

# **Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 241 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 241**

Tasting 241

241-He Read The File Mode On Them?

241-He Read The File I Made On Them?

Nora:

“You think Brody is the cause behind all this?” I asked, not even daring to sound arrogant.

Ryker looked over at me and shook his head in disbelief. “Why else would you change so much in such a short amount of time?” he nearly hissed.

“Because you guys started dating girls who hate me,” I reminded them, but every time I mentioned the girls, they would dismiss me.

Everyone in the room seemed to have a different opinion of me, and it shattered my heart into a million tiny pieces.

Silas was the only one not in the room with us at that moment. The room I used to call my own was beginning to feel alien.

I kept my head down, enduring their shouting and their harsh words. Eventually, they began to speak in whispers, almost as if they were planning their next move.

That’s when I looked up and noticed that Lord Atwood was standing in the corner, watching me with tears in his eyes. As soon as he realized I was looking back at him, he furrowed his brow and gave me a harsh look. I quickly looked down again, as his angry gaze deeply upset me.

“So you all think I’m an evil person, then,” I said, giving a slight nod. Since they weren’t being thoughtful of my feelings, I decided to take a stand for myself.

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“If you guys have such a problem with me, you can let me stay in the apartments, Brody’s apartment,” I muttered under my breath, causing the whispering to stop abruptly.

“Is that why you did all this? So we would be forced to let you live with that boyfriend of yours without ever having to return here?” Ryker asked, his question making me lift my head and tilt it in silent inquiry. His suspicion that I could be capable of such a scheme was clear.

“If that is what you think—,” I instantly shut up when Lord Atwood looked my way. I was still trying to be respectful towards him and the others. Even when they were making me appear as this bloodthirsty witch.

“You cannot leave until the council decides. After all the trouble you’ve caused, the council has asked us to keep you here. And do you know what that means?” Lord Atwood’s tone was harsh, and I wasn’t used to it. It pierced my soul, making me realize how I had ruined a perfect family and a perfect home for myself with my own stupidity.

“Because if the girls want to charge you for false accusations,” he finished, and I closed my eyes, feeling the unfairness of it all.

But just then, the door opened with a thud, and in walked Silas with a very dark expression in his eyes. It seemed like he had encountered something extremely distressing. His stare was fixed on me, making it clear that whatever it was, it was related to me.

I had no idea what I had done now, but from the look on his face, it must have been something terrifying. Then I saw the bag in his hand— my bag, containing the file I had prepared just for my own memory. My nerves started to fill up with anxiety. It was like I couldn’t catch a break.

But who was at fault now? Never in a million years did I think they

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241—He Read. The File I Made On Them?

would get their hands on my bag.

A lump formed in my throat as I watched Silas clutch my bag tightly. It worried me—had he read the file? He must have, or else why would he barge into my room with such a look on his face and my bag in his hands?

“What is it?” Lord Atwood asked, noticing Silas’s gaze fixed on me.

“Silas! What is going on?” Ryker followed his gaze to me and then asked him out of curiosity. The harshness of his gaze terrified me.

If he had read that file, he would definitely think I planned to go against them and get them arrested. I was the only one who couldn't ask him anything. I was afraid of hearing his answer.

"Did something else happen?" Cain asked his brother, also staring at me suspiciously. The unbreakable stare of Silas on me was raising

concerns.

And then he opened his mouth to answer the queries.

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Tasting 242

242—Looking Like A Bad Guy

Nora:

"Nothing. I've come to inform you that we need to bring Natalya here. to care for her and help her heal. She will drop the charges; she just feels she doesn't have anyone to look after her," Silas said softly to his father.

Something told me that wasn't the real reason for his visit. I focused on Natalya—what a liar.

"But she lives with April. They are best friends and have so many servers," I argued, trying to make them understand that if Natalya came here. I would be at th

mercy of a devil once more. She wanted to come only to watch me suffer.

They all turned to me after hearing my resistance, glaring as if I had said something outrageous.

ise of you, and you're not even feeling guilty?"

"That girl suffered because of you,

Cain said, looking at me as if I were some monster.

"But—" I started, but I instantly fell silent when Lord Atwood glared my way. I hated it here.

"What happened to the Nora who brought Natalya home to take care of her, even after she was caught lying? What happened to that caring person?" His question shook the ground beneath my feet, as if they didn't understand what had changed in me.

“It was a mistake. Bringing her here is the reason I look like a bad

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242–Looking Like A Bad Guy

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person today. I let her stay, and she played me—not once, but many times. Do you not remember how she hid Silas’—” I was cut short when Cain raised his hand, signaling me to stop.

“There’s no need to bring up the past now,” he said, scoffing at me.

At that moment, I even considered leaving the mansion and going back home to the mountains, to the hostel. But the situation had become so dire that if I left and the girls decided to drag me to prison, no one would be able to get me out without the help of the Alpha King brothers.

“We will bring her here and take care of her. And you, Nora! If you really want to make things right, you will stay away from her,” Lord Atwood said, his disapproving glance sharp.

I nodded, keeping my eyes down to show I would be obedient. But it would be extremely difficult given Natalya’s history; she wouldn’t stay in peace until she had gotten me into trouble.

Lord Atwood left the room, but as the brothers began to leave, Silas gestured for them to stay. That’s when horror struck me. I knew it was time for him to confront me.

“There is something you all need to see,” Silas muttered. his eyes were shooting daggers at me.

“What is it? did she do something?” Ryker sounded like he would be heartbroken if i got caught in another mess. even Cain and Nash sighed tiredly. But they had no idea that what Silas was going to say was even a messier situation.

“What is going on?” Cain asked Silas, who showed him something from my bag. Cain slid his hand inside and pulled out a file.

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242–Looking Like A Bad Guy

That was what I had feared.

“This is not something you should be reading.” I blurted out, trying to get up, but their harsh glares forced me to sit back down.

“Why? Why shouldn’t we read it?” Silas asked, his eyes darkening.

“What is going on? What’s in this file?” Ryker asked, noticing the intense stares and stepping closer. He peeked over Cain’s shoulder to check the contents of the file. The two brothers shared a glance with their eyes wide open before they signaled to Nash, who looked, confused, to join them.

Nash did just that. He approached them, and now all of them were reading the file I had created just to keep track of my own memory.

“What is this?” Cain slammed the file onto his palm, drawing my attention to it.

“I only wrote it all down just in case—” I stammered, feeling overwhelmed with guilt. Now that they were convinced I was behind all the mischief, having a file about them looked so wrong. They must have thought I made it just to get them in trouble. And the sad part was, I couldn’t even blame them. If I were in their place and faced with so much evidence against them, I would have believed it too. Didn’t I believe my own theory that Silas and his brothers might have been involved in Mia’s murder?

“Just in case what? What did you think was going to happen?” Nash groaned, his face turning red with anger

My eyes briefly met Silas’s before I quickly looked away.

“Wait a minute, you thought I would do something to you?” Silas pointed to his chest, visibly upset. He snatched the file back to verify

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242 Looking Like & Bad Guy

something.

I began to panic because I had written a lot of nonsense in it. I guess I shouldn’t have treated the file like my personal diary. And now they were reading everything before me.

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Tasting 243

243–They Think I Wanted Them Arrested

Nora:

“What are you doing?” I wondered what he was confirming from the file. Whatever it was, it seemed to shock him deeply because he suddenly looked so sad.

We all waited, my heart pounding in my chest and my mouth going dry.

After reading it again, he turned to Nash and glared at him. “You told her that I practice hypnosis and I could be a danger to her?”

I shut my eyes and buried my face in my hands. I didn’t want this chaos. to crupt. I didn’t want the brothers to fight because of me.

“I was just looking out for her,” Nash murmured, his voice low as he avoided eye contact with me.

“From me? Did you really think I would use hypnosis to harm her?” Silas faced his brother, standing tall and defiant.

Shit!

“This is not–” I tried to stop them from fighting, but Silas gave me a deadly glare instead.

“Stay out of it,” Nash hissed at me too. After being called out by his brother, of course, he didn’t want to hear me defend him.

“You see all that? All that chaos is because of you. Why do you have to press harder? Why can’t you just take a hint–” Ryker closed his eyes,

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243 They Think I Wanted Them Arrested

slapping his forehead.

“All we ask is for you to leave everything be and not intervene. Don’t mess with the girls. But you can’t even stop yourself from doing that for a few months,” Cian added, his eyes glaring into mine, warning met not to argue with him now.

“But they– started it–” I hushed up when their stares turned deadlier.

“Huh! And my brother thinks I’m some horrible guy who would hypnotize his own stepsister,” Silas shook his head in disbelief at Nash, who I know didn’t want Silas to look bad.

“But I was honestly just—” Nash groaned in frustration as their brother stepped forward to become a wall between them.

“Don’t fight, you two. Let’s focus on the main issue,” Cain said, stepping between them and pushing them apart.

Ryker stood at a distance, pacing back and forth while sighing repeatedly. The environment had become so intense that breathing in it felt like a chore. I desperately wanted to close my eyes and open them to find everything back to normal.

But that wouldn’t happen. It was real. Everything was happening in real-time now.

“Did you speak to Brody about this? Is that why you were asking me about Christina the other day?” Ryker asked, his voice tinged with sadness rather than anger.

The mist in his eyes suggested he was hurt, feeling betrayed by me. As his brothers turned to look at me for an answer, I shook my head.

“He doesn’t know anything about this file, and we haven’t talked about

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201–They Think I Wanted Them Amested

Mia. I asked you about Christina because he brought her up.” I mumbled softly, not daring to raise my voice anymore. I was not lying. I didn’t tell Brody anything about the brothers. I would never do that.

They didn’t seem satisfied—more disturbed than anything. At this point, I had lost my innocence in their eyes. They didn’t trust a single word that came out of my mouth.

“You’ve done something we never thought you were capable of. With everything that has happened recently, and especially this... we are utterly disappointed,” Nash said, his voice faltering as he quickly turned his head away, his eyes glistening with unshed tears.

“But—” I tried to speak, my voice trembling with desperation, but they cut me off, shaking their heads and turning their backs on me.

“I guess it’s safe to say you’re not ready to be around us,” Cain’s sad sigh sent a shockwave through me, his words cutting deeper than I expected. What did he mean by that?

“What do you mean?” I asked, my voice rising in panic, hoping they would listen, but they were already done with me.

“You will find out yourself,” I heard Nash groan but not stop at all. Even his comment didn’t seem to reach my ears, he just said it to himself.

What did he mean by that?

Was he going to kick me out of the mansion? Would Lord Atwood agree with them, or had I exhausted his patience to the point where he would side with them without any questions?

They began to leave, and soon they were out of my sight. They slammed the door shut behind them as they left.

Tasting 244

244—Such A Little Kitten

Nora:

Natalya was finally brought to the mansion and given a room on the ground floor, right next to Lord Atwood’s room. The maids were instructed to take special care of her, but I hadn’t seen the brothers visit her. I assumed they were occupied with matters concerning Daphne and April. I hadn’t left my room, fearful of facing Natalya and the possibility of her plotting against me.

As evening approached, a gnawing pain in my stomach became impossible to ignore. I had been starving, and no one had come to offer me any food. That’s when I decided to leave my damned room and see if I could find something to eat.

Leaving the room felt like a thief sneaking into someone’s home. I despised that feeling. But it was my own fault—I hadn’t been careful and had taken everything for granted. Now, I was just lonely. Sometimes, it felt like I wasn’t even welcome here anymore, that my mother’s words had forced them to let me stay. I felt like a burden.

Once in the kitchen, I sighed as I looked through the refrigerator. They must have had a huge breakfast party in the morning; otherwise, why was so much leftover food crammed in there? Before I could grab something, the sound of footsteps approaching the kitchen alarmed me. I pulled my head out of the fridge to see who it was.

It was Natalya, being supported by Cain. He was holding her hand, guiding her carefully. She had multiple bandages on her body, along with a broken leg and arm. The moment she saw me, she stopped and let out a gasp. It was dramatic, but she did it so convincingly that I



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244 Such A Little Kitten

instinctively stepped back to give her space.

“What are you doing here?” Cain asked me.

“I was starving so-,” I replied, no emotions displayed on my face. I felt so empty. And watching her stand beside him reminded me of how it used to be my spot.

“Why? I heard you are skipping meals. What has food done to you?” His voice carried a hint of unexplainable emotions. The emotions he could be showing just because his precious and sweet mate was standing beside him.

“That’s not true,” I uttered. I had to quickly look away because seeing them stand together was like standing under a knife for me.

“I haven’t eaten in just—” I had just begun to speak when Natalya started trembling, feigning fear.

“Are

you okay?” Cain turned his attention to her.

“I’m just-,” the gulp that she forced down her throat was so dramatic. But he looked concerned for her.

“I’ll go back to my room. Please take me back,” she insisted to Cain, who immediately stopped listening to me and focused entirely on her.

“But you wanted to eat something,” Cain reminded her, staring at me quickly before looking back at her.

“Not now. I have lost my appetite now. I cannot eat, not with her in the same room,” she glanced around at the walls as if they were closing in on her. She was once punished in the woods and I had fought with the brothers for her. Now she didn’t even want me to stand under the same. roof as her?

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244–Such A Little Kitten

Her reaction was exaggerated. I had never harmed her—not

intentionally. The only reason I shoved her was because she was attacking me. I did it in self defense.

Being seen as a monster was the last thing I wanted to face, but my fear was slowly becoming a reality.

A very nasty reality.

“It’s fine. She won’t say anything to you, Natalya,” Cain nearly rolled his eyes, making me think that deep down, he must know she was being dramatic. But why didn’t he tell her outright that I wasn’t someone who would harm her?

“You have me,” he added quickly, and whatever hope I had left died in that instant.

“I know, but her presence—,” she closed her eyes and turned her face to the side.

Upset and heartbroken, I folded my hands over my abdomen and muttered, “It’s alright. I’ll leave. She can eat something first.” With that, I didn’t even lift my head and walked straight past them.

“Nora! You can stay too-,” Cain attempted to speak but I sped up. I didn’t want him to give me any sympathy.

However, as I passed by them, I noticed her body flinch slightly. It almost caused me to stumble, but I quickly sprinted upstairs.

I hadn’t raised my head, so when someone stepped in my way, I didn’t see them and bumped into them. The impact sent me sprawling to the ground, forcing me to look up.

“Are you okay?” Nash asked, almost sounding concerned before he

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244 Such A Little Kitten

stopped himself and straightened his posture.

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Tasting 245

245—Like A Dog

Nora:

“Nora!” He called me out again to make sure I was paying attention to him. I kept getting zoned out, lost in my own sorrows.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t paying attention,” I apologized immediately, accepting my mistake without any argument this time as I struggled to get up. I seemed to have lost my will to fight for myself. Because even when I tried so hard, I would not make anyone believe me. They all thought of me as a liar and a bad person.

“Do you need a bandage for that?” he asked. If he hadn’t pointed it out, I wouldn’t have even noticed that I had scratched my elbow badly.

I stared at my elbow and then shook my head, forgetting to look away from the wound. “I’m fine,” I said. This small scratch didn’t hurt, but what hurt the most was them not believing me.

“Nora!” Nash cleared his throat to say something, but the moment I looked his way with a broken smile on my lips, he gasped.

“It will get infected,” he said, watching my face with sadness in his eyes. But it could be a lie; they hated me now.

“It won’t. The evil germs in me would kill anything,” I muttered, zoning out as I kept staring at my wound. I had come here to find a family, to fix everything. But now I was broken too, broken beyond repair. And who was to blame for it? Just me.

“Nora!” Nash snapped his fingers in front of my face. I gave him a broken smile that faded away too quickly.

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“I’m fine,” I repeated, not letting him start quickly brushing past him to my bedroom.

As I neared my room, I heard him say, “I’m really hurt that you thought I spent time with you that day just to create the perfect scene for my brothers to commit a crime.”

I understood what he meant. I hadn’t mentioned our makeout session and dance in the report, but I did talk about Nash spending time with me just so the whistleblower could escape and they could blame the monsters for the murder.

“Do you have any idea what would have happened if someone else got their hands on that file? We brothers would have been put under intense scrutiny, and given our wolves, we would have been deemed monsters. So yeah, you didn’t just disappoint us—you hurt us deeply,” I heard him say, his voice heavy with emotion. I slowly began to understand the pain I had caused them.

I cannot always blame the chaos around me on others. Just like how I thought they had committed such a heinous crime, they also believed I had been causing trouble in the mansion.

“I’m sorry—,” I turned to apologize, but he was already gone.

I stared at the empty space where Nash had stood, wondering if we could ever recover from this situation. Not to mention, Lord Atwood had been very upset with me. As his name popped up in my mind, I wondered what would have happened if Silas had told him about the file.

Besides, was he still considering making me their stepsister on paper now?

Everything was a blur, and I could barely focus on anything around

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245 Uke & Dog

1. me. I didn’t belong anywhere. Once I entered my bedroom, a knock on the door made me attend to whoever was outside. There was no one— just a tray with some sandwiches and a bagel.

I looked up and saw Cain standing in the doorway of his studio, his hands in his pant pockets. Now that everything was so confusing, I couldn’t understand if he had sent me food because I couldn’t grab anything earlier when Natalya started panicking, or if he did it to keep me from going downstairs and bothering Natalya with my presence.

And then I concluded, he must have sent me food so that I don’t sit and eat with them.

Flashback:

I sat under the table with a bowl in front of me, staring at the content of it. The steak had been blended and made into a thick gravy.

I was asked to eat on the ground like a dog, from a bowl of my dead dog.

Tears welled up in my eyes as they landed on my father and brother.

He was the best thing ever to happen to my parents, and I was nothing. compared to him.

End of Flashback.

Today, the tray reminded me of that night and I felt like returning home after all.

At least I was used to my family mistreating me.

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Tasting 246

246–Shameless Bitch

Nora:

I hadn't been able to go to school, and no one had asked me to. I heard everyone was freaking out about the monsters being free once again. However, something was different that day when a maid informed me that I was to attend breakfast with the rest of the family.

I hoped before leaving my bedroom that they had forgiven me. I missed the attention and the love I had been receiving. Why did everything have to change?

Slipping into a white shirt and black skirt, I walked downstairs and then to the garden where they were feasting that day. I saw Natalya before I could even reach them, and my heart started pounding loudly in my chest. Never in a million years did I think that just the sight of someone I used to call my friend would scare me so much.

"Good morning," Lord Atwood greeted me, making me feel noticed. I was about to slip into my chair and make sure nobody noticed me.

"Morning," I said, sitting down.

"I think it is important that we have this conversation. Ever since that ball, things have only worsened in the pack. But I do hope things will get better in our home from now on. Whatever happened between you two girls should not be discussed again. Nora is apologetic for what she has done and—" The rest of his sentences faded away. All I could wonder was when I had admitted to my fault? When had I apologized?

"Right, Nora?" I didn't even know what they were talking about now.

246–Shameless thich

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I hastily lifted my head and noticed eyes on me, so I knew I had to respond. "Yes! I think we should put our pasts behind us and—"

I saw frowns creasing everyone's foreheads and instantly fell silent. Did I say something wrong?

"Dad wants to know

if you would like to have some strawberry pancakes with syrup," Cain adjusted his posture in his seat, letting me know what they were talking about.

I looked down at my plate and saw food on it. How long had I been distracted by the other conversation?

"Oh! Yes, please!" I smiled widely, probably looking like a fool since they all watched my face with their mouths open.

"Are you okay?" Ryker asked me in his deep, husky voice.

I nodded and started eating. I had no clue why they thought I wasn't okay. I was smiling, after all.

"Thank you so much, Uncle Atwood, for taking care of me," Natalya didn't want to stay behind, so she grabbed attention when she spoke to Lord Atwood. So they had created enough of a bond to talk so freely?

"I'm glad you're here too. And you don't need to do so much. First, you changed my bedroom's setting, and then my library," Lord Atwood smiled.

"All I do is boss around the omegas. They're the ones doing the job," she giggled.

"Yeah, but you're the one whose ideas are being used," Lord Atwood looked at her with so much adoration that I couldn't look away.

246 Shameless Bach

Was I being like a child who gets jealous when her father gives attention to someone else?

"I don't mind, though. I liked that smile on your face when you saw your library and bedroom. At that moment, I told myself that all the effort was worth it for that cute smile," she was so good at buttering him up.

I lowered my head even more, trying to recall if I had ever done something like that for Lord Atwood.

No, I hadn't. I had come here expecting everything to be mine, without showing gratitude. No wonder it was taken away from me. Selfish and ungrateful people like me don't deserve this much love and affection.

anyway.

After breakfast was over, I decided to help the maid and do something to show my gratitude. I didn't want to be someone who took everything for granted.

As I began clearing the dishes, I noticed the omegas watching me with their mouths open.

"There you go," I said to Galinda, giving her a smile. She looked around and then at me before she muttered under her breath, "Shameless bitch. Ruined my daughter's funeral to get attention."

I was in shock as she snatched the plates out of my hands and went into the kitchen. I stood at the entrance, feeling lost.

Tasting 247

247—Her Threats

Nora:

"It's only the beginning. You'll get it worse; it's going to get worse," Natalya said, startling me so much that I jumped and stepped as far away from her as possible.

"Awe! Did I scare you?" she pouted, clicking her tongue at how shaken up I seemed by her

rival.

"Why? Why are you doing this to me?" I asked in a whisper, trying not to upset or anger her.

"Because you were enjoying this life and making sure none of the others could get a piece of happiness. You were protecting these brothers as if they were all yours. I guess it was about time you lost. what doesn't belong to you," she shrugged.

"I wasn't doing any of that. Please, just stop," I hated that I had become so weak that I had to beg her, of all people in the pack, to have mercy on me. I used to think no harm would come my way as long as I stayed here with the brothers on my side. I guess I was wrong.

"Well, you're going to be surprised," she smirked and then stepped away top sit in the living room with Lod Atwood.

Flashback:

My hands trembled as I was struck on the back of my head once again.

“Give her the belt!” my father ordered, allowing my brother to take control of this grim task.

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247–Her Threats.

“Really? You want me to do it?” The excitement in my brother’s voice sent a shiver through my heart. I had always known deep down that my brother would never be my protector. He had consistently found ways to get me into trouble.

Even when he knew my minor mistakes would anger our father, he would push me into making them. And today, my father was opening another door to hell for me.

He was initiating a new era of torment where my brother would now be the one to strike me, taking out his frustrations on me.

My brother eagerly grabbed the belt from my father’s hand, and as soon as he raised it, I heard a terrifying whooshing sound followed by the scent of freshly wounded skin. But it didn’t hit me.

I quickly turned to see my mother standing over me, taking the blow meant for me.

“Get out of here! You’re ruining all the fun,” my father snarled, seizing my mother’s arm and dragging her to the side. My brother now came into view, and he didn’t look pleased.

In fact, he seemed confused. His eyes shifted from the belt to our mother, who was held back by our father.

“Do it!” my father shouted at him.

“It’s because of you that I raised a hand at my own mother!” my brother screamed at the top of his lungs, raising the belt and striking me hard in the stomach. Then he continued to hit me indiscriminately, crying loudly about the fact that he had accidentally hurt our mother.

It was the first time I had ever heard him express love for our mother. He wanted to be the perfect son for her. But why not for me? Why

247–Her Threats



couldn't he show the same care towards his own sister?

Why did he always look for ways to cause me pain?

Why couldn't he be a protective brother to me? I eventually lost consciousness and woke to the whisper of my mother in my ear.

"Run! Find a way to escape from them."

End Of Flashback

I couldn't help but think of Natalya and my brother as being the same. She had just threatened to ruin my life even more than she already had. I sighed, trying to calm my breathing as I walked into the living room, but I didn't sit down. That's when Silas burst in, holding a phone in his hand.

"Dad! Nash caught the whistler again!" he shouted, trying to grab the attention of his father and brothers.

I smiled, relieved that at least this might ease some of the pack's tension. Natalya looked a bit down because now that the whistler had been caught, all attention would shift back to him.

"Really? How and where did he catch him?" Lord Atwood hadn't smiled so widely in a long time, so I was happy for him.

However, there was a part of me that was worried about something. How convenient that the whistler was caught just a few days before. Mia's case was shut and closed.

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Tasting 248

248—Suffering Because Of Our Mate

Nash:

I had grabbed him by the collar and was dragging him to the warehouse. My brothers had been informed, so they were already on their way. Some of the warriors and council members had also arrived.

"Ah!" the whistler groaned, struggling to keep up with my pace.

teeth

“How the hell did you even escape?” I snarled at him, gritting my teeth and dragging him mercilessly. Once inside the warehouse, I shoved him onto the ground and got on top of him, raining down punches. without pause.

“It was s—” he tried to speak, but I didn’t let up, beating him relentlessly. The warriors had to step forward and pull me off him, restraining me to stop the assault.

“This is the whistler? The man who calls the monsters?” Yuki, the old council member, spoke up, scrutinizing him closely.

Yuki had been a council member for a very long time. He was once an Alpha King, but since he had no heir—his fated mate died without bearing him a child—he had to pass on the title to someone else. Nevertheless, he remained a highly respected member of our pack.

“He is,” I confirmed, resisting the urge to spit on the man. Soon, my brothers barged in with my father.

“Thank the goddess he’s been caught,” my father sighed, closing his eyes and placing a hand over his heart.

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Our Mate

240 Sulfening Because Of Dur

They had left Cain behind to ensure the two girls didn’t start any more. trouble. That had become another issue. Nora had really hurt me. I changed myself so much for her, bent the rules for her, and even started dating that witch of an ex of mine just so she wouldn’t face any humiliation. But in return, she listened to her new boyfriend, who was obviously desperate to find someone to blame for his fated mate’s

death.

She actually wrote a report on us! The things she wrote made us all look like monsters.

Did she ever truly consider us her family? Did she never trust us at all? How the hell did she get manipulated so easily by Brody and end up. making that report on us?

But regardless of it all, I still cared about her. It was just that the timing was terrible.

“Tie him up to the chair,” Ryker ordered, twisting his watch off and handing it to Dad before he started punching the man again.

He already had a bloody nose and bruised lips from my beating. If Ryker hit him too much, he'd pass out, and we wouldn't get any

answers.

"That will be enough, my son. Let him speak now," Yuki stepped forward and gently patted Ryker's chest to calm him down.

"Tell us," my father took the lead this time, "tell us, how did you escape? Why? Why did you unleash those monsters again?"

There was so much pain in my father's voice. The death of that girl had left us all deeply wounded and anxious. That night was supposed to be so special for us, but then that one tragic incident happened, and after that, everything just fell apart.

1124

#### 248 Buffering Because Of Our Mate

I was accused of being careless, and then Nora also believed I was so evil that I spent that time with her so my brothers could kill that girl.

The memory of us dancing together had now been scarred. I had wanted to dance with my mate that night and wanted her to have a dance with hers. But she didn't see it that way.

Every time I thought about her seeing us as monsters, my body flinched hard.

I really thought she would understand us, understand me. But then I read that file, and it was like every page and every word she wrote condemned us as monsters.

I was beyond shattered, disturbed, and my wolf was in more pain than ever. It was also that time again, the very disturbing months that we face every three years.

"Tell us," my father shouted, and the man lifted his head and scoffed, almost as if taunting us.

But before any of us could unleash our anger on him again, he uttered, "Those weren't my monsters.

With that one sentence, he left us all in shock, wondering what it could mean.

Tasting 249

249–The Whistler's Daughter

Nash:

My heart sank at his confession. I turned to Silas, watching him. silently examine the whistler,

“The beings that killed that girl were not my monsters. My creatures don’t arrive so silently. They are very showy; they make an impact. when they come and go,” he smirked again.

This time, his words shook me to my core.

“Then who could have killed that girl?” I grabbed him by the collar and demanded.

“Hmmm! That’s a good question. Maybe someone wanted to use me and my monsters to hide their crime,” he snickered, not saying it outright but grinning at Ryker. I recalled Nora’s file, and my heart. clenched.

If she spoke to anyone about it, they would accuse us brothers. Her file seemed very convincing. It could get us in trouble and even leave my father in worry.

“If it wasn’t you and your monsters, then who set you free?” Silas. questioned, and the man lowered his head again. I bet he was enjoying watching us suffer and worry about the murders.

“Who set you free?” Yuki pressed, his mind filled with questions. The man seemed more inclined to answer him than Silas.

“Who set me free?” the man pretended to be confused before he smiled.

11-24

240–The Whistler’s Daughter

and added, “A blood of mine.”

It didn’t make sense, so we all started to gather around him, giving him. a clear idea of what would happen if he didn’t give us the right answer.

“Listen!” Silas stepped up, looming over him and grasping his chair, pulling his head back to make eye contact. I knew once Silas took over, he would get the answers from this man no matter what.

My brother would never tolerate being ignored. His pride would drive him to kill this man before anyone else did.

“If you don’t tell us now, we won’t care that we need you to study and stop those monsters. We’ll just torture you and kill you outright. So, tell us, who freed you that night?” I noticed the man locking eyes with Silas. But what he didn’t realize was that Silas was also injecting him. with his serum at that moment.

The man couldn’t look away, and in that brief moment of weakness, he finally spoke, “My daughter. My daughter planned my escape.”

We all exchanged glances and swallowed hard. Silas knew he had to keep asking questions, even though he was just as shocked as the rest of us. “Who? Who is your daughter?”

The man opened his mouth and then mumbled, “The one who is your family now. My sweet daughter who thinks living with handsome and powerful brothers would ensure her safety. My naïve daughter who has forgotten about her own father and brother because she didn’t like the way we used to train her. She wanted a life of luxury and brothers. surrounding her. My sweet little monster daughter—Nora—”

The moment he said that, he shook his head and gasped.

“No—ra!”

240–The Whistler’s Daughter

He finally snapped into awareness, gasping for air. I couldn’t breathe in that moment. I knew that the first time he spoke, he was still under hypnosis, but the second time, he had almost woken himself up..

Silas stepped back in shock while Ryker dropped the watch he had been holding after beating up the whistler.

My father took small steps away from everyone. This couldn’t be true. There was no way it was possible.

I turned to look at Ryker, who had a strange look of guilt in his eyes. He was avoiding our gaze. Did he know? Was there something he was hiding from us?

“Everything I said was a lie,” the whistler suddenly changed his tone, “It’s so easy to fool you all.”

He was laughing, but there was an underlying worry in his voice. He was lying now. Unfortunately, he had already said her name in front of the council member. My father’s tear-filled eyes broke my heart.

However, we brothers knew exactly who he was talking about.

Nora!

My eyes darted to Yuki, anxious about his reaction. He seemed to have zoned out momentarily before he turned to my father, looked him straight in the eye, and asked, "Wasn't Nora also accused of seducing her stepbrothers?"

70.10%

Tasting 250

250—Another Day In Hell

Nora:

I was resting in my room, trying to calm myself down when I dozed off for a brief moment.

I woke up to the sound of a belt hitting my bed. My body jolted, and my heart jumped, lodging in my throat.

Right beside my bed stood my father, a belt in his hand.

"Are you going to spend yet another day lying in bed?" he yelled, forcing me to scramble out of bed. I almost tripped, as I hadn't fully healed yet.

The last day's training had left me badly wounded.

"Learn something from him," my father sneered, slapping my cheek and pointing at my brother, who stood in the doorway with his arms folded over his chest.

"He is my real pride. You're just a weakling that I have to train in hopes of ever making you powerful. But all you want is to enjoy the luxuries and be timid." His every word had been engraved in my memory.

Ever since I was a child, he had complained about me not being good enough to make him proud. I hated my life.

Why must I train?

Why such tough love?

11:24

250—Another Day In Hell

Even if training was necessary, why all the time? Couldn't I rest for a single day without getting beaten by my dad or verbally abused?

"She's lazy, Dad. I bet she wants to run away and start somewhere new. She won't even miss us. She sees us as her enemies," my brother's voice made me hug myself. He was the worst.

Sometimes I wondered what I had done so wrong to deserve his merciless abuse.

"That will never happen. And we are not your enemies. Our enemies are those alpha kings and their sons. So you better get on your feet and start training," my father's whip made me wake up in a sweat.

I rubbed my face in my hands and gasped. My breathing was erratic, and my mouth had gone dry.

The haunting memories of my life before coming here were the worst. But what if this mansion became the same for me?

This is why I still wanted to live here. No matter how much they yelled at me or looked at me differently, at least the pain and torture I endured at the hands of my father and brother would never match this level.

Hence, the brothers annoying me or yelling at me didn't seem so bad.

I had just decided to rest again when I heard some commotion downstairs, and my heart began to beat loudly once more.

What was going on downstairs?

I hoped I wouldn't go down and find Natalia lying about something I supposedly did, especially since I hadn't even left my bedroom since the brothers left.

250—Another Day in Hell

So, I jumped out of bed and went straight to see what was happening. There were my stepbrothers standing with Lord Atwood, and then there was Ford Ledger standing with Daphne.

I had a feeling she had arrived to talk about her arrest and probably get it pushed.

"We don't want to talk about it," Lord Atwood gestured for them to

leave, but Ford shook his head.

“You heard that man say it. Why would you not want to talk about it?” he sounded aggressive this time.

“The council heard it too,” he added.

I began to wonder if this was even about me at this point. They must be discussing their own issues.

“Or he must be fooling us,” Ryker stepped up, facing Ford to silence him as he stood between his father and Ford.

“You mean to say your brother failed to do his job?” Ford muttered as he slightly turned to Silas, whose veins started to pop.

“Besides, you can avoid it all you want. But the council will want answers,” Ford sighed, and that’s when I noticed Daphne raised her head and looked my way.

“And what’s even more worrisome is that she wasn’t at the hall during that time,” the minute she said that, my body started to tremble.

They were indeed talking about me.

But what could it be that involved the council too?

“Ask her where she was all that time?” Daphne persisted, making

11:241

250—Another Day In Hell

heads turn to me. I steadily started to walk downstairs, watching their stares deepen as they looked at my face.

“What is going on?” I inquired with a steady heart,

Lord Atwood looked so down that I didn’t even know what to say.

“Did you recognize the man from that trip I had with you?” Nash stepped forward and posed the question.

91.70ML