

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Chapter 226

I sit watching Calix, the guy at my feet begging me with his eyes. The woman standing by the door waiting to see what he does. I look back at Marc and D.

“Stay put, or neither of you will ever get to fuck me again, okay?” I glare at them watching as they nod. Standing, I put my hand against Cal, getting his attention..

“Let go of him.” My words are quiet, and he looks between me and the guy clearly debating it. “Please, we have some business to do remember?” I look at him and watch as he takes his foot off the guy before stepping back.

The guy goes to move, but I kick him back down, his eyes widening. Leaning down I get into his face.

“Even if they fuck all the men in here, that doesn’t give you the right to call the women whores! They do a job, just like you do. Give them. some damn respect, or next time I won’t stop him, I will cheer him on.” I watch as he nods crying. “Everyone can see, the same thing you hate about these women you fucking love. While thinking I was a ‘whore’ you were undressing me with your eyes. So watch your mouth.” I stand up and straighten, Cal stares at me wide-eyed, his mouth agape.

“Fuck little bird, wow.” D walks to the back of me, wrapping his arm around my body. Seeing you then made me so fucking hard.” I chuckle slightly. My eyes meeting Cal’s, I could see he wasn’t just doing it over me, but the women here as well.

“Shall we go see her?” I look at Cal and he nods, we follow him

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through, and getting into the office, I sit between Mare and D.

“Every time you come, Cal, one of my men gets hurt.” She looks at him.

“Rose...” He sighs and I stand up, walking to him. My hand settles on his shoulder.

“Then maybe Rose, you need to pay more attention to the men you recruit. A business like this is only wonderful if the dancers feel safe and understood. Your own workers calling them whores, sure isn’t the sort of place women would feel compelled to work at, or visit, is it?” I look at her, waiting. Cal’s arm wraps around me as he drags me onto

his knee.

I watch her swallow, her eyes looking between us.

“I...” My hand goes up, stopping her from talking.

“You care about your ladies I have no doubt about that Rose. However, if he made out I was a whore for purely sitting on a lap, I hate to think of what your ladies hear backstage. Even if they were selling their bodies, those working here should have the respect to keep their opinions to themselves.”

“I do care about them, some of those girls live here. I’m sorry, I guess when it comes to ensuring they are physically safe, I forget to check the men are not sexist pigs.” She smiles at me. “I’m guessing this visit wasn’t for fun, but business?” She asks, her eyes staying on me, I wait and no one else speaks, so I decide to.

“We want to ensure you realise the situation you were in before the Devils helped you. How you’re in debt to them.” She nods in agreement. “So if you or your ladies hear things, relating to them or myself, I’m sure you know to pass it on to us, instantly?”

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“That is so,

however, typically my ladies are deaf if less the information. spoken is something we ask them to listen for.” She sits forward. “What sort of information? As I’m sure the men out there saying one of the Devil brothers chopped up a man wouldn’t be what you need?” She inquires and I smile.

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“We need to know if anyone has spoken about making a move against them, or myself. Especially if the names are, Dean or Richard.” She

smiles like she knows.

“I can assure you, those two are not welcome here. However, some of Dean’s women do dance here from time to time, so I will ensure my ladies listen. If anything is said, I will report it straight to you.” The door suddenly opens and a dancer is standing there.

“That guy is back, he has Amy out back, refusing to accept no as the answer.” She looks at Rose worried. I watch as Rose stands, but as she does. Cal stands and sits me in the seat.

“We shall deal with it, considering I broke your man’s hand. Daisy can finish up here.” He smiles at me and walks out with D and Marc following.

“Look, I apologise for my men and their words. I can assure you that I will speak to them and make sure they realise their words and actions. are wrong. I can also reassure you Mrs. Devil, any news we get or hear, will be handed to you, without a fee.”

“Thank you.” Standing I shake her hand. “Now, I need to go make sure they are not killing a man.” She laughs and nods.

“Mrs Devil.” I stop at the door and look back at her. “We’ve all heard the stories of you, give him hell, Cal that is, he will push you away, so give him hell as that will make him cling on.” She smiles and I nod

walking out. Stepping around the back I see a door open.

As I step out I see Cal holding a man up by his hands. I roll my eyes. and watch, the guy is alive, with a bust lip and swollen eye, but alive.

“Say it again!” D speaks and pummels him in the stomach.

“No means no.” The guy chokes.

“Okay, and what is consent?” D hits him again, he grunts leaning forward, and Marc grips his hair pulling his head back.

“A woman not saying no.” The guy cries and D frowns hitting the man again.

“NO! Consent is her agreeing of sound mind, not drunk, not coerced, and not forced.” D hits him again and as bad as it is, it’s actually really fucking sweet.

“Fine. I get it.” The guy groans as Cal releases him and he falls to the floor.

“We will be listening as this isn’t the first time. If you forget what consent is again, you will lose your hands.” D growls at him, and it sends a warm feeling through my body. Hell, this was hot, really hot. I look at Amy I am guessing, she has Marc’s jacket wrapped around her shoulder as another woman holds her.

I watch the brothers step back, D noticing me and smiling.

“Finished with your business little birdie?” He looks at me and I nod, walking towards them, my hips swaying slightly.

“Okay, next place,” Cal speaks and walks to the car, D picks me up, and my legs wrap around his waist as he carries me to the car, sitting

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in it I stay straddling him.

“You’re one hot ass woman. Especially when talking business little. bird.” I shift on his lap feeling his cock beneath me.

“You did amazing cub.” I look at Marc and smile, turning I look at Cal, for now I’m in a truce, until after business anyway.

“Did I?” I know Cal normally does it, he didn’t speak though, so I just took over. I’m now worried I might have done something wrong.

“Better than I did puddin. You didn’t just sort out business, but give her an insight into her own. I would have just said her men were pigs, but you did it amazingly.” I feel myself relaxing, no longer worried I did anything wrong,

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Tasting 227

227–Everyone Needs To Stop Knotting In Me.

Nora:

“Did you and Brody have sex?” His eyes bore into mine, leaving me unable to meet his gaze. Why did he want to know about my personal life now that he was also dating someone I didn’t like? I thought he was

Over me.

“Let me go. Can’t you see I’m naked?” I bit my lip, averting my eyes. Naked and having such an intense conversation was odd.

“I see. I see your body very well,” he murmured huskily, causing my heart to plummet. I turned to face him, attempting to free myself with futile arm movements. The situation was embarrassingly awkward.

“And I don’t have to even look at you naked before me. All I need to do is to close my eyes and there you are,” his voice turned husky before he cleared his throat and glared into my eyes again, “answer me.”

“Stop it now,” I hissed, finally pushing him away and hastily grabbing a torn robe to cover myself before retreating into the bedroom.

I was unaware of him following me until I tried to shut the door, only to find him entering.

Slipping into a white dress without undergarments, I faced him as he questioned, “Why? Are you two sleeping together?” Anger and frustration surged within me, prompting a sharp retort, “As if you’re not involved with your girlfriend.”

With a piercing gaze, he asserted, “I’m not. I haven’t touched her at all. There has been a physical relationship between us.” His words left me

speechless. I thought they would be doing stuff together that one wouldn’t want to know.

“I haven’t had sex with him either. I had to accept dating him or else you brothers would have been under investigation. Oh! And let’s not forget, I needed someone to accept me at that moment,” it was a reminder from me to him that he wasn’t there when I needed him the most.

“If it was just a deal to clear everyone’s name, why are you here then, in Brody’s apartment, clad in a robe and watching porn if dating him was just a cover-up?” A tear glistened in his eyes, rendering me numb. I turned away, grappling with conflicting emotions.

There was an inexplicable allure between us tonight. Perhaps my wolf was going into heat, responding to primal instincts. It was unsettling.

“What do you want from me now?” I composed myself, meeting his gaze once more. His touch on my arms was surprisingly gentle, sending a shiver down my spine.

A surge of desire coursed through me as his hand trailed up and down my arm, settling on my back.

“You have a girlfriend now,” I pulled away abruptly, retreating to the living room. Yet, he followed, grasping my hand.

“Look me in the eye and tell me you don’t desire me right here, right now!” His words left me stunned, my eyes widening in disbelief.

“I don’t know what you’re insinuating,” I stammered, avoiding his intense gaze. However, he swiftly lifted my dress, his hand descending until it reached my vagina, sending a jolt of electricity through me.

I was taken aback by his sudden touch, but he had already set his plan

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227–Everyone Needs To Stop Knotting in Me

in motion. “You’re wet,” he remarked, withdrawing his hand and meeting my gaze, wiping his fingers on my chest over the fabric of my dress.

“I am not... wet for you,” I struggled to maintain eye contact as the tension between us grew palpable.

“Really? Not for me?” he inched closer, causing me to let out a small yelp.

The undeniable truth was written all over my face—I was yearning for him, my wolf stirring with desire.

I found myself biting my lip as he gently lifted my chin, tilting his head. and tenderly pressing his lips against mine. The taste of strawberries lingered on his lips that night, and I couldn’t bring myself to break the kiss, silently urging him on. As he lifted my dress up to my neck and pushed me onto the couch, his weight pressing down on me, a wave of anticipation washed over me.

His kisses trailed down my chest and face, igniting a fire within me that I couldn’t resist. My hands trembled with a mix of nerves and desire, but the pull towards him was too strong to ignore. Our bodies moved in sync, his touch sending shivers down my spine as he explored every inch of my skin.

With his body pressed against mine, I felt my legs parting to welcome him, the heat between us intensifying with each passing moment. As he positioned his cock at the entrance of my pussy, the

familiar

sensation of him filling me up sent a rush of pleasure through me. The connection between us was electric, our movements synchronized in a dance of passion.

The intensity of our union brought back memories of our first time together, the raw desire between us reigniting with each thrust. I

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couldn't contain my moans as he plunged deeper, our bodies moving as one in a symphony of pleasure. The world around us faded away, leaving only the two of us lost in the throes of passion.

"Ugh! Look what you made me do," he groaned as he cock started to swell inside me. At this point, it had happened already with Ryker and Nash so I knew Cain had knotted inside me.

"Ughhhhhhhh!" As he reached his peak, a primal groan escaped his lips, his body tensing with release. I felt the warmth of his essence flooding into me, a shared moment of ecstasy that bound us together in that intimate embrace. As he withdrew, a sense of satisfaction washed over me, only to be interrupted by the unexpected presence of another in the room.

"Brother, the car will be fixed in..." Silas's voice trailed off as he processed the situation, leaving an unspoken tension lingering between us. Alpha King Silas stood before us, his gaze taking in the scene before him with a mix of surprise. As Cain hastily adjusted his clothing and I straightened my dress, the weight of our actions hung heavy in the air.

I gulped because even if he says he didn't see anything, I wouldn't believe it.

Tasting 228

228—I Did It With All OF Them But Him.

Nora:

"I thought you were coming in late," Cain said, still fixing his pants, though his shirt was a mess too.

As for me, I awkwardly got up from the couch and, without meeting Silas' eyes, rushed back to my bedroom. Once inside, I stood next to the door to eavesdrop on their conversation. I feared he would bring me up.

"I tried fixing the car, but the rain got bad. Dad called and said he would stay with his friend, so I came here," Silas' voice was quieter than usual.

"She has a separate room here," Cain added.

"Aha!" Silas' minimal response to his brother made me anxious.

My heart was pounding in my throat now. I grabbed a gray dress and quickly tossed it on with a white sweater to double up the layers. As I stared at the dress I'd worn before, I wondered if Silas had seen my body through the transparent fabric.

"I'm so, so stupid," I hissed under my breath, stomping my foot as I stood near the door, pondering how to appear normal when leaving the

room.

I walked out, trying to look casual, my eyes on the TV as I pretended to be interested in what they were watching. From my peripheral vision, I could see Cain on the couch while Silas paced around.

"Silas! How are you?" I managed to call his name, turning his attention

to me.

"Good," he replied, not meeting my gaze. I instantly looked at Cain, who was thankfully noticing our interaction.

"Silas! Sit down," Cain said, but Silas shook his head.

"I'm fine," he responded, pacing from one corner of the apartment to the other, looking anxious.

"Did he see us?" I almost whispered, afraid he might hear us too.

"I don't think so," Cain shrugged, changing the channel. He seemed unbothered, but I was losing my mind.

"I'll make you two coffee," I said, needing a minute to get away from them and be by myself. Once in the kitchen, I started pacing back and forth. While preparing the coffee, I stood next to the window and looked down at the road. It was pouring, so there was no way they could leave tonight.

Then I heard a knock on the door, making me turn my head to see who it was. It was Silas.

"You don't need to knock on the kitchen door," I tried making a joke, laughing nervously, but his serious face made my smile fade away. He kept his head down and walked over to me, then stopped and pushed his glasses onto the bridge of his nose. He then raised his head and fixed his gaze on me.

"What was that?" The seriousness in his tone, along with the question. itself, sent shivers down my spine.

"What?" I folded my arms over my chest, pretending to be confused.

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“When I came inside, I found you two—,” he paused to take a deep breath, “he was fixing his pants and getting up from the couch. The couch where you were lying wearing a see-through dress that you needed to fix too,” he explained. It sounded pretty bad.

“Huh? Ohhhh! I had fallen asleep on the couch without locking the door. He arrived and tried to wake me up, but I panicked and attacked him,” I laughed nervously, hoping he would crack a smile too. But he remained staring at my face with a weird, judgmental look.

“Do you—do you want me to make you something? You must be hungry. Rain and cold weather call for good food,” I was talking too much. I was sure he was even more suspicious because he wasn’t saying a single word to me.

“Let me make you sandwiches,” I said, turning my back to him even though I knew the conversation wasn’t over yet.

“You had sex with my brother?” The moment I thought he might get a hint that there was nothing odd, he shocked me with his question.

My body flinched and I spun to face him, keeping a very shocked look on my face.

“What?” I acted offended.

“Don’t play me. You had sex with him. I didn’t see you attack him. I watched him get up after—” he finally revealed how much he had seen, and I felt like my heart had stopped beating.

“I’m not sure what you saw, but I didn’t have—sex with him or any my stepbrothers,” I was panicking so hard that I began to mumble

nonsense.

His frown deepened and he lowered his head, as if thinking about

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220—I Did It With All Of Them But Him.

something.

“Wait a minute, those rumors! Oh Goddess, they were true, weren’t they?” His eyes grew bigger, and he started stepping back.

“Silas! That is not true. You are mistaken,” I uttered, anxiously rubbing my palms together.

“You are fucking lying. I can’t believe this, Nora. I did not expect you to be such a great liar,” he said with a look of disgust, which made me lower my gaze and hug myself.

I was on the verge of tears when he added, “All of them? I mean, did you do it with all of them except me?” he asked, and I shot my head up.

“I am not saying you should do it with me—Goddess! What the fuck am I saying? I just want to know if you did it with all of them?” he threw a fist in the air in frustration.

As he kept staring at my face, I steadily nodded and then lowered my head even more.

“Brody?” The minute he mentioned him, I looked at Silas and shook my head.

“You better not,” he suddenly yelled in my face, and I stepped back from him. “I don’t want to hear anyone say that filthy alpha touched you. Hope you remember it is just a way to clear your name and nothing else,” he warned me.

I had never seen him act so possessive before. Then he added, “As for— the other stuff—I—” he gulped, swallowing hard before he admitted, “I have masturbated many times to your pictures.”

Tasting 229

229—Horny Much?

Nora:

The brothers were now sitting on the couch, watching TV while I kept pacing around in the kitchen, wondering if it happened for the best that Silas found out already, or if it could have been avoided.

“What are you cooking in the kitchen that’s taking so long?” I heard Cain calling for me, and my mouth started to turn dry.

“I am coming,” I lied; I wasn’t.

I stood near the plate of sandwiches I had made and remembered Silas’ words.

‘He didn’t sound angry,’ Akira uttered awkwardly.

‘It doesn’t matter. These brothers take their anger out later,’ I reminded her of how they later use things against me.

'He will have to use it against his brother too,' she hissed. Please check at

'Not really. I am the only one sleeping with almost all my stepbrothers.' I rolled my eyes when recalling how stupidly and easily I gave in and

told him the truth.

'Look, what I am trying to say is that Silas had to find out someday,' she was still not getting my point. We had landed ourselves in a weird situation now.

'And he didn't have to. The brothers have ended things with us and are dating those three bitches. Why would Silas have to know when we

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don't even wish to continue anything?' I groaned at her, holding the plate in my hands and taking deep breaths.

Well, says the one who had sex not even an hour ago, how did you guys end things exactly?" At this point, I knew I had to shut her up, or I would keep losing my mind with her.

I took a deep breath and decided to walk out since I couldn't hide forever.

I steadily reached the door and peered outside. Cain was watching the news whereas Silas seemed zoned out. I hoped he wasn't thinking about me and the encounters I had with his brothers.

"Here!" I walked out with a bright smile on my lips and held the plate for Cain. I remember vividly how he had hurt me, but right now I was in such a state that I didn't want to argue with anyone.

He grabbed a sandwich and then I moved to the side to offer one to Silas. Instead of taking just one sandwich, he ran his hand under the plate to grab the whole thing. But at the same time, his hand held mine from under the plate, and I swear I lost my breath. I quickly pulled my hand away while he acted nonchalant, putting the plate on the table and blankly staring at the TV.

"So, Brody is not going to be home for a few days?" It was Silas who asked that question. I gulped and stole a glance at him while nodding my head in response.

"Remember he had to go to his pack for work," Cain whispered, but I heard it. He then gently nudged his brother's elbow with his own, winking secretly while getting caught.

"Oh right. Poor guy will have to stay out of his apartment for a while." That smirk on Silas' face told me it was no emergency that Brody was

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asked to return to us par.

to make him leave.

“You two can stay in my room,” as soon as that slipped my lips, the two paused and turned their heads to look at me in sync.

“I move a lot in bed though. I will bother you—” Silas uttered slyly

“I will be sleeping in Brody’s bed. What? Did you think—” I pouted when I realized he thought I was asking them to sleep in the same bed as me. What the heck was wrong with him? Why was he suddenly thinking about all this stuff?

“You little fool! Are you crazy?” Cain slapped Silas on the back of his head, taunting him for taking it wrong.

“I didn’t mean it that way. I was just joking.” It didn’t seem like he was, but I had to avoid further arguments.

“I am sleepy. I will go to bed now.” That was a good idea. I would peacefully sleep in Brody’s room while they did whatever they wanted here. At least I would be away from their prying eyes.

I got up and rushed into the room, locking the door and trying to catch my breath. After that whole messed-up interaction, my cheeks turned red every time I saw Silas staring at me.

As I lay down in his bed, I realized it was not easy to fall asleep. But I still managed to close my eyes and keep them shut for almost a few minutes before my phone rang and I saw Silas’s message pop up on the screen.

When I say my heart sank in my chest, I meant it. I gulped and sat up in the bed, my phone in my hands and my eyes on the text.

Silas: Open the door.

I bit my bottom lip, reading and re-reading the text.

Me: Why?

My hands were shaking so bad that I had to correct the spelling of the single word I sent him.

Silas: I need to talk about something.

I felt my throat getting drier, like needles were stuck in it.

Me: About what?

It took him a minute before he responded to this one.

Silas: That day when I sucked on your breasts.

The moment I read those words, I yelped and threw my phone away. What the heck! Did he really just say it out loud?

And then another text made my phone ring again, but I was too scared to get near it as if he would grab me through the screen and undress

1. me.

My eyes then landed on the door, the underspace, and I saw a shadow there. He was outside the door, but why?

'I don't want to open the door. The minute I see him—' I pressed my lips tightly to shut down my thoughts. I was aware of my body and how it would react to his sight, especially tonight. I was feeling aroused even though I didn't want to. And more specifically, for Silas now.

I steadily grabbed my phone and opened his text to read it, and that was it for me.

220 Horny Much?

Silas: I want to see your pussy tonight.

Tasting 230

230—My Pussy And His Hungry Eyes

Nora:

I was staring at the text and gulping nonstop. Part of me wanted to tell him to go back to sleep, but another part was curious to know how he treats a woman in bed.

I closed my eyes tightly, and then, without thinking, I stood up from the bed and reached the door. I was wearing a silk top without a bra and silk booty shorts. It was a bad combination, especially since my breasts looked like two round balls under the silk top. The straps were tiny daisy flowers in a line. Just imagining him taking them off sent shivers down my spine.

Yet it didn't stop me from opening the door for him. I was so hungry for him that I swirled the doorknob and opened the door to his hungry eyes. He was leaning against the door frame, a smirk on his lips and his glasses almost falling down his nose. His head was down, but his eyes were raised, watching me over his glasses.

His muscular arms were folded over his chest, conveying the nonchalance of his body language.

"I knew you would open the door," he commented with a smirk while I quickly looked behind him to check on Cain.

"He was tired, passed out in your bed," he shrugged but didn't step into the room.

"What do you want?" I asked again, even though he had told me what he wanted in the text conversation.

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230 My Pussy And His Hungry Eyes

His eyes traveled to my cleavage and then boldly to my breasts, making me hug my chest and frown at him. I was acting like I didn't want him to look at them. If I didn't want it, I wouldn't have opened the door.

"You don't know what I want? I told you, I want to see your pussy," he shamelessly said the word again, causing my body to flinch right before his eyes.

It made his smirk wider and a strange shine pass through his eyes.

"Why? I am not a museum exhibit that you want to see me," I tried hard to sound confident, but I was failing.

"Let me decide what you are," he unfolded his arms, and my body shuddered. I jumped in front of him as if I was certain he would grope me and start touching me.

"I am not that scary," he whispered, finally stepping into the room. But I blocked his path and clicked my tongue.

"Not here," I uttered, and he frowned in confusion.

"What?" he asked, bringing his ear closer to my mouth.

“I said, not here,” I repeated shyly, still unable to raise my voice.

“Then where? Tell me,” he insisted, and I cleared my throat.

“I don’t know. And I don’t know what you are talking about,” I felt like a fool trying to pretend I wasn’t involved in the desires of lust.

“Ah! No, of course, you don’t know. I am the one who knows what he wants,” he didn’t shy away from taking the blame.

His eyes remained on my face for a while before he nodded his head at

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230 My Pussy And His Hungry Eyes

something.

“Come with me,” he raised two fingers but then left only the middle one up, gesturing for me to follow him with his middle finger.

My legs squeezed shut at the insinuation. He said he only wanted to look, so!

I followed him like a fool. I hated this about my body. It got so heated. just by hearing him talk dirty to me that now I was walking behind

him.

“Where are we going?” I murmured softly when he held my hand and took me into the elevator.

“To somewhere you are comfortable,” his tone never shifted. The confidence in his voice was blunt.

“Have you done this kind of stuff with other girls too?” I just had to ask him. I remember when we first met, I thought he was a shy type, but the way he was acting and talking without any filter made me wonder what he truly was.

He didn’t answer me, and we landed on the ground floor. He then took me to the road without saying a word. After a few minutes of walking, he turned around just to check up on me.

“Your cheeks are red. Now, I’m not sure if it’s from the cold or—but don’t expect me to give you my hoodie. I would rather have you naked.” I closed my eyes for a moment before turning my face to the

other side.

Why the fuck was he saying these types of things?

After a while, he stood in front of his black car parked next to the

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230—My Pussy And His Hungry Eyes

woods. The weather was getting worse. The wind was heavy, causing my body to turn stiff. Not to mention, I was barely covered.

He opened the car door to the backseat and stepped inside, eyeing me to get into the car. I was now facing a hard decision. I had a feeling that if I stepped inside, I would end up in a very bad entanglement with him as well. And if I went back home, I might save myself another heartbreak. My eyes traveled to him, and I noticed how sexy he looked even without taking off his clothes.

I could no longer hold it in me. Then, I made the decision and slid into the car. He remained outside for a few seconds before he joined me and shut the door behind us.

“Spread your legs,” as expected, he chose to be nonchalant.

When I didn’t oblige out of shyness, he placed his cold hands on my thighs and pushed them apart.

“Hm! What is that, you naughty girl?” I didn’t know what he was talking about until he touched my private spot and said, “You are already wet?”

I instantly shut my legs and turned my face to the side while he chuckled to himself. After another few seconds, I found his hands under my body, holding my shorts and pulling them down my thighs in one fell swoop.

“Ah!” a yelp left my lips when I found my shorts in his hands and my lower body fully bared with a top that couldn’t even reach my belly

button.