

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 441 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 441

Tasting 441

441—It's Raining Babies

Ryker:

We started searching but tried to make it

e it appear more natural. Since the head maid had left, the other maids had retreated to their chambers as well, leaving only the warriors sticking to the outside. We had the entire mansion to ourselves, except for the maid's quarters.

"Every single door is locked," Nash groaned, joining me after we scoured the entire first floor. "Silas said only the unlocked doors are occupied."

"Where is Cain?" I asked Nash, who rolled his eyes at the mention of Cain.

"Hey, what is going on between the two of you?" I halted in my tracks and nudged his elbow to make him turn around and answer me.

"He—he is overreacting. He keeps talking about Nora as if she belongs to him." Nash placed his hands on his hips, struggling to articulate why he was so agitated. But I understood.

"And why would that bother you? She is not our stepsister anymore." I knew precisely why, but I wanted him to initiate the conversation with me. I thought it was time one of us actually brought it up. We couldn't keep hiding the truth. Now that Nora was no longer our stepsister and we were free from our curses for a while, it was the perfect time to address the mate bond issue.

"Well, I'm not comfortable," Nash groaned. "And I hate it when Cain acts like he deserves her more."

The way he shot glances at me made it clear he wanted me to know he

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441—It's Raining Babies

was interested in her.

“You want her too?” The moment I asked, I watched him raise his brow. I had never seen us brothers compete for someone’s attention. It was going to get messy.

“It’s just that Cain is making me see him in a different light,” Nash uttered as he walked past me. That was a warning.

I wondered how he would react when he found out that I wanted her too.

Months Ago:

“What the heck were you thinking?” My dad yelled, tears streaming down his face as they placed me in a cage, shirtless and only in pants. My gaze was fixed on the ground, but I didn’t regret any of my actions. Given the chance, I would do it again and again.

Only for Nora.

“It’s okay. I’ve called Cain and Nash; they will arrive at the prison house, and we will get Ryker out of here safe and sound.” Silas patted my dad’s back to calm him down.

Soon, the car started moving, and I was being transported to the prison in chains, with a heavy dose of wolfbane in my system.

I wanted to ask my wolf if he was okay, but I knew he was. Anything that would result in saving Nora would be reason enough for him to sacrifice his own life and safety.

I had never considered doing that before. For years, my brothers and I had kept secrets from the pack and the council.

Once we arrived at the prison, the warriors handed me a shirt to wear and cover my body, which I accepted. As I sat in the waiting room, my father

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441—It’s Raining Babies

arrived again.

288 IVouchers

“Ryker, I admire you for trying to save Nora, but you almost got yourself killed today. If they thought you were a threat, they might have opened fire on you,” Dad paced from one corner of the room to the other while I kept my eyes fixed on the wall ahead.

“I want to mark Nora,” my lips uttered, stopping my father dead in his tracks.

“Huh? What did you just say?” My father turned to me, dread visible in his eyes.

“I love Nora. I’m going to accept her whether you like it or not. I don’t care.” I wished I could accept her right away, but I had to leave and hide

for a while.

“Then know this—she will be dead before she gets to live happily ever after with you.”

My father’s words sounded like a threat, or perhaps a warning.

Recent Times:

My dad knew about my feelings for Nora, but he had ignored the topic as if I had never said those words to him.

“Second floor.” I watched Nash point towards the floor above, and after giving him a nod, I rushed upstairs.

“All the rooms are locked,” Cain was already standing in the hallway, looking defeated.

“Every single room?” Nash inquired, and Cain nodded.

“There should have been at least three unlocked rooms: one for each—

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441—It’s Raining Babies

Nora, Brody, and Janet. Does that mean they lock every room when nobody is inside?” I tried to make sense of it, but it became too obvious when we stared at the guards outside one room.

“Why are there so many guards outside that one room?” Nash asked.

“Hmm, something is fishy. Maybe that’s the room,” I recalled Silas telling us about the guards.

“Do one thing: you guys distract the guards while I sneak in through the window,” I said, patting Cain and Nash on the shoulder as I headed toward the staircase.

It wouldn't be difficult for me; it was kind of my specialty. So when my brothers started chatting with the guards, who were eager to converse with the alpha kings, I sneaked around to the back of the mansion and began climbing the wall to the window.

They had left the window open just a crack, giving me a hint that someone was indeed inside.

"Ahh! This one is crying so much," I heard a girl complain. I jumped onto the balcony and peered inside at something I hadn't been told about.

It wasn't just one baby; there were three nannies rocking three infants.

Tasting 442

442—Our Baby

Cain:

We had a brief chat with the warriors before Nash challenged them to a race. At the same time, we received a message from Ryker.

Ryker: Get inside.

It was strange because he didn't provide any further explanation.

"Come on, are you scared?" Nash teased, laughing and putting them at ease. These warriors, who once resented us, now seemed thrilled just to be getting some attention.

"I wish I could join, but he's going on a break, and I'll be the only one guarding the room," the warrior said, clearly disappointed at missing the opportunity. He knew that running alongside an Alpha King would be a story he could share with future generations.

"Umm, Cain, are you free?" Nash asked, pretending to have just come up with the plan after giving it some thought. "Can you please guard this door while we're out?"

The warrior seemed even more impressed that Nash was so eager that he'd ask his brother, another Alpha King, to help out.

"Yeah, sure, I can handle that," I said, flashing a smile, which made the warrior's grin widen even more.

"Alright, here's what we'll do," Nash continued. "We'll take a quick run while you guard the room. Then we'll exchange numbers. Wow, I didn't expect to make a new friend today," Nash added, lifting the guy's spirits.

442 Our Baby

288 (Vouchers.

There were two warriors posted in front of the door, but I assumed at night only one would remain while the other took a break. It seemed like the shift change was happening, so now it was just the one warrior, ready to leave with Nash.

"I'm honestly speechless—I can't believe this is happening," the warrior kept glancing between me and Nash, probably still in disbelief.

Despite the casual interaction, I felt a bit uneasy about what I might find in the room. The baby had to be here.

"Let's go then," Nash finally said, leading the warrior downstairs. I waited a moment before knocking on the door, curious to see if anyone would

answer.

To my surprise, someone did.

A young woman, looking disheveled and half-asleep, opened the door.

"Alpha King Cain?" she quickly bowed in respect.

"Yeah, I just arrived, and there's no one to serve me drinks. Could you grab me a bottle of wine?" I asked, trying to come up with an excuse to get her to step away.

But that's when I heard voices from inside the room. Two more women appeared at the door, making me realize it wouldn't be easy to handle them all. They could easily report to Brody what happened here.

"He's the one who paints," one of the nannies whispered to the other.

"So, are you painting anyone these days?" The nanny at the back quickly fixed her hair, batting her eyes at me.

"Actually, I was thinking of painting a group of women," I teased, recalling the charm I possess. It's not just about desire—there's an art to

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442—Our Baby

seduction, too.

“Really? Do you have any models yet?” the nanny at the front asked, clearly intrigued.

“Not yet. But—you three seem to fit my style perfectly,” I replied, sliding my hands into my pockets as I watched them take deep breaths, exchanging excited glances.

“What do I need to do to become one of your models?” asked the nanny with short black hair, her desperation visible on her face.

Desperation is the worst kind of weakness—it pushes people to make foolish decisions.

“Hmm, looking at the three of you, let me tell you this—you don’t need an audition,” I said as I leaned in, gently touching the chin of one of them, watching her crumble right before my eyes.

“How about—you three head to the guest room and get ready for my arrival?” I suggested. They jumped with excitement, but their enthusiasm quickly faded.

“Oh, but we can’t leave this room,” the nanny at the back reminded them, nudging the others with a frown.

“Why not?” I folded my arms across my chest, watching their faces drop.

“Hey, the baby just went to sleep. If we’re quiet, we’ll be fine. Brody doesn’t have to know,” the short-haired girl whispered to the others, sparking my curiosity. Why so many nannies for just one baby?

“Okay, can we finish it in two hours?” one of the nannies asked, and I nodded.

“Yeah, two hours should be enough. But you need to hurry. You know

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442—Our Baby

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the room Silas has occupied? Go there,” I instructed them. They quickly rushed inside to gather a few things before coming back out and closing the door.

“The warrior went to use the restroom,” I explained as I noticed them glancing around.

“Okay, okay, you can come to the room in fifteen minutes. We just need to clean up quickly,” the nanny smirked shyly, giving me a hint that they wanted to look their best for this “session.”

“Sure,” I agreed, letting them pass. As soon as they were out of sight, I hurried inside to see what was really going on. The moment I stepped in, Ryker appeared through the balcony.

“There are three babies,” Ryker gasped in shock—definitely not what Silas had told us.

“And they-” My eyes landed on a bassinet with a ‘C’ carved into it. I peered inside, and a wave of disbelief hit me hard.

“Ryker-” I gasped, not even realizing I might wake the baby as I picked him up.

His eyes fluttered open, and in that moment, something profound stirred within me.

“This is our baby,” Nic said confidently, as we both stared into the eyes of our child.

Tasting 443

443—We Are Ready

Nash:

I told the warrior the entire route we’d follow for our run and that we’d meet at the deep woods after an hour. But the moment he shifted and took off, I turned back. I needed to know what was going on. I had to see Nora’s baby.

I raced through the mansion, frantic. My brothers weren’t answering my calls, which only made me more anxious about what might be happening.

Finally, I reached the second floor and entered the open room where they were, only to be hit with not one, but three surprises.

Cain was holding a baby, tears streaming down his face, while Ryker stood between two bassinets, grinning at the infants inside.

“What is this?” I asked, stunned, my throat dry as I tried to swallow.

“Nash, look-” Cain turned toward me, his face soaked with tears. His tear-streaked cheeks were all the proof I needed.

“I’m a father,” he said, his voice shaky as he showed me the baby in his arms. The infant bore a resemblance to him, but still, it was hard to believe.

“What—what am I missing?” I asked, laughing awkwardly, trying to gather my thoughts. Nora had given birth? To his baby? Babies?

“Nash, Nora was pregnant with my babies. I can feel the connection with this one,” Cain said, his gaze shifting to the other two. “Not really with those two, but with him—I feel it. So that means all of

these babies are

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443—We Are Ready

208 Vouchers

mine. Oh, my God! When she told us at the packhouse that she lied about being pregnant, she was actually not telling the truth. She was carrying my children! I’m a father to Nora’s babies,” he continued, his excitement tinged with sadness for having missed being with her during the

pregnancy.

But I still had so many questions.

“You two were intimate—but after all this time, you slept with her without protection and now, months later, she’s had your child?” I watched as his smile faded.

“What are you trying to say, huh? That I’m stupid? That I can’t tell? I can feel it, Nash. I don’t know how, but it’s real. And yes, we were intimate. I had sex with her,” he said with conviction, making my jaw tighten.

“Guys, can we discuss this later? Look at these two—they’re so tiny and adorable,” Ryker said, unable to stop his tears.

I knew Ryker had also kissed Nora. Maybe he wasn’t as involved with her as Cain was. But what about me?

I’m her mate.

I rushed over to the bassinets, eager to see and hold Nora’s babies. Yet, when I looked down, my eyes fell on only one of them, guilt stirring in me for leaving the other out of my focus. I picked him up, and instantly, a shudder ran through me.

The baby—there was a connection. I quickly pulled him close to my chest, holding him tightly as I felt our heartbeats sync.

I turned to Cain, watching the oblivious Alpha King doting on the baby he kept insisting was his. Then I glanced at Ryker, who was clearly noticing the shift in my expression.

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443 We Are Ready

29 Vouchers

“Okay, guys,” Ryker suddenly said, pulling out his phone to check a message. “Silas just texted me. They’re coming back. Should we take the babies and confront them?” He started pacing, clearly unsettled.

“We know they’re here. Let’s meet Brody at the entrance,” Cain replied, kissing the baby he claimed was his before gently placing him back in the bassinet.

I cradled the baby I felt connected to, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead before we left the room. My mind was in utter disbelief.

There was no mistaking it.

This was my child.

Cain was wrong. Nora gave birth to ‘my’ children.

A heavy, awkward silence hung between us as we made our way outside to wait for them to arrive.

“I’m going to kill Brody,” Cain growled under his breath, clearly ready to charge the moment he saw him.

I felt the same fury building inside, but there was also confusion.

“I’m going to make him suffer in the worst way possible,” Ryker snarled, his unexpected aggression catching me off guard. It shocked me- especially since he wasn’t even the father of Nora’s children.

Did he not care?

Or maybe he genuinely cared about Nora, but not in a romantic way.

As the cars arrived, we stood tall, bracing ourselves. Silas was the first to step out from the lead vehicle, hurrying toward us, his expression tense.

“Did you guys find the baby?” he whispered urgently, making sure to

288 (Vouchers

443—We Are Ready

speak before the others joined us.

“We did. We found all the babies, and now we’re going to confront Brody,” Cain growled, but that’s when a frown appeared on Silas’ face.

“All the babies? There’s only one baby in the last room down the hallway,” he corrected, causing us all to turn and stare at him in disbelief.

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“Guys, I don’t think we should confront him right now,” Ryker muttered, swallowing hard as Brody stepped out of the car, a nasty smirk plastered on his face. But it was the anklet on Nora’s foot that stopped us in our tracks, making us hesitate before making any rash decisions.

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Tasting 444

444—The Ones For Me

444—The Ones For Me

Nora:

Hours ago:

“My wife is so quiet tonight,” Brody reached out to massage the back of my neck as we sat on the rooftop of a five-star hotel, celebrating Silas and Clara’s union.

Silas was reclining in his chair, looking imposing with one arm stretched out on the table and the other draped over the empty chair to his left. His eyes remained fixed on me, and when he saw Brody touch me, he closed his eyes and stretched his neck.

“I think we should head home. I’m really tired,” I muttered, my hands clenched in my lap, still tormented by thoughts of Janet and Brody’s fixation on Roman. It had been eating at me, driving me mad.

“Why? We’re all having fun. Sometimes you have to think about others, you know,” Janet said, her smile not wavering.

“Does she ever let anyone else share their opinion?” Silas grumbled about Janet, making her expression falter. He kept rubbing his neck and groaning, not looking at anyone in particular.

He seemed exhausted—or maybe just irritated by Janet.

“Actually, she’s very considerate of everyone’s feelings. She can’t help but speak up when someone tries to spoil the night,” Brody quickly defended Janet. Silas straightened in his seat, shifting his gaze from Janet to Brody as Janet beamed at Brody for standing

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444–The Ones For Me

up for her.

288 (Vouchers

Meanwhile, Clara kept trying to catch Silas’ attention, but he purposely avoided her gaze.

“How generous of her,” Silas finally remarked, his voice dripping with sarcasm, “especially after she ruined someone’s home. But I suppose she has her own way of contributing to everyone’s happiness.” He stood up after that, and the way Janet glanced at Brody after being implicitly called a homewrecker was almost sweet. They deserved it—not for being married, but for what they were doing to me.

“Anyway, we shouldn’t stay too long. I’m exhausted, and I just want to rest,” Silas grabbed the glass in front of me and drank it down in one gulp, everyone watching as he drained the glass I’d left lipstick stains on.

When he finished, he gestured toward me with two fingers,

signaling for me to stand. I did, and so did Clara, who quickly fell into step behind him, creating a distance between us.

We all walked silently to our cars. I sat with Brody, while Clara joined Silas in the other car.

“He’s up to something,” Brody muttered to Janet, who was driving. I sat in the back, as Janet had made it clear that she would not allow herself to be seen as second–best compared to me.

“He’s acting weird,” Janet agreed, stretching her pale arm up to adjust the rearview mirror so she could see me.

“Did you do something?” she accused, her eyes narrowing at me through the mirror.

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444–The Ones For Me

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“If I had told him anything, he wouldn’t be attending celebratory dinners. And Brody wouldn’t be able to hold a steering wheel right now,” I said, my words drawing a grunt from Silas.

“Don’t think too highly of Silas–the same man who proposed to Clara? He’s only here for her. Just wait; he’ll forget about you and go home soon,” Brody remarked, making me silently clench my fists.

“Huh, she’s forgettable though. And replaceable too,” Janet snickered, her hand landing on Brody’s arm, a small gasp escaping her lips.

“Oh my, I love how bulging your muscles are.” I couldn’t understand why she was still busy convincing him of his attractiveness. Hadn’t he already made his choice? Why overdo it?

“Just because one person forgot their promises doesn’t mean everyone else will forget about me,” I muttered under my breath. That’s when Brody adjusted the mirror for his own view.

“I haven’t forgotten. But some people are stubborn. They don’t bend until their backs are broken,” Brody’s words felt more like a threat. I simply nodded, not wanting to argue further.

When we arrived at the mansion, the first thing I noticed was three people standing out front. My heart flipped in my chest, sending a chill through my body.

“Is that the–Alpha King brothers?” Janet turned to Brody, fear and shock clear in her voice.

“They are,” Brody responded, his jaw clenched, his fingers gripping the steering wheel tightly.

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444—The Ones For Me

288 (Vouchers

I was just as surprised, certain that they were here because Silas had told them something. The way Silas quickly jumped out of the car and went to talk with them was strange. It wasn't just me who noticed either.

"Hmm, don't think too much of this. They're probably here to celebrate Silas choosing a mate," Brody said, glancing at me before finally stepping out of the car. I followed, but the moment the brothers locked eyes with me, I knew they weren't here for any celebration. Silas had told me that this entire engagement was just a cover for them to come and rescue me.

'Our mates are here, Nora. Everything will be fine now,' Akira's voice echoed in my mind, filled with excitement and hope. I wanted to believe her, but Brody had become too dangerous. I was terrified.

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Tasting 445

445—Confronting Me

Nora:

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"We came here to celebrate our brother's finding of a chosen mate," Ryker announced, wrapping his arm around Silas, who gave him a strained smile.

Their eyes were all bloodshot, and their smiles felt forced, but Brody seemed to buy it. He kept flashing me a smug grin, silently boasting that he was right about the brothers showing up solely for the celebration.

"I've asked the maids to prepare rooms for everyone," Clara said, arriving with Rollo, who had left halfway through dinner, apparently displeased with something.

"Your Highness," Rollo bowed to the brothers, who gave him only a half-hearted nod before exchanging glances and then looking at me. I frowned subtly, wondering what was on their minds.

"Nora-" Cain uttered my name, and suddenly the room fell silent. It was eerie how even Brody and Janet stopped their conversation to pay attention.

"Do you still enjoy a walk under the night sky after dinner?" he asked, causing me to shift my gaze to the brothers without obviously glancing around.

"Yeah, I do," I lied. I had no idea what he was talking about. A year ago, I was so lazy that I'd head straight to bed after dinner. Not exactly a healthy routine, but it was what it was. Or what it used to

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445—Confronting Me

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"Then let's go. Let's take a walk," he stood up, followed by Nash and Ryker.

Before Brody could object, Silas chimed in, "Clara, why don't you join us?"

I understood their plan immediately. Brody shot a quick glance at Clara, who nodded subtly. Now that Silas himself had invited the spy among us, Brody had no reason to protest.

We all left the mansion, taking a stroll down the empty road, leaving Janet, Rollo, and Brody behind. Clara made sure to stay close to me.

"It seems like my mate doesn't want to walk too close to me," Silas teased, keeping a slight distance from the brothers and me.

"Oh no, why wouldn't I want to be near you? Come here," Clara sounded flustered, clearly rattled by Silas's teasing about her supposed lack of affection.

"Why don't you come here?" Silas insisted, playing along with the fact that she was supposed to stay us.

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"I don't feel comfortable discussing things in front of my brothers," Silas tilted his head, flashing a charming smile that probably made her heart skip a beat.

I knew this because my own heart skipped a beat. I quickly looked away.

Even though it was all an act, I didn't like it. Jealousy gnawed at

1. me.

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445–Confronting Me

“Okay,” Clara responded, clearly not struggling with the choice. She eagerly moved closer to Silas, likely pleased by his sudden romantic gesture.

I turned my head and rolled my eyes at Silas, who gave me a sympathetic smile in return.

However, instead of walking alongside us, Silas began moving ahead briskly, forcing Clara to chase after him. Within five minutes, they were so far down the road that they looked like tiny figures in the distance.

But I noticed something curious—Silas kept his distance. Every time Clara tried to move closer, he subtly stepped away.

“Okay, let’s talk now,” Ryker muttered, once he deemed it safe.

“I know the truth, Nora,” Cain interjected, making my heart twist painfully in my chest.

“What truth?” I immediately assumed Silas must have told him about Roman, but I was wrong. The way he turned to me, stopping me in my tracks, was enough to make me gasp.

“You gave birth to my children,” the moment those words left his mouth, I yelped, covering my mouth with my hands.

“Cain-,” I stammered in shock. How did he find out?

Children?

“We saw the children. You told Silas about just one baby, but later, we saw them all together,” Nash added, clarifying what had

happened in the mansion while we were at dinner.

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445–Confronting Me.

So, after we left, Brody must have put all the babies together?

“But how can you say I gave birth to your child?” I asked, facing Cain, who wore a confident smile.

“Nora, I am a very powerful being—and also cursed. I can sense my curse in my child. Even if it’s only one, that’s enough for me to know these babies are mine,” he declared with certainty, but I realized he had misunderstood some things.

Not entirely wrong, but parts of his assumption were incorrect.

“Say it, please. We want to hear it from you,” Nash stepped forward, locking eyes with me, filled with anticipation.

“It’s true,” I admitted. The moment I said it, Nash shook his head. Cain’s happiness was cut short when Nash interrupted.

“There’s no way those are Cain’s children. How could I sense my curse in the baby then?” Nash argued, challenging the claim.

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Tasting 446

446—Let’s Have Sex Tonight Then

Nora:

“What are you saying?” Cain abruptly stopped facing me and turned to confront his brother. He grunted, almost as if he was about to charge at Nash for continuing to claim the baby as his

own.

Ryker quickly stepped between them, his hands casually tucked into the pockets of his jacket.

“When I held one of those babies, I felt the connection,” Nash insisted, directing his argument at Cain.

“I know for a fact that it’s my baby,” Nash pointed a finger at his chest, causing Cain’s body to tense up.

“That can’t be—why is this even a debate? She never slept with you. So why the hell are you making it seem so inappropriate?” Cain nearly shouted, his voice rising before Ryker softly hissed under his breath, reminding them we weren’t in their territory.

I sighed, realizing the brothers hadn't told each other yet that they all shared a mate bond with me.

"Oh, it's inappropriate when I sleep with her, but when you do, it's not?" Nash shot back, frustration evident in his tone.

Ryker kept taking deep breaths, calmly placing his hands on both of his brothers' chests to hold them back.

"Because I'm her mate," Cain growled, pointing firmly at himself.

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446—Let's Have Sex Tonight Then

The sudden silence that followed was heavy.

I noticed Ryker raise his head to glance at me before turning around to check if the others had returned. Just as he had suspected, Silas and Clara were approaching.

Nash seemed lost in thought for a moment, then his gaze darkened.

"So, shame on you for sleeping with your brother's mate. And you, Nora—" he turned to me, his voice full of pain. "I know you were hurt because I had to push you away, but why him? Why my

brother? Why did you betray me with him? Or was it my brothers? Were you and Ryker involved too?"

The raw emotion in Cain's eyes was something I had never seen before. It made my heart ache.

I frowned, about to speak, but Cain cut me off, "You even gave your virginity to someone else while we were practically together. And then you didn't tell me... and now this—" his voice cracked slightly. "Please, tell me he's lying."

My heart shattered into a million pieces as I started to piece everything together.

I remembered the way Cain left me after we had sex. He must have realized that I had already lost my virginity to someone else. The reason he concluded it was cheating was because I had claimed to be a virgin, even after we felt the mate bond.

I placed my hand on my forehead, finally understanding the depth of his pain. It made sense now. He was hurt, but why didn't he talk to me about it?

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446—Let's Have Sex Tonight Then

'Why didn't we think about this?' Akira groaned, probably right.

'Because in my mind, I knew I wasn't cheating. But I should have been considerate of his feelings too,' I realized my mistake.

Just the thought of him dating my friend had devastated me, and here he was, discovering that his mate had been with his brothers and was now having children with them.

"Oh! Yes, that would be great. We can plan the engagement in our pack," Silas said suddenly, appearing as if from nowhere.

Or maybe we were so caught up in our heated conversation that we hadn't noticed him approach until he spoke, loud enough to draw our attention.

"Yes, I'm so excited," Clara beamed, her face flushed with

happiness at the thought of marrying my mate. I still couldn't meet Cain's eyes.

"We'll go inside and tell my brother what we've decided," Clara said, wrapping her arm around mine. Now that her own situation had ended on a positive note, she wanted to bring me along.

I didn't want to stay here either. I needed to clear my head. I was upset by the way Cain had been looking at his brothers with disgust. And it would only get worse once he found out I was mated to all of them and had children with each.

"You know, your stepbrother is so romantic," Clara kept her arm linked with mine until I pushed her away, walking briskly toward the mansion.

She was such a manipulative bitch, still calling them my stepbrothers just to reinforce the idea that nothing could ever

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446—Let's Have Sex Tonight Then

happen between us, despite all the rumors.

288 (Vouchers

"What's gotten into you? Don't you want to know what we talked about? He even mentioned wanting me to wear a purple wedding dress," she snickered behind me.

I rolled my eyes. I had once heard Silas mention that he loved brides in white only, not purple.

But of course, I wouldn't tell her that. We reached the mansion, where Janet and Brody were sitting.

"Nora, you'll be sleeping in my room," Brody announced, standing up as soon as he saw me enter the living room.

"Why?" Rollo interrupted, questioning the decision. "I mean, her babies are alone. She should be in her room with them. When she's not around, they cry a lot, and that would definitely get the attention of the brothers," he argued, giving me a glimmer of hope.

I did not want to be in the same room as Brody. .

"Don't worry about that. The babies have been moved to a safe location," Brody said, and the moment those words left his mouth, my eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

"Where did you send my babies?" I took a step toward him, wanting to grab him, but he quickly raised his hands in surrender.

"You're bold to charge at the alpha who has your babies," Janet warned, her voice laced with threat. I stopped in my tracks, hesitating.

"Fine, then we'll sleep together tonight," I blurted out before I could stop myself.

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446—Let's Have Sex Tonight Then

It wasn't Brody who said it—it was me. And the darkness that spread across Janet's face was unmistakable.

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The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

