

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 421 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 421

Tasting 421

421—Helping Nora By Breaking Her Heart

Silas:

“What?” I raised my voice, watching my brothers smile at me. They all looked so incredibly evil. There was no way they thought about this plan and genuinely believed it was good enough to even say out loud.

“You have lost your mind,” I said, then turned to my brothers, “He has lost his mind, right?”

I wanted to confirm they were not on the same page as him. But my heart sank in my chest when they seemed to be agreeing a lot with my brother.

“Are you all crazy or what? Or is this some way to torture me?” I just needed to confirm they weren’t messing with me.

“Listen, we are not asking you to do that for real,” Cain tried to explain their intention to me, but he confused me even more.

“Oh, so you want me to play games or get engaged just because you guys are getting bored?” I was annoyed.

Last night, it was because of them that Nora got so upset with me. If I hadn’t listened to them and just spent the night discussing the Weeping Guardians with her, I would have had a better chance to win her heart and

get her to open up to me.

And now they were expecting me to get engaged to someone so that Nora would see me just the way she saw them—

and not with very much affection.

“If you let me finish,” Cain groaned, and in that moment, I realized he had

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more to add. "Nora isn't going to crack. The way she is making progress with the mission here makes me believe it wouldn't be long before she goes back home. After that, it will be very difficult for us to find out what is going on. So, in order for us to uncover the secret she is hiding, one of us has to go back with her—" Cain raised his index finger when he noticed me opening my mouth to question that part.

I was about to pose a good question, but he caught me off guard.

"The council wouldn't let us go there, and even if we do, it will only be for a short period of time, as it wouldn't make sense to them that we want to go spend time there. Hence, we need a solid reason to go there and stay," he concluded. But that's when Ryker spoke up.

"So, getting engaged to Clara means you get to go there whenever you want."

I nodded at the idea, genuinely impressed. .

"Got it. I applaud whoever came up with this plan. But tell me something: why me? Why do I need to sacrifice my reputation in Nora's eyes for this cause?" I knew the cause meant a lot.

"Because Clara likes you!" Cain stated, his arms folded over his chest.

"And because you want to help Nora out of whatever mess she has been entangled in," Ryker added.

"And because we've already dated bitches for her sake once. Now it's your turn," Nash cleared his throat and commented with much arrogance.

"Oh, so basically you guys want me to suffer just the way you all did," I smirked, realizing how foolish they were to think I would agree to this.

"No need for me to break her heart and push her away when I can just use my brain and—" I was rambling when my father arrived with a raised

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421 Helping Nora By Breaking Her Heart

eyebrow

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“What are you gentlemen up to?” he gazed at us all, and when no one answered, he turned to me. “Silas, I want you to do something.”

“Sure, what is it?” I turned to my father, feeling a little down.

Just the thought of my brothers wanting me to be with Clara, even if it meant for a greater purpose, cast a shadow of darkness over my head.

I hated the idea of someone else looking into my eyes. It should only be Nora.

“Clara has expressed her desire to go for a drive with you,” my father said, looking concerned when he spoke to me. Almost as if he knew what he was asking would upset me.

Then why did he?

“Dad! I’m not some chauffeur who would drive her around,” I groaned inwardly while sneakily casting glances at my brothers. This wish of Clara’s probably gave them more reason to pressure me into taking her

out.

“Just do it. She will take her anger out on Nora. Remember, her brother is the royal beta,” Dad said, making us share a glance and then look his way.

“Why would a royal beta be able to scare Nora for upsetting his sister? Isn’t Nora the Luna of the pack?” Ryker asked the question we all wanted to know from Dad.

It wasn’t because it would be a big revelation. We had already concluded something was going on behind our backs; we just wanted confirmation from our father.

“I don’t know. I feel like Nora is lying about being happy there. There’s no

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421–Helping Nora By Breaking Her Heart

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way a mate would allow her partner to bring in some woman who isn’t even a fated mate or a second chance mate to her mate,” Dad pointed out

a valid scenario.

If Janet were to be mates with Brody, we would have understood why Nora brought her into the mansion. It didn't happen, but it had occurred years ago with someone who had multiple mates, and they all shared him.

But this wasn't the case here. Brody clearly married Janet for the benefits he received from her alpha father.

"Silas! Are you going to do it or not?" my dad asked again, and this time, Cain answered for me.

"He will do it."

I remained silent because if my father felt that something was wrong, then something must have been off. I would rather look like an asshole than let Nora deal with whatever trouble she was in alone.

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Tasting 422

422—They Only Wanted To Protect Me

Nora:

I returned to my room after discovering that Silas had offered to take Clara out for dinner.

"I thought you didn't care," Akira said, waking up and causing me to roll my eyes at her as I continued to pace from one corner of the room to the other with my hands on my hips.

I was so bothered and seething with anger.

"Hey, I know you can hear me." At that point, I realized she wouldn't stop annoying me until I said something to her.

"What is it, Akira? Do you want to hear my thoughts? Well, I'll say it out loud then: I hate that I am still mated to the brothers and that's the only reason I'm feeling this way," I hissed as I sat down and took a deep breath.

"Okay, I believe you," Akira scoffed, but then silence enveloped us. It was broken only by a knock on the door. I got up and opened it to find Daphne standing there with Nash behind her.

I had left Nash with her.

“She wanted to come and speak to you,” Nash rolled his eyes behind her, gesturing at me to take care of her so he could escape.

“Sure, come inside,” I said, stepping aside to let her enter, and just as Nash was about to slip away, I pinched his sleeve and motioned for him to

come in. .

“Why do I have to be here?” Nash whispered, but he stepped inside. Once

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422–They Only Wanted To Protect Me

the door was locked, we walked over to Daphne, who had now sat down on the bed.

“I want to know what is going on.” Now that she had no luck with Nash, she began to question how long she would be staying with us.

“You tell me,” I sighed, glancing at Nash to stay alert. He noticed my gestures and quickly got on his phone.

“What do you mean? I have no clue. I was hoping you would tell me something. You’re on the mission, don’t you know how to save me? Or maybe I’m just saved?” she didn’t sound too sad anymore but rather hypocritical. Her voice had started to sound a lot more anxious too.

She was fidgeting a lot and even shifting in her seat.

A knock on the door prompted Nash to rush and open it for Ryker and

Cain.

“What are they doing here?” she peeked over my shoulder and then leaned back against the bed. The brothers came in and stood beside me, all facing Daphne.

I had called them here to have a word with her. Now was the time. Except for Silas, he was going to miss this mission because of his own interests

in other matters.

“What is going on? They don’t need to be here. I only wanted to speak with you,” she smiled awkwardly, but it was more like the smile of someone finally realizing they were in trouble.

"I believe you already know this, but I would still very much like to explain to you what is happening since you asked," I grabbed a stool and dragged it before my bed, where she was sitting with her legs hanging

down.

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422—They Only Wanted To Protect Me

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"What do I know? Why are you talking in riddles?" she asked, visibly swallowing hard as she questioned me. I noticed it and then let out a deep breath before finally confronting her.

"You are the creator of the Weeping Guardians," I finished and watched her face darken.

"What is this nonsense?" she didn't even ask me to explain and yelled.

"Daphne, there's no need to cause a commotion. We all know the truth now. I did some research and found out that your mother slept with a man in the mountains. A man who was expelled from the packs by the orders of a moon goddess herself through a seer. He had deceived many innocent people, resulting in lives being lost and chaos ensuing. By the time he was caught and banished, the packs were drowning in sadness from the corruption he had caused. Many people ended their lives; it was the saddest time for the werewolves. So when your father was kicked out, it was

announced to everyone not to contact him. He was a forbidden creature, but your mother—she was madly in love with him. She found him again in the mountains and slept with him—" Nash paused as if he could see a ghost in Daphne's expression. "After all that, you were born, but the moon goddess was upset with your mother. So she cursed her— which was transferred to you as a result of the sadness your father had—" Nash stopped speaking when Daphne stood up from her spot after shaking herself out of the trance.

"This is all bullshit. You all just want to arrest me because you want to please Nora," she pointed at me, making me lean back before standing up to face her.

"I am not lying. They all want you. They want to fuck you so badly. Nash only dated me because he didn't want his precious little Nora to go to jail. He wanted to keep the rumors under wraps, so he made a plan with his brothers to date me, April, and Natalya. We got played because of you," she screamed at the top of her lungs, triggering something inside me.

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422 They Only Wanted To Protect Me

They dated them to save me?

288 vouchers

11010

Tasting 423

423—Never Letting Go

Nora:

I had to snap myself back to reality because things were escalating quickly.

“Daphne, I’m sorry, but—we have to arrest you to make sure we keep you in a place where you’re under control until we find a way to break this curse,” I said, though I hated the idea of arresting her. But it was

necessary.

There was a high possibility she wasn’t doing it on purpose, which I had confirmed. But that small one percent of doubt lingered, telling me she was still guilty for knowing what was happening and not seeking help.

“What? No! Is that why you brought me here? You told my family you were taking me to keep me safe!” Daphne took a step back as Ryker began pulling silver handcuffs from his pocket, wearing black gloves.

“We are taking care of you, but we also have to ensure the safety of the pack. Your condition is worsening, and people are losing their lives because of it.” I watched as she shook her head in denial to everything I

said. .

“No! I won’t accept this! You don’t even have proof that I’m responsible for those creatures. You can’t arrest me for something I didn’t do!” she protested, struggling against Ryker as he bent her arms behind her to restrain her. As the handcuffs neared her wrists, the temperature in the room dropped sharply.

My eyes darted around in alarm, and there they were—the weeping guardians materializing around us.

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423- Never Letting Go

"Look what you're doing!" I panicked.

"I've got this," Nash quickly jumped in, holding a syringe in his hand.

"Hold her arm," he instructed Ryker, who dropped the cuffs to help Nash inject wolfsbane into her.

Daphne was now in full fight mode, flailing her arms and kicking. Until that moment, I believed she only summoned these creatures through her sadness, which then attacked people who were lonely or grieving. But

now...

"Nora! She's your victim!" Daphne's eyes rolled back into her head as she spoke, her voice deep and terrifying, almost demonic. It sounded like a command.

We all froze in shock. And then—the fog began to move toward me.

"No!" Cain shouted, stepping in front of me and charging at the creatures, but he went right through them, unable to harm a single one.

"Ugh!" While Ryker and Nash stood frozen, staring at the fog creeping toward me, Daphne shoved Ryker aside and leaped out of the window.

"We need to catch her!" Cain yelled, snapping us back to reality.

Ryker held my hand and led me toward the exit while Cain and Nash jumped out of the window after Daphne.

"What are we going to do now?" I asked Ryker, confused about how we could defeat these things.

"For now, we need to keep running," Ryker replied, his breath heavy. My chest tightened as if my heart were about to explode. I didn't dare look back, but I could feel them closing in—too close, too wrong.

17010

423—Never Letting Go

I tripped, my ankle twisting as my foot caught the edge of the rug. I felt myself falling, the ground rushing up to meet me—until Ryker’s grip on my hand tightened. His fingers clutched mine, pulling me back up just before I hit the floor.

“Don’t stop! We need to get out of the mansion!” His voice was raw, filled with urgency and something unsettlingly close to panic.

We dashed into the living room after rushing downstairs, only to find the fog forming in front of us. The massive chandelier above swung violently, creaking as if it was about to tear loose from the ceiling. Shadows danced across the walls, as if the house itself was trying to trap us. I stumbled again but managed to catch myself on the corner of a table, my fingers slipping on the polished wood.

I realized then—the weeping guardians were trying to make me panic, to trip and injure myself. Their plan was crazy, but it could work. If I got hurt badly enough, I’d end up in the hospital, alone... and that’s when they’d strike.

Or maybe that was their plan all along. They were trying to separate me from Ryker, to make me their next victim.

We had to keep moving. We wouldn’t survive if we stopped.

“I won’t let them take you,” Ryker muttered through gritted teeth, pulling me toward the back door. My hand was slick with sweat, but I gripped his even tighter, terrified to let go.

We reached the door. Ryker threw his body against it, slamming into the thick wood with a grunt. With a powerful push, he broke it down easily.

Cold air brushed against my skin as we stepped outside.

“Let’s keep moving and find a way to stop-” Ryker stopped abruptly, yanking me to a halt as we came face to face with the source herself.

11010

423 Never Letting Go

Daphne stood tall, her creatures looming behind her.

“Thank you for helping me understand why I was cursed,” she said, her voice unnervingly calm. “You see, a big part of my curse was to figure out *why* I was cursed. Only then could I gain control

over them.”

Her demeanor had changed. She was far more confident than she had ever been before, and in that moment, I realized... we had screwed up.

Confronting her was never a solution.

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Tasting 424

424—Or I'll Die

Nora:

"You see that b*tch over there-" Daphne raised her hand to point at me, but Ryker quickly stepped in front of me, blocking my view.

"Oh, come on, Ryker. Do you really think I'd hesitate to kill you?" she rolled her eyes, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Then let's find out," Ryker challenged her. I didn't want this to go like that. She really surprised me with her sudden change in behavior.

"Why don't you ask your pathetic little creatures to get through me first?" His defiance made me instinctively grab his arm, trying to move him out of the way, but he wouldn't budge.

"Ryker, what are you doing?" I groaned inwardly, my fingers wrapped tightly around his arm.

"Fine. Go, my creatures. Show this man who you really are." Before I could stop him, Ryker stood his ground, ready to face her monsters alone. Her creatures, now fully under her control, darted from behind her and charged at him.

"She's the vessel. If she goes down, they go down," Ryker turned to me and said quickly, locking eyes with mine.

"But what are you going to do?" I held his arm tighter, stopping him from running off before he explained his plan.

"I don't need to do anything," he said with a soft smile, glancing down at my hand holding onto his arm. "I've already accomplished everything I

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424 Or Fil Die

needed to tonight.”

He leaned in and gently kissed my forehead. Instead of pulling away or acting distant like usual, I let him. I closed my eyes, savoring that small, tender moment, and when I opened them again, he was gone. My hand felt empty without his.

The feelings that rushed through me in that moment took me by surprise. A swirl of emotions I didn’t expect.

“Look at you, finally exposing your little affair,” Daphne sneered.

“Maybe you should know something tonight.” I squared my shoulders, realizing the others had disappeared—probably led away by one of her diversions.

“I never had an affair with the brothers.”

“That’s bullshit,” she snapped, rolling her eyes. But I cut her off, determined to set the record straight.

“Ryker is my mate.” The moment those words left my lips, her smirk faded.

“A pathetic omega like you has an alpha king for a mate?” Her tone was laced with jealousy. So they didn’t just hate me because they thought I was involved with their crushes; they hated me for simply existing.

“You know what—I wasn’t planning on killing you. That wasn’t on my list. I thought I could help you, cure you, and send you on your way. But now, you leave me no choice, I don’t negotiate with monsters like you—I destroy them.” My muscles tensed as I clenched my fists, my body preparing for what was to come.

Daphne caught on quickly, sensing I was challenging her.

11.01

424 Or Fil Die

“I’m not sure what others have seen in you, but there’s no way you’re truly a fighter. Brody must’ve been drugging those mutants to make them weaker. But I’m not on any drugs. I’ve never felt more powerful or alive than I do tonight. So, watch me crush you and let my creatures devour you,” she said, stepping back onto the road, preparing for battle with an unsettling grin.

Well, if she was asking for a fight, how could I say no?

The wind howled like a living creature, tearing at my clothes and whipping my hair into a frenzy as I faced Daphne on the road. Dark clouds gathered above us, casting

everything in an eerie, bruised light. The first heavy drops of rain began to fall, signaling the storm was about to break.

I didn't only see her as a monster, but someone who had made my life miserable in the past.

It was insane how the night had escalated. I hadn't expected this outcome with Daphne. I genuinely thought she'd break down, beg for help with the curse. Instead, she stood before me, feeling like a queen.

Daphne's wild, unblinking eyes locked onto mine. There was no fear in them. Her lips curled into a sneer as she took a step closer.

Without warning, she lunged. I was ready. The moment her hands shot out toward me, I spun to the side, driving my elbow hard into her ribs as she passed.

"Ugh," she grunted in pain, the sound telling me everything—I needed to win tonight. She fell to her knees but scrambled up quickly, denying me a chance to strike her from behind.

Not that I ever attack from behind.

She came at me again, faster this time, her movements erratic and wild. I

11:01

424—Or I'll Die

288 IVouchers

deflected her blows with ease, each strike reverberating through my arms. It wasn't difficult to predict her next move—she was fighting on pure pride, not strategy. And that was her weakness.

Her body began to ripple, the bones beneath her skin contorting right before my eyes. Her growl deepened, turning into something inhuman, and her hands—no, her claws—elongated. Within seconds, Daphne had fully shifted, letting her wolf take control.

She was faster now, more dangerous. When she lunged again, her teeth aiming for my throat, I barely managed to dodge. She had become a monstrous figure, towering over me, her breath hot and rancid, her strength amplified tenfold.

But I wasn't afraid.

I was the storm.

Her wolf might have been crazed by the curse, but I was the curse itself. Akira was no child, and neither was I.

Tonight, it was kill or be killed.

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Tasting 425

425—Her Ugly Creatures .

Nora:

1288 Vouchers

“Every—fucking—time—you—show up—you bring nothing but bad news,” she hissed, delivering one blow after another while caught mid-transition between her forms. She didn’t let her wolf out entirely because how else will she yammer her nonsense. I had been dodging her hits nonstop and I could tell that was angering her.

“I should have believed my wolf and killed you that day properly,” she hissed as she recalled the day she had pushed me off the cliff.

She was blaming me for all her misery. Of course, I expected this. I had been foolish to protect her, even after all her attempts to destroy my life.

“”

As she lunged at me again, I sidestepped, sweeping my claws in a smooth arc. They crackled with energy as they cut through the air, grazing her shoulder and leaving a trail of blood. She howled, her wolfish snarl twisting into something almost human with pain. But she didn’t slow down. She charged at me, over and over.

—

I dodged her strikes with precision, each one met with the power I wielded a force far greater than hers. Greater than anything she could ever hope to become.

The rain poured harder now, drenching us both, turning the road into a slick, treacherous surface. Thunder rumbled overhead as the storm unleashed its full wrath. But even nature’s fury seemed small compared to the energy swelling inside me.

“And what about you? You played your part in wrecking my life. You tried to steal someone who was never yours to begin with,” I growled,

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watching her eyes widen.

17248 Voucher

“He was always mine and always will be!” she screamed. She swiped at my chest, but I slashed hers first

—

a horizontal blow that left her stunned.

If I had aimed just a few inches higher, she’d be bleeding out on the ground right now. I could see the realization dawning in her eyes.

Daphne lunged once more, but this time, I stood my ground. I planted my feet firmly and braced myself. As soon as her claws got close enough, I released everything I had been holding back.

A violent surge of power exploded from me, a crackling wave of raw energy. I drove my claws into her stomach and shoved her backward. Daphne tumbled across the road, crashing into the unforgiving pavement.

For a moment, the world went still. The rain fell in heavy sheets, and lightning flashed in the distance, illuminating her crumpled form. Slowly, she shifted back into her human shape, her breath ragged, her body bruised and broken.

But even then, she glared up at me, defiant. Blood dripped from the corner of her mouth as she struggled onto her knees. Her eyes no longer glowing – still burned with the same hatred, the same desire to destroy me.

“Ever since you came into our lives—you’ve ruined everything,” she stammered, spitting blood. Her hand clutched her wounded stomach.

“If you had just left me alone-,” I shook my head at her in disbelief. I never wanted harm for anyone.

They couldn’t expect me to do nothing while they kept attacking. At some point, even a baby would fight back.

“Ha!” she scoffed, her breath ragged. “You think that’s all there is for

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425—Her Ugly Creatures.

me?” she sniffled, slowly lying down on the road.

“Nora! Are you okay?” The brothers had arrived. Ryker was still missing, but with her so badly injured, I was sure he’d be able to escape the weeping guardians.

“I’m fine,” I reassured them as Cain approached, gently cupping my face in his hands to check on me. I let him.

“You need to stop putting yourself in dangerous situations,” Silas added, holding my hand to check my pulse. I was shocked to see him join the

team.

“I’m really fine,” I said, rolling my eyes, though I wasn’t being snarky- just playful and grateful.

“If she had hurt you—I would’ve killed her entire family,” Nash growled.

As soon as he came into view, Daphne lifted her head, her eyes filling with tears.

“Isn’t it sweet?” she sniffled again, tears finally rolling down her cheeks as Nash hugged me quickly, showing how much he cared.

Our attention shifted back to her as she managed to stand, though she looked broken and utterly defeated.

“Two lovers, reunited so tenderly,” she laughed bitterly. “I was right. He left me for you.”

There was a sarcastic smile on her face, but she was crying hysterically.

“I tried everything,” she choked out. “I even tried to become like you, tried to get rid of you, but it turns out, these assholes knew the whole time. They just played along to keep you safe. Why? Why do you need protection? You can save yourself, but no! Poor little Nora has to get all

59.20%

10:30

425—Her Ugly Creatures

290 Vouchers

the attention,” she mocked me, though I didn’t sound anything like that.

“I’ve told you this before,” Nash stepped forward, avoiding his brothers’ eyes. “You were comparing yourself to the wrong person. You can never replace Nora in my life.”

“Is it because she’s sweet, kind, carefree? What if she was touched by malice? What if she became the ugly version of herself? And everyone who comes into contact with her becomes a target? How about that?” she asked in a flat tone, but a smirk started to creep onto her lips.

I wondered what she was planning.

“Creatures, make Nora one of you,” she ordered.

Her command was met with immediate obedience as the creatures began to reappear behind her.

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Tasting 426

426—Getting Rid Of Her

Nora:

However, she got first confronted by Nash, who was making it certain that she knows he will never leave me for her. But he can surely kill her for me. I guess the more she saw him care for me, the angrier she got.

“What are you doing? You attack Nora and think we’ll let you leave alive?” Nash hissed at her. But my attention shifted to Cain’s gentle grip on my hand. Silas stood on my other side, holding my left hand, while Nash stood in front of me.

Every time Nash said something to her, I noticed the pain etched across her face. She was in love with someone who openly despised her. It wasn’t just about his feelings for me, which I was beginning to believe were genuine, but also the fact that Nash never cared for Daphne. To think she was ruining her life for someone so indifferent shocked me.

“Your words have already killed me,” she smiled at him, the pain clearly visible on her face.

“Anyway, it’s not like I can force you to love me. So why not kill her too? Make her the ugly version of herself. It would be fun to watch you brothers wait for my creatures to

take shape, knowing she'll become one of them," there was so much venom in her voice as she expressed her desire to turn me into her obedient, filthy creation.

"Attack!"

She yelled, and the weeping guardians charged forward, the force of the wind knocking the brothers away.

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10:30

426—Getting Rid Of Her

I had no idea how to fight them; they were made of fog. But as they drew closer, I felt my body go numb from the cold. Cain and Silas struggled on the ground, forcing themselves up.

"What the heck!" That was Ryker's voice, but it was muffled by the roaring wind.

My mouth hung open as if inviting the fog on its own, but before they could reach me, Nash leapt into the middle and was attacked.

"NOOOO!" I screamed, getting thrown back as the fog began to enter his mouth.

We all scrambled to our feet and rushed to Nash. I grabbed his arm, shaking him, but he wouldn't move.

"Daphne!" I shouted at her, turning to face her. She was surrounded by her fog creatures, waiting for one of us to make the wrong move and become Nash's next victim.

"Oh well, he needs to learn a lesson. Why didn't I think of this sooner? Now he'll be with me forever," the joy on her face told me everything I needed to know—she was never meant to be protected.

The darkness inside her should have been dealt with long ago.

While the brothers tried to help Nash, I glared at Daphne. .

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"You wanted to know why he didn't choose you. Now I understand why," I said, and her smirk faltered.

"It's because you're evil. He sensed it in you. You're a vile, repulsive, and wicked person who should never have been allowed to live among the pack. You're a danger to everyone," I kept my voice steady, determined not to let her see my fear. I had a plan.

30.51%

10:30

426—Getting Rid Of Her

There was no way I'd let her hurt Nash.

268 Vocchers

"There's nothing you can do now. I'll have Nash, and then I'll vanish," she smirked, tilting her head to look over my shoulder at Nash.

It was getting late.

"If you survive this—" I lunged at her mid-sentence.

She didn't even realize what was happening until I was right in her face. I shoved her, knocking her off her feet. The moment she hit the ground, I was on top of her. I saw the fear in her eyes, the terror etched on her face -a clear sign she knew her end had come.

With that, I let Akira take over, though not in full form due to my injured ankle. My claws extended, and just as she opened her mouth to scream for her pathetic smoke creatures, I slashed at her

throat—again and again. Her blood splattered, and no sound escaped her mouth as I dug deeper and deeper, leaving nothing but bones behind.

She was long gone, but I couldn't stop. My face was smeared with her blood, my clothes drenched in it—until the rain began. I felt the blood being washed off of me.

"That's enough," a gentle tap on my shoulder snapped me out of my trance. I got to my feet and turned around to check on Nash.

Cain still had his hand on my shoulder.

Nash was safe. He sat on the ground, with his brothers beside him, helping him recover.

"You did it," Ryker said, lifting his head.

I did it.

61.91%

10:30

426—Getting Rid Of Her

But that wasn't all that happened tonight. I learned so many secrets. The brothers had only dated those women to keep me safe.

But why couldn't they keep me in the mansion? Was it because the girls had threatened to leak evidence?

And then Nash and Ryker had risked their lives for me tonight. With that thought, I felt my heart stir with emotions for the first time in what seemed like forever.

91.23%

Tasting 427

427—Just When I Woke Up

Nora:

After I killed Daphne, I was exhausted, so I returned home to rest. The others stayed behind to clean up the mess.

Yuki had been informed that I took care of the problem, though I wasn't sure how much Yuki would believe it.

"Wow! You chose tonight for all this chaos?" Clara stood at the entrance, arms crossed and looking thoroughly annoyed.

"Step out of my way, rabbit lady. I'm tired," I muttered, knowing exactly what she was upset about.

She was angry because Silas had shown up at the scene after hearing about the battle between me and Daphne. But hadn't Clara already spent enough time with him? Silas and she had been out together for hours, doing who knows what.

"Hey, I heard what you did. I'm proud of you," Lord Atwood appeared just as Clara moved aside.

I noticed she was much more careful than the other witches. She wasn't

doing anything wrong directly but still had a way of causing me pain indirectly.

“Yeah, but your sons helped me a lot,” I said, offering him a tired but warm smile.

“You know, hearing about you and my sons working together made me so happy today,” Lord Atwood beamed. “And don’t ask why I grabbed my

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427 Just When I Woke Up

pillow and hid in the basement when I heard the commotion. I can’t fight anymore.”

He joked, and I laughed briefly before my expression turned serious.

“You sent me away because you cared,” I said, watching the shock register on his face.

I was starting to realize that whatever had happened carried a much deeper secret.

“I’ll go rest now, but I want to speak with you and the brothers in the morning,” I said, my heart heavy as I wished him goodnight and headed upstairs.

I was sure he watched me until I disappeared. He was probably stunned that I had said it—honestly, even I was surprised at how I was slowly opening up to them in my mind.

“Not really. You know Daphne told you the truth,” Akira’s voice rang in my head, and she wasn’t wrong.

I had acted out of pride, refusing to let them explain their side. All I could remember were the horrible months, and that bitterness fueled my desire to punish them by shutting them out.

I collapsed onto my bed, feeling more at ease than I had in a long time.

“You’re waking up again,” Akira whispered, and I could hear a hint of happiness in her tone.

“I might tell them about our babies in the morning. There’s a good chance Lord Atwood might be upset, since he’s never mentioned wanting me to become a mate to his sons. He made it clear he

only sees me as their stepsister. But I’m sure it will at least help me free my babies from that mess of a pack where Brody was taking advantage of me. I can’t live like

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427 Just When I Woke Up

that anymore.” I confided in Akira, finally making the decision that would put Brody in his place once and for all.

“That would be a good idea. Because Nora, even if one of the brothers agrees or feels like he wants the babies-” Akira trailed off, not wanting to voice her concerns out loud, but I had already thought about them too.

“You know what, I’m really excited to have our babies with us. Roman deserves to know his brothers,” Akira expressed her hope, and I nodded in agreement. I decided to go to sleep quickly so I could wake up early and finally talk to everyone about what had been happening.

I planned to tell them what I went through and how I gave birth to their children, but I had to make sure I did it without Clara present. She needed to be elsewhere when I spoke with the brothers. I drifted off, only to be woken up earlier than I intended by Akira’s grumbling.

She was eager—more eager than I was—to have this conversation with the brothers. I could feel the excitement and anxiety rising within me too. If they reacted badly, I knew I would never give them another chance.

I rushed through a shower and dressed in blue jeans and a white shirt before leaving my bedroom. When I stepped outside, I found the brothers in the garden, looking fresh, almost as if they were waiting for someone.

“Good morning,” I greeted them, watching as their faces lit up with excitement.

“Nora!” Cain called out, pulling a chair for me to sit with him.

“Come here,” Lord Atwood cut in, giving Cain a disapproving look before offering me a seat next to him.

I walked over and sat beside him, recalling his previous words while paying close attention to his actions now. He wasn’t going to like what I was about to say.

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427—Just When I Woke Up

“So, you told Dad you wanted to talk about something,” Ryker said, adjusting himself in his chair, his eyes focused intently on me.

Pouchers

“I do,” I took a deep breath, “it’s about Brody-” The moment I mentioned his name, I lifted my head and was met with a sight I dreaded.

“What about him? Did he do something to you?” Silas growled, clenching his jaw as he asked. But I couldn’t get another word out.

“What about me?” Brody’s voice cut through the air, and I continued to watch him standing behind the brothers, arms folded over his chest.

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Tasting 428

428—I Will Never Let Her Win

Clara:

“You know, I really appreciate your attention to detail,” I complimented Silas as he placed the order for us.

He had taken me out for a nice dinner, promising a long car ride afterward. I was so looking forward to the evening—it was shaping up to be the best night of my life.

I remembered how I had fallen in love with Brody a long time ago. I had been head over heels until he used me and threw me aside. Slowly, I began to realize that he was the problem. He only cared about his reputation and how he could dominate the West, becoming an Alpha King like the brothers.

I could tell Silas had a touch of pride too, but he was so good-looking that it was easy to overlook.

“Thanks for noticing,” he replied, a bit awkwardly.

He was very shy. He hadn’t looked in my direction much throughout the evening, and it made me blush. Making an Alpha King this flustered felt oddly satisfying.

“So, your rabbit is cute,” he finally got himself together and faced me, though he had been on his phone quite a lot.

I wasn’t too worried, though, because it was always his brothers contacting him. As far as I could tell, there were no other women in his life.

“Lara? Oh, she’s adorable. She’s so used to me. I’ve had her since I was

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428-1 Will Never Let Her Win

288 (Vouchers

very little,” I said with a happy giggle. Talking about Lara always lifted my mood.

“Huh? Don’t rabbits only have a lifespan of around eight years?” Silas’s comment changed my mood instantly.

I hated when people brought that up. In our pack, everyone knew about it, so no one mentioned it. But Silas was new to this, so I gave him a pass.

“Lara is special,” I said curtly, quickly deciding to shift the conversation.

“Are you confident with Nora working on this case? Don’t get me wrong, I admire her dedication, but do you really see her making progress with her research?” I asked cautiously, making sure not to reveal my true feelings. Silas had no idea that I didn’t like Nora, and I wanted to keep it that way.

During the car ride to the restaurant, I had deliberately talked up Nora’s supposedly perfect relationship with Brody to throw Silas off. He was so innocent that he didn’t suspect a thing.

“I don’t know. Are you not satisfied? I heard she works on many cases in your pack and performs her Luna duties very well,” Silas was clearly under the wrong impression, and I wanted to keep it that way since Brody himself had spread that lie.

Still, I couldn’t help feeling jealous of how everyone saw Nora, so I decided to let my mask slip just a little.

“Umm, Brody admires her. But to be honest, she doesn’t really do much. She fights the mutants, but she benefits from it,” I shrugged, recalling why she fights those monsters. She’s not some hero. She does it just so she can see her kids. Talk about being selfish.

“Aha! And what could she possibly gain from fighting mutants?” Silas asked, reaching out to touch my hand. The moment his cold fingers rested

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428-4 Will Never Let Her Win

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on mine. I felt my entire existence tremble. His hand was so large that mine disappeared completely under its shadow.

“She gets to feed..... her ba—.” I caught myself just in time before revealing too much, “her desires.”

“Anyway, enough about her. I want to know about you.” I quickly changed the subject, but that’s when his phone started ringing nonstop.

He pulled his hand away, and my smile faded. I wanted his touch to last forever.

“Yes? Why?” Silas frowned, and the crease in his forehead deepened as he listened to the call.

“Wait, what? I’m coming, okay?” He abruptly stood up, leaving me staring at him in confusion.

“What happened? Is everything alright?” I asked, hoping he’d stay and share this evening with me. But he was already in a rush.

“I’ll ask the driver to pick you up. There’s been an attack, I need to go,” he said hurriedly, not even stopping as he rushed out, leaving me behind in a restaurant full of people who were now staring at me.

It was as if he had abandoned me in the middle of our date night.

I didn’t have the strength to stay inside, waiting for the driver while everyone pitied me. So I stepped outside and sat on the stairs, waiting for the car to pick me up. Once I got home, I found out that Daphne had unleashed herself on the brothers. She was the one behind the creatures attacking everyone.

It infuriated me.

I remembered how Nora had asked me to take a walk with her alone. Did

428-1 Will Never Let Her Win

she do that on purpose?

I heard Nora fought Daphne and killed her. It infuriated me, because now she will gain even more love and support.

“Brody! You need to come here. Nora is playing a game with all of us. I’m afraid she might have even told the brothers about the babies,” I called Brody after Nora returned. Seeing her earn praise from Lord Atwood filled me with anger.

I would never let her win.

Tasting 429

429—Can I Trust Them?

Nora:

“What happened? You guys were saying something,” Brody smirked at the others as he introduced himself and pulled a chair next to mine. I could barely breathe in that moment.

It took me a minute to snap back to reality and force a smile to greet him.

“Hey, I didn’t expect you to come here,” I said, breathlessly, while the others fell silent.

“What was it that you wanted to tell us?” Nash ignored Brody and leaned over the table, trying to catch my attention.

“Yeah, you were saying something,” Brody wrapped his arm around my shoulder and tapped his finger on my skin. Goosebumps spread across my body. My throat was tightening, growing dry, and my eyes searched for Clara until she appeared with a smirk on her lips.

I should have known she would be the one to bring him here.

“I wanted to talk about Brody being alone, and since the quest is over, I wanted to discuss my departure,” I lied, watching them narrow their eyes

at me.

Of course, the brothers were not expecting it. Even Brody let out a cough.

“That is so sweet of you. You were missing me, and see, I arrived,” he said in a teasing tone.

“That’s right. I was missing you,” I replied, my mood turning bitter. Clara continued smirking as she took a seat next to Silas.

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429—Can I Trust Them?

288 (Vouche

The way she gave him a warm smile made me raise my eyebrow at the two of them.

What was going on between them?

“May I have a word with you alone?” Ryker was bold to ask me to step aside from my so-called husband to talk with him.

“Su-,” I desperately wanted to escape from Brody until he placed his hand on the back of mine and said,

“Sure, you can go. I just really hope you pack your bags soon because things are very serious in our pack. Some small matter we set aside—we thought it would be okay, but it turns out—it has gotten bad.” His word choice was deliberate.

He was mentioning Roman. .

The way he loosened his grip on my hand and then smirked hinted that it was a warning.

“Shall we?” Ryker asked, standing up, but I shook my head firmly.

“You can say it here. There is nothing to hide from my mate,” I replied, my energy depleted as I declined his offer. He suddenly sat down again but kept his eyes narrowed at my face, much more angrily now.

I was sure his anger wasn’t directed at me, but at Brody’s presence, which was shifting my mood and tone.

“I’m not really in the mood for breakfast; shall we go pack?” Now that Brody had given me a hint, I needed to return home for Roman.

“Sure, hey, why don’t you bring our food to our room while we pack together?” Brody asked the maid, who looked over at the brothers for a nod.

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429 Can I Trust Them?

288 Vouch

Instead of the brothers giving permission, Lord Atwood gestured for her to follow the instructions.

“Why can’t she eat here then?” Silas groaned under his breath, but it sounded more like a comment than a question.

Brody held my hand tightly as we marched upstairs to my room. The way his fingers were wrapped firmly around mine gave me the feeling that he was unhappy about something.

The minute we entered the room, Brody slammed the door shut and glared at me.

“What was that? What were you going to talk with them about me?” he hissed, keeping his voice low, but his aggressive body language spoke volumes.

“Nothing really,” I lied, averting my gaze as he stood facing me, my back pressed against the wall.

“Oh really? Do you think

I’m

an idiot? You were going to tell them, weren’t you? Did you forget I have your children?” He slammed his hands on either side of me against the wall, making me lift my head to glare

back at him.

“What happened to Roman?” I asked, my tone bitter.

“You were the one who wanted me to come here because you were getting money for it. Now fucking tell me, did you not care for my children?” The fact that he had told me he would take care of them made me furious. He was such a liar, the type who would say anything—literally anything—to convince people he was a nice person.

“Why don’t you find out by kissing me? Or maybe—if you want to hold your babies now, you’ll have to have sex with me,” he narrowed his eyes at my face, threatening me while watching my expressions change,

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429—Can I Trust Them?

260 Vouchers

I was shocked and disgusted. That’s when I raised my hand and slapped him hard enough to turn his face to the side.

He slowly removed his hands from the wall and massaged his cheek, clicking his tongue and shaking his head.

“Well, that didn’t change my mind. We are leaving, and once we’re in my pack, you’ll see how you get to hold your babies,” he warned, stepping away but stopping briefly to have a word with me. “Oh, and if you’re thinking about trusting the brothers again, think again. I just heard that Silas and Clara are dating.” He shook the ground beneath my feet when he mentioned Silas with Clara.

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Tasting 430

430–The Sad Departure

Nora:

I packed my belongings after Brody delivered the news. I didn’t entirely believe him, but I had noticed Clara and Silas exchanging glances. I suppose I will need to ask Silas directly or wait to see if Clara says something herself.

“All set?” Brody asked, and I nodded my head. I couldn’t even look his way without recalling the ridiculous terms he had imposed. I wouldn’t let him make up the rules. I was already fighting the mutants as he had instructed, and now he wanted me to sleep with him? Ugh! I would rather spend the night throwing up.

He grabbed the bags and left the room, making sure I walked right by his side. Akira had been quiet, so I didn’t twist the ring to let her out. I would only do that when I was fighting or alone with her. Besides, the silver anklet wouldn’t allow her to transition entirely.

“Nora,” Lord Atwood was standing by the car, waiting for our arrival. He looked sad, and so was I. I thought I would hate returning here, but strangely enough, even after everything that had happened, I still felt like this was home. I just wished I could have my kids in this pack. Brody’s pack was full of ugliness and darkness, and I despised every moment I spent there.

“I will miss you,” I said before he could speak. Lord Atwood seemed shocked every time I responded to him kindly. I guess it was because I had previously been so hostile toward him.

“I’m so happy to see you like this,” Lord Atwood replied, giving me a closed-lip smile, but my eyes kept drifting behind him to Brody, who was

430–The Sad Departure

standing with Clara. The two were looking our way, whispering to each other. The brothers finally appeared; they walked out of the mansion, but there was something in their body language that made me uneasy.

They looked upset but had surrounded Silas, who stepped forward and gave me a brief nod before walking over to Clara. “We wish you could stay, but I have a feeling you cannot,” Ryker said, glancing at Brody. I could see their muscles tensing. They looked especially worked up.

“But soon—we will have you back,” Cain added determinedly. I wasn’t sure what they were planning, but if it was indeed true that Silas was having an affair with Clara, then I wasn’t sure how much I could trust them. How could he act like he cared about me all this time only to go after her?

“We will leave now,” Brody said as he approached me and gently elbowed me, prompting me to nod in agreement. “Take care,” Cain said as he tried to step closer, but Brody quickly interposed himself between us. I was surprised when Cain suddenly attempted to come toward me. Was he going to kiss me again? But this time in front of everyone:

“Take care, Cain,” I said, startling him into looking back at me. His eyes widened in surprise, as he hadn’t expected me to respond.

“Take care from me too,” Ryker quickly interjected, pushing Cain aside to gauge my reaction.

“Take care,” I said with a small smile, causing him to gasp.

“Umm, bye!” Nash raised his hand and waved it at me. I don’t know what happened all of a sudden, but I was tearing up at the departure.

“Bye, Nash!” I waved my hand, prompting a huge smile to spread across his lips. He jumped up and down before turning around and hugging the shocked Cain, who still hadn’t come out of his trance.

430—The Sad Departure

298 vouchers

“We will see you again,” Silas chimed in, but that’s where I drew the line. The way he reached for Clara to give her a hug made me feel like he thought I didn’t see it.

“Let’s go,” I said, avoiding him and watching his smile fade as I slid into the passenger seat of the car. Clara had already settled in the backseat while Brody started driving. The warriors had their vehicles positioned in front of us and behind us for safety.

Once we hit the road, I decided to give the two of them some silence. .

“You know, she even scared me by making me take a walk with that crazy weeping lady,” Clara hadn’t stopped talking. She rambled on about all sorts of things. In fact, she

pulled out a diary to tell Brody what I wore and how many hours I spent with whom. I was amused by her interest in my life.

“Clara! Stop complaining. You’re making her uncomfortable,” Brody said. Now that he wasn’t in the presence of the brothers, he was back to acting all sweet. So, he only lets his mask slip when he feels threatened, huh?

“You didn’t tell me what happened to my baby?” I turned to him, questioning with harsh glares.

“I told you, you’ll get your answer when we arrive home. Now let me drive,” he replied, shaking his leg the entire time.

I sat up straight, wondering what else I could do besides wait. It was a very long journey, and we had to make multiple stops because of Clara

and her rabbit.

Finally, we arrived at 4 a.m. The pack was enveloped in silence until growls and howls pierced the air. Clara was sleeping, so the moment we arrived, she bolted from the car with her rabbit and didn’t even bother to collect her bags.

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430—The Sad Departure

“What was that?” I asked Brody, my eyes fixed on the mountains.

“They’ve been going crazy. I guess they finally understand that we’ve been capturing them and killing them,” Brody explained, causing my heart to flip inside my chest.

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