man, but not me." The fact that he didn't even spot the tears of helplessness in my eyes bewildered me "Then take me home," I attempted to climb back on the bike 15 50 # when he pushed me and I lost my balance, tripping and landing on my butt. It happened in such a haste that couldn't save myself from falling. "Nobody is out here for you. Go attend your school," he hissed. "What? You are leaving? I thought Dad said "I was in the process of reminding him what Dad had said when he started his bike again and drove off. Text

I was not only confused but upset too. My naive self thought my stepbrothers would protect me from bullies, just like I have always craved my entire life, but I guess it was going to be another hell of a day. 6-The Cruel Pack Members

Tasting 6

6-The Cruel Pack Members Nora: School was a nightmare for me, and even when the Alpha King took me to his home to welcome me into his family, things didn't really change for the better. By the end of the school day, I was soaked in milk, my white sweater covered in scribbles, my books torn, and my assignment missing. It was infuriating how little the teachers cared, given that the bullies were either Alphas of neighboring packs or their minions. The part that I hated the most was that today the werewolf council was at the school to pick young warriors for the pack's security, even with that much going on, nobody cared about the she-wolf getting abused in school. As the bell rang, I hastily gathered the remnants of my books. and stuffed them into my bag. I wanted to escape without becoming a target again. Moving toward the exit, I began to hear noises from behind. With food in my hair and a battered appearance, anyone I passed made comments or laughed at me. Just as I thought I was about to leave the school, a forceful push against my back sent me tripping, landing on the ground. I face-planted in front of the entire school, eliciting laughter from everyone. I anticipated this would happen if I was caught near the exit. The crowd surrounded me as Queen Bea appeared with her two 15:51 minions – Royal Beta's daughter, April Watts of the Red Storm pack. Her purple hair was perfectly curled, hazel siren eyes glistening with sharp eyeliner, and pink lipstick with a hint of glitter. In short, she looked like someone who could rule the world with her attire alone. And then there was me, a mere wolfless being. "Where do you think you were rushing to?" April uttered in her high-pitched tone, stomping on the back of my hand as I tried to retrieve my bag. "Owww!" I winced in pain, avoiding eye contact as she hated it. tears welled into my eyes as I

noticed the gammas and omegas standing around and watching her bully me. "What's the matter? Are you crying?" she pouted, allowing the students around her to laugh, even when it wasn't funny. "Aw! Look at this poor girl, there's food stuck in her hair. I wonder what her wolf feels. Oh sorry! She doesn't even have a wolf" she pouted, finally stepping away so I could retrieve my hand. She knew I didn't have a wolf, so healing would be a major problem for me. Yet, she didn't care, leaving a bruise on the back of my hand. "How about we give her a haircut?" The moment I heard a snapping of scissors, I raised my head to see her holding a pair of scissors. "Do it!" The crowd cheered, twisting my heart in my chest. Not a single person seemed to come forward to stop her. As for me, how could I fight them all back? But obviously, that didn't mean I wouldn't. However, the instant she noticed I was getting ready to protest, she eyed her two minion twin sisters, and they got on their knees, restraining my arms. These twins were omegas and 6-The Crick Pack Members 280 Wouter the only way they have survived the pack's bullying was by sticking beside April. "Let me go, are you crazy?" Those words slipped from my lips as I observed them forcing me down, with April crawling on top of me. "Hold her tight. I don't want to puncture her empty head," she squeaked, flipping her hair to the side and posing for pictures as if she accomplished something big.. "These pictures will be shown to the omegas. I am only doing you a favor. Imagine your wolf breaks free after enduring this torture," she made up an excuse because deep down inside, even she knew she was just a s**. "No!" I resisted, and that's when some guy held my legs to prevent me from moving and hurting April. "Thank you, love!" she briefly turned to the guy and winked at him. As he grasped my hair and pulled it up, fixing the scissors very close to my skull, I closed my eyes.

This was the worst thing happening to me in two days. Yep! I've been through worse. However, expecting the snap of scissors any time soon, I was quite taken aback when a harsh voice ended their entertainment. "What the heck is going on here?" Even in a state of distress, I recognized the voice to be Ryker's. April raised her head while I stared at her. She quickly jumped off and stepped away, throwing away the scissors. I was now 出 free, but lying straight on the cold ground, Everyone began to s**r around, and I assumed it was because Ryker was making his way towards me. I watched him appear and stop behind my head) He bent down and, after examining me, put his hands behind my head and helped me up. "What the hell kind of behavior is that?" as he yelled, everyone shuddered. "She fell" April's friend attempted to say when his angry glare hushed her down. It had only been a day, but I had not seen Ryker so serious, "What is this?" he then suddenly held my hand to gently rub his thumb over the bruised April's shoe left. His hands were super cold, and his fingers were big and bony. It should have been nothing, but his touch felt odd to me. I gulped when I noticed how everyone was watching us in surprise. "Who did this?" In a swift move, he let go of my hand and yelled at the others. Even April was gawking at him. She did appear afraid of him, but more importantly, she was checking him out. The fact that he came with his b**dy sword just proved he had a rough day at the border of the pack. "But she is a wolfless individual, and those people get toughened up by us, one of the girls from behind April tried to excuse their actions, but when Ryker stepped ahead, she stepped back and completely blended with the crowd in fear. 111 "You can go around doing whatever you want to others, but not her as Ryker pointed his finger me and warned them, I

watched eyes widening “Let’s go,” Ryker muttered, gently hugging my arm. I watched everyone whisper things and the look at me with so much jealousy in their eyes me I Although they did a number on n the whole day, in the end, f walked away victoriously “Why is Alpha King Ryker defending her?” I heard one girl ask the crowd. “Is he her boyfriend?” Another uttered. My heart pounded hard at the a** “No way! I don’t believe he would late her. That’s unfair” that whiny voice belonged to April. Well, needless to say, I was going to be the talk of the school from now on. And I wondered if they would dare annoy me again. As I followed Ryker and reached for his bike, I watched him get on it and then stretch his arm wide to stop me from walking away “Do you not know how to defend yourself?” he looked mad at me as well. “They were too many, and I tried,” I attempted to speak, but he hushed me. I couldn’t help but stare into the silver in his eyes, Flis thick black eyebrows when frowning looked so attractive. TRAIN 18. 249779czes “Don’t give me that nonsense. If you want us to introduce you as our stepsister, you better keep that reputation. Don’t let our names be dragged through the mud,” he hissed, bringing his body closer when I didn’t respond to him. “Nora!” he grunted, making my body jump a little. “When I talk, you look me in the eye, you got it?” He pulled even closer, sounding angry. I raised my head and looked him in the eye like he wanted me to, and a brief silence took over us before he quickly looked away and asked me to climb onto his bike. “And make sure you don’t wear that nightdress from now on,” that comment came as a surprise, but before I could even react, he had started his bike.

Tasting 7

7-What Are You Hiding In Your Pants, Stepbro? Nora: Once we arrived home, Ryker went off with his brothers and father to attend a werewolf council meeting, while I stuck to my bedroom. It was a sp**us room with a glass door on one side, opening to the balcony. The outside showcased mountains with a large moon breaking through the dark clouds “It’s a full moon night, I mumbled, my first eighteenth full moon,” I added, sliding open the glass door as I made my way to the balcony. As I gazed at the moon, a peculiar sensation stirred within me “Every eighteen-year-old must be finding mates tonight, I uttered, “but I can’t with a lack of my wolf” I sighed sadly. “I need some sweets,” I scratched the back of my neck, craving dessert to avoid that subject. The mating ball was definitely not for me. I wouldn’t dare go there and get upset at the sight of everyone feeling mate bonds. Everyone except me. The Omega serving the family had cautioned me against leaving my bedroom due to the brothers roaming around the mansion like crazy beasts. Evidently, they had an argument upon their return. Their untamed behavior made me wonder how they would handle their mates with such mood swings. But now it was silent, so I could sneak out for some snacks. The mansion’s walls were beautifully white, soothing for a dark #11 soul like mine I wore a white silk can top and blive booty shorts, complementing my long thighs. Despite Ryker’s advice against such nightwear, I stuck to what made me comfortable. ! didn’t understand why he forcade me from wearing what I liked I got my back, long hair and green eyes infented from my father, but sadly didn’t get anything from my mother My AMVGI te secondioot and escrossed the long dark fallway, Ireced teone leading to Alpha Cain’s studio. Without dwelling on it too deeply managed to traverse the hall adwegeazon the

studio. My steps rated and a strange urge to pee inaccessibly through my body since "Eto na Ter, jue a ot. I gubes ganced around ensuring rossby would catch me The only reason I wanted to take a

Alveste heard a women's voice from inside. Despite all the restrictions, I still made my way to the studio and good, hung behind the half open door. He was indeed inside, but this time he had a white shirt on. Although the shirt failed to hide his abs since he had left it fully open, it was his black pants without a belt and slightly unbuckled that kept forcing my eyes to rest my breathing down because there was a woman, her back facing me. "So, your small had some terms Cain continued revealing that this was the werewolf model he had confused me "I want the handsome alpha artist to go naked when I go naked; she shrugged, her red bob hair making her long bare back viable. Her blue dress lay around her waist, and I didn't see any bra strap, so I could guess she was sitting on a stool braless in front of him. Something inside me urged me to see her face, but it was only possible if she turned around. "Hmm! Smooth! But I don't feel like complying to that. You see! Not everybody can make my heart flutter. Besides, I only paint my subjects," Cain shrugged as he stepped behind the canvas and made some strokes, holding a wine glass in his free hand. Wait! Earlier, he told me he agreed to the email I sent him. I was shocked that now he was not interested when a girl was naked before him. I shook off all the thoughts and focused on Cain. "I know you think nobody is good enough for you," the ** girl continued to converse with him while he was busy painting on the canvas. "You seem to think you know me?" he whispered under his heavy breath, his beautiful thick eyelashes fluttering while he narrowed his gaze at his creation on the canvas. "I do. But I was hoping you would help me pose-," she paused when he raised one thick eyebrow and stared at her with his hazel eyes. He then put the brush down and steadily approached her so that she could continue her statement, "and maybe paint on my body too." As she finished, she placed her hand on his black pants, and he lowered his head to watch her hand. My heart s**d and a weird wave of jealousy struck me. Maybe because my stepbrother didn't even welcome me properly and was giving this she-wolf attention? However, my view changed when he abruptly pushed her hand away and shook his head. "I am going to paint you only," his tone was harsh and there was

15:52 What Are You Hiding in Your Pants, Stepbro? 1288/cbers a frown playing on his forehead. "Is this a bad night? You have been in a very stern mood. Am I not intriguing enough for you?" the sudden disappointment was evident in her voice. Now that she mentioned it, even I noticed that he didn't seem too interested in her. "You are someone I am painting tonight and that's all," it was shocking that a naked she-wolf couldn't entice him. I began to anxiously play with the ring in my finger, containing a blue zircon. "Maybe a little flirting from you will set the mood well," she changed back to her seductive voice but Cain didn't bother answering her. He took a sip from his glass and returned to his canvas, leaving her hopelessly sitting on the stool. "Not everyone can make me forget what canvas I'm painting on," Cain commented and put the glass down, slowly taking off his shirt while his eyes stayed on the canvas. He didn't do it to excite her, he was just getting comfortable himself. But my eyes were roaming everywhere his body. I was a little relieved that he didn't make her feel special until I recalled something,

He is my stepbrother! I shook my head to get out of the haze and was about to straighten my back when I felt my heart s**g a beat. I raised my head and caught Cain staring into space, probably confused. I lost my steps as I backed down, but it was the changing melody of my heartbeat that worried me. I heard my heartbeat in my head, and then when his heartbeat mixed with mine, I began to tremble. 49.11 # As I turned around, I tripped on my own f**g foot and face planted. My knee got scratched and my thigh muscle stiffened. But in that moment, I realized I needed to get away from here because I heard them scoff. "Lazy!" the girl's sharp accent and comment sounded so mean.

Instead of looking behind, I got to my feet and began hoping to my bedroom. As soon as I was about to enter the room and shut the door, a hand placed on the door prevented the closing. I came face to face with Cain, who had his eyes narrowed at me and his eyebrows frowned. "I was just walking past-your studio," I stuttered, feeling so awkward watching him stand before me with his abs on display and him wearing only pants. He pushed the door open and I hopped backward, trying to create a distance between us but he had now walked into my bedroom. He marched in my direction until he had backed against the wall. His eyes were piercing through mine without blinking. As he placed his arm against the wall and leaned over, I held my breath in and lowered my eyes. "What were you doing outside my studio, little sister?" my skin got covered in goosebumps at how deep and raspy his voice was. "I was walking past I began to repeat myself when a scoff from him silenced me. 111 7-What Are You Hiding In Your Pants, Stepbro? 18 0 "I heard that excuse and it didn't make sense. At least try a little harder," he uttered, making me raise my head and look at his face from up close. There was a weird seriousness on his face, and his eyes never left my sight. "And what happened here?" I didn't even know if he had seen the bruise on my knee until he brought it up and flicked his fingers over it. "Ouch!" I winced, making his eyebrows to be raised. "Ouch?" he copied me, "are you that fragile?" he mumbled, lowering his shoulders so that his face could match my face's level. "Do you want me to take care of your wound?" he whispered directly on my face, his beautiful eyes staring right at me and challenging all rules.

"Yes," I felt like an idiot for saying that. "What? I didn't hear you," he questioned, bringing his ear close to my lips and asking me to repeat myself. My heart was flipping around my chest at his closeness. His scent was so mild and mesmerizing. "Yes!" I said it a bit louder this time. He didn't move away and nodded his head before finally pulling his ear back and his face up close to mine again. "Why are you blushing at your brother?" he asked, playfulness evident in his voice. 79.02% # 238 I quickly touched my cheeks before lowering my head like a guilty person. He was right! Why was his every move able to make me feel weird in my body? "Nora! Oh Nora!" he sighed and stretched his neck, his hand against the wall and his body being supported by it. "I would have love to taken care of my sister if only-," he paused and looked back into my eyes, watching me anticipate his response, "If only I f**g cared." His tone suddenly changed and his mood changed. He no longer looked playful but indifferent. "Don't be lurking around my studio again," he removed his hand and stepped back, making me

stare at his face in disbelief. I couldn't believe it was so easy for him to make me blush and then walk away like he did nothing.

Tasting 8

8-1 Swear I Won't Peek Again. Nora: I woke up early in the morning to join my new family for breakfast. Dad insisted that I be there to start the day on a positive note after the not-so-great evening we had yesterday. I dressed in a black top and jeans, tying my front hair at the back and leaving the rest loose. Facing my brothers again, especially Cain, was going to be quite a challenge. I believed the previous night's incident was entirely my fault. I promised myself not to invade their private spaces and avoid seeing what I shouldn't. Stepping out of the room, an old Omega led me to the terrace with a fantastic view for breakfast. Dad proudly pointed at me, announcing, "My daughter is here, with a wide smile on his lips. "Good morning, Dad!" I greeted, scanning the brothers' reactions. They were explosive the day before, to the point where I couldn't even leave my bedroom. Dad pulled out a seat for me, and I sat down beside him. He was cheerful and smiling, unlike his sons, who hadn't greeted me back yet. Glancing at the brothers, I could see they'd rather be on a battleground than here. Alpha Silas and Alpha Ryker sat beside me, silently judging. Silas, with his messy hair and glasses, looked nerdy yet charming. He was the only werewolf doctor, who was so young yet so good at what he did. Ryker, with his two-colored hair, seemed wild. His body language appeared calm and electric simultaneously. On the opposite side were Cain and Nash, with a young girl between them. I frowned recognizing the red hair and gulped as our eyes met. She must have seen me last night, making it confusing and creepy that the stepsister was spying on her brother's intimate session. But her back was facing me, so I should be fine. Since you guys weren't so welcoming before, I plan to make today special for my daughter. Lord Atwood announced, stealing the attention and sitting up on his seat. Nash expressed his disappointment, "You say it as if you've never had kids before," in a tone that overpowered his deep husky voice. The white shirt looked good on him, his muscles straining

against it. Cain had his head tilted, eyes resting on me as if deep in thought. His gray shirt contrasted well with his hazel eyes and dirty blond hair. All in all, my brothers were really good-looking "Hi" I waved awkwardly. When nobody smiled back, I took matters into my own hands and started a conversation. I needed to speak to this girl and make sure she understood that I wasn't watching my stepbrother for any inappropriate reason. I don't even know why I was watching him, just in case they caught me when I ran back to my room like crazy. "Ahem! I cleared my throat, and the brothers eerily turned to me, making me uncomfortable. It's nice to meet you, I told the girl, who rolled her blue eyes before forcing a smile on her lips. was actually looking for the kitchen last night. Then I heard some weird noises from my brother's room, so I wondered if he (1 Wort Park Aqui 1 ses Wouters was okay!" I joked, the only one laughing while the others narrowed their eyes at me. "And then I saw you there. I mean, you looked amazing." I paused when I noticed Cain straighten his back and glare at me. Oh my goddess, he was angry that I was spying on them? Lord Atwood had already walked away to attend a phone call, so now I was on my own, up against the angry beasts. "I mean, I came across you

guys and then walked away quickly. I didn't want to bother the couple. Are you two mates?" I kept yammering to make things normal, but they kept glaring at me. The girl looked like she would reach down my throat and cut my tongue out. I didn't understand the anger on their faces. "Uh-huh!" I heard Ryker say, and when I turned slightly to him, I found his eyes down but a smirk on his lips. "Daphne, what were you doing in my brother's studio?" Just when I thought if I don't say a word for another minute, everything will sail smoothly, I heard Nash raise his voice at the girl. "I am asking you something," Nash slammed his fist on the table. It was at this moment I understood why he is a boxer. Somebody needs to keep his anger in check, and he does it by

boxing. "Where would a girlfriend be? We are all adults here. The couple can stay-," I thought maybe I should defend the couple. because nobody likes them together, until I saw Nash turn to glare at me into silence. "I wanted him to make a painting of mine, babe," the moment she placed her hand on Nash's hand and uttered sweetly, I 40 201 ||| 15:53 mized messed up. She was Cans girlfriend she was Nasts ginnend and happened to be the one to expose them "You know itre pams expici caminos." Wash stretched his neck removing his hand from under her hand and granding. Yest-listen Dacie seemed out of words. Well how could she defend herself when I literally e nosed her. Nothing happened Cain, now breaming profusely, muttered under his breath. Acart from you seen my girlfriend naked and painting her? Or acan from you and her making noises, isn't that what our sister saic? Nesh finally lost his temper and got out of the chair. Dachine got up and rushed to the side while Nesh grasped Cain from his collars, dragging him out of his chair to make him face If you are looking for an apology have nothing to give you. She came to my studio you know I don't reject offers like that the way Cain angered him instead of handling the situation by apologizing made my ears turn red from embarrassment. I got the brothers into this mess. "What is going on? Are any of you ever going to make me proud by not bickering for a single day?" Lord Atwood cut the call and arrived in time because it appeared as if Cain wasn't even defending himself against Nash. I swear it looked like Cain wanted him to attack him. "I don't want this family breakfast and b**it," Nash let go of Cain and walked away. His body seemed even bigger when he strode away. Daphne instantly ran after him because she

couldn't face the eyes of the others on her "I will be heading inside then, Gan uttered under his breath, standing still until he rated his head, and our eyes met for a brief moment. Geaht they looks re "I am so sorry, I guess my sons is jealous of the attention you are gelling" as soon as Lord Atwood said that, I heard Silas "Then there is no point in me sticking around either. It's not like our dad cares," Silas grabbed his Jabeont from the side chair and walked off "I will plan a good welcome party for you soon after I speak to the werewolf council," Lord Atwod promised, but that wasn't even what I was concerned about at the moment. As he too walked away, I gulped and straightened my back. "Bravo! Little sister arrived to ruin the already destroyed family," Ryker hadn't left, and neither did he look too worried about his brothers "I didn't mean to, I didn't kn" Before I could continue talking, his chuckle silenced me and compelled me to turn to look at him. "Why were you spying on your brother, little sister?" he stopped smiling and tilted his head, squeezing his eyes a little until the silver part of his eyes was prominent.

“I gulped, having no answer for his question. “Huh! I hope you don’t peek around my room. Because Nora!” he got up only to hunch over me and whisper in my ear, “You will # 288 Vouchers see some really big things.” Something I didn’t want to hear from my brother.

Tasting 9

9-We Should Not Be This Close Nora: I left the breakfast table, heading back to my room, feeling defeated and contemplating finding Cain to explain myself. “But what am I going to say to him?” I shook my head at my own s**y. That one little peek had landed me in a huge mess with my stepbrother. “The truth? That you wanted to ruin their images in their father’s eyes by making them fight at the family breakfast?” I jolted in my steps and turned to look at Ryker, who I didn’t know was following me. I was in the hallway of the ground floor when he stopped me with his comment. “But that’s not true,” I replied, watching him get closer, wearing a snarky smirk on his lips. “But that’s what you did,” Ryker clicked his tongue, getting closer. His cologne enveloped me with an aroma blending the crisp freshness of citrus with the warm embrace of sandalwood and a hint of s*y undertones. I looked away when my eyes focused on the double color of his eyes. They were widely two-toned, but it wasn’t a regular mixed tone. The upper side was all black, and the lower was gray, almost like a shining steel. “Okay, let’s talk about it for a moment. Do you really think Cain was right in this argument?” I decided not to bow down and explain my opice ch dot keow what you mean by that Care to explain?” Ryker folded his arms over his chest and leaned to the side on the wall. He shouldn’t have been in that situation with his brother’s erfiend if you ask me I would say he is pretty shady for this And the he had the audacity to not even look guilty” I had to cope off as a righteous person, at least in front of one of them. ON So you think Cain is s**y? Ryker asked, and I shook my head. Not really but limean, is he not? To be honest, if anything, he comes off as very selfish and inconsiderate to me” I said, hoping Syker would see my point

“Sescs Nash is my brother. I wouldn’t want him to get lied and cheated upon,” there it was a perfect statement. I sounded like a good sister “An Abc Cain isn’t your brother? Or do you not care about him?” Riker’s question made me frown and tilt my head in silence. I didn’t get what he was trying to say because I was clearly talking about something Cain did wrong. I wasn’t being biased. That’s when I followed his stare and looked behind me. Cain stood at the entrance of the hallway with a blunt look on his face. It took him a second to respond, but when he did, I stepped back because he practically lunged at me. “Hey Dad is home.” Ryker finally stepped between us when Cain was right in my face and stopped him from getting his hands on me. “Don’t stop me. Let me freaking speak to this c**g b**h of a wolfless creature,” As Cain attempted to get past Ryker, his words already slapped me hard. I was so stunned that I took a few steps back and gulped. He called me a woman! I didn’t like it. Every bit of my self-esteem was hurt. “We will deal with her, but not right now,” Ryker muttered under his breath, and as soon as Cain raised his face to meet his brother’s gaze, I saw a weird hint of guilt in his eyes. “Fine. I’m only stopping for you,” Cain uttered, gently tapping Ryker’s shoulder. It was the first time I saw one of the brothers show any solid emotions

of brotherly love for the other. "And you! Don't think I'll let you get away with this. But for now, you are grounded," Cain stepped past Ryker and faced me, yelling in my face. "I'm not a kid-," I argued in a soft tone, but he hushed me when he slammed his hand on the wall beside me. "I said, you are grounded. Go back to your room," he yelled again, using his elder brother status on me. I looked at Ryker and then at Cain before bowing my head down. and steadily strolling back to my room.

"Idiots! They are so rude," as I complained and pouted, a loud. thud from outside shook me into running in the direction of the window. The storm had come out of nowhere. There was fog beginning 11 *We Should Not Be This to cover the surroundings, which seemed off with the appearance of the storm. It didn't seem natural. My heart began to pound harder when I heard some bells ringing in the distance. In that moment, the door to my bedroom opened abruptly, and pushed in was Silas wearing a baggy black sweater. His father stood behind him as he kept pushing him inside. "What is going on?" I asked in worry. "The pack is under attack again. Your brother will take care of you," dad yelled, eyeing Silas, who had a very poker face. Dad didn't wait any longer and slammed the door shut, yelling at the others to surround the pack mansion and the warriors to be attentively taking care of the pack houses. Silas stood still in his spot, his glasses running down the bridge of his nose before stepping my way with nothing but anger on his face. "Why do I have to take care of you when I should be out there in. the field like the alpha King I'm supposed to be?" he hastily approached me, making me walk over next to the bed and away from the window. "I don't know, dad asked you to look after me. I didn't," I whispered, not getting what he was getting mad at me for. "I shouldn't have a sister. I don't want a demanding sister-," as he screamed and lunged my way to come at my face and show me the anger on his face, he tripped on the puffer jacket I had thrown on the floor when looking for something to wear. As he tripped, his arms spread, and that's when I realized how 70 89% <

gigantic he was. He landed on top of me and pushed me onto the bed by accident. Now I was in my bed with my stepbrother on top of me. It was the beginning of the doomsday.

Tasting 10

10-Why Am I Under Him In Bed? Nora: We both froze, our bodies connecting. He raised his head, and our eyes locked. No expressions adorned us face until he cringed and pushed himself up. "Ew! Ew! Ew!" he hissed, shuddering and stepping away from me. "Why the heck would you drop under me?" he yelled, making me blink hard to ensure I heard him correctly. Was he accusing me? "Oh, I'm sorry I wasn't watching while threatening my stepsister." Despite my attempts to avoid irking them with my raw mannerisms, I ended up raising my voice and retorting to his complaints. He placed his hands on his waist and narrowed his eyes at me. "Do you even know what's going on outside?" He quickly. changed the subject, and I didn't insist on sticking to the subject of inappropriation either. It made me feel weird. "We are under attack," I answered. "Not just any attack. These monsters come from everywhere to collect weak and pathetic Omegas. And I can make a wild guess and say they came here for you today. Since

you are the only -weak and pathetic she-wolf who came into our lives to remind 1554 us why our mother died in the first place/ His yelling turned intense, and I watched his eyes shining from behind his glasses. He was so angry that he was tearing up now. I realized why it was so hard for him to accept me as his stepsister. We not my fault that my mother and your father fell in love, I whispered, honestly not knowing how else show that I was indeed not proud of that narrative "Fell in love? They didn't just fall in love. They committed adultery and betrayed their fated mates. Content

"We shouldn't have to take care of you, Nora. You should not be here" Silas, who hadn't spoken to me since my arrival, was pouring his heart out and directly letting me know that was not welcomed here. "I wish I could tell you that I will leave, but I cannot. Now that you told me these monsters are coming after Omegas, I can't even move back to the mountains," I uttered with my head down. It struck me why there used to be so many guards outside the hostel where I had been living before. But since the mountains had so many other scents, the monsters never showed up. Here, everyone was powerful, so an Omega's scent would be easily distinguished. "Really!" Silas stretched his neck, then "I'll make sure you beg my dad to let you walk out of here." With that threat, he took a step back and walked out of the bedroom. However, the fog had lifted already, and the storm had calmed down. I waited only for a few minutes before stepping out of the mansion to find the brothers in the living room with their father, who seemed worried. Standing in front of his sons, who were seated on the couches and sofas around. Dad watched with a sad face and gestured for me to sit down. "I should have called you in for this meeting, there was a hint of sadness in his face, almost like he was quilly you going to ask me to leave?" It struck me that maybe the monsters coming so close to the mansion that had packed weapons and important documents in the basement had upset "No Why would ask you to leave? However, Dad's response was quick as he shook his head and came closer. "You are my daughter." As he said that and held my hand, I noticed the brothers' reactions with either an eye roll or shaking of heads. "I'm just sorry that now you have to be on your toes forever," he continued, making me sit on the couch. Today what happened is a clear hint that the monsters had smelled her existence. They will come after her to take her away from us. Now it's up to her brothers to keep her safe and make sure no

harm comes her way." Dad's words didn't fall on the right audience's ears. Nash hunched over, placing his elbows on his thighs and grunted, almost like laughing at his father sarcastically. "I didn't say something funny," Dad retorted. "Oh! You didn't? I thought you had finally decided to pursue your career as a stand-up comedian," Ryker was the one who spoke on behalf of his brother. Neither of them looked pleased with their dad asking them to take care of me. "It will be funny when I take the crowns from you boys and hand them over to some other Alphas. I'll see who will have the big laugh then," Lord Atwood's threat tightened Nash's back. He leaned back, placing one leg over the other, staring at his father before glancing my way. Cain, on the other hand, sat on a sofa alone, silent, leaning to the side with his thumb resting against his cheek and his index finger on his temple. His deep, crazy gaze hadn't moved from me. "And what do you expect us to do when we are all out for our regular routines? I hope you're not asking one of us to stay behind with her," Silas cleared his throat, yet his voice came

out heavy and rough. One would think he'd be gentle with the glasses and fuller lips, but he radiated the darkest energy to me due to his silence and abrupt raising of voice. "Of course not," Lord Atwood answered. The brothers sighed, but then their father added sneakily, "you will have to take her with you." The brothers shared a glance before staring at their father. "I can't take her to my boxing matches with rogue prisoners," Nash complained. "What is she gonna do sitting among my patients?" Silas added. "I don't think she'll be safe at the pack's border," said the border patrol officer Ryker. "I don't even go outside. I paint in my studio, and you know what happens when a she-wolf steps into my studio!" Cain's statement won. Everyone looked at him, including Nash, who was still hurt at the fact that Cain didn't even spare his girlfriend.

"Well, then you'll have to make sure you don't ask your sister to follow the s**d rules of your studio, dad grunted at Cain before looking at Nash. "She can cheer for you." Nash groaned, sighing and throwing his hands in the air at the burden being tossed on his shoulders. "As for you, help her with her wolf, dad turned to Silas, and my body stiffened. I wouldn't want a wolf healer so crazy. "And you!" Dad then asked Ryker, who tilted his head to see what his father had come up with, "you will be helping her learn to fight and defend herself." And that is how I was going to get in trouble.