

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 51 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 51

Tasting 51

51—The Paintbrush Is Making Me Horny

Nora:

We spent the remaining hours chatting about school and the pack. Natalya, exhausted, dozed off in my bed, and with the rain ceased, Brody readied himself to depart.

“You could crash in the guestroom,” I offered, watching him smile sweetly. He was so positive and calm.

“I reckon I’ve overstayed my welcome in this mansion,” he said, glancing around my bedroom before letting out a sigh. It made me wonder if he’d been here before. The way the brothers treated him also left me puzzled. While everyone else regarded the brothers with reverence and fear, Brody seemed rather cocky around them.

“Well, then, I hope you make it back to your pack safe and sound,” I muttered, and he paused for a moment before flashing me a smile.

“I’m bunking with my uncle and aunt for a few days,” he corrected me, and I nodded in understanding, realizing he meant April.

“Got it,” I nodded again.

“I’ll be taking some combat classes and might end up being your trainer for the next few weeks,” he smirked, sending my heart racing.

“Oh!” I stammered, unable to muster a better response.

“Actually, I was summoned here to assist in teaching combat lessons alongside your brother, Alpha Ryker,” his tone shifted when mentioning Ryker.

“That’s incredible,” I sighed, realizing I’d soon face embarrassment twice over in front of both my brother and Brody if I didn’t perform well on the training ground.

“But don’t fret, I know about your wolf, so I’ll go easy on you,” he probably sensed my reluctance to be pleased, so he leaned in and nudged me with his elbow, bringing a relieved smile to my face.

“Thank you,” I murmured.

“I should head off now. We’ll meet again,” he urged to leave, and I trailed after him out of the room. As soon as we stepped outside, I was taken aback to see Cain standing in the doorway of his studio, furrowing his brow as he cleaned his brush.

The way he stared at me sent shivers down my spine.

“It’s fine, you don’t have to escort me all the way to the parking lot,” Brody turned to reassure me, but I shook my head and insisted on accompanying him. As I started to follow Brody, I noticed a subtle movement from Cain. However, I didn’t anticipate him acting on whatever he was feeling until I was passing him, and suddenly felt his grasp around my arm.

It happened so suddenly that I didn’t even register it until I couldn’t move any further.

“Ouch!” I winced as Cain yanked me towards him, and I stumbled like a feather into the door of his studio. Brody, realizing what had transpired, came to an abrupt halt and turned around to find me. When he spotted me in Cain’s grip, he grunted and marched back towards us.

At this point, I was stunned, my hand firmly held by Cain. His hazel eyes bore into mine, narrowed as if warning me not to resist.

St–The Paintbrush is Making Me Horny

“What’s going on?” Brody questioned, locking eyes with my alpha king stepbrother.

“Nothing’s going on. Just a brother having a chat with his sister, mind your own business,” Cain’s voice sounded harsher than ever before. I’d witnessed the brothers throw tantrums, but this time, his tone carried a dark energy. It felt like if we dared to defy him, he might lose control.

“It’s okay, Brody. I’ll be fine,” I began to reassure him, but Cain interrupted me before I could finish my sentence.

“Help yourself out the door,” he instructed Brody before slamming his studio door shut, leaving just the two of us in his intimate studio space.

He didn’t release me until he had dragged me across the studio to the other side near the large window, where he seated me on a high chair. I felt like a doll being maneuvered.

“What’s that man doing in our mansion?” he echoed the same question his brothers had posed to me. However, in front of others, he acted indifferent, but here, he demanded answers.

“He’s a friend,” I murmured, feeling uneasy under his intense gaze. He crouched down, placing his hands on either side of me on the chair, almost touching my thighs.

His face came level with mine, his eyes penetrating deeply into mine as he hissed, “Do you ever see us bringing friends home?”

I swallowed hard before shaking my head, feeling small and submissive in the presence of his muscular and authoritative demeanor.

“Hmm! Then why is there a man in my sister’s room?” he inquired, this time using a softer but raspier tone.

“But he came to drop me off, and then it at Contentt

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helplessly in front of him. All my boldness crumbled in his close proximity.

“Hush!” he closed his eyes and tilted his head, causing me to gulp.

“Don’t argue, just obey,” he whispered as he opened his eyes, causing my heart to sink in my chest. Instead of standing up for myself and reminding him of how they mistreated me, I nodded like a fool.

“So, what will you do?” he inquired, his eyes betraying his keen interest in our conversation.

“Obey, not argue,” those words slipped from my lips without my conscious consent. I was becoming ensnared in the web of his stare, and I didn’t even realize it.

“Good girl,” he suddenly brought the wooden side of his paintbrush near my lips, tapping it lightly while saying those words and staring deeply into my eyes. Inside me, a thunderstorm raged—it was not normal.

“Now, go back to your room,” he abruptly pulled away and began to clean his brush, but I remained frozen.

Raising his eyebrow, he side-eyed me before tapping his brush on my head to snap me out of it. “You silly little kitten,” he said, as though he were patting his pet wolf.

Shaking my head in realization of what was happening, I leaped off the chair and sprinted towards the door. When I reached my room, I didn’t even dare to turn around, consumed by panic.

What the heck was happening to me?

Tasting 52

52—He Will Paint My Friend N*ked.

Nora:

I returned to my room and found Natalya peacefully sleeping. I didn't want to risk waking up my wolf even though I desperately wanted to talk to her. However, as soon as I hit the bed, I fell asleep.

"Wake up," I heard a soft whisper from the side, jolting me awake. I turned to see the person, but even after rubbing my eyes, I couldn't see his face properly.

"Come with me," he continued, grabbing my arm and pulling me out of bed without a care in the world that I was still half-asleep and could fall and hurt myself.

"But where are we going?" I asked in a whisper, trying my best to keep

1. up.

"You're going to steal something for me," he said, holding my hand tightly, leaving scratches from his nails.

"But why? And what do you want me to steal?" I wasn't sure if I even wanted to do it.

"You're going to steal the keys to the locker from dad," he whispered as we stopped near dad's room. My body shivered at the idea.

"No! He'll catch me and then-" I closed my eyes and grimaced, thinking about the possibility of getting caught.

Dad will never trust me again if I do that.

"Either you do it or-" I watched him lift his shirt and show me a knife tucked in his pants.

"I will be merciless this time," he hissed, making me shiver and reluctantly agree to get the keys for him.

"Dad is deep in his sleep. He won't wake up if you tiptoe," he continued to encourage me for something he couldn't do himself.

"Now, don't just stand here like a creepy person," he almost pushed me, but thankfully I didn't bump into the door.

Dad was indeed in a deep sleep, so I hurried to the side and grabbed the keys. The door was right there, and I could reach it without waking up dad, until I saw his face from outside the room and noticed the ugly smirk on his lips.

“You idiot! You are so easy to fool,” he mouthed, and before I could fathom what he just did, he had slammed the door shut, leaving me standing there with the keys in my hands. The door thud woke up dad behind me. I couldn’t even turn around to face him.

“How dare you!” I heard Dad mutter before a whip knocked me down to the floor.

“NO, please, daddy! I didn’t want to steal the keys, please spare me,” I cried, beginning to crawl back, feeling someone’s cold grasp around my arm and shaking me awake.

I opened my eyes and sat up in bed, looking around before sighing in relief when I realized I wasn’t in that hell hole anymore.

“Hey! It was just a dream,” Natlaya cupped my face, examining me as I breathed heavily. I was on the verge of tears from that dream.

“Thank you for waking me up,” I quickly freed my face and jumped out of bed, rushing into the bathroom to fix myself. But instead, the minute I was behind the locked door, I started sniffing in my palms.

It was not a dream but a memory. It sucks when your own family is your bully. The memory of him tricking me and then my father beating me up haunted my dreams over the years now. At some point, I might even stop differentiating between a dream and reality.

After I fixed myself, I got out of the bathroom with my hair wet and a new pair of jeans and a black shirt on. I wanted to make it seem like to Natalya that I left in a hurry because I was getting ready for the day. But to my surprise, she was not in the bedroom.

“Huh!” I panicked almost instantly. The reason was simple. She was a kitten, and there were angry wolves in the mansion. I saw how upset they had been when I invited my friends over, so if anyone came face to face with her, they would definitely say something to upset her.

“Natalya!” I marched out of my bedroom to look for her, and that’s when I spotted her standing fine in the doorway of Cain’s studio. My body stiffened, and I took slow steps to approach her, all the while listening to their conversation.

“I’ve heard about your work,” she giggled as she spoke with Cain.

"I'm sure you did," the cockiness in his voice was still present, but he wasn't using a harsh tone like I imagined he would have with Brody. Their behavior with him was odd, too odd actually.

"I really like what you do," she continued in a much softer and gigglish tone. She even danced with her shoulders, squeezing herself to the side as she did, revealing Cain for me. He was sitting on a couch with no shirt on like always but holding a paintbrush and a glass of wine.

Who even drinks alcohol that early in the morning?

"I would like to know what the criteria are to pass as your model?" I gasped when I heard her ask him that question.

Cain's eyes slowly traveled to me, and a smile covered his lips. It wasn't a normal smile, but an evil smirk, I swear.

"Natalya! I've been looking everywhere for you. Why did you leave the room?" I laughed, trying to hold back the frustration in my voice.

She was so hard to control. I didn't want to say it to her face, but she was kind of nosey. She would be everywhere in a matter of minutes.

"Oh! I was just talking to your stepbrother," she quickly fixed her posture and used her normal tone when responding to me.

"Okay! Let's go back into the room. You should freshen up before breakfast is ready," I held her arm, trying to drag her away, all the while noticing Cain chuckling to himself and drinking from his glass.

"Okay!" The sad face Natalya made was really bothersome. Why was she acting like I was ruining her talk with Cain? She didn't know that Cain could be very evil, so I was merely helping her. But the minute we walked away, I heard Cain call for us.

"You have passed the criteria though. Just pick a day, and we will begin," my heart sank in my chest as I turned around and watched Cain stand up and speak to Natalya, his hands in his pants' pockets.

"Really?" she cheered, jumping up and down while clapping her hands. I guess her ankle didn't hurt anymore.

In response to her question, Cain only closed his eyes to confirm before he slammed the door shut. Before Natalya's smile could (1

recalled his words, and she was back to smiling again. But I was not at all happy. I was confused because I knew it was not that easy for someone to entice Cain. Except me.

He told me I was the only one he found interesting, so why was he accepting Natalya so easily? Was he intrigued by her?

And why the heck was I bothered by it?

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Tasting 53

53—The Slow Seduction

Nora:

We opted to wrap up our breakfast in my bedroom, and afterward, I instructed the guard to drop her back to her hostel. I couldn't shake off this heavy feeling that had settled over me after Cain and Natalya's interaction. It was like I was not happy about something.

The rest of the brothers weren't home that afternoon. It was just me, Dad, and Cain.

"Cain! The warriors have been tracking down rogues and other creatures around the mansion," Dad addressed Cain, who was engrossed in reading the reports brought to his attention.

Lord Atwood asked me to join them in his library, which essentially doubled as his study.

"Ryker, Silas, and Nash are handling it today. I spoke to them; they reported the same thing. It seems like there's been someone lurking around the mansion a lot lately," Cain's voice took on a deep timbre when discussing pack matters. The seriousness in his tone and expressions made him look so attractive, and it made me feel like a desperate admirer.

I shook my head and continued browsing to find a book of interest.

"And that's why I want you to stay in the mansion tonight," Lord Atwood advised.

"I don't go out anyways. I have some projects to work on," Cain cleared his throat, closing the file and leaving the pack matters be.

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I found myself constantly stealing glances at him from the corner of my eye. I even tried to resist, but he looked so incredibly handsome in that black shirt and pants.

I couldn't help but think that if anyone deserved to have a portrait painted of them in the nude, it should be him.

What the heck is wrong with me?

"And, umm, take care of Nora tonight," Lord Atwood's words sent a shiver down my spine as they reached my ears. I closed my eyes and bit my bottom lip, quickly turning away to pretend to grab a book from the shelf.

I half-expected Cain to argue or throw a tantrum, but instead, in a very mild tone, he simply said, "Okay!"

"You're not planning to have any models over tonight, are you? I don't want any influence on her. She's quite innocent, and I think it would be awkward for her to stand in the studio and watch her stepbrother paint a n*ked she-wolf," I felt like sticking a hot rod in my ears when I heard my stepfather depict me as this fragile and decent girl, while I was having such wild thoughts about my stepbrother.

Not to mention, Lord Atwood did make me realize how inappropriate it would be for a stepsister to witness her stepbrother engaging in such matters, let alone be a part of it.

"No, I'm just finishing up some old work," Cain replied.

I lingered near the shelf, grabbing one book and pretending to read the summary before reaching for another.

As the silence enveloped the room, I wondered if they had already left. I did hear them rise from their chairs.

"Haven't picked a book yet?" My heart sank in my chest when I caught Cain's scent behind me. He always smelled like a fresh shower. His body was broad, and whenever he came close, I felt like there was no space left between us.

"No, I'm a bit confused," I awkwardly replied, still avoiding making contact by not turning around.

"Fan of erotica?" As soon as he asked that, I yelped. Lord Atwood had just instructed him not to engage in activities or conversations like that with me.

"I have some in my studio. You can read them tonight," I bit my bottom lip as he deliberately leaned over my ear from behind and whispered. There was no way he didn't know what he was doing. But before long he had already pulled away and left the study.

It was a strange day altogether. It seemed the lurking danger was something they were genuinely worried about. The brothers never returned the entire day. There were loud howls and growls from the woods around the mansion every few hours.

It was truly unsettling.

Then Dad had to depart to accompany his sons on a mission.

“Be good to her,” Lord Atwood told Cain as they faced each other. I stood atop the staircase, observing the interaction unfold.

“Don’t worry, I won’t eat her alive,” the exhaustion in Cain’s voice at his father’s constant reminder to be nice to me was evident.

As soon as Lord Atwood walked out of the mansion and Cain turned around, I hurried to my bedroom. I didn’t know why I did that, but I felt like if Cain caught me overhearing their conversation, he would get

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mad.

I hadn’t changed into my nightdress. There was a brief moment when I considered changing until I recalled his words. He wanted to know if the silk would be transparent underwater. Just remembering it made my cheeks turn red.

I was wearing cotton shorts and a white tank top. At that point, I didn’t know how I would walk back to his studio and invite myself in. What would be the right way to enter his studio?

And that’s when I heard a knock on my bedroom door.

Of course, it had to be him as there was no one else in the mansion tonight. I opened the door to find him leaning against it, his arm lifted and resting on top of the door frame.

“So, do you want an invitation to come to my studio?” he tilted his head, still sporting that black shirt.

“I was just grabbing my notebook. I thought I’d do my assignment while I’m in the studio,” I murmured, but before I could finish, he grabbed my top’s strap and pulled me out with him. I followed him foolishly until we were in his studio.

“I don’t like people who make excuses,” he commented after he had already shoved me into his dark studio. I gulped and quickly looked away, pretending to have no idea what he was talking about.

“You wouldn’t mind if I took off my shirt, would you?” His deep, husky voice made me shrink into myself, and I shook my head dryly, still pretending to examine the walls.

“If you want, you can take off your top as well,” the moment he suggested that, my heart sank in my chest, and I turned to face him.

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The sight I beheld was the most thrilling I’d ever seen.

He held a brush in his mouth, his head lowered, and his eyes peered at me through his eyebrows as he steadily unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his chiseled abs.

Tasting 54

54—My Stepbrother Wants To Paint Me N*ked.

Nora:

“Are you always that horny, or is it just certain days of the month?” he mumbled with difficulty, the brush still between his lips.

I shook my head, instantly feeling guilty for staring at him like a thirsty person. I heard him chuckle, then watched as he casually tossed aside his black shirt, hitting me in the face with it, his scent almost overwhelming.

“You can sniff it all you want. That’s all you can get for now,” he joked, laughing as he teased me, and I pouted. I threw the shirt onto the couch and groaned.

“You’re not supposed to talk to your stepsister like that, you know,” I grunted at him.

“Huh? And my stepsister is allowed to lust over me?” His question made my jaw drop.

“Don’t look so surprised. You’re always lurking around whenever I’m working.”

I knew what he was talking about. It was those days when I would accidentally, or maybe purposely, spy on him.

“I was just curious about your work,” I rolled my eyes, jumping onto the high stool where his models usually sat.

He uncovered one painting to work on, and I grimaced at its content.

“Wow! No wonder you’re always horny,” I decided to tease him, commenting on the uncomfortable painting. It depicted a she-wolf in mid-transition, n*ked with her boobs hanging down as she was

on all

fours.

“Hmm,” it seemed he had already lost interest in talking to me, now busy making strokes on the canvas.

I watched his muscular back, noticing a little something on the side of his ribs in the back. There was a tattoo or birthmark. I couldn't tell. But it was indeed very intriguing to watch.

“Quit staring at me, it's inappropriate. Go make me a drink,” he commanded, not even turning around. I scoffed at him for thinking I would prepare a drink for him.

I continued to wag my legs until he stopped what he was doing to formally turn around and give me a glance.

In those few seconds of him glancing at me, I felt like I needed to obey him. I quickly jumped off the stool and reached for his mini-bar.

“What am I supposed to do?” I was busy checking out bottles and what to do when he came from behind me and leaned over, his body pressing against my back.

He reached for a bottle of vodka, elderflower liqueur, fresh cucumber, mint leaves, and a lemon. He started by muddling some cucumber slices and mint leaves in the bottom of our cocktail shaker and as he did, he leaned on me from the back a little. I got to see his face from the side and oh Lord, he was so s*xy.

As he gently mashed the cucumber and mint, his bottom grinded against my back and sweet Moon Goddess, I was feeling like I would let out some moans at any point now. And then he added everything in

the shaker and started shaking it. I closed my eyes when he made me hold the shaker while circling his gigantic hands around my small hand and began the shaking to teach me.

Finally, he stepped away and poured himself the drink, coming in front

of me now.

“This is how you make my favorite drink,” he mumbled, taking a sip while not breaking eye contact with me.

“Oh!” I uttered.

“You’re not very nosy tonight. What happened?” I didn’t think he would notice that I was down. I was more like a bit turned on but that part I didn’t want to focus on.

“Well, I’m not the nosy one,” I rolled my eyes, still standing in front of him as he savored the drink.

“Hmm! The nosy one is your friend, right?” he asked, but when he was about to take a sip, I noticed a very nasty smirk on his lips.

It was as if he had an intuition that he already knew I was upset about that conversation.

“Why would you paint my friend n*ked? I don’t want my stepbrother to make her go n*ked and then-” I paused when he raised his brow

“What do you think I do here?” he scoffed.

“I am not a child,” I broke eye contact, and as I attempted to flee his gaze, he grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

“I don’t sleep with my models, nobody has the spark to make me go commando,” he hissed before pushing me back.

And just like that, I had already pissed him off.

“I was just worried because Natalya is-” I uttered but got interrupted by him.

“I want to paint her innocence, that’s all,” he shrugged.

“Huh! By taking off her clothes?” I couldn’t directly tell him that she was the kind of a person who would take any gesture seriously. I mean, even if she didn’t tell me this herself, I could tell she wanted to get

everyone’s attention and he was not the type to focus on anyone but his art or himself.

He would make her go n*ked, and then she would be crying for his attention. I knew her that much. I saw how desperately she craved April’s attention and what happened when that didn’t land well.

“Shut up! I’m done talking to you,” however, his sudden outburst left me feeling humiliated. I stood behind him in silence while he continued his painting for a few minutes before I decided I was done here.

Screw safety!

I started walking towards the door when I heard him grunt.

“Where are you going?”

I avoided him, but before I could march out of his studio, he grabbed my arm and shoved me against the wall. He did it so quickly and effortlessly that I couldn't even complain.

It seemed normal, but what didn't seem normal was the fact that he dropped the brush before he placed his hand above my head on the wall and leaned in on my face.

“What's your problem?” he grunted, his beautiful face close to mine.

“I don't want you to paint her n*ked. She's my friend, our friendship will be ruined if you tried anything with her and didn't take it seriously,” I expressed my worries, and weirdly enough, he listened in silence.

“Hm, so you want me to take her seriously?” he raised his brow, his hazel eyes shining under the orange wall light. My body twitched a little at his question.

“So, do you want to take her seriously? I mean, I don't want to force you-” I felt like an idiot when I quickly spoke in a way that went against the idea of his suggestion. He smirked because, of course, that handsome a*shole noticed.

“Fine, I won't paint her,” he said, and I sighed in relief, but he wasn't done yet. I guess I celebrated too soon.

“But somebody has to replace her though,” he uttered, licking his bottom lip while searching for something in my eyes.

He was looking for an answer.

“I don't know what you mean,” I could barely talk when he was this close.

“Let me paint you tonight,” My heart flipped, and I yelped in front of

him.

Tasting 55

55—Oil Massage By Alpha Cain

Nora:

“Why? Can't you do that? Are you not confident in yourself?” he raised his thick brow and I held my chin up.

I knew he was provoking me to accept his offer, but it also made me feel a little superior. More like, what if asking Natalya to be his model was just his way of trying to get me to be his model from the beginning?

I don't understand why I felt so special, but it would also help Natalya avoid getting herself into a situation that would make her and my friendship awkward afterward.

"I'm not afraid of anything. I have a lot of self-control," those words slipped from my lips, and he certainly didn't show any mercy.

"I wasn't talking about self-control, but okay, everyone has their own flaws," he quickly backed away and walked back to the canvas, replacing it with a new one.

"So, are we starting now?" I gulped, rubbing my elbow shyly.

"No! Take your time, we'll start after twenty years," he taunted, preparing everything for the session. I gulped and closed my eyes to prepare myself.

I had been pondering his painting technique, and it intrigued me. There was something very interesting about watching him paint. Ever since I got here, even when I didn't admit it, I had wondered how it would feel to be sitting on a high stool in front of him, being a subject

of his interest.

"Do I have to take off my clothes?" I asked, approaching him steadily as he grabbed the stool and placed it under the ceiling lamp. He then turned around to walk over to the switchboard and started adjusting the light, choosing a warm orange hue.

"Why, do you want to get naked?" he inquired in a taunting tone, and I immediately shook my head

"No! But I know that's how you paint. I don't want you to paint me just to waste time." I bit my tongue when I couldn't express exactly what I wanted to say. I was just curious about what he was planning to do.

"Nora! Nora! Nora!" he shook his head, saying my name before grabbing the glass and taking a quick sip. I don't know why, but everything he did was so masculine that it intrigued me.

"I'll need you to change," he finally grew serious. At this point, I even wanted my drawing to be done professionally. And it's not every day that the alpha king paints you. His paintings would always be displayed to the councils for big events, and because it's not that strange for werewolves to be naked, people focus more on the artistic value of it. Or simply put, no one is going to bat an eye when an alpha king is painting someone naked. All the she-wolves were of legal age.

He strode towards the side room and emerged holding a white, thin shirt. It was his own shirt. "Go change into this," he dropped it in my lap. not even paying attention to my face. "Don't wear anything under it, just the shirt," he said.

"Not even underwear?" I asked.

"No!" he shook his head, and my heart started beating loudly. He was busy tucking one paintbrush behind his ear and adjusting paint colors

him.

"Why? Is there a problem?" he finally noticed that I had been staring for too long.

"No!" I shook my head like a fool when I should have said yes. I walked back to my bedroom and took off my clothes, watching my naked body in the mirror and feeling shy. I slipped into his shirt and also realized why he didn't want me to wear anything else. His shirt was long enough to land on my thighs.

I frowned because there was a weird urge in my body to smell his shirt. Looking around and making sure he hadn't followed me, I sniffed through his shirt, and all I could utter was, "Sweet Goddess! What the heck!" It was so intoxicating. I wanted to keep sniffing with my eyes closed. But then I knew I had to return to his studio. When I walked back into the studio, I was stunned to see his abs shining. Did he just apply oil to his abs?

"Now!" he walked over to me and in a swift move grabbed me under my arms and tossed me over the stool as if I were a feather. I gulped but refrained from complaining.

"Now take it off slightly," while I sat before him, he started to unbutton my shirt until a deep cleavage came into display. I was a bit hesitant. because my breasts were a bit too big, and since I wasn't wearing any bra, I looked really lewd.

He pulled the shirt down from my shoulders and gestured at me to hold my shirt. I was too stunned to even notice his gesture, so he had to say it out loud, "hold it here," he applied a little pressure between my boobs, and I quickly obeyed him, clutching my shirt and crumpling it between my boobs but not pressing too hard. It was a pose where it appeared as if I held my shirt before it fell down.

55-01 Massage By Alpha Cain

"Now!" even he gulped when his eyes traveled to my legs. Leaving two buttons close, he started to unbutton the rest of the shirt, and I quickly shut my legs and turned my head to the other side.

"Leg over the other," he spoke in a husky, awkward request. I placed my leg over the other and covered my vagina. He pushed the shirt back to reveal my stomach. It was such a racy pose that I don't know how long we could focus on work. But just when I

thought that would be it, he walked back to his main desk and came back with the oil he had applied on his abs. So he was testing it on his abs first? I didn't have time to think more about anything because he now had the oil on his hands as he rubbed them together. He walked behind me, making me frown in confusion. His cold hands came in touch with my shoulder, and I cursed myself mentally. It was going to be a wild night. I knew the minute he began massaging my shoulders. His hands made a circular movement before slowly traveling forward.

I stayed tight-lipped, letting him bring his hands to my neck and down my chest. Then slowly, his muscular strong hands reached my half-naked boobs.

Tasting 56

56—Oil My P*ssy Really Good

Nora:

His hands were strong and big. The way he massaged my shoulders and neck, then smoothly moved onto my chest from behind, was really heightening my arousal even more. I kept my bottom lip between my teeth as his hands reached for my cleavage.

“Ehm!” I heard him groan a little as he gently squeezed my partially exposed breasts. I didn't know if it was okay for me not to stop him, but I couldn't help but wish he would slide his hands all the way into my shirt and grasp my breasts.

I shifted slightly when his finger slipped under my shirt and

accidentally brushed over my areola. It seemed like he noticed too because he suddenly stopped and cleared his throat, pulling away from me. He moved around to my front and continued to rub oil between his palms.

At this point, I was wondering why he wasn't finished yet. But, oh well, it's not like I was complaining. I silently watched him bury his head and concentrate on his hands. As he vigorously rubbed his palms, I observed how s*xily his body moved. His hair bounced, and the gentle bulge in his pants danced.

Wait! Why wasn't he hard already?

I almost took offense to it. While I stared at him bluntly, he raised one brow and quickly shot me a glance without lifting his head. In that moment, I felt like he was trying to tell me that he knew I had been eyeing him for a very long time. So, I awkwardly looked down. He then grabbed another stool, much lower in height and

His hands landed on my thighs, and I lost my breath. The slow grazing up to the very top of my leg and then gently squeezing his hand between my legs was making me feel

restless. I had one leg crossed over the other, but I'm sure he could still see some part of my private area, and it made me blush.

He continued to massage the oil all over my legs, but then his focus shifted to pushing his hand between my tightly shut thighs. It was as if it was a game for him. He seemed to enjoy the challenge of pushing his hand inside, and every time he pulled his hand out, he went a little higher until his pinky grazed over my p*ssy lips, and I lost my mind.

"F**k!" As soon as that exclamation escaped my lips, he shot me a glance through his eyebrows and then pulled away.

"F**k! I think I forgot to lock my bedroom window," I couldn't just leave it there. So I slapped my forehead and almost exposed myself to him before quickly putting my hands over my chest to make sure the shirt didn't slide all the way down.

"Aha!" he tossed the stool aside with his leg, grabbing a towel to clean his hands.

Everything he did was mesmerizing, and I hated my body reacting to it.

"I'll go check it," he mumbled in his heavy tone. After he left, I slapped myself and looked down.

"Shit!"

I was wet.

The f**k!

-O My P*ssy Really Good

hate myself.

Somebody should come kill me.

You know what, a monster should eat me alive.

But if it also excites me, am I just a horny bitch?

I glanced around for a tissue and hopped off the stool to grab it. Then I started to clean myself vigorously, all the while cursing myself out. loud.

"The windows are closed—," his voice reached me first, and as I raised my head, I saw him quickly turn his back to me and raise his hands in the air as if to show his shock."

"The oil! It was too oily," I mumbled through my gritted teeth.

“Okay, let me know when you are ready again,” his voice sounded cold.

I slowed down and tossed the tissue before taking my spot.

“I’m finished,” I announced, but he didn’t even give me a smirk or tease me about it. He walked over to his canvas and started painting.

I wasn’t very happy.

I don’t know, but I felt kind of disappointed, or like I wasn’t too captivating.

I know I shouldn’t be thinking like that, but it somehow affected me. And for the rest of the night, he didn’t even make eye contact with me.

He focused on his painting, only glancing my way to assess the strokes. The more time passed, the sadder I felt.

After dawn broke, he set his brush down and gestured for me to get off the stool.

“We’ll finish the rest later,” exhaustion evident in his voice. Maybe he didn’t enjoy painting me.

I scoffed as I hopped off and hurried out of his studio while he was still gathering his things.

Once in my bedroom, I took off his shirt and tossed it on the ground.

“What an egotistical jerk,” I hissed, wishing I could have yelled. I took a shower and changed into blue baggy pants and a white sweater before leaving the bedroom for breakfast. Lord Atwood and Silas had returned for breakfast but were planning to leave again.

They were seated at the kitchen counter, eating quickly as I greeted them with a smile. Cain was on the other side of the counter, possibly cooking for the first time in his life.

The pancakes were in odd shapes, and there was a mess on the counter from him.

He glanced at me briefly before continuing to eat and discuss pack matters with his father. I could sense their stress.

“Do you want pancakes? Try

, don’t worry about their shapes. They taste really good,” Lord Atwood offered, and Cain tried to get me a plate when I declined.

“No thank you. I’ll grab an apple,” I avoided Cain and went behind the counter to wash an apple.

“We should leave now,” Silas said, focused solely on pack matters at the moment.

Cain was leaning on the counter, eating, when his father and Silas left. Now it was just the two of us when Cain straightened his posture and cleared his throat..

Come with me,” he said, and without hesitation, I replied, “No!”

I felt a shift in his attitude and then I remembered he hates being denied.

Tasting 57

57—I Guess I Have A Crush On My Stepbrother

Nora:

“Hey, what’s up with you? I told you to follow me,” I heard him grunt from behind, and suddenly I felt trapped.

Ignoring him deliberately, I acted as if I hadn’t heard. But then I sensed him exhaling sharply through his nose before he grabbed my ear and pulled me aside.

“Ouch! That hurts!” I winced as he pushed me against the wall, looming over me with his hand against it.

“What’s bothering you?” he asked, glaring at me and causing me to lower my gaze.

Trying to focus on the apple, I ran my hand over it, only for him to snatch it away and toss it behind him. It landed on the counter with a loud noise, rolling till it fell to the floor.

“Now, look at me,” he urged, pressing me to shrink back.

Reluctantly, I lifted my eyes, and the moment I met his gaze up close, I bit my tongue and glanced away again.

“Is there a problem?” He used a very calm yet commanding tone to ask me that question. And in response to his question, I only scoffed.

“Why are you mad at me?”

His calm tone and question caught me off guard. Slowly, I raised my head and met his gaze.

571 Guess I Have A Crush On My Stepbrother

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571 Guess I Have A Crush On My Stepbrother

“I’m not mad at you,” I murmured in a fragile voice. I don’t know what it was about him, but in his presence, I felt as small as a kitten.

“Nora! Either you spill it, or we’re done talking. Your call,” he said, firmly. Though answering might lead him to the wrong conclusions, I took a deep breath and prepared to respond.

“I don’t think you really wanted to paint me last night,” I grumbled, crossing my arms and pouting.

“What made you think that?” he leaned against the wall, his body hovering over me. I held my breath in and forced a calm demeanor.

“You didn’t say a word. You just painted quietly, and by the end, you seemed so drained that you didn’t even acknowledge me,” I regretted revealing my feelings to him. The way he was silently listening to me was making me feel even anxious.

“Because right after I finished, you rushed out of my studio,” he replied calmly, his gaze scanning my face.

“Because... you seemed exhausted and disinterested,” I added.

“But did you stick around to find out about my mood?” he asked.

of it.

“I was there the entire night, you didn’t speak to me,” I mumbled, sounding like a spoiled brat. But at that moment, I didn’t feel any I just loved how much attention he was giving me and how he was ready to answer my concerns.

“Nora, I take my work seriously. I didn’t realize you were expecting a conversation,” he began to explain, but I sensed my desperation and tried to sound nonchalant.

“No, I didn’t-” I started, but he cut me off.

571 Cut | Hame A Crush On My Stepbrother

“Hush! I’m not yet done talking. Do you want to discuss this or not?” his tone turned harsh, leaning in closer until our eyes met, though I refused to lift my head. “Tell me,” he grabbed my collar and shook me lightly.

“Okay,” I whispered under my breath, and he released me.

“I don’t talk while I paint. It’s not because I’m bored or anything, it’s just how I am. I’m not one to talk a lot or shower someone with

compliments,” the way he explained himself was kind of captivating.

His assertive demeanor never failed to make my heart race. His expressions softened when our eyes met again and it was as if he realized I was getting more hurt.

“But... I will say painting you was more enjoyable than painting anyone else,” he complimented, causing my cheeks to flush.

“Now what are you smiling like a fool for?” he rolled his eyes, sounding exhausted with me and my body language that was all over the place.

“So, you don’t hate me anymore,” I murmured, feeling incredibly small under his intense gaze.

As he leaned against the wall with his hand, I couldn't help but imagine... Well, never mind.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. Let's take it one step at a time," he cautioned, clicking his tongue and casually scanning my face before turning towards the exit.

It was strange how quickly he could switch gears. Maybe it was just my imagination that he sometimes flirted with me.

Well, at least he put me at ease, and I savored the pancakes afterward.

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CIKIL

571 Guess I Have A Crush On My Stepbrother

But as for seeing him again, it never happened.

Lord Atwood had returned with Silas for lunch, and this time, I heard Cain was preparing to leave.

"Lord Atwood, may I ask what's going on? Is it something serious?" I approached him in the mansion's parking lot, where he was waiting for Cain.

"Firstly, call me Dad," he pouted. It was still a bit strange for me to remember to call him that.

"Secondly, it's those same monsters trying to reach for the she-wolves in our pack. If only we could figure out why and what drives them to target certain she-wolves," he sighed, running his hand over his forehead.

"Are we talking about monsters? I'm pretty sure they're here for Nora!" Cain appeared with his gear, his comment catching me off guard as I glanced at Lord Atwood.

"Are they after me?" I gasped, my words tumbling out,

"No! Nobody knows anything. He's just teasing you," Lord Atwood shot Cain a disapproving look for scaring me, and I shot Cain a glare in return as he laughed while loading his gear into the trunk.

"Silas will look after you, so don't worry," Lord Atwood said as he got into the car, but my attention shifted to Cain.

Sneaking up beside him, I cleared my throat and said, "Please take care of yourself."

He shut the trunk and placed his hand on his hip, the other on the trunk.

57-3 Goess I Have A Crush On My Stepbrother

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“Are you worried about me?” he had a look on his face that suggested he thought I was overreacting.

“I... am.” I admitted, hunching over slightly, feeling bashful.

The silence stretched, and then he chuckled, shook his head, and flicked my forehead. “Silly kitten!”

With that, he walked away.

1130

Tasting 58

58—Hands In My Bra And Grasping My Boob

Nora:

I had nothing better to do than to be glued to the TV, still getting bored easily. Just as I settled in, Silas strolled into the living room, standing beside me and making me uneasy with his stare. I pretended not to notice him, but he wasn't having it.

“What are you doing here?” he grumbled, clearly irritated.

“Watching TV,” I replied, rolling my eyes, feeling a bit snappy since he'd been rude to me. We hadn't clicked much anyway, not that Nash and I were close either. But with Silas, it was a different kind of annoyance I felt due to the very interaction we had in my early days of staying here.

“Move over, make room for me,” he waved his hand, signaling for me to give up the couch.

“There's plenty of space. Why bother me?” I grumbled back, annoyed by his demands. He could be so controlling at times, always wanting things his way even though he didn't deserve it with his attitude.

“I want the remote,” he stated, arms crossed. Despite his brown hoodie, his muscles were still noticeable.

“I’m in the middle of a movie. You can have it later,” I offered, tilting my head as he stood in front of me.

“I’ve been out all day securing the area. I don’t lounge around like you. It’s my turn to relax, so go study in your room and give me the remote,” he snapped, his tone growing harsher by the minute.

Bra And Grasping My Booh

5–Hands In My Bra An

“No! I don’t feel like studying. Why don’t you go and relax if you’re that tired,” I retorted in irritation, feeling like he was deliberately

obstructing my view. He needed to realize that sometimes, people don’t listen and compromises have to be made.

“You know what, I’m done being nice,” he finally lowered his hands, prompting a mocking laugh from me.

“Really? Since when were you ever nice?” I teased, observing him groan before lunging at me. He grabbed the remote from my hands, but I swiftly snatched it back, attempting to evade him as he pushed me. onto the couch.

“Hey!” I exclaimed as I found myself kneeling on the couch while he positioned himself behind me, reaching for the remote like a child.

Things escalated quickly. We moved around and pushed each other so intensely that my ears felt hot. I was sure my cheeks were turning red.

too.

He twisted my arm, but before he could grab the remote, I transferred it to my other hand and discreetly tucked it inside my shirt. I thought I had secured it, but I was mistaken. I should have remembered my own assessment of him. He doesn’t take no for an answer. With that in mind, he wrapped his arm around my waist from behind, anchoring me in place while slipping his hand into my shirt from my neckline and, to my surprise, sliding it into my bra.

His firm hand grasped my breast, and the next thing I knew, he

squeezed it so hard that I let out a loud yelp. It was as if he was making sure what he got a hold of was the remote even when it must have felt so soft to him.

He paused, almost in shock.

58 Hands In My Bra And Grasping My Boob

“This is my freaking boob!” I screamed in pain. He scratched me all over under my breast. He was still frozen before hastily trying to pull his hand out, but instead, he landed on the couch. Since we were still connected by his hand in my shirt, I ended up in his lap.

The worst part was yet to come. I realized his erection was pressing against me. It became even more awkward as I tried to get up, and each time I did, he attempted to remove his hand, resulting in a back-and-forth motion that kept me in his lap, almost like I was jumping on him.

“Get your hand out of my shirt!” I yelled.

“I’m trying, but your bra is caught in my watch,” he complained.

“Stop moving, you’re... you’re... bouncing on my... f**king dick!” It must have been really embarrassing for him as he struggled to speak coherently.

Finally, I stopped and carefully got up, and he did the same, so we could untangle ourselves in a civilized manner. We were both heavily breathing and it was worse for me because I got to hear him wheeze from behind me.

I heard him gulp behind me before he reached for his wristwatch, causing another mishap as his hand first grabbed my breast before he yelped and grabbed his watch. Now he had both his hands in my shirt, caging me and making me feel so awkward.

I stood there feeling incredibly awkward. Unfortunately, our ordeal was far from over. Just as his hands were in my shirt and bra, the door to the mansion opened, and in walked the council team. “Oh, no!” Silas gasped as they entered and stopped to watch us.

It all happened so quickly that Silas managed to pull his hands out, not caring that he had torn open my bra in the process.

58—Hands In My Bra And Grasping My Boob

The loud sound of the fabric ripping was horrifying. I wished the council hadn’t heard it, but they did see my stepbrother’s hand in my shirt. I was flustered, wondering how I should react. I couldn’t even greet them.

“Hello,” Silas composed himself by then and acted as if everything was normal. The council elders exchanged glances before looking at me and then at Silas.

“We were sent here by your father to discuss your recent findings in the woods,” the counselor said, giving Silas a friendly smile. I felt my cheeks burning with embarrassment. What could they be thinking about us?

“Sure, we can talk here,” Silas sounded calm, but the tension was visible in his body language. He kept fidgeting with his watch, reminding me of how it had gotten tangled with my bra.

“You go upstairs,” he turned to me, his gaze intense. It was then that I realized we were in for a very uncomfortable conversation once the council team left.

Tasting 59

59—It’s My B*ob You Grabbed, Stepbrother

Nora:

I sprinted upstairs and plopped onto my bed, feeling utterly embarrassed and awkward. After about an hour, when I mustered the courage to lift my shirt and see what had been causing so much discomfort, the door slammed open and Silas stormed in, fuming.

I was so annoyed already because of the burning sensation under my b*ob and then he arrived, annoying me even more.

“Knock first, for God’s sake!” I exclaimed, hastily pulling down my shirt.

“Do you have any clue what people might be thinking?” he seethed, jabbing his finger at me as if I had invited him to stick his hands in my shirt and grab my b*ob.

“You should be asking yourself that question, considering you’re the one who had his hand in my bra,” I yelled, shifting uncomfortably as my breast continued to itch.

“Shut up! Don’t say that,” he covered his ears like an angry child.

“Why shouldn’t I? Is it untrue though?” I hissed, sneaking in a scratch where it was burning.

“Nora! Do you understand the difference between playful and

shameless?” he approached the bed, pointing his finger at my face as I knelt on the soft mattress.

“I do, but do you? I doubt it. If you did, you wouldn’t be touching me

like that," I grumbled at him, struggling to resist the urge to strip off my clothes and let the cold water soothe the discomfort. It was like having an itch you couldn't scratch, compounded by the constant.

rubbing of fabric against it.

"That's enough. And stop moving around so much," he said, looking away as I shoved my hand up my shirt to loosen my bra. I couldn't resist the urge to apply something cold to the wounds.

"You're the one who did this to me." I yelled in desperation, not caring that he was still in the room. I lifted my shirt and then my bra, revealing scratches near my nipples.

"Silas! I'm going to tell Dad what you did to me," I cried out in pain. He turned to face me, hearing my wails. By then, I had lowered my

shirt.

"I didn't do anything. You're only saying this to get me in trouble," he hesitated, sensing my genuine distress.

"Fine. I'll tell Dad to call a nurse and have her examine me," I sniffled, holding my neck as if in severe pain.

"Okay, I... might have scratched you a little," he admitted, his tone losing its power.

"A little? Your watch cut my skin near my nipples," the words escaped my lips unintentionally, revealing the extent of my pain.

He was surprised by my blunt statement, but the important thing to focus on was that I was in pain.

"The f**k!" he covered his mouth at the realization of his roughness.

"How can I help?" I watched him gulp and avoid eye contact when asking that question.

"You cannot," I muttered.

"Let me grab you some ointment," he quickly left for my bathroom, but I wondered why.

I can grab it myself. The issue was applying it. My b*obs were a little too big for me to easily see under them. I would either be holding my b*ob with one hand or applying the ointment while standing in front of the mirror. I know I have two hands, so I can do both, but it would still

be difficult.

He returned with the pink bottle and then stared at my face for a minute before stepping back and clearing his throat.

“Lie straight in the bed.

I had to tilt my head and make eye contact with him to make sure I heard him correctly.

“I can apply it for you,” he explained and quickly looked away.

“No need,” I hissed, attempting to grab the ointment out of his hands.

“I said I will do it myself,” my protest wasn’t that strong anymore when I began to wonder how I would do it.

“It’s not like I have not seen she–wolves n*ked before. We see each other n*ked all the time when we are transitioning. My patients get n*ked in front of me,” once he said that, I recalled he was the pack’s healer.

“Okay, fine,” not wanting to deal with it myself, I gave up.

And he was being forceful because he feared I wouldn’t take care of the wounds just to tell Lord Atwood about them and get him in trouble. So he wanted me to heal quickly.

Tasting 60

60–We Lost My Stepdad

Nora:

Ryker’s constant glaring made us uncomfortable. It was obvious that we needed to come up with an explanation for why we were in that

state.

“Uhhh—we were just—,” As Silas opened his mouth, Ryker’s loud grunt shut him up. If anything, it was clear he didn’t want to hear any explanations. First the council members and now Ryker, it was twice in a row, and I was beginning to blame myself for it. I should have told him to back off. But the freaking horny side of mine just laid there and enjoyed his hands and then his lips. I bit my bottom lip when remembering those few seconds of a strange feeling of being in heaven, and when I raised my head, my eyes met with Ryker, who was obviously not very pleased..

“Come downstairs,” Ryker grunted, not even asking us to explain ourselves and rushing out of the room. Now that it was just the two of us, I found Silas’ muscles tense up.

“Shit!” he complained. I felt just as bad. It was so embarrassing to be caught like that by Ryker. Who was not only my stepbrother but my mate too. Silas never said a word after that, and neither could I muster some courage to utter a thank you to him. Not for the ointment but to get me in trouble twice. We fixed our clothes and went down to find everyone there.

To our surprise, the brothers were in the living room. They had returned, and from the looks on their faces, it felt like they didn’t come with good news.

60 We Lost My Stepdad

“What’s going on?” Silas stepped up, watching his brothers anxiously trying to avoid making eye contact with us. Cain looked defeated, with his hands on the couch backrest and his head bowed down. Nash was huffing and grunting, walking around like an unleashed bull. Ryker stood near the big glass door, with his hands in his pants’ pockets and his face turned away from us.

Part of me wondered if it was about what Ryker saw. However, soon my assumptions met dust when one of the brothers decided to break the silence.

“Dad—,” Cain uttered in a soft murmur, raising his head and looking at his brother.

“What happened to dad?” Silas lost his calm almost instantly and yelled, demanding a much clearer statement than what Cain provided him with. This time, the responsibility to answer him was handed over to Nash, who walked up to his brother to face him before breaking the heart-wrenching news upon us.

“The monsters took him,” Nash uttered, making me cover my mouth to hide the shock and fear. Silas quickly slapped his brother’s hand away when Nash attempted to place it on his shoulder.

“What the heck are you saying? How can a monster take Lord Atwood with his sons guarding him?” Silas screamed at his brothers, reminding them that Lord Atwood was not some omega that could be taken away so easily.

“Dad wandered off, and by the time we knew, the monsters took him, it was too late,” Cain explained, hastily stepping out from behind the couch to halt Silas’ agitation. He was the angriest and was even ready to throw his hands at anyone he found suitable to blame for his missing father.

60–We Lost My Stepdad

I was deeply devastated. Lord Atwood was the best father figure in my life. How the heck did the monsters get him?

“Huh? Do you even hear yourself? The three of you incompetently

stood there while a monster took away dad?" Silas repeated his

concerns, focusing more on blaming his brothers than finding a way to locate their father.

"Enough with the blaming. We are as worried. In fact, we might be more concerned. While you, on the other hand," Ryker finally stepped up and reached his brothers, even pushing Silas back and away from the others. I noticed that Ryker was deeply disturbed too.

"Maybe we should put our energy into finding dad," I meekly mumbled because the minute I intervened, the brothers turned to face me. They seemed so aggressive, with their big bodies looming over me. I wished the world would open and swallow me.

"It's not the right time to be arguing. We all need to be on our feet to find dad." Cain quickly interrupted to steal their attention back to the main subject.

"I will not stay behind this time," Silas shook his head, passing me a disgusting glare as if I was the reason he had to stay behind. I mean, he was left behind for me, but it's not like he was left behind for me, but it's not like he would have been able to save his father. They never truly showed care for him before.

"I am going out to the woods myself," Nash shrugged, letting them know he wouldn't be left behind either.

However, I felt like I shouldn't be left behind either. I wanted to help them find dad.

"I want to go too," I said, as I didn't want them to stay behind because of me. I wanted to do my best to locate him, and I knew I could. I had

60 We Lost My Stepdad

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that power in me.

But the minute they heard it, their grunts turned louder.

AL

"No! You will freaking stay here," Silas yelled, taking me off guard. At least they should have considered my help, as finding their father was important. But instead, they were still making sure they reminded me I am not welcomed.

"But he is my father too-," I murmured, watching them roll their eyes. Nash was constantly punching his fist against his palm, his eyes at me like he would eat me alive if

I insisted on joining them one more time. Silas seemed too disgusted with my existence, even when he was the one sucking my tit not even an hour ago. Ryker seemed indifferent, and Cain was rubbing his face in his hands when he heard Nash and raised his head.

“He is not.”

Silas seemed to agree with Nash as he nodded.

“You were never his daughter. You are just a burden on our shoulders, and it will be better that you stay here and some monsters come take you away instead,” Nash’s comment broke my heart to the point that I passed them all one glance before turning around and running upstairs

in tears.

Even in a situation like that, they wished I was in danger.