

Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 81 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 81

Tasting 81

81-My Loving Stepbrother Nora: "Huh? Natalya, you know what kind of paintings he does, right?" I couldn't just come out and tell her I'm not comfortable taking her to my mate and having him undress her to draw her naked, could I? Nope! I was not okay with it. Even though I decided not to escalate things with my mates, I'd still be uncomfortable doing that. "I'm aware of it, Nora. Alpha King in's art is famous everywhere. And it's not like being stripped naked before the alpha king is that bad of a thing," she shyly lowered her head while I kept glaring at her. "Natalya! If you think he would fall for you or anything after he sees you naked, forget about it. That's not how he works," I noticed how harsh my tone was, so I had to tone it down before she suspected something was wrong. "Besides, why do you want to be painted naked?" I forced a smile onto my lips, attempting to ease up the environment. "I just do. It's been a dream. I want him to paint me naked in his studio. And as you said, it's not like he would do something when seeing me naked. So what's the issue? Can't you do that much for your friend?" she pouted, somewhat forcing me to go to Cain and ask him to strip my friend of her clothes and paint her in a seductive way. "Natalya-," I sighed. "Why? Why are you so opposed to the idea, Nora? I'm your friend. Friends do favors for each other. I'm willing to stand with you throughout your taboo relationship, but you can't even request your stepbrother a favor for me?" she childishly stomped her foot and folded her arms over her chest. But I was deeply bothered by her comment. "Hey! Quit talking about that kiss. And it's not a taboo relationship, it's not even a relationship," I hissed, not joking or casting her smiles. "Okay, okay!" she winked at me and then made a gesture to her lips, indicating she had zipped her lips into a tight line. I freaking hated how she was using that to make me ask Cain for her. But did I have a choice now? "Fine. I will go talk to him, but Natalya, don't exaggerate what happened," I warned her and noticed

that she scoffed a little. "Okay, as if two lips didn't meet, but fine," her hands dropped dramatically. At this point, I reckoned the more I stopped her from talking about it, the more she kept bringing it up. It was annoying, to be honest. "Anyway, I will speak to Cain after dinner. Let's go have lunch," it was so sad that I brought her to my home, gave her a place to stay, and now she was in hold of my secret. And it wasn't that she was genuinely trying to warn me. I got a weird feeling from her. Almost like she was using that secret over my head now. We joined everyone for lunch for the first time. My stepfather and stepbrothers had been waiting for me. The minute I sat down, Lord Atwood started filling my plate with food. He would always make me sit with him and help me with food. Natalya leaned over my ear and whispered, "See! This is why I think it's a `bad idea. He loves you so much; please don't break his trust." I 2351 111 was shocked. I had to elbow her to straighten her back and glare at her with a frown on my forehead. When I looked away, I saw Ryker glaring at Natalya before looking my way and softening his stare. "Natalya! How are you?" Lord Atwood asked her, gesturing for

her to serve herself. "I'm feeling much better. But the bullying has gotten worse in school. The combat classes started, and the team Nora picked for us is not very fond of me," Natalya outright lied, making me sigh and lean back in my chair. The change in her was drastic, or maybe she was always that way and the reason I didn't figure it out sooner was that I never go. spend a lot of time with her under the same roof. "Why? What team did you two choose?" Lord Atwood questioned. "Team Brody!" she rolled her eyes, going for a spoonful of lasagna. "Why would you two go for him when you have Ryker on the other team?" Nash cleared his throat and hunched over the table, trying to intimidate me with his gaze. "I think," before Natalya could proceed, Ryker slammed his hand down and started laughing a little.

"I think she's forgetting that my team doesn't like her either," his comment prompted my eyes to go wide and a gasp from Natalya. She didn't think she would get confronted, did she? "It's simple. Everyone thinks her lies were bad. Nora was only 55.66% 111 20 25 listening to her request when she teamed up with Brody. Otherwise, Nora was going to sign up for my team," he took a deep breath and smiled when saying my name. "I know. She is the bestest friend and always gets in trouble because of me," it was as if when the eyes fell on her, she realized her actions were being scrutinized now. "It's okay, my child. Mistakes happen. And I'm sure you will never repeat your mistakes, especially when it comes to Nora. I will not allow anyone to do her wrong, whether it is you or my sons," the fact that Lord Atwood made such a huge statement and held my hand gave me so much strength but also guilt. "That's what I want for her. I hope she never gets in trouble and Moses your support," Natalya's smile was genuine, so I didn't know if it was a remark or her genuine concern for me. "Who told you she will get in trouble and lose my support? I will get in trouble with her because I will stay on her side, whether right or wrong," my chest swelled with contentment as Lord Atwood smiled at me and continued, "If she is bad, I am her dad." |||

Tasting 82

82–The One Who Hates Me The Most

Nora:

After lunch, we headed back to our rooms, and I got down to my homework. Natalya was sitting by the window, and I was on my bed, both of us deep in our work when my phone started

beeping.

C: Come to my studio, I need to talk to you.

I sighed, lifting my eyes to see

was sneaking glances at me to,

talya, who, as it turned out,

“Who’s texting you?” she asked, pretending to be busy with her notebook. Her legs were pulled up on the couch, and the notebook rested on her thighs.

“Um, just a friend,” I fibbed.

“Who even are your friends?” she raised her brow.

“Just some acquaintances,” I fibbed again. I just had a feeling that if I told her I was talking to Cain, she’d start pestering me to ask him to paint her naked.

C: Do you want me to come to your room and drag you out myself?

I clenched my jaw, watching Natalya shoot me questioning glances nonstop. It was tough to dodge her when she was watching me with those eagle eyes.

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I closed my book and rolled off the bed without announcing my departure. Her constant interference was starting to bug me. I wondered if letting her stay here was the right call. If she were back in her hostel already, I’d be so free. But then again, I might have ended up making so many mistakes too.

As I neared the door, I watched her close her books and jump off the couch, smiling at me.

“I’m so glad you decided to go for a walk. I was beginning to feel suffocated with all the pending homework in my lap,” she laughed, joining me. I stood, holding the door, with my jaw agape.

She can’t be serious. I can’t eve

now?

eave my room without her

“I was going to spend some time in Silas’ library though,” I lied, noticing her face light up. Should have said Nash?

“I would love to visit his library!” she clapped her hands together excitedly.

“Um, I’m not sure library. I haven’t

if he likes anyone to be in his seen it myself. I just know that sometimes he brings in his patients for sessions there.”

“If he allows you, he’ll let me go in there as well. Let’s go,” she grabbed my arm and pulled me out of my room. The minute we were outside, I watched Cain stand in his doorway, cleaning the brush and frowning at Natalya in view.

“Oh!” she giggled, sticking close to me. As we began to walk past Cain’s studio, I mouthed, “What to do with her?” I knew he would be angry that I didn’t comply and went to talk to him in

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his study, but instead, I found him lower his head and shake it in disappointment.

Silas’ study was on the third floor a floor I had only been to a few times. This was the same floor where his bedroom was. Contentt

“The brothers have their rooms here, right?” Natalya asked, her arm wrapped around mine and her body tightly pressed against

1. me.

“Yes,” I dryly replied, mentally thinking about how Silas would treat me when he sees me in front of his study.

“Hmm! What about Cain’s room?” she looked around, counting the rooms, her finger pointing at the doors.

“He has two bedrooms,” I replied.

“Does he have a bedroom in his studio too? Do you think he maybe... sleeps with his models? Once she said that, I felt like I couldn’t take it anymore. I freed my arm and faced her, raising my eyebrow.

“No! That’s not why I want him to paint me naked,” she instantly explained, before pushing me forward toward the library.

“Natalya! I’m not sure if we should be going there. Silas is very possessive about his stuff. I’m not even sure if he’ll allow me,” I laughed awkwardly to make it less intense, but as expected of her, she wasn’t going to let it go that easily.

“Then why were you coming here before I joined you?” she asked, hands on her waist.

“I thought I would ask him for his permission,” I lied again,

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to the One Who Lighten ita Tre blond

feeling horrible that I had to give so many explanations because she was on my back now.

“Then ask him,” she grunted, and without even informing me what she was about to do next, she knocked on his bedroom door, and my heart sank in my chest.

“Natalya!” I held her hand and pulled her away from the door, but the damage had been done. The door opened, and a much disheveled version of Silas appeared. His hair was messy, and he was quickly trying to fix it. His sleepy eyes told me we have interrupted his nap.

“What is it?” he asked, his voice unding even lower pitched.

“We were thinking if we could use your library?” Natalya took over, making me wince in agony. He’s going to kick us out of the mansion, isn’t he?

Silas stared at her and then at me before he replied, “Okay!”

I was in shock, and Natalya was jumping up and down happily. Did I just hear Silas agree to letting us use his library?

He went inside his bedroom for a brief moment and came out with a key. As he walked ahead of us, we followed him in silence. He unlocked the library for us, and the minute we stepped inside, we heard the door lock behind us and the lights being turned off.

“What the heck!” I grunted, attempting to knock on the door while also running my hand around for a switch.

“What’s going on? Why did he lock us inside?” Natalya panicked as we couldn’t even see each other in the dark room.

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I heard her hit some table or stool and winced in pain. There was a light switch in there, but it didn’t work either.

And then I heard a voice from outside, “How many hours do you want to use my library for?”

It was Silas, trying to teach us a lesson.

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Tasting 83

83–My StepBrother And My Naked Friend

Nora:

“Open the door,” I muttered through my clenched jaw.

“This is so scary. I hate the dark,” Natalya was probably on the floor, crying her eyes out. It had been fifteen minutes since we were stuck here. The library was really dry. I don’t know, but ever since we were trapped here, our throats kept closing, and

mouths were drying up.

“Silas!” I knocked harder this time. If c

we had brought our

phones with ourselves.

“I want to go home,” she kept crying, and Silas was not responding anymore. I was so angry and also feeling dizzy. I shouldn’t have listened to her and let it rest. There was obviously no way Silas would let us use his library like that.

“What are you doing?” It was then that I noticed Natalya had fallen silent, and she was rummaging through the drawers.

“I am trying to find any torch,” she replied, crying and sobbing.

“I don’t think you should be going through his stuff,” I uttered, trying to make her understand that if she wants to get out of here alive, she needs to stop going through his personal stuff.

I found her turn on a little torch and then point the light at the door.

“You found a torch,” I smiled, hoping she would light up the way

for me, but she kept looking through his drawers.

As I attempted to follow the light to her, I hit my knee on the edge of the table and groaned in pain.

“Natalya! Light it up here,” I screamed, and she finally closed the drawer and lit up the path for me.

I reached her and snatched the torch out of her hands, pointing it at the door and then at the rest of the library. It was not a small library; it was a cylindrical hall.

“Let’s beg him to open the door for us,” Natalya requested, fixing her shirt.

“As if we haven’t been doing that already,” I rolled my eyes, walking up to the door and sighing about what could be done.

“I have to pee, I cannot control it,” she requested, jumping up and down.

“This is why you need to listen to me once,” exhausted with her constant childish acts, I yelled at her, and she sank in her body.

“Ugh!” I kicked the door, and suddenly, I heard the rattling from inside. The smiles on our faces indicated we were aware that we had been rescued.

The door opened to a view of two brothers in front of us. Silas was standing across the hall with his arms folded over his chest and his eyes glaring at us, whereas the one who opened the door was Nash. He was shirtless, with sleep still lingering in his

eyes.

“You cannot be serious right now Nash turned to yell at Silas.

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Tell them not to come near my private property again, Silas, without showing any guilt, uttered.

“You could have said no. There is no need to be violent. Look at her, she is all sweaty and exhausted, Nash pointed at me as he taught his brother there are ways to deal with someone. If he didn’t want us inside, he should have just told us.

“And you two, go use dad’s library. He is not a psycho like Silas,” Nash said in a sleepy tone. I am sure he would have been so rude to us had he not been woken up from a deep slumber.

“Thank you,” I said to Nash before doing so, I passed Silas one dea

printing past him. While glance. He had been really a

bad brother, and I was finally maxing up my mind to give him where it hurts. I will fucking teach him a lesson.

“I cannot wait,” Natalya was faster than me as she sprinted back to the bedroom to relieve herself. And honestly speaking, I slowed down because I felt so relieved with her not being on my side for once.

I took my time as I walked past Cain’s study, and as he always does it, he grabbed my arm and pulled me inside.

“Hey, hey, hey!” I complained, eyeing him to be careful.

“Did you not read my messages?” he placed his hands on his waist and asked me.

“I did, but—Natalya wouldn’t leave me alone. I had to take her to Silas’ library where he locked us for half an hour,” I pouted, folding my arms over my chest as I delivered the report to him.

“He is a douche. But listen—we need to talk,” he cleared his tone

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as he scratched the back of his neck.

“About what?” I knew what he wanted to talk about. But these brothers have made my life miserable at many points, so I didn’t want to make things easier for him either.

“The mate bond and what it does,” he licked his tongue, indicating he was having a hard time coming up with the right words.

“What it does?” I raised my brow.

“Fine. That we will be in heat very soon and want to fuck each other like animals, is that a good enough explanation?” His sudden straightforwardness tinted my cheeks red, and I almost slapped him on the chest.

“Don’t say it like that,” I grunted in embarrassment.

“Well, that is the issue. Now I don’t know what to do,” he was so clever. He didn’t want to say that he wanted me to find a solution so that he could be free of any blame.

"I don't know either. Besides, my friend wants you to paint her," I tried to change the subject and also thought I would just give Natalya an answer so that she doesn't constantly bring up this topic again.

"Huh? You want me to paint her naked?" The way he tilted his head and raised his brow was enough indication he was watching me for my reaction.

"Yes, I have no issue with it," I shrugged, trying to sound careless. And that's where I messed up. I didn't know my stepbrother was an expert in this game.

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"Okay! Then I will paint her naked in the most seductive pose ever tonight," as he declared, my jaw met the floor.

I was maybe expecting he would say he cannot paint her naked, especially after feeling the mate bond with me, but I guess I was hoping for too much.

Tasting 84

84-She Is Everywhere Nora: "You're going to paint her?" I questioned, my gaze piercing into his. "Why's that such a terrible thing to do?" he asked, his eyes delving deeper into mine. I dropped my head to calm my breathing before lifting it again, noticing how intensely he had been observing me for a reaction. "Do that, and I will go around h**g up with all your buddies every night," I whispered as I rose onto my tiptoes, locking eyes with him and daring him. His surprise was faint on his face, but I knew he was good at hiding his true feelings. "Well, lucky for me, I don't have any friends," he shrugged. "Fine, then I'll help you make some friends and then h**k up with them," I retorted, and after a few seconds of staring into my eyes, he finally began to chuckle, causing me to lower my body and realize how foolish I sounded. "You'd go to such lengths to prove a point?" he raised an eyebrow, making me ponder what point he was making. "Alright. I won't paint her naked only if—" he paused, and with my Last < Next I must have sounded even more foolish because his laughter compelled me to lift my head and look at him. "I meant, only if you insist," he clicked his tongue, narrowing his eyes to make me feel guilty. "Quit being so thirsty for me. I'm your stepbrother, remember?" he straightened up, almost as if he forgot his own statement. "Now, say it," he remained at my level, his face inches from mine as he demanded I ask him not to paint her. "Don't paint my friend," I demanded without hesitation.

"I won't," he agreed, bringing his face even closer. "And if she asks you—" I continued, setting up terms while pushing him away with the force of my finger against his chest, "why not! You tell her that it's because you find it inappropriate to paint your stepsister's friend. Got it?" .. I noticed how his eyes danced around, following my body language with a smug smile on his face. "You're kinda cute," he said, not making it complicated. It

seemed more like an observation. "Okay, thank you!" I shrugged, trying to appear proud. "Now go before I start painting you again," he muttered under his breath as he pulled away from me. I left the studio, and while walking back to my room, I saw Ryker walking upstairs with his cell phone in his hands. "Who are you texting?" I started the conversation in a very casual manner. I bet even he was surprised that I asked him. 10:20% that question. "A friend," he replied, slipping his phone into his pocket. "Really? Are you talking to April?" I raised my brow and noticed how he squinted his eyes to give it a thought. "Who?" he reacted genuinely, but you never know. For all I knew, he could be seeing her behind my back and pretending to care about me at the same time. "April!" I raised my brow, and he finally nodded his head. "No! Although she does send me some very cheeky and questionable messages, but I haven't had time to respond to her," he mentioned her name with a frown of disgust on his face. I stopped suddenly and blocked his way, facing him, "What kind of messages?" He was taken aback by my audacity. I don't know what had been going on with me, but I had been super courageous in demanding things from Ryker and Cain ever since I found out they were my stepbrothers.

"There was this weird picture she sent, and then she followed it with the usual excuse that she was sending it to someone else," he replied, leaning against the wall and folding his arms over his chest while watching my face. "What kind of picture?" I demanded, even more harshly this time. "It was, you know, the ones girls send to their boyfriends," he 44 89% 2027 67.03% replied with an eye roll. "But you're not her boyfriend," I grunted, and he deepened his eye contact with me. "Duh!" "Then why? And show me the picture," I crossed my arms even tighter as numerous thoughts started to flood my mind. What could it be? Did she send him nudes? "Nora! I deleted the conversation," he replied in a serious tone. "Why? Were you hiding something?" I asked with a stern look. "No! Because I didn't want any random girls' nudes on my phone. It's as simple as that," he shrugged, but he confirmed it was her nudes, and my face fell. "But if you want to know how she was posing, I can recreate it for you," the moment he said that, I pouted and tried to leave in anger. I was so mad, even when I shouldn't have been. I don't remember ever being that jealous. Was the mate bond strengthening? "Hey!" he grabbed my arm and pulled me back to stand before him again. "I promise I didn't even cast a full glance at it. I don't want to know about her or anyone. I'm way beyond those kinds of things. I have my goals set and my eyes on just one person only. I might not have shown it previously, but I have my reasons." Honestly speaking, I liked this version of him more than anything else. ☹

2027 Even his grasp around my arm was so gentle, and the way his fingers faintly massaged my skin to calm me down brought a smile to my lips. "Okay, I'm sorry for acting like a fool," I uttered in guilt. I didn't want to scare him off with my possessiveness. "It's okay. I like you that way, controlling and demanding," his eyes narrowed into mine, his lips speaking in a husky tone, and everything began to fade away in the surroundings until I heard someone open my bedroom door, and I had to free my arm and step away from Ryker. "Oh, there you are. I've been waiting for you!" it was Natalya again. 30.07%

85-Letting Her Have A Chance Nora: "Did you speak with Cain about me?" Natalya inquired, her arms folded tightly across her chest as soon as I entered the room. There was a noticeable shift in her tone this time, a hint of command. "Well," I hesitated, catching the raised eyebrow from her, "I did. But Natalya, he said he couldn't paint you." I finished and swiftly turned away, avoiding eye contact by plugging in my cellphone to charge. "Really? Why is that?" she questioned, and I let out a sigh. "It wouldn't be appropriate for him to strip my friend naked and paint her," I replied, still not turning to meet her gaze. "Oh! He said that? I'm confused because last time I asked him, he said he would paint me," she persisted, her clinginess evident. Once she fixated on something, there was no diverting her attention. "Natalya! Why don't you go ask him yourself if you don't believe me?" I raised my brow, finally facing her. Her stare felt piercing, unlike anything I'd seen from her before. "Tell me something, are you uncomfortable with him painting me?" she stepped closer, unfolding her arms from her chest. "What—" I tried to feign cluelessness, but then I gave in, "I might be a little." "Why?" she pressed, her gaze unwavering and her tone stern. "Because—what you want is never going to happen," I finally confessed. I knew for a fact she was hoping he would paint her, and in doing so, they would spend time together and eventually end up together. But I knew that wasn't the case. I've seen Cain look at me with far more interest than he's ever shown towards any of his models. "How do you know that? Once he sees me naked, he won't resist but make love to me and accept

me as his mate," she finally spoke her truth, stomping her foot and receiving a disapproving shake of my head. "Natalya!" I sighed in defeat. I couldn't help but feel sorry for her. If I loved someone that much and they showed no interest in me, I would be devastated too. But I would never beg someone to make love to me just to see if they wanted to continue or not. "Just ask him to give me a chance. You have everything— a stepfather who's the lord of the werewolves and dotes on you as if you were his own flesh and blood. Stepbrothers who are alpha kings, powerful, handsome, and dying to protect you. And then there's Alpha Brody, who wouldn't even spare a glance at anyone else but was jogging right beside you as if he wanted to spend every second of his life with you," she let out a heavy sigh before kneeling down and burying her face in her hands. "I'm so sorry," I genuinely felt guilty for not giving her a chance with Cain. I understood her frustration, and I couldn't even tell her why I was against the idea. < Cain was my mate. I would be crushed if I found him with someone else. "No! You're not sorry. You're just feeling sympathy for me. You're too royal for me, Nora. I just realized I shouldn't even be friends with you. What have I ever gotten in my life? So, a royal she-wolf to be friends with me sounds like it's too much," she shook her head, and just as I was about to kneel down to comfort her, she stood up abruptly. I "What are you saying? We are friends. And I love you as a friend," I smiled, reaching for her again, but she kept pulling away from me until she stopped and turned to look me in the eye. "You care about me, don't you?" she inquired, tears glistening in her eyes as she locked gaze with me. "I do," I wasn't lying. If anyone had wronged me the way she had, I would have ended my friendship with them a long time

ago. The reason she was still in my room was that I felt her pain and tried my best to understand why she acted up at certain times. "Then I want a chance with your stepbrother," she said sternly, her eyes drilling into mine as tears continued to stream down her face. "But-" I tried to come up with an excuse, but she wasn't ready to hear me out. "Just once! Tell him to paint me." 51 69% She approached me and wiped her cheeks with the back of her hands. "You said you two are on good talking terms. Then I don't see a reason why you shouldn't be able to help me out," she watched my face as she spoke with a harsh tone. "Are you going to give me a chance or not?" she inquired again, this time directly asking me. "It's not up to me," I mumbled, but she shook her head. "I know he listens to you. Are you going to give me a chance with him or not?" she asked, her words coming out with difficulty, making me feel terrible for denying her one chance. It wasn't like Cain had accepted me or that Cain would paint her and fall for her. I mean, if it could be that easy for her to sway Cain, should I even gateke, im? "Okay! I will tell him to paint you," I decided to request Cain to paint her. It would help her find out the answers on her own. Even I would get to find out what Cain truly is like. She watched my face in silence before she let out a sigh of relief as if she had worried I would deny helping her. "Oh my Goddess! Thank you so much for saving our friendship. I was so worried you would deny and I would be left heartbroken," she instantly ran and hugged me tightly, rocking me back and forth. But tonight was going to be tough for me. Cain would paint her, and she would have her chance with him.

Tasting 86

86-It's A Deal Stepbro Nora: "Can I come in?" I tapped on his studio door, which was left open already. But I wanted to get his permission before barging in. The brothers had some anger issues, so you never know. "Sure, come in!" Cain said with some difficulty because he had a brush in his mouth while painting with another brush in his hand. The canvas was facing away as he made strokes. "Umm! Remember I talked with you about Natalya?" I felt so odd bringing that topic up aga "Aha?" he said again, his entire focus on the canvas. Natalya was waiting for me in the room, and she made it extremely clear that she wouldn't take no for an answer. She claimed confidently that she knew if I told Cain to paint her, he would. "I want you to do it," I said and noticed that he stopped whatever he was painting and raised his eyes. His back straightened, and he let the brush slip from his mouth, catching it when it reached his hands. "You want me to paint her? Why the change of mind?" he raised his brow. "She wants, um, a chance," I stuttered awkwardly. "What chance?" he suddenly wasn't even looking at the canvas he couldn't look away from a minute ago. 20:24 "Okay, here's the thing-" I felt so bad for doing this. He was my mate and my stepbrother. The fact that I told him I didn't want him to paint her just to come back and request him to do it must have been so disrespectful to him. "I hope this thing is worth listening to," he put the brushes down and grabbed a white shirt from the side, wearing it while not breaking the intense eye contact with me. "She thinks I have, um, a weird relationship going on with you. guys," I uttered and watched him frown at me. "Okay! She thinks that I am having an affair with my stepbrothers," I explained without stuttering this time. she mad or what? Why would she think like that?" he folded his arms over his chest, making me

raise my brow at him. "I didn't touch you in front of her or said anything flirtatious, so why?" he realized and elaborated on his question. "Maybe because every time she asked me to convince you to paint her, I reacted explosively?" I lied. I knew exactly why she thought I was having an affair with one of my stepbrothers. But I couldn't tell Cain about it. Not until there is anything truly going on. "That could be because of a million reasons. Why she-", he shut up when I sighed and interrupted him. "Cain! She has a crush on you, and she thinks that if she gets a chance to be alone with you, she will be able to win your heart. somehow," I watched him close his eyes and shake his head to confirm he was hearing me right. "And you want me to give her that chance?" he steadily paced closer, his arms still folded over his half-buttoned shirt. "No! I just want her to stop thinking about it and move on. I am sure she will once she realizes that is not how it works," I was guilty of insisting on such a thing so I couldn't even raise my eyes to look at him. "Okay!" without any resistance, he agreed, and I was compelled to raise my head and watch him with judgment. "That's it? You will paint her?" I asked, and he grunted. "Do you want me to paint her or not?" he grumbled, and when I rolled my eyes and folded my arms over my chest just like him, he continued, "don't come crying if I do give her a chance." I knew what he was doing and I couldn't even get mad at him for it. It was actually my fault that I was pushing him to do it. "Hmm! It will help me find out how easy it is for you to get seduced," I muttered under my breath, and he began to chuckle a little. "NORA! It is very easy to seduce me, trust me," he looked me right in the eye and confessed. "But-it is not easy to get me to participate. There are things that you don't know about me, but with time,

you will find out," I'm sure he was upset about me forcing him to paint her. Or maybe that's who he was, someone who liked women and their bodies. Hence, he painted them naked. "Now don't just stand here looking all sad. I am doing this for a deal," he finally brought up what he was expecting from the deal. "What deal?" I asked, slowly recovering my lost confidence. I don't know, but something about that conversation really upset me. Maybe I was expecting him to confess that not everyone can get him hard so easily. "If I didn't get hard with her, you'll have to get me hard and take care of my boy," the words left his mouth smoothly, and my cheeks were red instantly. I couldn't believe he was asking me for it. "No! You creep, you're my stepbrother," I awkwardly gulped, letting out a laugh afterward to convince myself he was just joking. "Are you sure that's the only thing I am to you?" he raised his brow, smiling just a little to look so perfect. The deep connection between our → dried my throat. I gulped once again and licked my lips to moisten them. "I want a deal right now. If you're not ready, then I shall do her," he shamelessly spoke about it, and I grunted at him. "Come on! I don't give favors for free," he had a hint of playfulness in his tone when he waited for my response. "So, you'll only not do her if I say I will-if I agree to the deal?" I asked him with a brow raised. "Nora! If I'm going to resist so hard, I want a good reward for it. And what's the best reward than your soft hands around my d**k?" The choice of his words and his deep stare curled me into myself. Before I knew it, I was blushing and sinking into my body. But I had to accept the deal. So I did. 72 39%. "Okay! It's a deal," I said, hoping he resists her or else things would get really messy between us. I wouldn't let him play my friend and then ditch her. ▮

Tasting 87

87-Sex Me Up! Cain: Nora confidently nodded before she turned to exit the room. Those few seconds of watching her depart were quite challenging for me. My eyes were fixed on her a**, observing how her buttocks moved with each step. I couldn't help but imagine my hands squeezing them, parting them to slide my hard d**k between her cheeks. 'Calm down!' I grunted at Nic. I was going crazy thinking about all the stuff I am going to do Nora once I get my hands on her. 'Hard thing to do, but okay, he retorted in a sassy tone. 'Tell me something, what were you thinking making that deal?' Nic was rightfully angry with me. I steadily ran my hand under my shirt and scratched the mark on my ribs. 'We've been around many of them, and we've learned to control our urges. Remember, we never lay a hand on anyone, I scoffed, shrugging as I made my way to the canvas. 'Right! But that's not the deal you made. You outright told her that you wouldn't even get excited for her. How the heck do you think you're going to manage that?' Nic was more agitated than I was. He knew if we lost this deal, we might have to wait again. for a chance to touch Nora. It sounded disgusting that I had such fantasies about her, but O DOL 2018年 she was also my mate. So my excuse was that she was made my stepsister by the people around me, but she was made my mate by the Moon Goddess. 'Well, we're an alpha king; we can certainly control that part of our body,' I mumbled, scratching the mark and feeling like it was going to be a bit harder than I was making it appear. I was certain I wouldn't touch Natalya, not even if I were drunk. I had so much control over myself. Every time a model was naked here and I was drunk, even when she tried to initiate something, nothing

happened. But that didn't mean I wasn't aroused. That was a part of me. I was born with lust in me. As I stood before the mirror and lifted my shirt, I watched the lust mark on my ribs and noticed how red it was turning. 'Is it a curse or what?' I asked mys, clenching my jaw while trying to figure out how I could preve myself from getting aroused. I wouldn't want to lose this chance to initiate something with my mate. To hell with anyone who reminds me that she is known as my stepsister. I was ready to break any rules. I have kept the lust in me under control for years; I was going to take it all out on my mate. The evening arrived, and after dinner when everyone had left for their rooms, I heard a knock on the door of my studio. "Come in!" I replied, watching the door open and Nora walk in just to introduce Natalya to me. She had taken a shower and seemed like she had applied some makeup. But why were my eyes stuck on Nora? She had her hair up in a messy bun, her wrinkled oversized sweater falling over her thighs. Yet she looked like the s**t thing I had ever seen before. "Shall we begin?" Natalya used a meek tone, but I knew this is not how she sounded most of the time. 111 "Hm!" I grunted, feeling a bit grumpy. If she lands me in trouble and I miss my chance for an intimate session with Nora, I'll end up tossing Natalya to the wolves. "Alright! How should I pose?" she asked, glancing back at Noral and gesturing for her to leave. That was actually a good idea. If Nora stays, I'll just end up getting all worked up watching her. But then again, her presence might remind me to keep my cool and wait for the bigger reward. "Okay then," Nora muttered, sounding rather unhappy, "I'll be in my room." "Alright! Bye!" Natalya quickly waved her goodbye. There was a bit of a charm in easing Nora. Seeing her looking. at us with so much jealousy made me smile inwardly. I

walked up to the door, maintaining eye contact with her, and shut it. "So, am I supposed to take off my own clothes, or should I let you handle it?" Natalya asked, sounding suggestive. I pointed to a couch for her to sit on.. "Do you have any poses in mind?" I inquired.

"Actually, yes! How about I pull off my top just a bit, showing some skin. Then I use a rope to weave it through my shirt, making it look like a snake slithering in there, and I hold the end in my hands. Maybe have half of it wrapped around my naked boob," the way she explained it all stunned me. I've never met a model with such a vivid imagination. The pose she discussed with me really set the mood. I quickly scanned the room for a rope. I hadn't expected her to be so skilled at this, but she definitely impressed me. "Here you go!" I handed her the rope, and she smiled. Slowly, her hands pulled her top down until one of her breasts came into view. She twirled the rope around her breast and then threaded one end of it into her blue panties, letting it cascade down to her foot before holding the other end in her hand. All the while, she maintained eye contact with me. "Okay, stay still," I instructed and began painting on the canvas. She let out occasional mo , but what she didn't realize was that if I were to be aroused, it should have been before I started painting. Once I'm in the zone, I don't talk or feel anything. So, I won! But that's when my phone rang, and I had to answer it. "You know what? I think I'll just go to sleep," Nora's voice sounded low on the call. "Why? Don't you want to find out?" I asked softly. "No, I don't think I can handle it," she concluded and hung up.

Tasting 88

88-F**k Me In The A** Nora: I returned to my room and sat down on the bed, feeling annoyed. 'If you were that uncomfortable, you shouldn't have agreed to this game. Do you realize how wrong it is what you did with Cain? What if he asks you to give his friend or brother a chance? Don't you understand that you shouldn't just give away your mate for others to play with? Akira scolded me relentlessly ever since I agreed to that s**d idea. The moment I left the studio, I had a feeling that i had made a mistake. After a few. minutes, I went back to the studio and peeked through the half- cracked door, and what I left my jaw on the floor. The seductive pose of Natalya made me wonder if Cain suggested it. Why didn't he suggest something like that for me? Did he not find me seductive or my body attractive? I grumpily shifted in my bed, pushing my phone further away. I got so heated up that I called Cain and told him that I was going to bed. I did not want to find out anything. A sudden knock on the door startled me. Could it be that Natalya had returned, and the painting was already done? I hurriedly got out of bed, fixed my hair and face. It would be awkward for her to find me crying in my bedroom. As I opened the door, my breath caught in my throat at the sight of Cain standing with a smirk on his lips. 20.20 It was the kind of smirk that said, "So you were jealous." He was shirtless, with paint rubbed over his body here and there. "What? Did you finish the painting?" I asked in a grumpy tone. "No," he shook his head. "Why? Do you plan to make her pose even more seductively?" I scoffed, stepping out of his way as he took a long stride and entered the bedroom. "She suggested that pose, Nora," the smirk faded as he told me that. "Oh!" I folded my arms over my chest and leaned against the wall,

unable to believe my ears. Natalya suggested it? D**, what if Cain thinks she is so creative—

“I must say, your friend is quite creative,” he complimented, and my frown grew. I knew he admired people with an active mind. “Okay!” I folded my arms over my chest, getting more frustrated and wondering why he came here just to torture me. “Nora! You silly little kitten,” he shook his head and started chuckling. Before I could react to his comment, he grasped my arm and shoved it in his pants. Right on his soft d**, but the moment my hand touched his weapon, I felt a little movement in it. “It was dead tonight until you touched it,” he leaned over and whispered on my lips. He wasn’t lying. His d**k was twitching under my palm. My breaths were all over the place, rising and falling in seconds. I slowly wrapped my fingers around his shaft, and he rested his head between my shoulder and face. “Uhhh! This doesn’t count as a part of the deal,” he whispered in my ear, breathing right on my neck. 20:29 I wiggled my fingers around his shaft, adjusting them perfectly but also freaking out about the width of his c**. The moment his c**k jerked alive in my hand, I freaked out and pulled my hand out of his pants. We were playing a deadly game with Natalya being in the mansion and waiting for him in his studio. “Did you come here to help me get you h**y so that you can return to her all ready?” I pouted, and he lifted his head from my neck, frowning at me. “What?” “Did you come here for that?” I was frowning. I don’t know what I was so mad about when I was the one who convinced him to give her a chance. “Nora! You know what you are doing, right?” this time, he sounded offended and angry. “I know, I just hope you know what you are up to. I am not a naive girl who wouldn’t catch all the signs. You must have thought to come here and show me you are not hard but also get hard so that you can return and claim at the end that I made you hard—,” I was yammering when he pressed his brush against my lips and silenced me.

“I told you I didn’t get hard for her. If you are not going to believe me, I will not explain myself to you any longer,” he hissed and pulled away from me. “And if you don’t stop bothering me like that, I will turn you over in this bed and f**k you so good in your *t*hat you won’t be able to walk for a few days,” he finished before he stormed out 54.00% 111 of the room. I stood in my spot, my cheeks tinted, and my mouth agape. “He is such an a**hole,” I hugged myself and complained, but the minute my eyes landed on my bed, the picture of what he said he would do flashed before my sight, and I instantly ran my hands back to cover my a**. I walked over to my phone and typed him an angry message. Me: You are a very bad guy. He didn’t even waste a minute before responding. C: Can’t stop imagining it? Very soon, my little Kitten! Very soon! I was in gasps, wondering why he was so shameless? Who even talks like that? I grunted and wondered what would lead between him and Natalya now. One thing is for sure that he was very h**y and creative in the ways he wanted to do it. What if he does her? My thoughts were rudely interrupted when the door opened, and Natalya ran inside in tears. “Natalya! What happened?” I asked her in shock, almost dropping my phone. She quickly fixed her shirt before she made her way to the bed. Her hysterical cry gave me chills all over my skin. 80 37%

89-A Night Out With My Mate Nora: “But tell me, what really happened?” I’ve been mulling over it since she came back. She was bawling like crazy and hiccuping, unable to make a full sentence. I don’t reckon Cain did anything because she returned just five minutes after he left my room. “He’s just so... cold,” she hiccuped, batting away my attempts to comfort her. “Natalya! Can you please me exactly what happened?” I asked again, feeling drained this time. “NOTHING F**G HAPPENED!” she finally screamed, leaving me stunned. I watched her in silence before realizing how loud she had been. “Natalya, please calm down. I am just worried for you,” I was shocked by her glare and outburst. But I figured out she blew her chance and felt let down. “Nothing went down, and nothing will. He’s got someone else on his mind. No man wouldn’t even get worked up seeing a naked girl,” she muttered through gritted teeth. “How do you know-” I kind of got curious but she shook her head and muttered. “Or he would have never turned his face away from me,” the intensity of her stare scared me. “I’m gonna hit the shower,” she said firmly, with a look I couldn’t decipher. Her slow and deliberate way of getting up while shooting me a disdainful glance also troubled me. But soon enough, she was in the bathroom. She took nearly an hour, and I could tell she’d been crying the whole time. “Are you satisfied now? He didn’t make a move,” Akira said, twisting her ring on her finger. “I am, but Akira, Natalya confused me. I feel sorry for her, but I can’t give her my mate. ‘t, I never will,” I muttered, grabbing my pillow and lying down on the bed. I sympathized with her, but there are some things I can’t do. I waited for her in bed, brainstorming ways to cheer her up when she came out. I even considered

finding her a suitable mate and helping her awaken her wolf. But she took so long that after an hour, I fell asleep in bed. The night passed peacefully. I didn’t wake up until the sunlight streamed through the windows, and as I woke up, I realized the bed was empty beside me. “Ahh!” I love stretching in bed, yawning, and getting that five minutes of sleep after the alarm rings. As I twisted and turned in the bed for the next few minutes, I fully woke myself up. I turned to my side and stared at the empty bed for a few more minutes before raising my body up and checking the bathroom. The light was shining from under the door. Natalya must have woken up before me. I rolled out of bed and straightened my sheets, waiting for her to come out. But when fifteen minutes passed and I didn’t hear any sound from inside, I approached the door to check on her. “Natalya! Are you okay?” I asked, concern lacing my voice. “Hey?” I placed my hand on the door to knock, and it slid open. There was no one in the bathroom, and the dryness made me wonder if she’d left the light on since last night. But then, where was she? “Natalya!” I called out as ft the bedroom. The mansion’s second and third floors were quiet, so I figured the brothers were either downstairs or had left for work. As I reached the top of the stairs, I spotted Lord Atwood in the living room, holding a newspaper. “Nora! Good morning, my child,” his cheerful voice was a boost to my energy. “Morning!” I replied, “Have you seen Natalya anywhere?” I asked, noticing a frown forming on his forehead. “What do you mean, have I seen her?” he chuckled. “She left early this morning. I thought you knew.” His smile faded when he saw my confusion. “Oh! She left? Who- who dropped her off?” I felt lost and upset that she left without a word. “She asked the driver to take her. I wasn’t even aware. I’m guessing it was

around 5:30 am. It was only when the driver returned that he told me where he went so early,” Lord Atwood said, lowering

the newspaper and watching my face as I stood on the stairs, lost in thought. “Are you okay?” he asked. I nodded before swallowing hard to moisten my throat. “I’m fine.” Back in my bedroom, I started calling her phone, but my calls went unanswered every time. Me: Natalya! Did you go back to the hostel? Me: Why didn’t you wake me up? I sent several messages after that, but she never responded. I spent the entire day in worry and confusion. But deep down, I assumed she would speak to me once she had calmed down. “Nora!” I heard Lord Atwood call for me, and I jumped out of bed to meet him outside my room. He was standing beside Ryker, who leaned against the wall, a naughty smirk playing on his lips. “Yes?” I asked, trying to avoid Ryker’s distracting s**nes*s. “Ryker is heading to drop off some papers at the council’s office. But he was supposed to take care of you tonight. because I have to meet up with the warriors at the border. If you have no homework, why don’t you join him for the car ride? He’ll take you back home before midnight so you can rest and get a good sleep for school in the morning,” Lord Atwood suggested, waiting for my response. His way of giving me so much importance and respect always amazed me but also made me feel special. “Okay!” I nodded faintly, frowning at Ryker. Lord Atwood walked away, and Ryker straightened his back. But his comment shook me the most. “I will go change,” I uttered awkwardly, feeling shy under his intense gaze. I don’t know why he had suddenly decided to take me with him but his smirk suggested something was definitely up. I frowned as he clicked his tongue and shook his head, almost like asking me to stop. He then narrowed his gaze into my face and in a very deep voice, uttered, “Don’t change, you look good in those booty shorts.” 87.011

Tasting 90

90-Kiss My Other Lips Nora: Did you really have some work in the council’s office or was it a plan—,” I didn’t even have to finish asking him that question and he explained this journey to me in a short sentence. “I wanted to take you out,” he said and my heart sank in my chest. I sank into my seat, wondering if by taking me out he really meant what I thought he meant or if there was any other meaning behind it. “It’s not a date,” he explained himself and my smile faded away. It wasn’t every night that his car. “Why didn’t we travel by bike tonight?” I inquired. “I wanted to take you around and show you the pack at night on my bike, but dad got all protective about you being unsafe on the bike,” he rolled his eyes at his father’s care and concern for me. But I was smiling. “You like the attention, don’t you?” he commented, and I instantly stopped smiling. In fact, I was now frowning at him, and grunting. “Easy! You’re not a monster,” he stated and parked the car near an ice cream parlor. 100% “Blueberry for the lady and KitKat for me,” he ordered, and I couldn’t help but laugh at him. “What?” he turned in his seat to me. “KitKat!” I just wanted to tease him. “I like innocent things, Nora. Being on the border has made me see a lot of things-,” he paused as he seemed to have zoned out. “Hey! I was joking. I think it’s cute” I quickly corrected myself, realizing he wasn’t that simple. He had many levels. He was the first one I felt a mate bond with, and the

weirdest thing about him was that his attitude change was quick and abrupt. He went from hating me to ignoring me, to flirting with me like a flip of

a coin. "Your friend left the mansion abruptly in the morning," he commented as he sat and enjoyed his ice cream. "Yeah! She's not even answering my calls. I guess she's upset about something," I didn't want to dwell on it. I'm sure once she has calmed down, she will contact me or at least respond to my calls. "Keep your distance from her then. She is needy, and needy people tend to grasp onto any threats and hopes without fearing the consequences," his statement about her didn't sit well with me. But despite disagreeing with him, I didn't argue with him about her. We were having such an amazing time, and ruining it over his advice would be wrong. He was just concerned about me. < 20 That's when my hand cramped, and I dropped a big bite of ice cream right down my cleavage. "Oh shoot!" I groaned, shaking my head. "Do you have a tissue?" I inquired, my head down, and when he gave me silence, I raised my head to find him staring at my cleavage. He threw his ice cream out and rolled the window up, "I can clean it for you." He leaned over me, and before I knew it, he had unbuttoned my shirt from the middle. I was frozen for a minute but woke up when he had his head-on my chest. His face against my skin and his tongue despicably licking my cleavage. "Ry—ker!" I sat frozen, o able to pronounce his name. My hands were lifted and up against the window as he held them tightly. His tongue caressed my skin before his teeth joined in the play. He nibbled on the gentle curve of my breast and then moved downwards, deftly lowering my bra with his teeth. However, it wasn't a smooth process as I was wearing a DD bra, and my breasts were spilling out. He suddenly pulled back and sat in his seat, looking lost before starting to drive in silence. Uncertain about his intentions, I quickly buttoned up my shirt. The booty shorts didn't seem like a good idea either.

He drove us to a secluded road and parked the car by the woods, leaving me puzzled. Soon, his actions clarified the purpose of our stop as he unbuckled his seat belt and stepped out of the car. He hurried to my side and pulled me out, prompting me to ask, "What are you doing?" with a nervous smile on my lips, I stared at his face. Without a word, he opened the back door of the car and pushed me in. I landed on my back as he sat at my feet, swiftly removing my panties without warning. "Ryker! Is this okay?" I questioned the appropriateness of the situation. "You tell me," he replied, locking eyes with me while leaving me exposed below. I hesitantly closed my legs, but he gently pried them open again. Breaking the eye contact, he focused on my pussy with hunger in his gaze. As he licked his lips, a strange sensation washed over me, causing my boc O respond involuntarily. Taking this as a cue, he buried his head between my legs, surprising me. His lips tenderly kissed my vagina lips, eliciting a response from my body. His teeth grazed my labia, igniting a fiery urge within me. It was a feeling my virgin body had never felt before. To be touched down there by someone who is my stepbrother and also my mate was wild. His tongue expertly teased my clit, sending waves of pleasure. through me. With aggression, he explored every inch of my vagina before engulfing me with his mouth, unleashing a yelp from my lips. He began to suck my pussy lips like they were my mouth. I couldn't resist tangling my fingers in his hair, writhing in 111 ecstasy. His tongue delved deeper, eliciting a moan from me as my legs

instinctively wrapped around his head. He devoured me with thirst, his actions becoming more intense. Just as the passion peaked, my phone interrupted the moment. Ryker paused to silent the phone but ended up frowning at the screen. In a cold tone tinged with disapproval, he informed me, "Cain is calling you."