

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 391 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 391

Tasting 391

391–Not Over Me?

Nora:

“Now step away so we can go home and start more work on the cas-” I was cut off when Silas slammed his hand hard against the car’s roof.

“Fine. We got married without marking each other. Remember, I couldn’t let my wolf out?” I thought that would be enough, and he’d let me go for

now.

But this time, Nash took over.

“And you haven’t let

out since?” Tha

your wolf his way of telling me

he had caught me in a lie.

“You let your wolf out to fight the mutant, but you have no time to let it out and mark your beloved husband?” He mocked my tone when I spoke about my love for Brody, or at least how I’ve expressed it.

“What’s your problem? Even if there’s some trouble between my husband and me, why would it bother you when I don’t have an issue with it?” Growing tired and running out of a decent response, I tried using the privacy excuse.

“Because you’re a damn liar, Nora. You’re not happy, and that asshole is the reason. We just want to know why you’re not telling anyone. What does he have on you? What are you so afraid of, that you can fight a mutant but not stand up to that jerk?” Silas punched the car’s roof again before finally stepping away.

It made me realize they hadn’t heard anything. So Natalya hadn’t fooled

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391–Not Over Me?

288 IV cochers

1. me. It sucks that my mind was more focused on whether Natalya had beaten me again rather than on the real issue.

“Listen, everything’s fine. And I am happy. It’s just that seeing you guys again upsets me,” I shrugged.

“It doesn’t seem that way. You look completely void of any emotion now. Except when you were talking to Natalya. That was the only time I saw any emotion in your eyes,” Nash groaned, grabbing my arm the moment I tried to open the car door.

My body froze, and I lowered my head to glare at his hand, but instead of removing it, he pulled me closer.

It was like he saw I was warning him not to touch me but challenged me anyway.

“Nash, take your hand off me,” I warned, and he tilted his head.

“Or else what? You’ll fight me like you fight the mutants?” He brought his face level with mine. “Nora, you can’t fool us. We’re the Alpha Kings for a reason. You might be some warrior, but we’re the damn Alpha Kings.”

I kept staring at him as his jaw clenched. “If you think I’ll back down just because you say you’re over me, then you’re wrong.”

Since Silas had walked away, Nash decided to whisper, making sure only I could hear and that his brother remained oblivious.

“There is nothing going on, and I want you two to stop bothering me. Or I’ll have to request to be sent back,” I shrugged casually this time, and Nash suddenly let me go.

Watching them force themselves into my life like this was saddening. There was a time when, if they had done that, I would’ve been all over

29.53%

10:56

391–Not Over Me?

them. But it was too late.

They couldn't just show up when they were bored and try to snatch me back from my new life.

288 Nochers

"Now, let's go home," I said, sliding into the car. After a few minutes of the brothers talking outside and making me curious, they finally got back in.

We didn't speak to each other again. When we returned, we found Cain in the garden, slouched in a chair with his body hunched over. He had his hands in his hair, watching us as we got out of the car. He strolled over in his usual sassy manner and tilted his head at me.

"Let's go. We need to have a word," he said. I rolled my eyes.

"If I had a dime for every time one of you—" I didn't finish because he narrowed his eyes at me.

"That troublesome girl you brought in just dragged Dad to the mall to buy her stuff, so before she returns, I need to finish something with you," Cain said, completely ignoring the fact that his brothers were trying to hint at something.

"We've talked to her. She's just the same broken record," Nash explained, but Cain ignored him.

"We are going to my studio and having a talk," Cain said, his eyes boring into mine. "Right now."

I shook my head calmly, folding my arms over my chest.

"Nope! I'm not entering that studio again. Remember, I'm very obedient,

so I recall your demand, and I respect your boundary," I reminded him of the time he had kicked me out, but he looked determined.

64.69%

10:56

391—Not Over Me?

I realized just how serious he was when he grabbed my

"I

said,

we are going

to

my

studio.”

97.43%

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288 obchers

arm, shocking

1. me.

70

Tasting 392

392—A Miserable Alpha King

Cain:

Months Ago:

When she arrived in my studio out of nowhere, I was shocked. I had to cover myself up before I could stop myself from yanking her against the chair and kiss her all over her body. My eyes couldn't stop fixating on her, filled with so many unspoken urges.

‘Why hasn't she left already?’ This pretending to be unaffected was getting me nowhere. My body was stiff, trying to hold back the inevitable. I was fighting the transition, but it could happen at any moment. And things took a worse turn when she suddenly started talking about her body, offering it to me.

Her body was my temple.

I would never disrespect it. Even when I was furious with her for lying to me and cheating, I couldn't bring myself to disrespect her like that. She was asking me to use her, and I felt so disgusted with myself. I didn't like this reputation of mine.

Using her? What did she think I was?

‘Someone cursed with lust,’ my wolf replied sadly.

That

Is that really how she saw me? Why else would she lower her self-esteem and offer herself to me like that? I shook my head, trying to clear the thoughts.

‘She’s offering because she wants to stay here with me,’ I thought,

0.00%

2891V00 hers

392–A Miserable Alpha King

heartbroken that she felt the need to cheat on me. Why? Even when she’d hurt me in the past, it didn’t sting as much as watching her leave now. I hoped that by the time I came out of my studio, she would have already gone.

“I’m sick and tired of finding you in every corner of my home, watching me. I don’t want your attention. Do you have any idea what any other girl would’ve done if I’d left her like this after sleeping with her and dating her friend? She would’ve been furious and chosen her self-respect! But you... you surprise me. You don’t even love yourself. Grow a spine, Nora!”

I said all the right things to push her away. If she didn’t leave my goddamn studio right now, I was going to lose control.

I closed my eyes as soon as she was out of sight.

“Ughh!” Blood dripped from my nostrils, and that’s when I realized we didn’t have much time left.

I remember when she first arrived, we would still transition and roam around the mansion. Our dad would tell her not to come downstairs because we were angry and making a mess. But in reality, we were just practicing living in this mansion for the rest of the year.

However, we had to stop because her scent lingered everywhere in the house. After transitioning, even when it wasn’t the torture months, we’d go straight to her room. Even if my brothers her mates, I could tell

sent they have found a weird fascination with her. And then my mind went to Ryker and I closed my eyes shut. The betrayal from Nora and Ryker still ached my soul and heart.

That’s when we decided to stop our routine. I mean, we didn’t have to continue. I’m not sure about the others, but I was finally feeling happy. I smiled a lot more and had a reason to leave my studio. Every time I

26.67%

10.560

392—A Miserable Alpha King

spotted her, I felt a surge of excitement.

288 Vouchers

Even before I felt the mate bond with her, I always found her intriguing- more than anything else in the world. That's why, even when I knew I might get caught, I kept her painting with me. I burned Natalya's painting just to throw others off, but I couldn't bring myself to get rid of Nora's. How could I? She was the best thing I had ever painted.

And then my eyes landed on the woman from my dreams. I don't know who she was, but the unsettling part was that she made me feel the same excitement I felt for Nora, and that troubled me. I didn't want to think about anyone else, so I needed this woman out of my mind.

As for Natalya, just thinking about her made a grimace form on my face, and I almost gagged.

Why would someone willingly stick around, knowing they weren't welcome?

'Just wait until this is over. I'll teach her some manners she'll never forget. That's what she'll get for messing with Nora and thinking she could beat her,' I thought to myself. I knew this time was hard on Nora, and it was hard on me too.

L

I never believed in Natalya's innocence, not

ven for a second. I knew Nora was innocent, but I had to let Natalya play her games.

If only Nora had listened to us and avoided Natalya altogether. I dreaded these days. If I had exposed Natalya and then had to go into hiding during the torture months, Natalya and the others would take out their anger on Nora, leaving her alone and helpless. I was doing everything I could to make Nora survive the next few months before I returned.

65.31%

Tasting 393

393—She Took Pictures Of My Painting.

Nora:

“Let me go,” I glared at him as he dragged me toward the mansion. I was shocked at how stern and strong he was. I had gotten used to tossing people around whenever I attacked, so being manhandled like that was a surprise.

He effortlessly carried me inside the mansion while his brothers followed for a while, realizing soon enough that Cain was serious about his decision. Even I stopped resisting, acknowledging that the only way to get him off my back was to answer his questions like I had with the others.

Soon, he had taken me inside his studio, and the memories flooded back so hard I had to close my eyes and take a deep breath to clear my head. It amazed me how quickly I could push those memories aside. Cain locked the door behind us and stared at me for some time before walking closer. When he noticed I wasn't backing down, disappointment flickered across his face.

“Say what you have to say and do it quickly,” I snapped, a frown on my forehead, eyes narrowed at him,

seeing him in his studio

Cuen t

took me back to our first meeting.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly. My body shuddered slightly at his apology.

“Really? For what, though? I don’t think you did anything wrong,” I gave him a smile—broken, but still there—just to show him there was so much he needed to apologize for, and I still wouldn’t forgive

him.

“Stop it. Don’t act like you weren’t hurt, like you’re happy now. I know

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10:560

393—She Took Pictures Of My Painting.

289 voochers

the truth. You're not happy there, and I'm sure by now you've realized Brody isn't as nice as you thought," he snapped, his irritation catching me off guard. His calm demeanor was cracking now that I was staying composed.

"Then why did you tell me to go with him?" I tilted my head, giving him a quizzical look.

"Because you were safer there, Nora. At least for a few months-" he started to ramble again, but I shook my head to silence him. I was tired of the secrecy. They always hid behind 'we'll explain later' when it was obvious they wanted me gone. They were so cold to me back then.

"The few months, blah, blah, blah. You thought I spray-painted your car, didn't you?" The minute I reminded him of that incident, I saw him look away and scratch the back of his neck. At that moment, I felt like I'd opened another can of worms.

knew

He freaking I was innocent. Back when it happened, I thought the evidence was so compelling that he had no choice but to believe it. But his silence now

3 STOOK me.

"You knew the truth?" I hissed, my fists clenching. Funny how these brothers always managed to make me lose my mind again.

My calm facade crumbled with the weight of what I was hearing.

"Wow! I don't think there's anything left to talk about," I stomped my foot and stormed past him -or so I thought. He grabbed my hand and yanked me back, making me stumble into something.

Before I could straighten myself or ask why he was suddenly hovering over me, he pulled a white sheet off a canvas, revealing a painting.

Not just any painting.

2092

33.35%

10:56

393—She Took Pictures Of My Painting.

My painting.

288 Voochers

The one he claimed he had burned. I stood there, stunned, noticing there were more paintings hidden behind the clothes.

"I didn't burn it," he whispered. "I would never."

Tears welled up in my eyes as I took a deep breath and shrugged.

"You should burn it. It's going to ruin my relationship with Brody-" The moment I mentioned Brody's name, he threw his fist in the air, nearly making me jump.

"STOP SAYING HIS NAME! OR ELSE, I WILL RUIN YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM," he yelled. I took a deep breath, lowered my head, and when I looked back up, I was ready to challenge him.

"What are you going to do? Sleep with me and dump me the next day?" I scoffed, smirking as his expression softened.

"At least I'd never lie to you just to sleep with you and steal your first time." His words sounded so strange.

"Huh?" I stared at him, confused by his accusation, feeling like he was mocking me.

"Anyway, I never burned it. I

lied because your psycho of a friend had taken a picture of this painting back when you convinced me to paint her. She was going to release it and your reputation. As for me, no one would've cared because I'm a damn alpha king," he finished, leaving me in shock with the piece of information I never expected to hear.

ruin

"I did whatever I could to save your reputation," he almost whispered that part, shocking me even more.

68.73% Text .

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Tasting 394

394—Guilty And Enraged

Nora:

“She blackmailed you?” I wondered if he was even telling the truth. “She blackmailed an Alpha King, and you couldn’t come and tell me?” I shook my head, refusing to believe his lies.

“I’m not lying. At that moment, I had to submit because there were other things going on that I couldn’t tell you,” he tried to hold my hands, but I pulled them behind my back, and he went silent.

“I’m sorry. I mean—none of us wanted you out-,” at this point, I felt like he was just making up more and more lies.

“So, she blackmailed you into dumping me after you slept with me?” I raised my head and noticed he had started to look away. “You wanted to talk, right? So talk,” I folded my arms over my chest and smirked.

It felt like a “gotcha” moment until he asked something that left my mouth dry.

“That’s because you lied to me when you said you hadn’t slept with anyone before me.”

I didn’t even know how to respond, frozen for a moment.

“So, you were angry because you weren’t my first?” I realized I was missing something here because the tears in his eyes seemed real.

Was he crying because he couldn’t take my virginity?

C.00%

394—Guilty And Enraged

“Nora!” He closed his eyes and tilted his head back. “Imagine feeling a mate bond with someone, and you two start flirting. Up until that point, your mate is a virgin, and then suddenly, they’re not. Don’t you think they cheated on you? And then they also lied to you?” He lowered his head, and our eyes met.

I went completely blank, with no answer to his question.

“I wasn’t going to punish you for it. But it was hard for me to accept that you had cheated on me. It hurt because, Nora, it was my first time.”

I was shocked to hear those words come from his mouth. He hadn’t had sex?

“And after that-,” he tried to continue, but the door opened, and Ryker walked in.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but... that kid from school-,” his expression told me it was bad news.

“Robert? What happened to him?” It was as if I knew what he would say, but I didn’t realize how much it would hurt.

“He’s gone.”

“Huh?” I felt like a complete failure at that moment.

“He went missing right after school,” Ryker added, and I saw Nash and Silas standing behind him.

“What? How—I told—oh, no,” I slapped my forehead so hard that Cain immediately stepped forward to check on me.

“Fuck off!” I yelled at him as desperation took over me.

Everyone

394—Guilty And Enraged

went silent and stared at Cain, who was equally shocked by my reaction.

“Why the hell did you have to take up my time? Was this the moment you thought was appropriate to talk about our history together? You were supposed to come and arrange warriors for that guy’s safety, but you—you wasted my time.” I didn’t know what was taking over me—the guilt of cheating on him and then lying to him, or just the realization that I was now understanding why he wouldn’t want me in the mansion. But suddenly, I was taking my anger out on him.

“Nora! That is not fair. He just wanted to-,” Silas stepped forward in defense of his brother, but Cain gestured for him to stand back.

—

“I think I did take too much time.” Cain stepped aside, and I briskly left the room, even pushing Ryker out of my way.

I rushed downstairs, followed by Ryker, Nash, and Silas.

“Where are we headed now?” Nash asked, trying to get information on my plans.

“I’m not sure about you three because it seems like your mission isn’t even to get rid of the main problem, just to talk about random issues. But I’m headed to the school to see if I can find anything

about him and also ask the freaking principal why Robert left school without anyone accompanying him,” I yelled, shaking my head at the brothers for not taking it seriously.

I rushed into the car, and Nash stormed in with me. There was no time for the others to join us because I had already told Nash to start driving. The others took a car behind us.

Now that I was sitting in the car and we were headed to the school,

394—Guilty And Enraged

298 Vouchers

I couldn’t help but remember Cain’s complaints. He thought I had cheated on him and then lied to him just to sleep with him. Of course, I would have been furious if he had done the same to me.

So was I wrong to expect him to still accept me when I acted like I didn’t even understand why he was so upset with me? How was I so naive in the past that it never occurred to me that he would catch on to my lies?

Tasting 395

395—Found A Dead Body

Nora:

“What is going on?” I watched Nash stop his car to answer a phone call.

“Okay! We’ll be there,” he hung up the call and rested his head against the seat.

“Can you start the freaking car? There’s no time to be dramatic,” I hissed, and he steadily turned his face toward me, staring.

“You need to shut up now, Nora,” he said, delivering a serious threat. “Or I’ll make it so you’ll want to snatch my lips off my face right now.”

I fell silent before rolling my eyes. If he kissed me, I would punch him in the face.

“Can you start the car? There’s a guy who’s missing. Nash! He was so anxious the whole time he was talking to us,” I began to rant, recalling how scared that poor guy had sounded when Nash decided to silence me with one statement.

“They found his dead body in the school’s bathroom.”

I paused, turning to look at him with a frown on my forehead before grunting.

“They found his dead body?” I didn’t know what was more tragic: that he had been killed at school or that maybe even if I had had guards take care of him, he would have ended up dead anyway.

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395—Found A Dead Body

“And the security footage shows him to be the only one going into the school’s bathroom. You know what that means, right?” he uttered, and I just sat there, staring straight ahead.

“He was destined to die after he crossed paths with the Weeping Guardians,” I sighed, putting my hands over my eyes.

“And you’re thinking about blaming Cain for it?” His comment made me remove my hands and look at him.

“I’m just saying, I understand we messed up, but you don’t even want us to tell you why? Because, Nora, we had a reason, and we did it all for you.”

He shocked me because how was it for me that I cried and cried, and they just cut me off?

“Oh, really? I know,” I nodded.

“You do?” He immediately lowered his voice.

“Yeah, it was for my own good that I was no longer in your shadows.” With that, I finished talking to him and turned my head to the window. I didn’t plan to go to the school.

I wasn’t a doctor. Silas would take care of the body and tell us what the cause of death was.

“Okay, good,” he slammed his hand on the steering wheel before turning to me once again. “If you think this whole act will fool us, you’re wrong. We will not rest until we find out the truth—the truth about you and Brody—and then you will have to come back.” With that, he started the car and drove us to a nearby café.

Since we had been on the road since morning, it was for the best

that we had something to eat. We sat down and ordered food, all the while I kept having flashbacks of my conversation with Robert.

“May I ask you something?” Nash pulled me back to reality, and I gently raised my head to give him a nod to go ahead.

“What is that beautiful anklet on your foot?” My heart did a flip when he tilted his head and tapped his foot, sitting across the table from me in this open seating area.

“This-” I cleared my throat, avoiding his jaw clenching, “I designed it for myself to control my wolf and also test my abilities.”

I lied, expecting he would ask me more questions, but instead, he just pouted and nodded his head very sarcastically.

“That makes a lot of sense, you know,” sarcasm dripped from his voice.

I shrugged, but deep down, I was hesitant about why he wasn’t asking any more questions. I wanted him to keep going until I had satisfied him.

“You see, the battles and everything require-” I started talking about it again, but he silenced me once more.

“No! I mean, it’s fine. I understand.” He was bobbing his head, causing me anxiety.

“Are you going to put the pack in another lockdown?” Since I wanted to avoid the subject and also discuss the task at hand, I brought up the lockdown without thinking too much about it, but his reaction was really interesting.

He raised an eyebrow and then smiled. “No! We don’t do

395—Found A Dead Body

lockdowns from monsters.”

I wondered why they had put the pack under lockdown then.

288 (Vouchers

“But-” As I straightened my back, recalling the previous lockdown, a voice interrupted us.

“Nash!”

Oh! How could I forget this voice?

It was Daphne. But she didn't carry the sass in her voice that she had used previously when she was dating him.

"Daphne?" The way Nash said her name was evidence enough that he didn't want to see her and wasn't expecting her to show up.

Tasting 396

396—Daphne Is The Next Victim?

Nora:

I watched Daphne come into my view, and instantly I was taken aback by her appearance. She looked oddly weak; her body was a strange shade of blue, and her eyes were bloodshot red. There was a wetness in them, and she kept hugging herself, making no sudden movements.

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"Why haven't you been picking up my calls?" she complained to Nash, who looked around before getting up and grunting at her.

"Because I ended things with you, remember?" He stepped closer to her and muttered under his breath. I could tell he was trying to be discreet and make sure no one around heard them talking. But there weren't many people around anyway. Ever since the news of the death broke, everyone had retreated into their homes.

Since there had been no weapon or decision made about what to do with the Weeping Guardians, staying inside their homes might have seemed like the only safe haven to them.

"Is it because of her? Because she's back now? You were gone for months—no calls, no texts—and then you return to go and bring her back?" she pointed at me, but kept one arm wrapped around her stomach. Even her voice didn't carry the same threat it used to. She was shivering a lot, and her aura was off. I couldn't help but lean back in my chair and clutch my hands in my lap, secretly twisting the ring on my finger to feel and sense her aura better.

Right off the bat, I felt like passing out. It was radiating so much

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12 Nouchers

396—Daphne Is The Next Victim?

sadness and darkness that I had to fix the ring on my finger immediately. Lowering my head, I started to breathe in and out to calm my racing heartbeat.

It didn't make any sense. Why was her aura so strong?.

"Yes, it is because of her," Nash confirmed, and I was back to listening to their conversation.

"Do you not remember what you and the other girls did to her? You fucking told her that you poisoned her. Why? Why did you play all these games with her when I told you that I was ready to date you?" Nash grabbed her arm, and she winced hard, even though I could tell his grip was very gentle.

The minute she let out a cry, he set her free and placed his hands on his waist. "This is what I'm talking about. You cannot live without negativity, Daphne. And yes, I broke up with you because I cannot be with someone like you." He stepped back and gestured for her to leave.

"Please—one last chance. I will treat her right." She looked over at me, her eyes filled with tears.

"I said leave, Daphne," Nash warned her through his harsh gaze, but I needed to have a word with her first. She noticed Nash was getting red with anger, so she nodded and had only turned around to leave when I interrupted her departure.

"Wait a minute." She quickly turned around with a weak smile on her lips.

"I knew you would feel pity for me," she uttered in a broken voice.

Well, I wasn't feeling anything for her, and I didn't care about her

396—Daphne Is The Next Victim?

breakup. It just gave me a weird satisfaction.

"Have you come across the Weeping Guardians?" I questioned and noticed her glance at Nash nervously before looking back at me.

"The fog people?" I explained, and the way she shook her head was immediate.

"No! Why would I?" She sounded defensive.

"Are you going to ask him to date me, please?" She didn't even bother with the topic, so I shook my head and folded my arms to show her that this was the least of my interest.

"I'm not his mommy. I cannot make him date or break up with someone." With a shrug, I dismissed her.

She passed Nash one last sad glance before walking away to her car. But I stayed watching her, observing her. In fact, she hadn't even driven here herself; her stepfather was in the driver's seat with her.

"What was that?" Nash questioned me.

"Why did you suddenly ask her about the Weeping Guardians?" he continued.

"Have you noticed something different about her?" I finally broke my stare once her car left and faced Nash.

"Yeah, whenever she is upset, she gets high fevers and everything. Don't worry; she won't die from it," he shrugged casually and sat down. I joined him, but I still had some questions in my mind.

"Did you not see any resemblance to Robert?" Once I questioned

396—Daphne Is The Next Victim?

properly, I watched Nash zone out and focus on Daphne's appearance.

288 (Vouchers

"You think she—she might have also crossed paths with them?" he picked up, but we were still missing something.

"When I first saw the fog people, it was when I got bullied and was extremely upset. Robert was upset when he crossed paths with them, and Daphne—" I didn't finish because Nash did it himself.

"Because she is upset these days."

Tasting 397

397—Bringing Her Home

Nora:

"Why?" Nash asked me the same question for the fifth time, and I responded in the same way each time. He looked so uncomfortable with my decision.

“Because she needs to be protected right now,” I replied, rolling my eyes. I avoided looking him directly in the eye because I knew he was trying to get through to me.

I had taken the wheel and was driving while he sat in the passenger seat, growing more annoyed with each passing second.

“Fine. If her protection is that important, then I’ll ask the warriors and even my brothers to stand guard outside her mansion,” he hissed, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. I just know he wasn’t understanding the severity of the situation. We needed to keep a close eye on her. And we could not do it with her stepfather being around her.

“No! We’re bringing her home and keeping her in our sight.” I drove calmly, knowing he had turned to glare at me once again.

“You’re making everyone uncomfortable. Did you forget what happened last time when we brought in Natalya?” he reminded me of the mistake I made, the one that revealed their true colors. But things were different now. There was no competition. I was focused on my job as a fighter, and that was all.

“I remember. It was different back then. I was desperate, and so were they. Now I have no interest in pleasing anyone. And if she tries to play me, I’ll throw her to the fog people myself,” I tried to explain, emphasizing that

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397—Bringing Her Home

this wasn’t about us. It was about finding a solution to the weeping guardians. If nothing was done, many would fall victim to them, and it would spread like a plague, reaching other packs too.

“Are you punishing us?” he muttered under his breath, catching me off guard. Did he really think everything I did was for them, because of them, or to spite them?

“No, Nash, trust me. Bringing her home is just to solve this mission,” I replied more calmly, hoping he would understand that my actions weren’t driven by malice.

He fell silent after that. We soon arrived at Daphne’s place, and the guards let us inside. I noticed how reluctant Nash was to step in.

We were immediately met with a few hospitable gazes as Ford, her stepfather, came into view. A vague memory I had tried hard to forget flashed before my eyes—the time he had nearly assaulted me. I clenched my fists discreetly but kept my face neutral.

“Oh! I should have known she’s back. Otherwise, why would you have broken things off with my stepdaughter?” That man had no shame.

I don’t even think he cared that I was watching him with disgust in my eyes.

“I hope you’re not forgetting that you’re just a Gamma,” Nash straightened his posture, glaring at him.

Ford lowered his gaze and stood obediently after receiving a threatening stare from Nash.

“Where is Daphne?” I stepped forward, my hands clasped behind my back.

“Why? Why are you asking?” Ford questioned, trying to get me to make

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11:140

397—Bringing Her Home

eye contact with him.

“Haven’t you told your royal Gamma why I’m here?” I turned to Nash, keeping my posture relaxed and my hands still behind me.

“She’s helping us with the weeping guardians,” Nash explained to Ford. I could tell Nash was trying to keep the conversation short because he didn’t want Daphne to come live with us for a few days.

“Oh! I heard about her fighting mutants-,” Ford raised an eyebrow, letting out a small chuckle. “Who would have thought—” Before he could finish his demeaning comment, I knew I had to shut him up myself, not letting Nash become my knight in shining armor.

“Watch it, buddy. Don’t speak if you can’t handle the brunt of my anger,” I turned to him, locking eyes. The smirk that had formed on his face quickly faded as he saw the confidence in my gaze.”

“Now, where is Daphne?” I repeated firmly.

“Listen to her, and obey her. We paid a hefty price to get her here,” Nash sat down, crossing one leg over the other.

“Why? You could’ve just asked me for help,” Ford said, clearly hurt. Not because he genuinely wanted to help his people—if that were the case, he would have acted by now—but because he was standing in front of someone supposedly trained by another Alpha and performing the same duty of fighting mutants as Nash.

“We needed an expert,” Nash’s comment was deliberately aimed at deflating Ford’s ego.

“Anyway, answer her question,” Nash waved his hand dismissively.

Silence hung in the air for a moment before we heard a faint whisper, “Nash! I knew you would come to see me.”

63.86%

11:14

397—Bringing Her Home

#1

We turned to the staircase and watched Daphne descend. She looked sicker than before, and that was not a good sign.

97.45%

Tasting 398

398—The Crazy Stepfather

Nora:

“Are you really here for me?” Daphne had sat down to respond to us. I was sitting directly in front of her, but she had turned all the way to. Nash, who was lounging on the couch to the side, addressing him instead of speaking to me.

“No! But you need to listen to Nora,” Nash rolled his eyes, turning his face away from her.

While she stared at him, I took the opportunity to examine her condition. Her nails were turning blue, and her fingertips looked frail. Her health was deteriorating, and all she could think about was Nash.

“Daphne! We are here to take you to the mansion,” I didn’t beat around the bush and directly told her why we were present.

She instantly turned to look at me in shock, and then a wide smile crept over her dry lips, almost tearing at her skin.

“Really?” she asked me but then shifted her gaze back to Nash. I could tell all she cared about was Nash.

“I have asked you this question before. You responded to me, but I am not satisfied with your answer. I feel like you may have accidentally come across the Weeping Guardians, and now your life is in danger,” I ensured my words were well-calculated and not offensive to her.

She had her mouth open, expressing her astonishment. However, it was Ford who rushed to sit down to respond on her behalf.

“If she had, she would have known. Besides, I am here to take care of her.

0.00%

398–The Crazy Stepfather

11

28 Vous Pers

She is not going anywhere,” he asserted forcefully as he held her hand to emphasize his point.

“My daughter’s life is in danger?” Mrs. Ledger, who had not come out of the kitchen until now, finally arrived with a main dish on her food trolley.

“I believe so. We lost one student today. And I’m afraid–Daphne is even more at risk now that time is ticking,” I ignored Ford and continued explaining things to Mrs. Ledger, who seemed genuinely concerned for her daughter. But Daphne’s eyes were fixed on Nash, who was observing me handle the situation.

“I said I can take care of her here. She doesn’t need to go anywhere,” of course, Ford wouldn’t let her leave.

He loved to wield power over everyone. And as he grunted, I remembered his hands on my body.

The way he held Daphne’s hand also seemed very odd. I noticed Daphne trying to free herself, but his grip was firm around her hand.

“Okay, here’s the thing-” Sliding to the edge of my seat, I leaned closer to Ford, looking him in the eye like he wanted me to since I arrived. “Let her go,” I whispered each word separately.

“I said, let her fucking hand go. I am not someone you can touch without consequences this time, so you better listen to me this time.” As my threat reached his ears, I found him turning to Nash, who

had snapped out of his thoughts at the direction our conversation took.

“What did you just say? He touched you?” It was as if Nash hadn’t heard anything before or after my statement.

“She is making a big deal out of the time when I was ordered by Yuki to drag her out of the room,” Ford tried to downplay it while Daphne sat in her spot like a zombie.

31.00%

398–The Crazy Stepfather

17

“You mean to say when you took advantage of the situation and tried to- in fact–you did grope me,” I tilted my head, eliciting a gasp from Mrs. Ledger, while Nash stood

Nash stood up immediately.

“What is she saying?” Nash briskly walked over to Ford and grabbed him by the collar, lifting him slightly off the couch.

“I don’t know what she is talking about. Maybe I accidentally groped her when she was protecting herself, but-” Ford was now feeling the heat as Nash threw him back but then lifted him from the couch again.

“You came to our home and fucking touched her?” Nash yelled, filling the mansion with his loud roar.

I could have stopped him to show that I didn’t need his help to stand up for myself, but the way Ford looked so offended with Nash standing up for me held me back. I leaned back and put my leg over the other, watching as Nash dragged him away from the couch and punched him in the face.

Ford landed on the ground with his nose bleeding. Mrs. Ledger didn’t come forward to defend her husband, making me wonder how close they really were. She was only concerned about her daughter, rushing to sit beside her and wrapping her arm around her for comfort.

“Anyway, I have to take her with me so we can keep her safe,” I lost interest and turned to Mrs. Ledger while Nash continued throwing punch after punch at Ford. However, I finally looked back at them when blood splattered onto my face.

I realized the damage Nash had caused to Ford.

67 53%

11.143

Tasting 399

399–The Sleeping Beauty

Nora:

Daphne packed her bags and silently joined us in the car. She definitely wasn’t acting like herself. The lack of eye rolling, taunts and scoffs were the evidence that she was in an entirely different dimension right now.

After Nash beat up Mr. Ford, he was asked to leave the mansion for attacking the royal gamma. Of course, Yuki sided with Nash. He even claimed he was in the room that day when I said Ford had molested me.

I mean, I didn’t care. Ford got what he deserved, and if Yuki doesn’t shut up, I might just show him a few of my moves instead of letting Nash handle it this time.

“Don’t feel guilty. It’s in the past,” I told Nash, watching as he gripped the steering wheel tightly.

He hadn’t said a word and only offered me napkins to clean the blood that had splattered on my face when he beat up Ford.

“Is that why you’re angry with us?” Nash finally spoke after a long silence.

“Huh? No!” I shrugged.

“Because that day, we came to rescue you. We didn’t know right away- but the moment we found out, we dropped everything to protect you,” he explained, clearly still trying to figure out why I was so distant or why I wasn’t complaining to them like I used to.

“I know. You don’t have to remind me,” I replied, leaning back in the seat and taking a quick peek behind to check on Daphne. She had fallen

0.00%

399–The Sleeping Beauty

asleep in the car.

I didn't know what was going on, but she was turning so pale.

283 Vouchers

"Then what is it? I know you, Nora. You're not the type to get this upset just because we didn't let you stay in the pack. Something bigger must have happened for you to not even want to talk to us," he pressed, and it scared me how close he was getting.

He was asking the right questions, and I started to fidget in my seat.

"It's really nothing. I'm being honest when I say I've moved on," I shrugged, keeping my eyes on the road.

"Moved on without breaking the mate bond with me? Maybe you're forgetting-" I shot him a sharp glare to shut him up before Daphne could hear us.

I knew she was asleep now, but who knows if she would wake up to that kind of conversation. I couldn't let Brody do something reckless.

"Fine, don't answer me. Where's your phone?" he asked, making me turn my head away.

"I changed my number," I replied.

"I'm talking about your phone. How come you don't have one with you? Don't you talk to your beloved husband?" His tone was getting aggressive.

"I don't like using technology anymore," I lied, feeling the discomfort of my falsehoods, knowing he probably wasn't buying a word of it.

I was just digging myself into a deeper hole with these terrible excuses.

"Okay! Then how about you take off your ring and show me your wolf?" He challenged, causing me to raise an eyebrow at him.

399–The Sleeping Beauty

"How about no? Your pack and Yuki would kill me. Is that what you want?" I hadn't meant to react so aggressively, but he left me with no choice.

At this point, I just wanted to get home quickly so he would stop interrogating me.

298 (Vouchers

“Besides, what’s with all these questions? Do you think I’m lying to you?” I grumbled under my breath, shaking my head fiercely in an attempt to scare him into silence.

“I was just fine, I’ll shut up,” he exhaled heavily through his nostrils.

I could tell he didn’t believe me, but then a thought crossed my mind.

The moment we arrived at the mansion, I stepped out of the car and turned to him.

“Take her inside.” Text .

“Huh? I’ll wake her up and she can walk on her own,” Nash replied, sounding confused as

s to why I wanted him to carry her.

“Do whatever, but can you please hand me your phone?” I asked. He raised an eyebrow but stopped himself before saying something that would upset me and handed over his phone instead.

HP H

I took the phone and walked away, dialing Brody’s number.

“Hello? Why is the alpha king calling me?” Brody’s cocky tone was a clear sign he would get to mock the brothers now that his pack was gaining popularity.

“It’s me,” I replied, taking a little stroll down the road where I could stand and talk to him privately. I missed my kids and wanted an update on them.

“Nora? Why are you using his phone? Is he nearby?” I should be

399–The Sleeping Beauty

he’d focus more on me being with Nash than actually answering my questions.

“Wait! Are you two alone?” His voice suddenly shifted to a much more

aggressive tone.

Tasting 400

400–My Diamonds

+ 2 =

Nora:

“Answer me!” he yelled from the other side, and that’s when I lost it.

“Don’t f*cking raise your voice at me, Brody. I am not your slave!” I shouted back, and he went silent. “I didn’t call to listen to you yelling at me. And I certainly didn’t call to inform you of my whereabouts all day. I’m sure that little spy you sent with me has already filled you in. Did you forget that *you* sent me here for this mission? So how dare you question me? Of course, I spent the day with the brothers— one by one. I’m on a mission here, do you hear me?”

I didn’t know what had come over me. I had never lost my temper like that, especially when I knew they had leverage over me.

“Nora! I wasn’t trying to shame or scold you. It’s just... I felt a little jealous,” his tone softened, but my heart was still pounding hard in my

chest.

“I don’t care if you’re jealous

whatever,” I snapped, taking a deep breath

and stretching my back, staring up at the sky.

Oo

“How are my... angels?” I asked, gulping hard

“They’re fine. I’m taking good care of them. Nora, I’ll send you their videos through Clara’s phone. Please don’t be upset with me for raising my voice. You have no idea how worried I’ve been since you left-

I didn’t have time to listen to him ramble.

”

He was being paid for this, after all. He had been the one to ask me to

leave and come here. I’d noticed that Brody was good

through words, but when it came to actions, he always fell short.

“Anyway, take care of them and keep them away from Janet. I swear if she —“I turned around mid- sentence, only to come face to face with none other than Ryker, watching me with deep eyes and a frown creasing his forehead.

"What happened?" Brody asked from the other side of the line.

"Umm... take care of my jewelry. I love my diamonds. If Janet wants more, buy her new ones, but don't let her use mine," I laughed, trying to make it sound like a joke, but I was just scrambling to cover things up.

Ryker's posture relaxed, his muscles easing as he tilted his head, sliding his hands into the pockets of his long coat.

"Huh? Is someone with you? Is it Nash?" Brody asked, assuming the owner of the phone had come to listen in on the conversation.

"No! Anyway... Janet will understand I don't share my jewelry," I said, remembering how I had made it seem like sharing Brody with her wasn't a big deal. I'd even said I was at peace with her and liked her.

"Bye!" I hung up before Brody could say anything else, then stretched my hand out toward Ryker to give him the phone back.

"Give it to Nash," I said aloud when Ryker didn't bother to pull his hands from his pockets.

He remained silently staring at me, his gaze probing. Then he stepped closer, making me instinctively step back.

I never expected to react this way again. As he moved in closer, I continued backing away until he was just an inch from me. He hunched over, his face inches from mine, and whispered, "You don't share your

400—My Diamonds

jewelry, but you're okay sharing your mate? Brody must not mean much to you."

The taunting tone he used to catch me in the lie about being okay with Brody's second mate was downright creepy.

"I'm going inside. I need to take care of Daphne. If you're not busy, you should join the team. We need all hands on deck," I said, averting my gaze and taking a step back, pretending not to realize I'd been caught.

"Huh! Why did you tell Brody about your wolf?" he questioned, making it clear he wasn't going to let me off that easily.

"Because he's my mate, and he told me it was fine to transition, that no one would judge me," I shrugged.

Ryker kept staring at me for a moment before letting out a small scoff. "Right! And then he did the exact opposite and used your wolf. Since when did you become so naïve?" His comment lacked any sarcasm this time, but calling me an idiot definitely hit a nerve. : ©.

"I thought you always saw me as a dumb bitch-" I snapped back, using a word I'd become a bit too familiar with lately. The moment it slipped out, Ryker yanked his hands out of his pockets and snatched the phone from

1. me.

"Don't ever call yourself that," he warned, turning on his heel and heading e warned, turning on his heel and heading back into the mansion.

At least I managed to escape the awkward conversation.