

# **Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates**

## **#Tasting 231 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 231**

Tasting 231

231-It Was Just Lust

Nora:

“Silas! You said you would only—look,” I hesitantly looked away as he pulled my legs apart again.

“And I’m only looking. Did I touch you?” He sounded grumpy, but I could tell it was fake anger.

“Huh? Did I put my hand on your pussy?” he asked, placing his hand on my pussy, making me jump back.

“Easy! I’m not eating it-,” he paused, removing his glasses and adding with a smirk, “yet!”

My heart pounded in my chest, and I wondered if I had made a mistake coming here with him.

His fingers trailed down my crotch again and flicked my pussy lips open, making me close my eyes tightly.

He began to rub the insides, his touch making my back arch and my head lean back on the seat.

His other cold hand slid under my top, grabbing my breast, massaging it while playing with my pussy.

He knew he was driving me crazy, but it didn’t stop him. His fingers pinched my nipples, steadily pulling them even though they were already erect.

“How about one finger?” His voice had turned huskier. My eyes. shot

231—It Was Just Lust

open when I found him preparing to penetrate me.

“Stop me if you don’t want this,” he said softly. The minute he said that, my body relaxed, and he knew I wanted it.

His finger pressed against my entrance before steadily pushing inside.

“Ummmm,” I sealed my lips shut, trying not to make a sound, but his fingers were long and thick. He knew exactly how to use them.

As his finger went deeper, with his fist touching my skin, he began bending it inside me while simultaneously pulling and pushing it in and out again and again.

My eyes rolled back in my head, and my breath hitched when he inserted a second finger.

“Ow!” I yelped a little at the pressure he applied, and he suddenly stopped, lost in thought.

Without looking at me, he handed me my shorts. I grabbed them and put them on, lowering my shirt to cover my chest.

We sat in silence. I couldn’t understand why his mood had changed so suddenly.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?” I could have let it go, but my curiosity would eventually make me ask.

He took a deep breath, and I knew something terrible was coming.

“I just realized what I’m doing,” he said blandly. When I responded with silence, he turned to face me.

“I saw you with my brother and thought about all the times I’ve lusted over you,” he paused, causing my eyebrows to raise and my heartbeat

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231-4 Was Just Lust

to slow.

“I thought if you could do it with them, why not try it with me too?” He chose his words carefully, but essentially, he was saying he thought a slut would sleep with him too.

“Oh!” I nodded my head, and he scrunched his nose.

“What? What are you thinking?” His tone changed from guilty and cold to anxious.

“I get it. She’s sleeping around, so I should do her too,” I said, puckering my lips and nodding slightly.

“No! Not that way. It was like, I thought maybe it was allowed to touch you.” I didn’t care what explanation he gave now. I opened the door and stormed out, with him following me.

“Nora! Don’t be a child. Let’s sit and talk,” he pleaded. After making me come all the way here and hinting that he was interested in me, he slapped me with that excuse and guilt.

“Come on now,” he said, grabbing my arm and pulling me closer as we reached the elevator.

“You are taking it wrong,” he whispered, bringing his face closer.

I quickly looked away and then stared at the camera. “Let me go. Do you want us to get caught and shamed?” With that, I shrugged my arm free from his touch.

He stepped back and didn’t dare touch me again outside the apartment.

The minute I stepped in, he grabbed my hand again, shoving me against the wall out of the blue.

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231 I Was Just Lust

I wasn’t used to such intimacy from him, so whenever he got too close, my body reacted against my wishes.

“You are taking it all wrong. If I thought like that about you, would I not have done it with you?” he whispered, his face again close to mine. I was surprised to see how good-looking he was.

“Let me go, I don’t wish to speak on this subject anymore,” I said, wriggling my wrists in resistance. He only let go when we heard a voice that shocked us.

“What’s going on?” It was Cain, standing in front of my room, trying to get a good view of us in the dark.

Silas walked back and then away to his brother.

“Nothing,” he replied after walking past him into my bedroom.

As I emerged from the dark, I saw Cain staring at me.

“What is going on between the two of you? Did you two leave the apartment?” There was a strange look on his face that I had to ignore by looking away.

“We went out for a walk,” I lied, not even looking into his eyes.

“Looking like this?” Cain questioned my choice of outfit. I stopped dead in my tracks and glared at him.

“What is wrong with my nightdress?” I guess it was guilt that made me act defensive.

Cain narrowed his eyes at me before he groaned. “Isn’t it cold outside?”

I bet he attempted to make me feel guilty for questioning his concern. I did feel guilty but then I got over it when I remembered how he had

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231 I Was Just Lust

acted with me in the past. It sort of helped me scoff at him and respond to him without losing my composure.

“I was fine. Anything else?” I was ready for an escape, with one foot in Brody’s room when he cleared his throat and stopped me from leaving.

“Actually, yeah! Are you fucking around with my brother?”

I didn’t expect such a question to be thrown my way.

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Tasting 232

232–They Are Here To Stay

Nora:

“I asked you something.” Cain insisted sternly. I slowly turned around and faced him, my eyes questioning his audacity to question me.

“You think you have the right to ask me that question?” It bothered me that he felt so entitled to answers.

“Because the one you’re messing around with is my brother. Do you want us to fight because of you?” The way he said it made me fall silent before I decided to come up with an excuse to hit him with..

I wanted to call him out on his hypocrisy. “What about you? Aren’t you dating someone who used to be my friend and then betrayed me?” I scoffed at him, but he seemed so confident, as if he already knew I would bring it up.

“The friend you convinced me to give a chance and paint her naked? So when you want to be a good friend, you threw me in front of her, and when you don’t want, I shouldn’t date her. Not everything goes by your rules, Nora!” he hissed, throwing a punch in the air but then instantly stopping himself and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You are my mate. So I will be devastated if you are sleeping with my brother. Not only did you never hold loyalty to me, but now you want to drag my brother into your dirty games and make me look at him differently too?” His loud grunt and clenched jaw made me step back from him.

I had never seen Cain lose his temper like that. He sounded entirely different from how he usually acts.

“I never held loyalty to you? Cain! What the heck are you talking about? I had to date Brody because you couldn’t step up to hold my hand and save me from the accusations. And you’re holding that against me?” My voice kept breaking because I couldn’t help but tear up. He was branding me a dishonest mate without truly understanding my situation.

“Your loyalty is as strong as your wolf,” his comment struck hard. He had suddenly calmed his nerves, but I guess I had to comfort him. It wouldn’t want the brothers to fight because of me.

“There is nothing going on between me and Silas,” I watched him let out a deep sigh and then turn around to leave. I stayed standing, thinking about everything. He was not wrong. I couldn’t defend my actions or my affair, let’s say, with the other brothers with whom I have felt a mate bond. But with Silas, there was no bond. So what I was doing was actually terrible. I was having intimate relations with my mate’s brother. Even if my mates and I cannot accept each other, it would be inappropriate to fool around with Silas.

I went back to Brody’s room and lay down on his bed, staring at the ceiling. I eventually dozed off and then woke up early in the morning to the sound of rain on the windows.

After taking a shower and slipping into baggy jeans and a white shirt, I left the room to the sight of a mess. The brothers seemed to have

attempted to cook and caused such chaos that I couldn't help but slap my forehead.

The minute I did that, I stole their attention. Silas turned around with pancake batter on his face, his sleeves rolled up, and holding a spatula. Cain was shirtless and covered in white flour,

"Nothing works here at Brody's place," Cain commented with a frown. I didn't know how it was Brody's fault that these two couldn't cook.

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I kept staring at them with my hands on my waist.

"Why are you looking at us like that? It's not like you can cook either," Silas shrugged, pouting at his brother, who quickly nodded in

agreement.

"You two—out of my kitchen." I wouldn't let them judge me. I was just an omega. They were alpha kings. They needed to be perfect in everything. But instead, they were a mess.

"Your kitchen?" Silas inquired while Cain came out from behind him. I then realized he had batter on his abs too. What were they doing, cooking each other or what?

"This is Brody's kitchen," Silas continued, causing me to roll my eyes.

"Whatever, get out. We can order food," I pointed at the living room, demanding they sit down so I could clean.

"Hah! See, I told you she can't cook either," Silas slapped his brother's stomach before they got out of the kitchen.

"We'll go take a shower, and by then, the others will have arrived too," I heard Cain tell Silas, but I couldn't get a chance to ask them what they meant by that.

"Oh yeah, tell them to bring us food," Silas uttered.

I remained clueless and grabbed a mop and a bucket to quickly clean the apartment. It was true that the brothers couldn't do a single household chore. They had told me when I moved in with them that because they grew up in an all-men's mansion, they never learned to have a woman around. So their habits were pretty raw and rough.

I rolled my eyes at them before rushing into the bathroom to get cleaned again. This time, when I exited the bathroom, I heard noises

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232–They Are Here To Stay

from the living room. Not just Silas or Cain’s voices, but more familiar ones echoing in the apartment.

Exiting the room, I was met with the biggest surprise when I saw Nash sitting on the couch with Silas, holding a beer bottle, and Ryker on a separate sofa, hunched over the table. Cain was busy eating a sandwich. They had so much food scattered around that a normal person couldn’t imagine feasting on such a heavy meal in the morning.

Not only that, they got themselves comfortable with cards in front of them, playing games.

“What the heck is going on here?” I couldn’t keep my peace with what was happening.

Their father suggested I should leave to stay with Brody for a few days. to get away from everything, including stress. But now they brought the mansion here?

“What does it seem like is happening, love? Your stepbrothers have come to stay at your place. Haven’t you stayed at ours too?” Nash winked, making his brothers chuckle without looking my way.

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Tasting 233

233–Sitting In His Lap!

Nora:

“Come have a seat with us,” Ryker said, not raising his head from the cards he was holding and tapping his thigh loudly.

I looked around in shock for responses, but it seemed like they were all here to tease me. None of them reacted as if he was doing something inappropriate with his sister.

“Or maybe you can sit here,” Cain suddenly grabbed my arm and pulled me over, making me land in his lap.

The others lifted their heads and scowled before quickly looking back at their cards.

It was then I realized why they were all acting strangely. Cain was the only one who didn't know I had intimate relations with the others. Nash, Ryker, and Silas now knew I was being touched by them. Especially Ryker, who knew I was mated to Cain.

But the way Cain grabbed me also proved he secretly didn't like Ryker asking me to sit in his lap.

"Are you crazy?" I hesitantly tried jumping out of Cain's lap, but when I did, he slapped my butt and let me go.

I was shocked, my eyes wide open and my jaw hanging low with my hand on my butt and my neck turned to look at him.

He didn't seem to care though. Cain sat and played like he hadn't done anything. The others paid attention but secretly.

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"Are you going to stand there and keep rubbing your ass?" Nash commented, making my body shudder at the way he mentioned my body so nonchalantly.

I began to wonder if they all knew now that I had been intimate with all of them.

"This is not a picnic spot. If Brody comes home and finds you all here—," I shut up when I saw a smile creeping over their lips.

"What?" I inquired, since they were being too subtle about their intentions.

"He will kick you out?" Ryker didn't sound sad or worried, but rather intrigued.

"Poor thing! Don't worry, we will take you back to your real home," Silas pouted, moving his head along with his hands as he dropped the

cards.

"Okay, that's enough. You all are acting weird. He wouldn't kick me out, but he will be upset with you all," I corrected them, watching them scoff and shrug their shoulders as if it didn't bother them at all.

"Tsk tsK tsK! We will be so heartbroken if he gets upset with us. How will we continue to live without him?" Cain, not changing his facial expressions, used a very dramatic tone to mock my statement.

It made me recall why Brody and they didn't like each other anymore. Now that I thought about it, I couldn't help but stare at their faces one by one. Could they be behind those murders?

"Did the whistler get caught?" The minute I asked that question, they looked at me suspiciously.

"Why? Don't you know already?" Nash hissed, his tone suddenly

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changing.

"Besides, why bring him up out of the blue?" Ryker inquired, and my body tensed up.

"Because—," the doorbell halted the conversation. I stared at the door and then at the mess they had created in the living room.

I got too worried. Who could be at the door? Oh no! Did they order more food?

Without responding to them, I strode towards the door and opened it with the intent of finding more deliveries. However, shock hit me hard when instead I found Brody standing outside with a big smile on his lips.

"Hey, my cute friend, did you miss me?" He seemed so innocently happy to be back at the apartment we shared.

I was frozen to my spot and also worried about what would happen now that he would see the brothers in the apartment with me. Basically, his apartment.

"Why do you look so shocked? Are you not happy to see me come back?" His fading smile broke my heart. He didn't deserve this.

"No! Of course, I'm happy. I've missed spending time with you," I quickly went in for a side hug, but he wrapped his arms around me tightly and rocked his body, letting out breaths of relief.

"I know. Being all alone by yourself in the apartment must have been a challenge," he was speaking in soft murmurs, and I was scared to ask him to break the hug before someone saw us.

"You came back early?" And that's exactly what happened.

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Silas asked, and Brody stopped moving. In fact, his heartbeat slowed suddenly.

I quickly broke the hug and turned around to see if it was only Silas, but nope! Nash was also watching us.

“What are you two doing here?” Brody questioned. His tone had changed, and his body was now emitting dark energy. I didn’t blame him. I would be upset to find my enemies in my home with Brody too. Even when we were just friends, respect and boundaries were not supposed to be crossed.

“We were here with her, why?” Silas slid his hands into his pants pockets, acting carelessly.

“You spent the night here?” Brody pointed at the floor.

“Cain and I did. The others are also here now, we are playing games. You are welcome to join,” Silas had never spoken so casually to him.

It felt like they were doing it purposely to irk him.

“Actually,” I attempted to speak, but Brody wouldn’t break his stare. from the brothers.

“What? Please tell me you are not going to make her explain our stay here. You shouldn’t be so controlling of her,” Nash dramatically shook his head, and that’s when Brody briskly walked past me and them, probably to his bedroom. I rushed after him but only to be stopped in my tracks when

Nash grabbed my arm and then pushed me onto the couch. The brothers now stood in front of me, blocking my path.

“What is going on?” Ryker asked his brothers as he too stood with them. Cain also seemed surprised at how angry Nash and Silas looked.

“Ask her, why was she getting intimate with him?” Nash’s question

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234–All Broken

Nora:

“What are you doing?” I hissed at the brothers They had really ruined everything for me. The fact that they didn’t want to keep me in their lives but also didn’t want me to stay happy in this apartment made me wonder if they were having a problem with me or what

“What do you think, we are doing?” Silas hissed.

“We found her hugging him, and—it wasn’t just a quick hug. It seemed passionate, and he had his eyes closed.” Nash muttered, explaining it in a way that left me speechless

“It was just a hug between friends,” I tried to jump in to tell my side. but Cain pointed his finger at me and then tapped the same finger onto his lips, silencing me

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Tasting 234

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Why were they losing their minds over me hugging someone when they were dating others?

“I told you—you guys were giving her the benefit of the doubt. She lies a lot,” Cain, who somehow had the agenda to prove me a liar, hissed at his brother, patting Ryker’s back.

“It could be just a simple hug,” everyone was shocked when Ryker uttered and stole his eyes from his brothers.

“Are you kidding me? She is definitely intimate with him. The way he

234–All Broken

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met her and all—and wait—,” Nash snapped his fingers before he turned to me, “have you two shared a bed before?”

It was like he caught me right where I couldn't escape.

“Don't lie, tell us,” he grunted angrily, and it was at this moment that I felt like they had no right to be judging me like that. I had been very loyal until they betrayed me. Now I was dating Brody to clear our names, but that didn't change the fact that I did it because the brothers were too cowardly to step forward and accept me.

“I did, but we only cuddled. He was nice enough to cheer me up when Ryker destroyed my room—,” it was like they didn't even want to hear any explanations from me. All they cared about was somehow proving me wrong, and now that they got the answer they were looking for, they hissed at me.

“Now?” Cain smirked at Ryker, who turned his face away from me and started pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Okay! I cuddled. But what about you three? It's not like you're not dating someone already,” I got up, but Cain pushed me with one hand, not even looking at me, making me land back on the couch. I groaned in frustration at him.

“That will be enough—” I finally got up, but it seemed as if it was all done here as well. The brothers began to grab their cell phones before Ryker turned to face me and muttered, “You are right. That will be enough!”

My heart flipped inside my chest as I tried to understand what he meant. I thought we were already done some time ago. But they had this habit of giving me hopes, just to prove me a culprit and then end things like I was the reason it all got ruined. To be honest, it was pretty brutal of them.

234—All Broken:

I couldn't say a word as they grabbed their wallets and started walking towards the exit. None of them stayed behind to see how I would deal with the mess they left behind. I started grabbing the leftovers and then washed the dishes while Brody was still in his room. I sat on the couch after cleaning the living room and pouted sadly. I didn't want to be a bad person and hurt the only person who wasn't hurting me. But the brothers had caused all this mess and left.

Suddenly, the door to Brody's room opened and he came out with his face stern.

“Did you sleep in my room last night?” he inquired, making me wonder if he was upset that I did.

“I did,” I mumbled.

“And they—” he quickly shut his mouth.

“No! They didn’t, Brody. They were in my room,” I clarified and noticed a sigh leaving his mouth. He strolled tiredly and sat down on the couch with me.

“I am so sorry for reacting like that earlier. You need to understand it is not easy for me to see them—” The fact that he was already apologizing after only a few hours had passed just melted my heart.

“I understand,” I gave him a smile. But he hadn’t even said a single word to upset me.

“But Brody, since we are just friends, you need to understand that if I really start dating someone, he would come to this apartment to—” I didn’t finish because I knew I had passed my message across and he started nodding his head in understanding.

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my pack, they killed innocent people. I am just afraid of letting them into my space, if you know what I mean,” he rubbed his face in his hands and sighed.

“I am sorry. I couldn’t ask them to leave,” I was guilty for even entertaining them to stay in his place. I sighed after he gestured at me that it was fine.

“Actually, I still had some work left in my pack, but I came here to check on you. I will be leaving in two hours. Just let me know if you need anything. I will do your work and then head back to my pack,” he said while his eyes remained closed. It kind of made me feel guilty. He was so tired and had traveled so many hours just to check on me. His time was wasted when he came home and found them here. Now he

would take a one-hour nap and then leave again.

“I don’t need anything. I have everything here,” I whispered, but he seemed to have dozed off.

Tasting 235

235–Going To Her Funeral

Nora:

That day, Brody returned with news from the mansion. It was Mia’s funeral, and Lord Atwood had asked Brody to bring me to the mansion.

I was slightly disappointed that he hadn’t called me himself, but there was nothing to be done now. It seemed I had already lost a place in his heart.

“What are you doing? We’re running late,” Brody called from outside my room. He had cleaned my bedroom the very next hour after the brothers left.

I was sitting at the study table, writing down all the information I had gathered about Christina’s and Mia’s cases. There wasn’t much more than what Brody had told me about Christina and her death. However, I noted the similarities and also what I had personally learned about Mia’s demise.

I didn't plan to give this file to anyone but would definitely confront the brothers about it.

"Just one sec," I called out to him, finishing up the file so that

everything was recorded, even if I forgot or someone hypnotized me to forget about it.

I didn't know how hypnosis worked, but ever since Mia died, I had been slightly worried and frightened of Silas and the others.

Finally, putting the file in my bag, I walked out wearing all black to

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accompany Brody. The car ride was as insignificant as always. Brody rarely talked while driving; he preferred to focus on the road and reflect on his thoughts. I respected his need for space.

Once we arrived at the mansion, I sat in the car and refused to get out. for a few minutes. I needed to catch my breath before re-entering the home I had once thought could be mine. I wasn't a fan of big mansions, but the relationships mattered more.

Sighing, I finally walked out. There were many pack members attending this funeral. Even though Mia rarely went out, she was loved by everyone who met her. The large crowd was due to her tragic death on the night of the ball and the terror it had caused everyone.

"Nora!" a voice called out to me from the crowd. I turned to see Nash approaching.

"Dad has been waiting for you. What took you so long?" he asked, silently judging Brody for being late.

"I didn't know Dad was expecting me since he never called me himself," I replied. I knew I was being demanding, but it wasn't just about the funeral. He hadn't called me at all after I left. I had called him twice, but he never answered.

Nash glanced at Brody and then back at me. "He's been busy. Come, let me take you to Dad," he said, grabbing my hand and starting to drag me away from Brody. I kept looking back at my boyfriend, who had been there for me all these days.

"Don't worry, he's not a child. He won't get lost in the crowd," Nash said with a hint of harshness in his voice, noting my concern for

Brody.

He guided me through the crowd and into the mansion, then led me

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upstairs to the hallway outside my bedroom, which now had a lock on it. The brothers and Lord Atwood were present, almost as if they had been waiting for me to start the meeting. When I arrived, I saw Cain straighten his posture but keep his hands in his black suit's pockets. Silas ran a hand through his hair and gave me a nod as a greeting. Ryker continued to stare at me.

"Nora! How are you?" Lord Atwood spread his arms to hug me, but this time I didn't reciprocate with the same enthusiasm. I was deeply hurt by their behavior and lack of trust in me.

He noticed my reaction and quickly broke the hug, cupping my face in his hands to check on me.

"Are you sick? Why do you look so down?" he asked.

"Because it's a funeral," my sarcastic remark made him look sad. The brothers exchanged glances before looking back at me, clearly displeased with my attitude.

"You seem upset with me," Lord Atwood said softly.

I felt like I might be too harsh on him. Just because I had some time on my hands didn't mean they did. They had been working hard to catch the culprits and manage the pack. I needed to cut Lord Atwood some slack.

"I have missed you," I said, and that was all it took for a smile to cross his lips.

"I've missed you too," he smiled, kissing the back of my hand.

"Dad, we should get going," Silas reminded him that he should say whatever he had gathered us here for so they could go attend the

funeral.

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"Oh right! Nora!" Lord Atwood held my hand between his, but before speaking, he glanced quickly at his sons, who gave him a nod of approval.

So it was about me?

"There are she-wolves also attending the funeral, so there's a chance they might come face to face with you," he started, and it warmed my heart that he had realized the presence of those girls would be torturous for me.

I wanted to tell him not to worry about me and that I would take care of myself, but the next part of what he said left me in silence.

“I hope you will set aside your differences this time. It’s a funeral, and Galinda has already suffered enough. Please don’t argue or cause any trouble today.”

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Tasting 236

236–Poisoned

Nora:

Hearing him say that felt like a stab to the chest. It definitely struck my ego, but instead of arguing, I just nodded. However, I subtly slipped my hands out of his grasp.

So I was wrong to think he was worried about me. He was worried about his son’s girlfriend because, apparently, I was considered a troublemaker.

The crowd dispersed, and soon I was the only one wandering around. The second floor was also crowded with people seeking a respite from Galinda’s cries on the ground floor.

After the eulogy, I headed to my bedroom. But on my way upstairs, I noticed someone following me. It was none other than the three witches in their black attire.

They wore fancy shoes and carried brand–new black bags. It didn’t even seem like they were here to support the grieving mother; they had come thinking it was an event.

I rolled my eyes as I slowed down and turned to look at them. A waiter passed by, and they grabbed some wine while I opted for a virgin mojito.

“You’re back?” Daphne called out to me. I assumed the three must have bonded over their shared dislike for me. They had been sticking close to each other ever since they arrived. In fact, April and Daphne had been whispering throughout the eulogy, while Natalya seemed to be lingering in the background.

“Yes, this is my home. Of course, I’m back,” I replied, rolling my eyes again as I tried to cover more ground to reach my room. However, with the large lock on my door and no intention of going downstairs to ask for a key right now, I decided to head for the terrace.

My bad luck, the three joined me there.

“The brothers and their father had been living so peacefully without you. There was no drama going on when you weren’t around,” Daphne said, her arm folded over the railing, with April standing beside her and Natalya lingering in the back.

“What is it? Why can’t you girls leave me alone?” I sipped my mojito and held it in my hand, trying to ignore their smirks that made me feel uncomfortable.

“Hmm, because we’re suspicious of you,” April said, her smirk widening as she knew it would pique my interest.

“About what?” I asked the grinning trio.

“Where were you the night of the murder?” April’s question paralyzed me. I watched as Daphne took a sip from her drink and zoned out. I bet she knew I was with Nash that night; that’s probably how she found

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But why did they want me to say it out loud?

“Why? Why would it matter where I was?” I shrugged, not giving them the satisfaction of appearing concerned.

“Because I was thinking, what if—Mia was lured into the woods by someone who knew how to bring the monsters there,” April said, spinning a ridiculous lie. But there was more to her insinuation.

So enter you to everyon

suspicion,” Daphne smirked.

So that’s what it was. She wanted me to say Nash’s name, hoping to get him in trouble for spending time with his stepsister, who the brothers already suspected of inappropriate behavior, instead of guarding the Whistler.

“Go ahead, spread the rumor that I did it. I’ll see what proof you bring to the table,” I said, trying to sound unbothered, but my eyes landed on my ring, and unease began to creep in.

“I think they should force your transition,” Daphne added, and I felt a jolt of fear.

That wouldn’t be a good idea.

“You know the process?” Natalya inquired, the one who didn’t have a wolf herself.

“They strip you naked, no jewelry, no garments, no underwear. Then the warriors stand around and whip the wolf out of you, and they even inject some drugs. Alpha King Silas is also involved,” Daphne said with a smirk, stretching her back and taking a sip from her glass.

“Wouldn’t it be embarrassing for her to go through all that with her stepbrother present?” Natalya asked in a falsely concerned voice, while April pouted and nodded.

I wasn’t truly concerned about that. I mean, it would be humiliating, but there would be no need to whip me or anything. The moment they removed everything from my body, including my ring, and drugged me, my wolf would emerge immediately. Not only that, but once they saw her, they wouldn’t waste a single moment before pointing at me and labeling me a monster.

11.07603

my wolf alone.

“What happened? Where did you get lost?” Daphne seemed satisfied with herself now that she had seen the look of horror on my face.

But did that mean I’d get Nash in trouble? No!.

So I decided it was best to leave and avoid them. Lord Atwood was right in a sense that I would come face to face with them—he just misunderstood the culprit and the victim.

As I tried to walk past them, Daphne stepped into my path and pushed me back.

“What are you doing? Back off,” I hissed at Daphne, who kept blocking

my way.

“I’m just giving you a chance, or maybe I’m willing to hear your last wish since this will be the last time you get to ask for anything,” she said, her eyes gleaming with malice.

I was concerned because the three of them together meant serious trouble. They also seemed far too pleased with themselves.

“I just want to leave,” I hissed, trying to maintain my composure.

“Oh, you will. Sadly, not just this place, but you’ll be leaving

everything and everyone behind. You will no longer be a part of the living,” April said with a smile, her eyes looking insane as she stared at me, not blinking at all.

11.07

Tasting 237

237–Arrest Those Bitches.

Nora:

“What do you mean?” I asked April as she smirked and took a sip from her glass. I hadn’t even finished my first drink, which was non- alcoholic.

“I mean, you did the same to us. You didn’t want us to be with our boyfriends. You were so hesitant, even making your stepbrothers promise they wouldn’t date us. Why?” There was a trace of sarcasm in her voice, though she pouted, trying to look innocent as she asked the question.

“They didn’t want to date you. It wasn’t my job to force them,” I groaned in frustration.

“She knows how to lie,” Daphne remarked, downing her drink before signaling the server for another.

“I didn’t lie about anything. If you three don’t want to believe me, go ahead. I don’t care,” I stomped my foot, but couldn’t leave when Natalya’s words caught my attention.

“You shouldn’t be wasting what little energy you have by stomping your feet,” her comment made the others laugh.

I didn’t understand what was so funny about it.

So I just glared at her. Daphne noticed and stepped between us, acting as a shield.

“She’s not wrong. It’s not like you have much time left to argue with

237–Amrest Those Bitches.

us,” she shrugged with a smug expression.

I narrowed my eyes in confusion, glancing over her shoulder at April, who seemed ready to say something.

“Especially when you’ve been poisoned,” she spoke softly, making the others dramatically gasp and cover their mouths.

“Huh?” I didn’t realize what kind of sick joke this was until I saw Natalya smirk.

“It’s true. We’ve come to the realization that we can’t get rid of you any other way. So this is our last attempt,” she said, her tone serious, unlike the other two. But her words

shook the ground beneath my feet. As I stepped back, Daphne added, "Don't even think about calling for help. You don't have much time."

I was breathing heavily, still holding the glass in my hand. I raised it slightly, staring at it when I heard Natalya yelp.

Even though she was supposed to be careful, the shock made her blurt it out, "She didn't finish the drink!"

Her words made me lift my head, watching them exchange glances.

Does that mean I still have time to inform my stepbrothers that I've been poisoned?

With that thought, I dropped the glass and sprinted towards the staircase to stop them from coming after me.

"Stop her, or we're all going to prison!" Daphne yelled after the other two.

They were chasing me like a pack of hyenas.

11:07

237—Arrest Those Bitches

I had just reached the top of the staircase when a hand grabbed my arm and pulled me away from it.

It was Natalya.

Somehow, she had arrived before the others.

"You're not going to ruin this for us," she hissed. I noticed the other two emerging from the rooms and realized the severity of the situation.

If I didn't get Natalya off me, the others would catch me, and it would be nearly impossible to fight them all.

I had only a few seconds to change my fate, so I seized the opportunity.

I shoved Natalya, and she crashed onto the glass table, shattering it as she fell. Her blood splattered everywhere like a waterfall.

The two were distracted, and I managed to run downstairs. However, April started chasing after me even as I reached my brothers.

“Hey! What’s going on?” Ryker was the first to catch me, steadying me so I wouldn’t fall.

Everyone stopped talking—the Alpha of the other packs and the council members all turned to see what the commotion was about.

“Take me to the hospital,” I pleaded, causing Ryker’s eyes to widen in surprise and concern.

“What are you saying? Are you hurt?” Silas took over, grabbing my arm and turning me around to face him.

It was unnerving because everyone could see and hear me.

“Just take me to the hospital, please,” I requested through tears.

43 30%

237—Amest Those Bitches.

I don’t even know why I followed those witches.

As soon as April arrived, she was seized by her arm, and I pointed my finger at her.

The fear on her face was unmistakable.

Nash held her and asked me, “What did she do?”

Everyone was watching us in worry, trying to grasp at the drama. I was feeling fine, but for how long, I don’t know. I was just glad I didn’t drink the whole thing.

Cain and Ryker surrounded me, making sure I didn’t collapse as I was breathing heavily and working myself up.

“They poisoned me,” I said, and the moment the words left my mouth, Nash’s grip on April tightened.

“No! That’s a lie,” April stammered, trembling as she tried to deny it.

“Arrest her!” Ryker yelled at the guards before he lifted me in his arms. while everyone watched.

Everyone was shocked, not expecting to witness such a scene at a funeral.

Silas sprang into action, yelling, “Get the other one, but Natalya— someone call an ambulance!”

I knew why, because I had fought her. While Ryker was running with me in his arms, I saw the guards and Nash escort Daphne and April out of the mansion in handcuffs. The ambulance had arrived for Natalya, who had passed out after losing a lot of blood.

“I won’t let anything happen to you,” Ryker whispered, picking up the

237 Arrest Those Bitches

pace.

The fact that they never believed me and always thought I was making things up led to this situation.

So much drama, and it all unfolded at Mia’s funeral, all because of those three that my stepbrothers trusted so much.

Ryker placed me in his car, but he didn’t drive. Instead, he sat with me in the backseat while Silas took the wheel.

I was worried we wouldn’t make it to the hospital in time because so much time had already passed. But because my condition was still under control, I was expecting to survive.

“They will pay for this,” he said in whispers, concern evident in his voice.

11:07

Tasting 238

238–They Love Me Again

Nora:

I was rushed to the hospital where the doctors were instructed to prioritize my care. Naturally, Natalya was also receiving medical attention. The doctor gave me some pills and then induced vomiting to expel whatever I had ingested.

It was odd because I didn’t really feel any pain. Maybe my instincts saved me by not drinking the whole thing. That’s what had panicked them.

Since I was so scared and had exhausted myself, the nurse gave me a sleeping pill to help me rest. I fell asleep with Silas standing beside me, gently patting my forehead. I knew they felt guilty because I had repeatedly warned them not to trust those women.

I didn't understand how those women had managed to fool everyone, but I couldn't entirely blame my stepbrothers. I had kept things from them, and the way those women had planned everything, leaving no traces of their deception, made it all seem like my fault whenever something went wrong.

When I started to wake up, I realized my brothers had stayed by my side the whole time. At least one of them was always in the room, and Lord Atwood hadn't left even for a minute. He was sitting on the sofa with his head in his hands.

"Dad, she's fine," Ryker reassured his father.

They didn't know I had woken up.

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238—They Love Me Again

"She's told us so many times that those girls were after her," hearing Lord Atwood sound so defeated was painful.

"Nora might be a timid little girl, but Dad, she survived. She ran past the crowd, fighting and making sure she reached us before it was too late. I think you shouldn't worry too much. From now on, we'll take extra care of her," Ryker continued, standing up from his chair but pausing when his father suddenly raised his head and held his hand, motioning for him to sit down again.

"Why did you have to date April Watts?" his father asked, his tone simple but firm. I was certain he wouldn't receive a straightforward

answer.

Ryker wouldn't admit he did it to punish me, probably even to teach me a lesson.

"Are you still going to see her after what she's done?" his father pressed.

"She's in the custody of warriors right now. So let's not talk about this," Ryker replied. I expected him to be clear about his intentions. With April at this point, but his lack of anger towards her for almost killing me dampened my hopes.

Just then, Lord Atwood rose from his seat, his eyes locking onto me.

"She's woken up!" he exclaimed, rushing over to hold my hand.

"I'm fine," I assured him, slowly sitting upright.

"We're glad you are," Ryker commented quietly, avoiding eye contact with me. I bet he knew I had overheard his conversation with his

father.

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father.

230—They Love Me Again

"I'll go bring the others. They've been so worried about you," Ryker quickly escaped my judgmental stares as he hurried out of the room to fetch the others.

"I'm sorry for not dealing with those girls sooner," Lord Atwood said, not wasting a moment before taking my hand and rubbing it gently between his.

"It's not your fault, really. The way they planned and executed everything, it would leave anyone doubting if they could even harm a fly," I replied, relieved that they had been caught.

"The council must be very upset with how the funeral was interrupted," I murmured under my breath, feeling bad about the situation.

I was honestly just minding my own business when they arrived and cornered me.

"You don't need to worry about that. They know you were the victim, so they're more angry at those girls," Lord Atwood gently ran his hand through my hair, trying to calm me down.

"What happened to Natalya?" I asked, glancing at Ryker before turning my attention to Cain.

"She's still in surgery. Since she's just human, she couldn't heal on her own," he replied, aware that others might wonder how they knew she was their mate if she didn't have her wolf. But everyone seemed so focused on me that they avoided that question.

"You'll be coming home with us today. Alpha Brody had to leave to attend to his pack's matters, but he insisted that when he returns, he'll take you to his apartment. However, I told him no!" Lord Atwood smiled as he gestured with his hand, indicating that he wouldn't let me go anywhere again.

45.45%

238 They Love Me Again

It was such a relief to see them treat me well again and not look at me like I was some evil person trying to steal something from someone.

"I'll be happy to stay home again," I said, giving them all a smile. Just then, a knock on the door turned everyone's attention.

A doctor walked in, noticing me sitting and smiling with my family. He looked to be in his mid-thirties and appeared very decent.

"I see, she's already awake," he commented, holding a file in his hand.

"And she's doing fine. When can we take her home?" Nash asked, his arms folded over his chest as he watched the doctor pace around.

"Hmm, soon," the doctor replied, but there seemed to be something bothering him.

He kept observing me with a frown on his forehead and then looked at Lord Atwood, as if contemplating his next move.

“Why not today?” Silas questioned, shrugging his shoulders when the doctor looked his way.

“There are a few things we need to discuss before she can be

discharged from the hospital,” the doctor replied, his eyes meeting Silas’s narrowed gaze.

“Okay, go ahead,” Silas responded, facing the doctor, ready to hear his concerns.

“I would like to speak with her directly,” the doctor added, causing everyone to exchange glances of confusion.

“Wait, is she okay? Did the poison—” Lord Atwood couldn’t hold back, stepping in with a worried tone before the doctor could even speak to me. His anxiety was palpable, and it made my own heart start to race.

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230–They Love Me Again

“Oh, she’s fine, which is why I’m here to have this conversation with her,” the doctor reassured, but the look he gave me was unsettling.

What did he need to talk about so urgently?

Tasting 239

239–It Was All A Part Of Their Plan

Nora:

The doctor pulled his chair near my bed, adjusting it before he sat down. He rested the file under his elbow on his thigh and glanced around at the brothers and Lord Atwood before turning his attention. back to me.

They were all so concerned for me. I hadn’t had this moment with them. in so long.

All the complaints I had received from them about not caring for me seemed to fade. They did care, and they showed it yesterday.

“Nora, right?” the doctor asked, and I nodded.

“I’m Dr. Peter. I’m the one who handled your case,” he introduced himself with a smile.

“Thank you for saving my life,” I said. I was genuinely grateful to the brothers and the doctors for their efforts yesterday. When I was rushing downstairs to inform them about the poison in my drink, I honestly didn’t think I’d see another day.

“I was just doing my job,” Dr. Peter replied. He adjusted his seat again, cleared his throat, and then asked, “So how are you feeling now? Any headaches or nausea?”

I shook my head steadily and pouted, “None!”

“Hmm, I see,” he said, lifting his elbow from the file and holding it between his hands before opening it. He then raised his head to look

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239 I Was All A Part of Their Plan

back at me.

“After you were brought here, we ran some tests to see what was mixed in your drink,” he continued, now also capturing the attention of the brothers.

“What was it?” Silas asked, as he was familiar with drugs and poisons. and was even a well-known doctor himself, more so than Dr. Peter.

Dr. Peter tilted his face towards Silas before returning his gaze to me. In a very calming tone, he said, “There was no poison found in your body.”

I felt as if he were playing some kind of joke on me until he lifted the file and handed it to Silas.

“Your body is clean, and there are no remnants of poison,” he added.

I saw Lord Atwood zone out, seemingly unable to comprehend how this was possible.

“Maybe because I only drank half the glass!” I recalled and quickly mentioned.

Silas read the test results and showed them to the others with a very confused expression.

“That’s not how it works. It should have shown up in your tests,” Peter mumbled, the synthetic smile on his lips giving me chills.

“But how is it possible?” Nash asked Dr. Peter, who stole a glance at me before turning to the brothers.

“She lied,” were the words that escaped his lips, causing my heart to sink in my chest. Their eyes shifted to me with displeased expressions.

“But I know I was poisoned,” I stammered, even struggling to convey my truth.

Tow,

may I ask?” Dr. Peter turned back to me.

“They told me,” I replied.

“They?” he raised an eyebrow, pointing at the brothers, but I hastily shook my head.

“The girls who poisoned me. They told me I was poisoned,” I said, trying to be honest, but why was everyone looking at me with such disbelief?

“You mean to say that the girls who wanted you dead told you they had poisoned you, and somehow you didn’t have any poison in your system, but the supposed killer is in worse condition than you are?” he said, making it clear that he did not believe me.

“I’m sorry, but there isn’t much I can do. She is absolutely fine and doesn’t need to stay in this room. However, I would like to ask if any of you came here with Natalya?” My body flinched at her mention. She had told me I was poisoned, but somehow she had become the victim now?

“I’m her boyfriend,” Cain said, lifting his head, his jaw clenched as he glared at me.

“Please come with me,” Dr. Peter said, walking out with Cain. Now, I

was left in the center of a mess I swear I didn’t start.

With the brothers and Lord Atwood left in the room, I began to look at everyone, examining their expressions.

“It was a funeral, Nora!” Nash muttered under his breath, looking

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displeased with me. I wanted to get Lord Atwood’s attention.

"I know, and I didn't do anything," I quickly started to explain to Lord Atwood, who was refusing to even look my way.

"Then the doctor must be lying," Silas grumbled, shaking his head. The way they averted their eyes was clear evidence that they were entirely upset with me this time.

"He is not, but they must have lied to me," I tried to raise my voice, but it was Lord Atwood who stepped forward to silence me with a stern look.

It was the first time something like this had happened, and a gasp escaped my lips.

"This is a hospital, Nora. There is a victim in the other room who is badly injured because of you. Do you even realize what will happen when everyone learns you lied about the poison? Heck, we have arrested those two girls who were innocent," Lord Atwood said, his tone making me go numb.

No words could escape my lips as I watched him speak to me in such a tone. He immediately realized his harshness and stepped back, placing his hand on his forehead.

"What is happening to you? We've shown you so much love, Nora. If my sons want to date those girls, can't you make peace with it? You're dating their worst enemy as well. Why can't you just let it slide?" His tone softened to a mild and gentle one, but I could tell it was forced. Deep down, he was profoundly disappointed and upset with me.

"I don't know how to prove my innocence, but—" I sniffled, lowering my head.

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2301 Was All A. Pan Of Their Plan

"We have to deal with the case filed against the two girls. What will we say to the council? They will be upset with the humiliation caused to those girls because of us," Nash sighed, rubbing his face in his hands.

"And you will not speak another word. Let us handle the mess you started," Silas groaned, pointing his finger at me before helping his father leave.

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Tasting 240

240—Burning Questions.

Nora:

The whole mess at the hospital left me speechless. I realized I had been tricked into believing I was poisoned just so I would run around like crazy and tell my stepbrothers. The girls knew it would be proven with the help of tests that no poison was found in my body, and I would be seen as someone who wanted those witches to be punished and humiliated.

“It has gotten out of hand,” I heard Nash say from the driver’s seat. I kept my head down, feeling guilty.

“Just keep driving. We’ll talk at home,” Cain spoke softly to him, but he adjusted the mirror to check on me. I quickly looked down, too ashamed to meet his gaze.

My heart was beating so slowly, as if my body wanted to hide somewhere—away from everyone’s eyes.

“Can I say something?” I asked from the backseat, hoping to explain how the girls had fooled me.

“Not right now, Nora. Can’t you see we’re already upset?” Cain responded, not raising his voice, but the dismissal broke my heart, and I sank into my seat. They didn’t say another word after that, and we arrived at the mansion. I knew they would question me later, but for now, I was left alone with my thoughts and guilt.

They left me in my bedroom, and no one stayed behind to talk with me. I heard they were first going to deal with the complaints filed against Daphne and April, and then discuss what to do with Natalya.

11:23

240 tuning Questions

It was going to get crazy because I knew those girls would use this to guilt-trip them, and they would get angrier with me.

However, I didn’t expect it to happen so soon. When my door swung open and Lord Atwood barged inside, I could tell it was time for me to get a good scolding for what happened on the day of the funeral.

“Sit up. We need to have a conversation.” Lord Atwood gestured for me, and I quickly adjusted my attire and sat up in bed.

“I have treated you as my own blood, haven’t I?” Lord Atwood asked, disappointment visible in his eyes and disbelief evident in his voice.

I nodded, so he continued, “Even when everyone questioned me for it, I brought you here and put you above my sons. Have I not?” It was becoming increasingly difficult for

me to meet his gaze. I felt ashamed, not because I did something wrong, but because it had been so easy for those three devils to trick me and make a fool out of me.

But how does one react when told they have been poisoned? What could I have done?

There was a solution back then that I hadn't considered. Instead of running to my stepbrothers, I should have looked for Brody. I'm sure he would have quietly taken me to the hospital and wouldn't have judged me if nothing had shown up in the test results.

"Then why?" Lord Atwood slammed his hand on the table, making me jolt my head up.

"I didn't do anything," I repeated, lowering my head once more.

"The lack of responsibility for your actions is just bewildering," Cain's comment forced me to raise my head and glare at him.

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240 Burning Questions

"As if you're responsible," I muttered, thinking my words would be taken lightly as they usually were. My step-siblings and I had always bickered, but Lord Atwood had always taken my side and didn't hold my actions against me.

That changed today when he raised his head and hissed at me.

"Don't talk to your elder brother in that tone," he warned, his voice stern.

The shifting dynamic was crushing me. Suddenly, I was so wrong that I had been stripped of all the privileges of being the youngest stepdaughter.

"You made her this way. Every time we tried to educate her or correct her behavior, you would scold us and take her side. Now look at the demon you've created," Nash's outburst showed he had lost his temper.

"Because of her actions, now I have to face Daphne's stepfather and the members of the boxing club. They are disappointed that I put an innocent person behind bars," Nash continued, his frustration evident.

Slowly, everyone I once thought cared for me seemed to be slipping away. I had even lost the will to argue. There was no proof I could present to prove my innocence, and without any evidence, they wouldn't believe my words.

“All this freedom and living with her boyfriend must have gone to her head, making her think she can do whatever she wants,” Ryker shook his head, his arms folded over his chest.

I was shocked that they somehow made it about me living with Brody. What did he have to do with all this?