

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 341 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 341

Tasting 341

341–Ryker’s Son.

Nora:

Once she had left, Brody turned to me, clearing his throat and adjusting his posture. “I am sorry for that. I don’t know why she thinks she can roam around the mansion without being questioned,” he said, avoiding eye contact until he mentioned the kiss, “You taste so good, Nora. I wish I could taste you more.”

My body flinched, but I was adept at hiding my reactions now. “So, you’re going to use my children to coerce me now?” My straightforwardness. made him shut his eyes for a moment before opening them and looking at

1. me.

“No! Don’t put it like that. It is like you only think negatively now. I’m not all bad. You know I would never use anything against you to get intimate with you,” he whispered, trying to move closer, but I stepped back, making it clear that a kiss did not mean I was open to more.

Besides, didn’t he already do it to get a kiss from me?

“Nora! I was angry a few months ago. I wanted to know who the baby-”

Before he could finish the question, I sighed, and he fell silent.

“What if Janet or Clara take their anger out on my babies? They aren’t going to say anything to you, but my children are at the mercy of who knows what the entire day. Your recklessness could cause me significant harm,” I warned him, reminding him of his lack of commitment when it came to protecting someone.

“They won’t do anything. When I take someone in my shelter-,” he shut

up the minute he watched me roll my eyes at his statement.

He had promised to protect me and shield me from any pain, yet he left. me at the mercy of his pack members who ensured I suffered the worst in the past few months, especially during my pregnancy. Now he wanted to talk about us?

“They will remain unharmed, I promise you,” he said with a determined look.

“I want to hold my baby now,” I folded my arms stubbornly. I had kissed him as he requested. Now it was time for him to fulfill his promise.

“I thought we could talk about ourselves,” he said, ignorantly smiling at 1. me.

“Brody! There is no such thing as ‘us’ anymore. You made a deal, and I fulfilled my part. As for capturing the mutant, I need to see my children for that too.” I had realized that dealing wisely was the only way to get things done. I wouldn’t just stand back and let them take advantage of me.

For some inexplicable reason, Brody had tears in his eyes. I was the one who had been betrayed, yet he was crying?

“Fine. I will bring your baby here, but you will meet the others once you hand over this one.” My heart ached as he didn’t mention my baby without his name.

And how could he? I had not named him yet. Tonight would be the first time I held him.

Before walking away, he stopped briefly to give me one last piece of information. “By the way, the first match will be in the new arena behind the mansion. Some council voters and other packs are coming to see it. I don’t know how it will go, but if what Rollo said is true and you were able to overpower the mutant so easily, I suggest you play around a little

341–Ryker’s Son

and create some suspense.”

I narrowed my eyes in his face to make him explain his statement. But he was so good at stealing eyes from me.

He walked out while I kept pondering his words. ‘Basically, he wants us to be beaten and not win too easily. What an asshole,’ Akira explained the meaning behind his suggestion.

He was so shameless that he couldn’t even look me in the eye and directly tell me what he was asking.

'Let's leave that for the day of the match and focus on meeting our son,' I thought excitedly as I waited by the door. When Mrs. Fisher approached the room, holding a baby in her arms, my heart leapt.

I rushed out and snatched the baby from her hands, smiling widely while tears filled my eyes. He was the most beautiful baby with gray eyes and a prominent black line around the gray.

That's when my throat went dry at the resemblance he bore to Ryker.

—

"Is he "I stopped myself abruptly, feeling goosebumps. I looked at his face, and all I could remember was Ryker. The other babies made me wonder a little because they looked nothing alike, but this little angel in my arms had the same unique eyes as his father. A gasp escaped my lips. when I inadvertently thought of him as Ryker's son.

Tasting 342

342-1 Name You Roman!

Nora:

'He is Ryker's son?' as Akira too questioned, I shook my head. I would never let this be his identity.

"No! I will never call you that." I wondered if the Moon Goddess was telling the truth. I had noticed similarities between my other children and the brothers, but I ignored them. However, the unique pattern in Ryker's dual-colored eyes frightened me.

How could I have carried the children of all of them? And Silas! I had only slept with him a day before finding out I was pregnant. Was the pregnancy delayed until I had mated with all four of them?

"I need to give you a name, my sweet angel. I'll call you Roman!" I smiled as I held him close. I was a little afraid to feed him ever since I was told he wasn't accepting my milk. But the moment I placed him in my lap and began feeding him, he started to calm down.

It felt like he wanted me to hold him while he was being fed. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I quickly wiped them away.

I wished I could gather all my babies together and have them in my bed, taking care of them. I wouldn't mind sleeping on the ground or even in a sitting position. This kind of exhaustion was worth more than anything in the world.

But the peaceful moment ended too soon, and I had to let him go because Mrs. Fisher arrived, demanding I give him back or I wouldn't see my other babies.

"1

142 | Name

They needed to be fed too.

I could tell my babies were weaker from the lack of their mother's care, and it shattered my heart into a million tiny pieces.

"Here," she handed me the other babies and signaled the maids, who had brought them and their belongings, to leave.

"Those stepbrothers of yours," she stood by my bed, hands on her hips, "why won't they leave us alone?"

I groaned at her for bringing them up again, still referring to them as my stepbrothers. At this point, I realized she was doing it deliberately to irritate me.

"Why don't you ask them?" I raised my head and an eyebrow, challenging

her.

"They're planning to come here, or should I say, threatening to come here to see you." She added, and my body flinched involuntarily. This time, I couldn't even hide it.

"Why? Why would they threaten to come here? It's not like I was

abducted by this pack. They sent me here, and now I'm a member of this pack," I hissed, feeling a surge of anger at their audacity to disrupt my peace—if there was any peace.

"Huh, you wish. The question is, why? Why can't they leave us alone? They sent you here, as you said, so why are they acting like we're holding you against your will and refusing to let you see them?" She had a point. Even I wanted to know what was stopping them from leaving me in peace.

Or were they finally coming to flaunt their perfect little mates and lives in front of me?

"Besides, there have been some offers from our council to them," she said

3421 Name You Roman!

with a smirk, and I frowned in confusion.

“What kind of offers, and why do I need to know about them?” I was slightly disturbed by the way she smiled..

It couldn't be good.

What were they planning?

“You'll find out in due time.” With a scoff and an eye-roll, she left, leaving me in bewilderment.

‘Oh, Sweet Goddess, this woman is so toxic,’ Akira stirred awake, but her mention of the Moon Goddess annoyed me.

I no longer saw her as my goddess. She meant nothing to me. Just someone who thought her alpha kings could toy with me, only to come asking for my help later?

Where were they when I needed help?

‘Okay, your silence tells me I've upset you,’ thankfully, she understood. My patience has been extremely low now. I would get enraged pretty quickly.

‘Anyway, let's focus on our babies. I'm not sure we'll even be given a chance to hold them after the fight,’ her words troubled me.

I had to ask her what she meant.

‘Nora! They're insisting we delay the victory to build tension. Do you know what that means? A lot of pain for us—wounds and injuries. Since they won't let us shift, you'll have to heal on your own. Do you think we'll even be able to hold our babies with so many injuries?’ The fact that it was getting harder every day to spend time with our babies was pushing me to the edge.

11-19

342 Name You Roman!

‘I can hold my babies on my deathbed, Akira!’ But she wasn't

How long could we go on like this?

Tasting 343

343-Taking Credit

Nora

The night passed quickly, and now the day of the first battle had arrived.

As I was escorted to the van with my cage inside. I noticed something strange in the garden—Rollo with his sister, Carla

Carla looked exhausted, almost disheveled Why was she awake so early? It wasn't as if she'd gone for a morning run, she wouldn't have come back looking that messed up. Her body leaned heavily against her brother's. almost as if she were drunk The moment Rollo's eyes landed on me, he shifted, positioning himself to block her from my view

I didn't understand what was happening, but I didn't have time to focus on them I was loaded into the van, caged and ready to be transported to the arena. They drove us around for a while, showing me off to the pack members like a spectacle I noticed the other van doing the same with the monster inside

It felt like we were about to perform in a circus

Once we arrived at the arena, they dragged our cages out, but we weren't introduced to the crowd yet We remained in the back, still hidden from

“Are you nervous?” Rollo leaned on my cage, whispering even though he new I could barely hear him over the cheering from the arena and the grunting of the mutant in the adjacent cage.

“Not really,” I lied I was anxious. It had been so long since I'd faced a monster like this, and the fact that I wasn't allowed to kill it instantly was

343 Taking Ca

343—Taking Credit

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343-Taking Credit

terrifying.

"Okay, listen up," Brody, who had been greeting council members from distant packs, returned with excitement in his eyes. "The arena is packed."

That meant money and attention.

He was thriving—his pack was going to stand strong, perhaps even securing second place after the Red Raven Pack.

"I know. They're all waiting," Rollo grinned at him.

"Just make sure you don't kill him before fifteen minutes. Do whatever you can—delay it, cause drama. Try to act like you're losing halfway through so the tension builds," Brody said to me. In that moment, I saw only hunger for power and riches in his eyes.

There was no concern for my safety. He wanted to milk this fight for the spotlight he had always dreamed of.

I remembered whenever he spoke of Nash, he would wish for someone in his pack who could hold matches like this, bringing attention and wealth.

I guess he found his very own Nash: me.

"And think of the prize afterward," Rollo added, hinting at my babies.

I nodded, understanding them all too well. I would do anything- absolutely anything—to be with my babies again.

“Will I get time to heal?” I asked, and the two of them turned to me with frowns.

“Let’s discuss that later. You shouldn’t be worrying about injuries right now, Nora. When an alpha or warrior goes to war, they don’t worry about what will happen afterward, they focus only on their goal,” Brody said as

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343–Taking Credit

if it was my desire to set the arena ablaze with this match.

My goal was to take care of my babies. I had to think about what would happen to me afterward, for their sake.

But I didn’t argue.

I was anxious, sweating even though it was freezing cold.

“Let’s drag the cages to the ground,” Brody patted Rollo’s back, who then gestured at the warriors to drag the beast’s cage into the arena first. The moment the creature was in full view of the crowd, silence fell. I craned my neck to watch the scene unfold.

The rich and high–ranking individuals sat in their elevated seats on one side, while the pack members and lower–ranked guests stood on the other.

“They’ve never seen a monster like that before,” Rollo muttered, his arm still resting on the cage, his eyes on me.

“Don’t worry. If you feel like you’re getting too injured, don’t think about the time—just finish him,” he whispered, clearing his throat quickly and looking away when I turned my attention to him.

“My dear crowd, today we have captured the deadliest creature from the mountains. These beasts were once so fearsome that just their mention would have us praying to the Moon Goddess for protection. But today, our warrior will show you how easily we can conquer our fears and defeat these monsters. Today, I will show you how I’ve trained my warriors, especially one, to fight against these beasts,” Brody paused as the cheers grew louder.

I couldn’t help but chuckle at the fact that he took all the credit for my strength.

“I have spent every day and night training this warrior for the protection

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of my pack members. I couldn't bear to see you all live in fear. This entire pack, and the land, will be ours soon.”

As he finished, the crowd went wild. I could even hear the council members cheering him on. He was now seen as a hero, and everyone would only speak highly of him from now on.

Tasting 344

344—My First Battle

Nora:

I held my breath

as the moment like

finally arrived—I was about to be introduced. My cage was slid I was some kind of animal. Since it was daytime, I didn't have to worry about the light shining directly on me, but that didn't make it any less terrifying.

I carefully stepped out of the cage, swallowing hard as I felt the weight of everyone's gaze on me.

First, they unlocked my cage, and then everyone else quickly moved to the safety of the silver bars, standing behind them alongside the crowd. I was the only one left exposed, the only one the beast could reach. In fact, I had been given the responsibility of opening the beast's cage.

I took a deep breath and moved closer. As soon as I did, the beast let out feral growls, thrashing violently inside his cage. The entire cage rattled as it lunged and thrashed.

With trembling hands, I unlocked the cage and stepped back, watching as the beast finally found the exit and emerged. The instant it was free, it roared, and the arena fell into a tense silence.

My body trembled with fear, but somehow, Akira was able to soothe my nerves.

The arena buzzed with anticipation, the crowd's cheers bouncing off the stone walls. In the center, I stood frozen, my eyes locked on the beast that loomed before me.

"I can do this," Akira reassured me, her voice carrying only the slightest

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344 My First Batta

hint of doubt.

The beast was a hulking mass of muscle and fur. Its claws dug into the ground, leaving deep grooves in the earth as it prepared to strike.

With a deafening roar, it lunged forward, claws outstretched. I sidestepped just in time, rolling across the ground to avoid the attack. Springing to my feet, I spun around and drove my fist into the beast's ribcage with all the strength I could muster.

A loud howl of pain escaped the creature, and the crowd erupted into noise once again. But I noticed something strange; the more noise they made, the more agitated the beast became. It was as if the sounds fueled its rage.

Despite the damage I had inflicted, the beast quickly regained its footing and lunged at me once more. Even though I could have dodged, I saw Brody shake his head from the sidelines, urging me to take the hit to quiet the crowd.

The moment the beast's massive paw slammed into my stomach, I was sent flying across the arena, crashing hard into the ground. The pain was excruciating.

The crowd fell silent again, and I lifted my head, tears of agony filling my eyes as I watched the beast charging toward me.

Snarling, it swung its enormous arm, striking me in the side once more. The impact hurled me into the arena wall, and the air was knocked from my lungs. The crowd gasped, holding their collective

breath.

Blood trickled from my brow, and it took every ounce of strength I had to push myself to my feet.

As the beast charged again, I ducked low, grabbing hold of one of its massive arms. With a burst of strength, I twisted, using its own

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344 My First Battle

momentum to flip it onto the ground. The arena trembled as the beast crashed into the sand, dust swirling around us.

The crowd exploded with a mix of cheers and gasps as I straddled the beast, delivering blow after blow to its head and neck. The beast thrashed wildly beneath me, but I didn't stop, each punch fueled by precision and fury.

But the beast wasn't done yet. With a deafening roar, it threw me off, sending me skidding across the sand. I scrambled to my feet just in time to see it charging once more, its fangs bared, eyes blazing with fury.

I knew I had to end it now. The battle had been raging for nearly half an hour, and I couldn't drag it out any longer. I was severely wounded, bleeding from multiple places, and the beast wasn't faring much better.

The adrenaline coursing through me, after suppressing Akira for so long, could have kept us going, but I had to stop—for the sake of my babies. I needed to at least be in a condition where I could

feed them and care for

them.

As the beast closed in, I made my move. Leaping forward, I dodged to the side at the very last second. In one swift motion, I grabbed the beast by the neck, twisting with all my remaining strength. There was a sickening crack as the beast's own momentum carried it forward, its weight snapping its neck.

The arena fell into a hushed silence as the beast crumpled to the ground, its body twitching briefly before going completely still. Then, all at once, the crowd erupted into wild cheers, their deafening roars filling the air.

Yet, amidst the chaos, the warriors shifted the narrative. Their chants turned to praise for Brody, claiming his greatness for training someone like me. Soon, the entire crowd joined in, their voices chanting one name:

“Go Alpha Brody! You are our king!”

Tasting 345

345—Everyone Wants Nora

Nash:

I had been restless ever since I returned home. It had been a week, and Nora hadn't answered any of my calls—or anyone else's, for that matter. It was as if she had truly moved on.

"I can't believe this," I muttered, clenching my fists on the table as I watched everyone gather for dinner. But, in truth, we were planning to have a serious talk about her.

"I'm guessing you haven't been able to connect with her either," Dad sighed, rubbing his face in his hands.

"Any news of Nora?" Silas turned to Ryker and Cain, who both stared at the table, offering nothing but silence. They shook their heads, confirming they hadn't heard from her either.

"I'm sure she's angry," I recalled the way she had been talking to Brody the last time I called. Even though she sounded content with her new life, not even thinking about us, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. It sounded like an act, and if it wasn't, I will make it one.

"Of course, she's not going to contact us. Do you remember how we kicked her out?" Silas groaned, making me lower my head, guilt creeping

1. in.

"But we didn't have a choice. I could never have let her stay here with you guys running around like crazed predators in the mansion," Dad growled, glancing around the room, his eyes landing on the claw marks that scarred the walls.

11:19

315—Everyone Wants Mora

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We had to buy new furniture and renovate the mansion—just like we do every time this happens.

"And she was terrified of Ryker. Can you imagine how many times she must have panicked in those months?" Dad continued, and Ryker nodded. solemnly.

"She's so fragile. It could have been deadly for her," Ryker's words made me shift uncomfortably in my seat. I couldn't stop thinking about what he had said after his arrest when he confessed to killing Mia. The way he had spoken about Nora had left us speechless.

Ryker is my brother, someone I've always loved, but hearing him say those things unnerved me.

"I think we should surprise her," I suggested, noticing how Cain had been. silently staring down.

"Cain! What do you think?" I asked, snapping him out of his deep. thoughts.

"Did she really speak to Brody like that?" he asked, clearly still fixated on the conversation I had with Brody and how Nora had dismissed me.

"She did," I replied honestly. But the truth was, we had no right to question her about her relationship with Brody anymore.

Still, I knew my reaction would be explosive if I saw them together. I might not be able to control myself.

"I'll end Brody," Cain finally spoke, shocking all of us. We had all thought about it at some point, but he was the first to say it out loud.

"If she's happy with him, we should be happy for her. The thing is, I want her back. She's too young to be living on her own with her mate. She needs to finish her studies and all the other stuff that she had dreamed

29.77% Belonging

11.19

345—Everyone Wants Mor

of," Dad groaned, regret seeping into his voice as he threw his hands up in frustration, knowing it was nearly impossible.

I rolled my eyes at my father's words. There was no way I would let her be with Brody.

"Why? Why should she be happy with him?" Ryker shamelessly spoke about Nora in front of all of us, showing no hesitation.

He had the audacity to not even hide his feelings.

"You think she'd be better off with you?" Dad raised an eyebrow.

"Yes!" Ryker declared confidently. "I told you, she's not even your stepdaughter anymore. Why should I hold back?" His voice nearly rose, but Silas placed a hand on his shoulder, urging him to calm down.

“Ryker, don’t say that again. It makes me think about the rumors,” Dad said, lowering his gaze before adding, “If those rumors are true, I’m disappointed in all of you. Nora is naive and innocent, and you were supposed to protect her, not just—”

Before Dad could finish, Cain slammed his hand on the table, cutting him off.

I knew they had all been intimate with her. I had been too, but she was my mate. And now my brother was openly talking about her like this in front of me.

“I don’t want to hear anything that doesn’t contribute to finding ways to fix things with her and heal her heart,” Cain finished, his tone firm and unwavering.

“So what do you suggest?” Dad looked at us. We had all talked about it and knew exactly what we wanted.

“She’s not happy there She’s staying there out of spite because we’ve let her down. The thing is. I’m not going to rest until I bring her back.” I said determinedly I knew it was all a lie that she had happily married Brody after the council’s court acceptance

Tasting 346

346–Handcuffed

Nora:

I passed out the moment their screams of praise grew louder. When I woke up, I was in my room, confined to the bed, with a doctor tending to my wounds. I was given sedatives after the match so that they could transfer me back easily. It is not like I was going to protest or anything but I guess they were afraid of me after watching me kill that mutant monster.

“How long will it take for me to heal?” I asked the elderly man, his glasses resting on the bridge of his nose. He glanced up, peering at me over the rim of his glasses while wrinkling his nose.

“Such a strong warrior, yet you’re concerned about your health?” he remarked with a chuckle. Then he added, “Did you recently give birth?”

I hesitated for a moment before nodding.

“Hmm, you need plenty of rest. I’m also prescribing these vitamins—make sure you eat well,” he said, oblivious to the fact that I couldn’t care for myself. I was merely a tool to bring wealth and popularity to the pack. But I just gave him a small nod in response.

"I'll be on my way now. They're celebrating your victory outside, but I suppose you won't be attending," he said, his words carrying a hint of mockery, though the sympathy in his eyes made me wonder if he was truly concerned for me.

"Enjoy the feast," I offered a faint smile, and he nodded before leaving. Once he was gone, I settled back into the bed, the restraints preventing me from getting off bed.

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346 Handcuffed

11 298 Vouchers

The next day arrived, and they had planned a celebration for the victory.

I had no desire to be part of those festivities, except for one thing—I wanted my prize. My babies in my arms. Restless, I spent most of the day tied to the bed until Rollo arrived.

He leaned against the doorframe, watching as I rolled my eyes at him.

"May I ask why I'm suddenly in handcuffs?" I groaned, turning my head to face him. He had been quietly observing me from the doorway all this time. Creeping me out actually.

"Some pack members and council officials raised concerns that if you could kill a mutant, you might also be dangerous to those around you," he replied softly, as if he didn't know I would never do that because they have my babies?

"Oh! So when I win, it's all thanks to Brody's training, but now I'm accused of being too dangerous? Why don't they ask why Brody trained me to be so dangerous?" I raised an eyebrow. But when he smiled and stepped closer, I sensed he wasn't here with any ill intent.

"You're not wrong. The hypocrisy has always been there. I really do feel sorry for you, Nora. But I started hating you because of the way you came into the Alpha's life and stole my sister's crush. However, after he ditched her, I realized it was never meant to be," he explained. It finally made sense why he had been so bitter toward Janet as well.

"When can I see my babies?" I wasn't interested in having a heart-to-heart conversation with him. My mind and heart had already given up on explaining to others how much pain and misery they had inflicted on me.

"Soon. You just need to heal first," he replied, dragging a chair from the side and sitting down. "What's your relationship like with the Alpha King brothers?"

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346 Handcuffed

208 Vouchers

Suddenly, everyone seemed to be bringing them up. Even the maids had started asking me the same question.

"We're just friends," I muttered.

"I thought you'd call them your family. Didn't Lord Atwood want to adopt you legally?" he questioned, pushing his long hair back without even blinking.

"Yeah, I guess they wanted to experience having a stepsister around," I shrugged.

"Does it hurt your feelings, what you've been through?" he asked, making me chuckle a bit.

"So, you agree that everything you all did to me was wrong?" My question made him break eye contact. He averted his gaze, knowing full well it had been unjust.

"To be honest, I would have eventually discovered everyone's true nature anyway. The only time I truly suffer now is when I can't hold my children," I admitted sincerely.

After year of being a doormat for my stepbrothers, begging them to let me stay, I was over it all. I did everything I could to mend our relationship. Today, I could proudly say that there was nothing more I

could've done to change the outcome of my tragic life.

"Do you know who the father of your children is?" Rollo's next question didn't surprise me at all.

I'd been asked that countless times now.

With a steady motion, I nodded before adding, "I assume he passed away."

71.25%

Tasting 347

347—A Deadly Cage Fight

Nora

Rollo kept looking at my face as if he was trying to comprehend if I was lying or just making up that story so that people would stop asking me about the baby daddy

“How do you know he’s passed away?” he asked, puzzled, though his body language told me he was eager to learn more.

“I just know.” I shrugged. “Now, when can I see my babies?”

“You only talk about your children. Do you realize how young you are yourself?” His smile was innocent, but that didn’t change the fact that he was part of the problems I faced during my pregnancy.

“Beenuse they’re all I live for now.” I said firmly, and he nodded as if he understood, “us for me being young, that doesn’t mean I will abandon my children.”

I tried living for others, it cost me humiliation and pain. But i can tolerate as much torture as i can when living for my children.

“After the celebrations, we’ll bring your children to you,” he added, then hesitated. “And, um—Brody wants us to capture another mutant and prepare you for a cage fight.”

His words shocked me. What did he mean by a cage fight?

“I’m sure you’re confused. He wants to put you in a cage with a mutant,” he explained. My heart skipped a beat, and my eyes widened at the sheer madness of it. In a cage with the mutant where I have to delay his killing

347—A Deadly Cage Fight

means so many injuries for myself.

268 Vouchers

“I know you’re wondering what kind of monster he is, but he’s under a lot of pressure from the council and the wealthy elite. They want to see an epic battle where you narrowly escape death,” Rollo said, avoiding eye

contact.

“And Brody agrees to this?” I wasn’t hoping for any relationship with Brody, but I was stunned by how much he had changed.

“The money they’re offering is substantial,” Rollo sighed, his gaze dropping to the floor.

“Then I want some things for my babies in return,” I hissed, determined to use this opportunity to secure comfort for my children.

“Done. You deserve it. You’re the reason our pack is celebrating today. The way the council looked at Alpha Brody gave him so much hope,” he said, then abruptly stopped and cleared his throat, as though he’d said too much.

“I hope you recover soon,” he added before standing up and marching toward the door. He paused, turning back to face me. “You’re a very strong girl, Nora.”

I stayed silent for a moment before correcting him, “I’m a woman now, Rollo.”

After he left, I drifted off to sleep, the medication lulling me into unconsciousness. When I woke, my hands were unshackled. Brody was leaning over me, removing the cuffs. He glanced at me briefly, then rested his hand on the headboard, lowering his body as he stared down at me.

“Thank you for being so helpful and such a treasure to my pack,” he said softly, smiling at me.

30.04%

11.23

347—A Deadly Cage Fight

288 Vouchers

“Where are my babies?” I knew I was sounding like a broken record, but he was in too good of a mood to complain.

“They’re bringing them,” he assured me, stepping back as I sat up.

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“The way you fought in the arena yesterday, Nora, it was incredible. It was like watching the greatest battle ever. By the end, everyone believed you could single-handedly wipe out the entire mutant species,” he praised me, showering me with compliments he once refused to acknowledge. He had taken all the credit for my victory and basked in the crowd’s cheers.

Mrs. Fisher and the other maids walked in with my babies, and for the first time in what felt like forever, I smiled widely.

Brody sat down on the chair while I gently placed my babies on the bed, carefully inspecting them. I needed to make sure they were being well taken care of.

“Don’t worry, they have the best nannies in the pack,” he reassured me, as if he knew anything about motherhood. Was it really enough for me that they had nannies?

"I wish I could take care of them myself," I groaned, then quickly smiled at Sven, who was gazing up at me with his beautiful eyes.

"But even working moms hire nannies. If it bothers you that much, I can leave them with you and only take them away when you're on a mission," his offer was tempting, and I instantly shot him a hopeful look.

"What about Roman?" I asked, watching his expression harden.

"Well, one of them has to stay behind, so you don't plan anything against the pack or me," he said coldly. I was stunned by his rotten judgment. I'd never plot against them—though planning an escape did cross my mind.

Tasting 348

348—My Mates In The Crowd

Nora:

It's been a month since I started fighting for them. The weather had been terrible, with floods affecting parts of the northern packs. Yet, my struggles never ended. I was still ordered to go to the mountains and capture a mutant to fight.

Now, I've heard they're bringing some other creature from elsewhere. Or, more likely, they'll ask me to capture it.

The cage fight with the mutant hadn't impressed many, as I couldn't let him land too many hits on me. I wasn't a fool; my safety was my priority. If I allowed the mutant to beat me down, I'd have little chance to recover and regain my footing.

Still, that fight earned Brody a lot of gems and money. Rumors suggested he might get an invitation to the royal council meeting this year, possibly elevating his pack's status significantly. None of that mattered to me. I wasn't interested in praise or wealth.

But once again, I was facing a mutant I had personally captured from the mountains with Rollo. Straightening my posture, I stretched my neck, trying to shake off the tension. The crowd was already roaring, cheering for me. I had been instructed to delay the kill as long as possible and let the mutant land several hits on me.

I stared at the mutant, standing at a distance. We had been fighting for half an hour, and the crowd couldn't stop cheering. It was the most violent battle yet. The rain and storm only made it harder to overpower the creature, especially since I wasn't allowed to kill him instantly.

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11.230

348–My Mates In The Crowd

298 Voucher's

Landing blows just hard enough wasn't working. The louder the crowd became, the more savage the mutant grew. He lunged at me, his massive claws in view, and I barely dodged, rolling to the side before leaping to my feet. I quickly moved behind him and jumped onto his back.

"Tear his head apart!"

The crowd began chanting. It had become a twisted game for them. In moments like this, they'd scream out suggestions for brutal ways to kill the creature—and I would obey. It reminded me of livestreams, but my situation was different. There was no money for me, but what I was getting was far more valuable.

However, today was different. Ever since I stepped into the arena, I couldn't shake a strange sense of familiarity. It was as if someone was watching me—someone I had once longed to watch. It was unsettling, and I couldn't figure out why.

It was nighttime, and most of the crowd was hidden in darkness. The spotlights illuminated only me and the beast, with every corner of the arena displaying the fight on massive screens for everyone to see.

Now was the moment. I wrapped my hands around its head and neck, applying as much force as I could while throwing my body backward. Its neck snapped with a sickening crack, and as the mutant collapsed onto its back, I quickly jumped off.

But I could tell the crowd wasn't satisfied. They craved more. They wanted to see blood on me. So, I climbed back on top of the mutant, gripping its head once more. With all the strength I could summon, I tore it from its neck. The sickening squelch of flesh and the crunch of bones. breaking

filled the air. I was used to it by now, but the sound still sent shivers down my spine. Blood splattered everywhere, drenching me in

crimson.

That was what they wanted. The cheers erupted, louder than ever.

33.83%

11.24

348—My Mates In The Crowd

“Alpha Brody!”

288 Vouchers

The chants echoed as I stood over the lifeless beast, soaked in its blood. I knew what came next. I was waiting for the sting of a wolfsbane injection. It was the usual pattern after every fight—I never left the arena on my own two feet. They’d drug me, and I’d wake up tied to my bed while the celebrations continued outside.

But today, something was different. It was taking longer than usual. I glanced at the giant screen above. I had never paid attention to that part. The screen showed me standing victorious, then panned to the cheering

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crowd.

And then they zoomed in on the high-profile guests who had come tonight. My heart skipped a beat when I saw them.

The brothers—and their father. Sitting in the crowd.

It was like seeing ghosts from my past. They stared at me, their faces frozen in shock. I blinked several times, struggling to believe what I was

seeing.

They looked shocked, their faces showing they had just witnessed the most crazy fight ever. But I know why they were that surprised, they didn’t know I was capable of it, did they?

It really was them, watching their sweet Nora fight like a deadly monster.

74.19% Belonging

Tasting 349

349—The Handcrafted Bassinet

Nora:

“Are you going to be honest now or are you still going to lie?” I was beyond annoyed with what I had seen on the screen. No wonder Brody hadn’t made his usual creepy comments, and neither had I been shot with wolfsbane. The fact that the brothers had

arrived despite Brody telling them I didn't want to see them surprised me. And Lord Atwood too. Didn't they all want me gone?

"They came without announcing their arrival." Rollo continued to give me the same excuse over and over again as I was asked to leave the arena on foot. He stayed with me while I made my way back to the mansion.

I didn't even slow down because I didn't want to meet the brothers.

"There's no way you weren't informed of their arrival. If not before, at least you would have known when they sat in the crowd. Do you think I'm a fool or what? Alpha King brothers are coming over, and no one greeted them?" I hissed at him while continuing to walk. He didn't even put me in a cage when making me return to the mansion.

I sat in the car like a normal person with Rollo tonight, and I could tell why. "Listen, I had no idea. I was busy myself. It was Alpha Brody who must have found out," he said, quickly coming after me.

We had been going to the mountains together and fighting hard to capture monsters. Hence, we had become frenemies. "Nora! I didn't do anything. I was as shocked as you were when their faces appeared on the screen," he stopped in front of me, blocking my way into my room.

I gave him a harsh glare and warned him to step aside. "I don't want to talk about this now. It's done already, and they are here. I wonder why I

17-24

349–The Handcrafted Bassinet

wasn't drugged instantly," I scoffed and shook my head in disbelief.

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"Besides, I need to get inside and shower." I gestured for him to move aside, and after silently staring at me for a while, he stepped aside. I slammed the door open, and the moment I was inside, I halted in my steps. My brain took a full minute to process what I was seeing.

"What are these?" I asked Rollo as I turned around to him.

298 Vouchers

"I told you I had been busy. This is what I was doing. I handcrafted four bassinet," he said as he came inside and showed me the beautifully made

bassinet.

“You crafted these?” I was in shock. My hand rested on the first one, noticing the initials of my children engraved on it.

“Yeah, I was just trying to test my skills. After I was done, I didn’t feel like throwing them away, so I thought you might use them,” he said, too proud to admit he had worked on these for me.

It was actually going to be very helpful. I could now sleep without fearing my sons would fall off the bed. It had been some time since I had lain down on the bed myself because I didn’t want to take up space on that single bed.

“Well, you were very right. I could use these.” As tears made their way down my cheeks, I quickly looked away.

“Whoa, you can cry?” he joked, and I rolled my eyes, almost elbowing him in the chest when Brody arrived.

He stopped as if he had caught us doing something. With a frown of judgment on his forehead, he cleared his throat, signaling that he wanted to be left alone with me.

Rollo got the hint and left the room.

39 92%

11:24

349–The Handcrafted Bassinet

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125 Rouchers

“I know you’re angry that I didn’t tell you about the arrival of your stepbrothers and stepfather—” The audacity of him to still refer to them like that, even after he had been the one to strip me of that title, revealed his true nature.

“They are nothing to me,” I hissed at him.

“Then why are you so angry?” he shrugged, making my blood boil in my veins.

“They showed up at the last minute and joined the arena. But it’s not like anything would have changed if they had arrived earlier and I had informed you. The fight was fixed,

and we had sold tickets; the crowd had arrived too," Brody said. I didn't even know if Brody cared about his wife Janet at this point. He had been avoiding everyone and just basking in the popularity way too much.

"What are you here for?" After I realized there was no use in arguing with him, I asked him in a stern tone.

After a brief pause, he replied, "I want you to— not tell them what you've been through here."

76.92%

Tasting 350

350—Threatened With My Children's Safety.

Nora:

"Huh? Say that again. I don't think I heard you correctly the first time." It was definitely a warning that he must not say anything foolish. But he still managed to repeat himself, "I want you to act like everything is fine between us and that we are in a happy relationship."

I couldn't believe he was suggesting such a huge lie. "Oh really? And why do you think I would do that?" I nodded slightly, watching him close his eyes and take a deep breath. I know I have lied on the phone but I did that because I was angry at the moment. And now, why would I save Brody's

ass?

If anything, I could let the brothers know and see what they would do. If they take action, it will be beneficial for me, as I will take my babies and run far away from all of them. If they don't do anything, I guess I will find my own way to escape this hell where I have to wait for hours before I see my kids. And I get to see Roman only once a week.

"See, you do this and push me, and then you wonder why I am so heartless. You leave me with no choice but to say something utterly disgusting and hurting you. Do you want me to issue a threat to you?" He placed his hands on his waist, blaming me for his messed-up actions.

"You're threatening my kids' lives?" I didn't hold back and asked him directly. He quickly shook his head after seeing the anger in my eyes.

"Nora! Your kids will remain safe here. I'm not sure where Roman is—but he is in safe hands. However, you just need to send away these brothers and Lord Atwood." There it

was, the hidden warning. He thought that if he didn't say it directly, it wouldn't be counted as a threat. He made it

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11.24

350—Threatened With My Children's Safety

clear that he had sent Roman somewhere away from the mansion.

28 Vouchers

"And how do you plan to hide Janet?" I raised my brow, wondering what kind of messed-up plan he had for her now.

He cleared his throat again and replied, "I will say you—let me have a second mate." I kept staring at his face while he avoided eye contact. "It is not a big deal. Alphas sometimes have multiple mates. And we will say that since you want to be a fighter, you realized I would need someone fragile by my side. I'm not saying you are not fragile, but you are mostly wounded, so you couldn't please me. Hence, you begged me to get another mate, or you would never be happy." The fact that he didn't want to take any blame for himself but was eager to accept all the praise for my victory came as a shock.

He used to be so gentle—or was he until he hadn't tasted popularity? I mean, the day he heard me say I would fight the mutants, he began to see me as nothing but a weapon.

I couldn't even respond to him, but he lingered around and then said, "If you needed carts, you should have told me. I don't understand why Rollo has to waste his time handcrafting these when we can buy better ones." He wrinkled his nose and then shook his head in disapproval.

"I didn't know you thought that I, and the babies, could fit in this small bed," I taunted, and he rolled his eyes.

"I am an alpha, Nora. I don't really focus on such things. All you need to do is ask. But your ego has apparently taken over your love for your kids, I believe. You won't even ask nicely for anything for them." His words made me glare at him, unable to believe that anything could overshadow my love for my babies.

"Now, get a shower and wear this dress," he said, knocking on the open door. A maid rushed in, holding a plastic wrap with a dress inside. "Look

41.24%

11.24

350—Threatened With My Children’s Safety

200 Vilchere

your best so they don’t suspect anything. They are waiting in the living room. Get ready and come meet them,” he added, tapping his fingers on the carts, almost as if to remind me that I was supposed to obey—or else these carts would remain empty for a week before he forgave me for not listening.

It had happened before when I hadn’t listened to him, and he had

punished me by not letting me see or feed my babies for five days. Those were the hardest days of my life.

He walked out of the room while I rushed into the bathroom, cursing him under my breath as I stepped into the shower.

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