

# **Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates #Tasting 91 - Read Tasting Nora-Pleasing Her Stepbrother Mates Tasting 91**

Tasting 91

91-The Jealous Mate And His H\*\*y Brother Nora: Ryker quietly observed my face for a moment before placing my phone on my stomach and tossing my panties there as well. His hands turned into a fist, supporting his body up while he pressed the fists against the seat. "Why is he calling you?" he asked, his eyes darting at me. "I don't know. I will have to pick up his call to know why he is calling me," I replied with a hint of hesitation. His harsh glare was really drying my throat. He kept his eyes on me before he nodded to himself. With a quick movement, he exited the car. I sat up and answered the call, holding my phone between my shoulder and ear as I struggled to put on my panties. "Yes?" I gasped, out of breath. I could see Ryker pace outside the car while running hands through his hair and looking anxious. For a minute, I thought I had been caught cheating on him when he was asking me these questions. "Where are you?" His voice sounded husky. "I'm with Ryker. Dad said he'd look after me, but since he had some council work, I decided to come along," I admitted guiltily, not revealing the whole truth. "Oh! When will you be back? I came home early and couldn't find ||| 30.30 you," he said, his tone revealing his preoccupation. "I'll have to check with Ryker when he returns," I replied, hoping to avoid further questioning. "No need. I'll give him a call and ask him to bring you home," he said casually from the other end. "May I ask why you want me home?" I settled back into the seat, now that my panties were on. "Are you forgetting something? You made a deal with me, don't back out now," the way he said it, I swear he must have smirked a little. That alone made me press my body closer and blush. Was he planning to do it tonight? remembered how he asked me to give him a b\*\*b. My heart

started racing at the thought of seeing him cor tely naked and being intimate with him. "Blushing?" he chuckled mockingly before taking a deep breath. and saying, "I will call Ryker now. Be ready!" He hung up the call and shortly after, I spotted Ryker outside the car, picking up his phone. He brought the phone to his ear and walked around attentively, conversing with his brother. After ending the call, he returned to the backseat with a frown on his face. "He's calling you back home," Ryker mentioned, and I nodded, attempting to exit. When he didn't budge, I realized he had some questions for me. "Can I ask why he's ditching work to come ||| home early with you?" Feeling uneasy, I had no response for him. It wouldn't be easy to meet his gaze and say, "Oh, I have to give your brother a b\*\*b." That would be awkward. If his brother didn't inform him, I shouldn't either. Both of them were my mates, and I owed it to them to keep their secrets. "I suppose we'll figure it out once we're home," I chuckled nervously, stepping out of the car steadily as he drove away. The way he stared at me with his hands on his hips seemed both intimidating and challenging. Did he forget that Cain is my mate? Or does he remember, and that's why he appears doubtful and uneasy? I sat in the passenger seat, he took his time before returning to the driver's side. He slammed the

door shut and started the engine without uttering another word to me. At that moment, I felt an urge to ask if he was alright, but guilt restrained me because I knew the reason why Cain wanted me home. So, I remained silent, fearing he might start probing. We drove in silence until we arrived home. I anticipated Ryker to depart since he had been receiving numerous calls from the council. However, he exited the car with me and even accompanied me inside. At the top of the stairs, Cain was leaning on the railing with a playful grin on his face. He looked striking in all black, his hair still damp.

44 947 20:30 “Nora! Can we chat upstairs?” Cain, who had already let Ryker know we were mates, called out to me in front of Ryker. “Sure,” I mumbled awkwardly, avoiding Ryker’s eyes. I felt so uneasy. As I hurried upstairs, I didn’t realize Ryker was following me until I reached the studio door, where Cain had already entered. “Ryker!” Cain greeted with a smile, patting his shoulder. “We’ll be fine.” Cain’s voice was deep and smooth. “But why do you want her in your studio?” Ryker asked, trying to focus on Cain but occasionally glancing at me. “Just mate stuff,” Cain replied, stretching his neck. “What do you mean?” The look on Ryker’s face was something I should have paid more attention to, but in that moment, I couldn’t think of anything else. I was in the studio with Cain, the man I had started to have feelings for. It was like a crush because I remembered how I used to admire him and feel thrilled before the whole Natalya situation. After Natalya, I had pushed those feelings aside until Cain reminded me that we were mates. “I want to talk to her about the mate bond thing,” Cain explained, but he hid the true reason behind my visit to his studio. “Oh! Do you need my help resolving that issue?” Ryker attempted to intervene, but Cain’s pat on his chest halted his steps in midair. “I think I’ve got it. Why don’t you go back to the council and finish your work? They’ve been calling me, asking if you’re coming to work or not,” Cain said holding the door as a barrier for Ryker. “Alright, I’ll leave then,” Ryker whispered. This time, as Cain began to shut the door, Ryker looked me directly in the eye before disappearing from my sight and the door was locked behind us.

## Tasting 92

92-Teasing His C\*\*k Nora: Now that I was alone with Cain, I noticed how he smelled even better tonight. My heart started a\*\* beat when he walked over to the table and leaned back on it with his hands clenched into fists behind him. “Where were you with Ryker?” he asked again, his eyes narrowed. “And this time, I want a truthful answer.” He quickly added before I could lie again. His stance and gaze reminded me of those s\*\*y professors in high school movies. That students have crushed 1. “I know he didn’t visit the council building,” he then added so that I don’t even attempt to lie and upset him. “We went to eat ice cream,” I thought that was a good excuse without revealing anything else to him. I knew Ryker had kept our mate bond hidden from Cain, so it was a good idea not to tell him either. I wouldn’t feel comfortable with him sharing our mate bond with someone else if I wasn’t ready to disclose it myself. “Hmm! If you were craving ice cream, you should have told me. I can take you to the best ice cream place,” he said, removing his hands from the table and crossing them over his chest. “Oh, okay. I’ll remember that for next time,” I pouted, causing him to lower his head and shake as if finding me silly. “I don’t understand why you didn’t tell me immediately,” he uttered “I

thought you would not like it," I replied. "Why not? He is your stepbrother and Nora! I am a very understanding person. I don't believe in caging someone," he spoke softly, his eyebrows moving with his facial expressions. Gosh! He was so s\*\*y.

"That's amazing," I didn't want to admit it but well, I am crazy like that. I feel like once I get in a relationship with someone, I will be jealous over everything. I wasn't really feeling the conversation, or maybe I was just low on energy. Perhaps it was because I knew why he had brought me here. "What? You can't stop thinking about it, can you?" he smirked, rising from the table and walking towards me. Even his walk was alluring. He stopped, slipped his hand into his pocket, hunched down to smirk at me. "You know, I'm already aroused even though you haven't touched me yet," he whispered near my lips, his captivating eyes drawing me in. He wrapped his arm around my back, pulling me close to his chest. Suddenly, he lifted me over his shoulder and carried me. "Ow! What are you doing—" I yelped as he playfully slapped my buttocks and casually strode towards his room on the side. Till 20:30 Once he threw me onto the bed and flicked on the lights, he stood before me with his hands on his hips and his legs apart. "What the hell-," that was all I managed to say as my eyes landed on the corner of the room. He furrowed his brow and followed my gaze. My painting was placed in the corner of his bedroom. "That's my d\*\*\*n painting," I grinned, knowing that not just any painting would make it into his bedroom. And mine wasn't even hanging, so he must have been deciding where to place it. "Don't flatter yourself too much," Cain smirked, swaying his body while keeping his gaze locked on me as he began to unbutton his pants. "You're already taking off your pants?" I inquired, nibbling on my lower lip as he dropped his pants, revealing his huge d\*\*k. I gasped and looked away, clutching the bedsheets shyly. "What, did you want to do it for me?" he teased, climbing onto the bed, kneeling in front of me, and discarding his shirt onto the floor. Now completely naked before me, his muscular physique made

my mouth water. Suddenly, my confidence wavered. I timidly got on my knees but couldn't bring myself to touch him. "I'll be honest with you, Nora," he spoke softly and seductively, reaching out to run his fingers through my hair and down the back of my neck, "you're the most stunning she-wolf I've had the pleasure of painting." His hand wrapped around my neck, applying a gentle pressure that brought me closer to his groin. My lips brushed against his c\*\*k, sending a surge of electricity through my body. He released my neck and reclined on the bed, resting his head on the pillow as I sat beside him. His erection stood tall, thick, and veiny. He folded his arm under his head and stared at me with nothing but desire in his eyes. I pulled closer and held his c\*\*k in my hand, resting my other hand on his balls. I could feel his erection come to life and twitch in my hand. Rubbing the shaft steadily and then using both my hands, I began to lower my head towards his c\*\*k. "You know how to handle this, don't you?" he groaned, letting out a grunt when I placed my lips on the head of his c\*\*k and kissed it passionately without breaking eye contact. His eyes were blinking slowly now. I stuck my tongue out and ran it up to the head of his d\*\*k. He watched me intently, swallowing hard. I pressed my tongue firmly as I ran it from the base to the tip. "Stop teasing," he groaned, closing his eyes and moving his body up, urging me to take his \*\*k in my mouth. After a teasing lick on his balls, I focused on kissing his c\*\*k. The

gentle kisses made him squirm in the bed, gripping the headboard. His c\*\*k brushed against my lips, and I could tell he was losing control. With a sudden grasp of my head from behind and a grunt, I knew I was doing a good job. "Enough playing!" he grunted, "put this hard d\*\*k in your mouth and suck it like you've been thirsty for years." With that, he raised his body to guide my mouth and part my lips. His c\*\*k head pressed firmly against my lips before sliding into my mouth.

## Tasting 93

93-Sleeping In His Arms. Nora: His c\*\*k tasted and smelled amazing. I was so enthralled that I didn't want to remove it from my mouth at first. It was a surprising experience for me, as I never expected to enjoy it so much. The only concern was its size, as I didn't want to choke. However, I was able to take more of it into my mouth than I thought without gagging. "You naughty little kitten," he grunted, moving his groin, giving little thrusts into my mouth. I must have appeared skill to him, as he tried to grab my hair again, but I pushed him away and released his c\*\*k from my lips. He looked at me with a s\*\* expression, wondering what I would do next. I pushed him back onto the pillow, then climbed on top of him with my back to his face, focusing on \*\*c\*\*k. "Oh, Nora!" he groaned as he grabbed my a\*\* and massaged it over my shorts. Despite the heat building between us, I remained focused on pleasuring him, aggressively taking his c\*\*k deep into my throat. I used my mouth and hand to stimulate him, sucking on his d\*\*k with determination. His hands found their way under my shorts, groping my bare a\*\* and parting my cheeks before releasing them. My moans grew louder as I continued to pleasure him, feeling the intensity 111 203 of the moment. He expressed his growing desire as he touched my wet p\*\*y through my shorts, arousing me even more. I was incredibly turned on, and his actions only heightened my arousal. "Your tight p\*\* is begging for me," he commented with a groan, rubbing his fingers in circles around my vaginal lips and reaching till the c\*\*t. I moved my hips in a circle, experiencing a seduction which compelled me into tightening my lips around his shaft even more. "F\*\*k!" he yelled, even pushing his finger a little harder but thankfully not entertained me yet. If he

did, I would end up begging him to put his di inside me and tear me open mercilessly. I had to intoxicate him to stop him from losing himself to me. After thrusting for a few more minutes, he repositioned himself behind me, pulling me to the side and laying me down before moving his body over my face. With forceful determination, he pushed his member into my mouth, and I closed my eyes, savoring the taste of his skin. My hands explored his firm, tight a\*\*, scratching down his legs as he continued without pause. "You are going swallow it all, my kitten." As his c\*\*k swelled, he chuckled and insisted that I swallow every drop. I eagerly complied, gripping his cheeks tightly as he released his milky c\*\*m into my mouth. "I thought you would kick me out the minute we are done." After 22.38% ensuring I had consumed it all, he relaxed on the bed, pulling me close and covering us with a blanket. Surprised by his tenderness, I confessed my initial expectation of being dismissed after our encounter. Instead, he cleaned my lips with a napkin and held me close, making me feel special and cherished in his strong embrace. Despite knowing the attention. he received from other admirers, felt a sense of intimacy

and connection with him in that moment. There were rumors that he barely showed interest in anyone, unless it was about painting them. But since our first meeting, he had made it clear that he had never cared for anyone like he did for me. It made me feel both special and tingly. And now, I found myself in his arms, lying in his bedroom and on his bed. Even my painting was placed in the corner of his bedroom. I wondered what he would hang it. "I wouldn't do that, you should know that by now. At least not to you," he said, his eyes still closed. I rested my hands on his chest and my chin on the back of my hands as I watched him rest peacefully. "Who knows, your brother had kicked me out once, what if you did it too?" I pouted. "Nora! I am not your stepbrother. I am your mate and I would like to be seen as just that from now on," he mumbled, making me close my lips tightly to not smile like a fool. After a few seconds of silence, another question came to my mind and I couldn't help but voice it

out to him. "May I ask what happened that night between you and Natalya?" I inquired. He let out a sigh, briefly lowering his eyes to glance at me before closing them again and pulling me closer to his body. "I really don't like it when you talk about someone else when we're spending time together," he commented before answering my question. "Your friend desperately wanted something to happen, and I stopped her. Nora! When I returned from your bedroom, I didn't even want to paint her anymore. But she wouldn't take no for an answer, and Nora! I don't like anyone's mischievous behavior unless it's you," he said with his eyes closed. The way he said the most compassionate things in the chilliest tone made me blush. "Thank you," I said, smiling. When I looked up, I saw him staring at me with a wide smile on his lips. I instantly bit my bottom lip and felt so shy. "What? Don't look at me like that away from him because he's shy. hat, I frowned, trying to move away made me feel uncomfortable. "You look good when you blush," he said, closing his eyes again and even yawning this time. I didn't say another word because I didn't want to disturb him. Soon, he had fallen asleep, and his hold on my body loosened. Once he was deeply asleep, he turned to the other side of the bed, far away from me. Part of me thought I should go back to my bedroom, but another part decided to rest a little before heading back. Well, that little rest turned into a long sleep, and I forgot that we weren't the only ones in the mansion.

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#### Tasting 94

94-Embarrassed To Be My Mate. Nora: I woke up and was surprised to find myself in his studio, having fallen asleep there. Hastily, I grabbed my shirt and straightened it out. He was lying on his stomach, his arm wrapped around the pillow supporting his face. His tousled hair and muscular back tempted me to linger and cuddle, but I knew I couldn't. Quietly, I slipped out of his room, slowing down as I reached his study. My intention was to leave until Natalya's painting crossed my mind. I was eager to see how he had depicted her. My own painting was still in his bedroom; covered and tucked away in a separate corner. As for her painting, I was curious. I approached the one hidden under a white cloth and carefully removed the cover. What I saw surprised me. I didn't know whether to feel guilty or pleased. He had captured her physique remarkably, even though it didn't quite resemble her body. She was much slimmer, having lost weight



since I last saw her. But her face... he never painted her face. I wondered if she noticed, and if that's why she left, hurt and in tears. I didn't stick around to find out whose body he had painted. It was late already, and I dreaded bumping into Nash or Silas on my way out. Hastening my steps, I left the studio, scanning my surroundings to avoid being seen. As I neared my bedroom door and stepped inside, I was startled to find someone sitting on the edge of the bed, head bowed. "Ryker?" I exclaimed in surprise, quickly shutting the door to conceal his presence from anyone passing by. "What are you doing here?" I grunted, clearly upset by his presence. He didn't respond immediately but lifted his head, staring at me through furrowed brows. His hands were clasped together, elbows resting on his thighs as he sat there. "Did you spend the whole night discussing the mate bond with him?" The uncertainty and doubt in his voice caused me to furrow my brow at him. Seeing him here made me feel as if he had caught

me cheating on him, even though we weren't even dating. Heck! We hadn't even discussed our mate bond. When Cain told him I was his mate, Ryker kept his mouth shut. "Have you been waiting for me here the entire night?" I asked in bewilderment. "Answer me, what were you two doing?" He inquired, rising to his feet standing tall, his hands clenched into fists. "I am not accountable to you, Ryker. You're just my stepbrother," I hissed, feeling infuriated for some reason. The way he sat there made it seem like he wanted to catch me and make me feel bad about spending time with my mate. If Cain were to be uncomfortable about me spending time with someone else, I would understand. He doesn't know I have another mate. But for Ryker to act this way, I was disappointed. He knew I have another mate. The same one I spent the whole night with. So his actions were rubbing me the wrong way. "You are not? You don't claim to be my mate?" Ryker clenched his jaw, the anger in his eyes no longer hidden. "Oh! I am your mate? Sorry, I forgot about it," I laughed, taunting him for reminding me I am his mate when he couldn't even tell his brother I was his mate. "Nora!" he warned me through his harsh gaze to take him seriously. "What? Really, you think you could ask me any questions and I'll be ready to answer you? Did you even tell your brother we are mates? No! So, why are you keeping an eye on me? And then to break into my bedroom to spy on me and what time I return is just-ugh!" I groaned, constantly avoiding his eyes. The more I stared at him looking at me, the angrier I got. "You two did something or not, I just want to know that much," he uttered, his eyes closed as if he didn't want to see my face. "We did," I nodded, folding my arms over my chest, waiting to hear his response. "What? What happened between you two?" I had no clue why he was asking me for these details. "I'm not going to tell you anything, Ryker. You can think what you want. But you're welcome to

question me when you tell your brother that you're also my mate," I said, stepping aside, signaling for him to leave. But he shook his head, indicating he wasn't finished yet. "I won't. I cannot, and you shouldn't either," he stated firmly, his gaze stern. His refusal to disclose anything upset me. What was stopping him from telling his brother about me? Was he embarrassed because he thought my wolf was weak, and he was a patrol officer at the border? "Why? Are you embarrassed, or do you think I'm not good enough because I have two mates?" I couldn't contain this question any longer. He stood

there with his eyes on me, but no response from him. It hurt me. "Tell me," as I demanded with aggression, he shook his head even more. "No! I cannot tell you," he hissed. And then took a big step back from me. It was as if he was ready to escape this conversation and it already angered me. "Why? Why can't you tell me anything?" I yelled when he didn't respond and walked past me to the door. "You know what, you're a coward. You just want to have fun with me without taking any responsibility. You want me to tell you everything about every conversation I have with my mate, yet you don't even want to tell me a sin thing." I almost threw a fit, but he arrogantly walked out of the room, disappearing from my sight. "What an a\*\*hole! Ruined my entire mood," I grunted, sinking down onto the bed, pondering our argument. This was the first time we argued, and surely not the last. 83.14%

## Tasting 95

95-Accused Once Again Nora: "Come on, give these pancakes a shot. The maid whipped up some blueberry ones just for you today," Lord Atwood urged, piling more onto my plate. It had become a ritual with him. He seemed to think I wasn't eating enough. So whenever I sat down with them at the table, he'd start loading up my plate as if he had to fill the void in my stomach. "Do you like blueberry?" Nash inquired. Dressed in a white shirt, he looked incredibly handsome. His eyes sparkled as if he had just stepped out of the shower. I couldn't help but wonder if under shower, his skin-eyes would glow even more. "Yes!" I nodded vigorously before glancing to the side and noticing that Ryker had barely touched his food. He hadn't even lifted his head from his plate this whole time. Cain was eating quietly but would occasionally glance up at me with a smirk, sending tingles through my stomach. And then there was Silas, who was missing. Just as I thought about his absence, he appeared. "And she likes stealing stuff," he announced, landing in the dining room with a thud, his hands on his hips and a threatening look in his eyes. The way he stood there made it seem like he had caught me in some mischief. "What's going on, Silas?" Lord Atwood sighed, clearly accustomed to his antics. "Ask your perfect daughter," Silas retorted, causing Cain to lower his fork and stare at me, then at his brother. Nash grunted as he paused eating his cereal and looked up at him. "I think we're grown-ups now. That whole phase of not wanting a stepsister should be over by now," Nash taunted Silas, struggling to cross his arms over his chest as his biceps were bulging a lot this morning. "I'm not doing anything out of spite. Ask Nora why she stole my stuff, Silas hissed, accusing me of stealing from him.

"Huh? What the heck are you talking about?" I couldn't believe my ears. One moment I'm eating pancakes, and the next, I'm being accused of stealing + sycho's stuff? "Okay, hold up! Who gave you the right to accuse her?" Lord Atwood grunted, throwing his napkin on the table. "Why is it that without any clarification or research, you'll start yelling at me and defending her? She arrived here just months ago, and everyone's already believing her?" Silas wasn't very good at expressing his anger. I've noticed that whenever he got angry, he couldn't decide who his enemy was, so he would just lump everyone together and yell at all of them. "Aren't you doing the same thing? You appeared out of nowhere, interrupted a perfectly happy family dinner, and started

accusing her of stealing from you without any research or explanation,” Cain wiped his lips, finished eating, and stood up to face his brother. A I didn’t want them to fight for me, but Silas was in the wrong here. “What did she steal from you?” Cain continued, and Silas kept glaring at him. I noticed Ryker stretching his arm out on the table and continuing to eat. He was the only one who didn’t seem bothered by the ongoing drama. And that kind of messed with my head. He was acting odd. “She stole something important from my study,” Silas hissed, his voice low, until his eyes landed on me, and he let out a loud grunt, “She was always interested in my study.” As he spoke about his study, I began to wonder if that was the only reason he thought I stole from him. “Just because I expressed desire to use your study once, you believe I stole from you?” I scoffed in disbelief, and he aggressively marched my way, only to be halted by Nash, who stepped between us. He did it abruptly, getting out of his chair and almost knocking it down. “Step aside, let me talk to her,” Silas grunted at his brother, who shook his head.

“Talk to her from there,” Nash said, wiping his hands with a napkin. “She stole from me,” Silas reiterated, but this time, his voice grew even more frustrated. I didn’t know if it was one of those things where they steal something from me and then accuse me of it, but I was certain Silas was up to no good. 50.17% 20 “Then tell us what it is that you lost and why you are accusing her of it,” Lord Atwood asked, while Cain began to take slow steps towards us. Ryker finally stopped eating and got out of his chair, standing apart but with a prominent frown on his forehead. “There was a glass bottle with a sample of monster skin that went missing from my study,” Silas hissed, finally revealing what he had lost that made him lose his mind. Ryker raised his head and then lowered it, steadily running his hand through his hair but looking somewhat happy. It was as if he had to lower his head to conceal a hint of a smile. I don’t know what it was, but it distracted me for a minute. “I didn’t steal anything, from Ryker. I spoke as I diverted my gaze “And why would you think she stole it? Just because you lost it,” Nash hissed at his brother, hitting him on the chest and pushing him back. Cain instantly jumped between them to push them away from each other. Nash would lose his temper quite abruptly and out of the blue. “I cannot believe you kept such an important thing in your study and now you have the nerve to accuse Nora of stealing it,” Lord Atwood, who seemed disappointed in his son, lowered his head. “Why do you think she stole it?” However, that question came from none other than Ryker. He didn’t sound aggressive or upset that I was being accused of something so serious. That’s when Silas answered his brother’s question, “Because I can smell it from her bedroom.” 12.38% My heart sank as everyone turned to look at me.

## Tasting 96

96-Oh! I Am Doomed Nora: “From my bedroom?” I frowned, scanning their faces one by one. as they gazed at me, awaiting a response. “There’s no way. I didn’t take anything. Maybe you misinterpreted the scent,” I hastily defended myself. I don’t know why, but they took his words seriously. He could be mistaken too. Werewolves are good with scents, but they can also make mistakes in recognizing them until the scent is of their mates, accepted and marked by them. Those scents are easily recognized unless some



spell is used to hide the scent. "Because I can never be wrong about smells like these," Silas uttered, locking eyes with me and challenging me. I glanced at Lord Atwood, who seemed lost in thought, and then at Cain and Nash, who were staring at each other. Maybe I should've focused on getting to know Silas better. Why did he claim so confidently that he could never be wrong? Was it something he had and I couldn't find out about sooner? "Anyway, I don't think Nora stole anything. You must be mistaken," Ryker jumped in, and for the first time since the argument began, he defended me with a serious look on his face. 111 "Ryker! I'm not just saying this because I don't like her," Silas confessed, and my body tensed. I saw Nash and Cain glance at me for my reaction before shaking their heads at their brother for being so childish in hating me. "I'm saying this because the scent is extremely strong," Silas added, causing them all to tilt their heads at him. "I swear," Silas grew frustrated, nudging Ryker's chest. "What?" as nobody sided with him, he groaned and yelled, "Seriously? You're all doubting my ability to sniff out scents?" The coldness in his voice returned with a hint of disbelief on his face.

"Wow!" he laughed, almost mockingly, "Then why don't we go through her stuff and look for ourselves, huh?" Silas folded his arms over his gray hoodie, denying the eye contact with me. "Sure! Let's take a look," I said but felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked behind me to find Lord Atwood standing there. "No!" his voice was loud and filled with authority. "It's fine. It will help clear my name," I insisted, but he shook his head again. I wanted to read his mind, but before I could even try, he explained his insistence himself. "The fact that they keep coming back with accusations and then go through your stuff every time is disrespectful. If it hadn't happened before, I would have let it happen this time. But I didn't bring you here to keep giving justifications and be uncomfortable," his eyes held a glint of guilt for not being able to protect me entirely. But what he wasn't aware of was that it was due to his protection that I survived here for so long. The bullying I faced in the hostel and school in the initial days was so bad that I reckoned about running away and living in the woods so many times. I'm glad I didn't because I didn't f\*\*g know there were monsters lurking around in the woods. "So, we just do nothing about it then? The fact that I am so certain I can smell the stuff from her room?" Silas seemed to be more affected by the fact that his power was doubted. I could hear the frustration too because that sample was very important to them. I don't know why he had it, but it could be because he was the pack's healer, in other words, doctor. He would run tests and do all sorts of healing stuff in the pack. "Dad! I don't mind," I uttered, because I had a feeling if I didn't let him go through my stuff, he would do something crazy, and then we would regret it. He seemed ready to barge into my room himself. "Let him go through it. If he's insisting, he must be onto something," Nash suddenly changed sides, patting his brother's shoulder. I wasn't surprised. I didn't have that deep connection with Nash anyways. It was still nice of him to even side with me till now. "Dad! Let him do it. It's about his work. He can use that sample for anything—you know, right?" Nash

turned to his dad again, insisting once more as Silas stood in his spot, his eyes staring at me with so much hatred that I wished Lord Atwood allows it. || At least this way, he will be cleared about me not being the thief. "Fine, but we will all go there, and I will be

the one looking through the stuff,” Lord Atwood once again upset Nash and Silas as his words implied that he was afraid they might do something ridiculous to label me as a thief. We all began to walk in my room’s direction. And now that Silas had mentioned it so many times, started to sniff a little harder. But there was no foul smell. However, Silas seemed even more confident once the door opened, and he stepped inside. The look of confidence on his face somehow scared me. “You should start from there,” Silas pointed his finger at my closet. My heart began to jump up and down as I realized it could be him who had left something in my room. They tried to trap me last time, but I was wise enough to not let it happen. What if this time, he has succeeded? His father walked over to my closet and looked over at me for permission. As I nodded my head, he opened the closet door and started going through it. Throughout the time, I held my breath. I was certain something bad was going to happen until Lord Atwood turned to us and smiled. “There is nothing here.” Oh, the sigh of relief I let out. I straightened my back and regained my confidence, but then Silas shook his head at his father and pointed at the closet again. 20:32 “What about the under space of the closet?” he inquired after sniffing from afar a little. His father frowned and gave him a stern look, “Why would she keep anything here—” as he bent down and ran his hand under the closet, the look on his face changed. It was quite apparent that his hand had come in contact with something.

## Tasting 97

97-Forbidden Affair With My Stepbrothers Nora: “What is it?” Nash asked curiously. Lord Atwood pulled his hand out, revealing a small bottle with something b\*\*dy inside. “Ah!” I gasped, stepping away from the brothers, my hands flying to my mouth. Lord Atwood straightened his back as he stood up, his eyes fixed on the bottle. “That is the sample,” Silas smiled, sighing in relief and lunging at his father to s\*\*h the bottle out of his hands. For a moment, it didn’t even seem like he cared that I had stolen it. He was more relieved that the bottle had been found. “I don’t know why this was here.” stuttered, and his attention shifted to me. “Well, it was here,” Silas groaned, shaking his head in disbelief at me. “We let you stay here, and you do this?” he exclaimed, prompting Nash to step forward and stand beside him. “Why was it here, Nora?” Nash’s harsh gaze felt like a trap I needed to escape before they took any action against me. “I don’t know, honestly. Why would I steal it just to hide it under the closet?” I questioned, unsure of my own motives. “Maybe you wanted him to get in trouble,” Nash frowned, scratching the back of his neck as he pondered possible reasons for my actions. 20:33 “I don’t know... It seems like... you wanted me to get caught by the council for not taking care of it,” Silas interrupted, deepening his glare and grunting at me. “And dad is definitely silent because his favorite child doesn’t seem so perfect anymore,” Silas continued, redirecting his father’s attention to us. “Are you sure you didn’t keep it here?” Lord Atwood, after seeming lost for some time, gathered all his courage and strength to step between us and defend me once more. I couldn’t believe it. How could someone trust someone so much? It was as if he didn’t even want to believe anything against me. But why?

“Dad is right. Maybe the thing was placed here to somehow trap her,” Ryker stepped up, standing in front of me with his father. “I can think of that being the very reason it was here,” Cain did the same and stood on the other side of his father, forming a wall in front of me. “Okay!” Silas scoffed, laughing suddenly as if he couldn’t believe that nobody was believing him. “So you all think I placed it here to get her in trouble?” Silas asked. “I don’t know. This has happened before,” I yelled from behind them as they began to s\*\*t away so I could be in view. “Oh really? Did you see me come to your bedroom? I lost this thing in the last few days, so did you see me come here in those few days?” Silas questioned, and I hesitated to answer. I wasn’t in the bedroom last night. It struck me hard because I couldn’t be certain if he had come to my room and maybe placed it here. “I” I bit my bottom lip, but Ryker stepped up to answer for me. “We are not saying you did it. Maybe somebody else did it to cause a rift between our family,” he continued to defend me, but the passion in his eyes seemed to be missing. I could tell he was trying too hard to find answers for these questions himself but still managing a way to defend me. “Just say it, you think I did it. But wouldn’t she have known if I had come to her room?” Silas groaned, asking him the same question again. “No, she wouldn’t,” Ryker finally raised his voice, turning heads. Cain shared a glance with me as he realized why I was unable to answer that question. He finally recalled that we spent the night in his bedroom in his studio. “She left the mansion with me for a few hours. It could have been placed there during” Ryker explained, and I began to breathe once again. That was a good one. He didn’t have to tell anyone about me and Cain but also got to defend me. “Oh really? Then why don’t we check the footage of last night. and see if I came here to leave this thing here? Or maybe from the night before because if anyone placed it here, they did it in these

two days,” Silas stated, making everyone go silent before Nash nodded his head in agreement. “Sure,” Nash said. “I think that will help clean her reputation,” Lord Atwood seemed to be on board as well, but the silent ones were Cain, Ryker, and I. I didn’t know there was a camera in the hallway. And then I turned to look at Cain and Ryker. It appeared as if they had forgotten about it as well. If they checked the footage of the last two days, they would find so many bizarre interactions between Ryker, Cain, me, and even Natalya. The fact that she came running almost naked to my bedroom from Cain’s studio would make it seem even more wrong. And then the fact that Cain came to my bedroom... Oh my lord! And my little flirtatious moment with Ryker in the hallway. My head spun around, my throat turned dry. “There is no need for it—we know she wouldn’t do that,” Ryker jumped in, almost as if he realized it would get very messy if we were found in a state like that. “Why not? I want to know, and I’m ready to watch the footage. because I know d\*\*n well didn’t come to her bedroom,” Silas, who seemed frustrated and angry that nobody had been believing him even after the imple was found in my bedroom, wasn’t letting this go because he had seen the hesitation on my face. Which also made me wonder if he was telling the truth. He didn’t place it here. Then who did? “Fine. If that’s the case, Ryker and I will see the footage and tell you what we found,” Cain was aware that Ryker knew I was his mate, so he probably thought his brother wouldn’t be shocked to see Cain coming in and out of my bedroom. But it did seem to bother Ryker because, well, he didn’t want Cain to know he had been flirting with me as well. This mess got messier, and Silas was not backing down. 76.74%

98-Ryker Played Me Nora: "Or, I'll check the footage and let you all know, how about that?" Ryker suggested but was met with a sharp head shake from Silas. "No! It's either all of us sit down and watch it or-I'm pretty clear, you all know who could have stolen it," he insisted, looking smug. "Okay! Let's go and watch it. And if I see any of you come to her room and place it here, I'm taking harsh measures this time," Lord Atwood cut in with certainty, "now, someone take me to the basement where the footage is. I don't remember when was the last time we checked those," he sounded so tired and exhausted. I felt bad that he had been dragged into the middle of this drama. But I was even scared of how he would respond to finding so much unfold before his eyes in the footage. I couldn't help but be afraid of his reaction. He would never believe me again. "I will get the keys myself," Silas began to walk away, confident that he wasn't the culprit. That's when something happened that left me stunned. Ryker took a deep breath and stepped between us to state loudly, "there will be no need to check the footage." [1] 20 331 Silas stopped and turned to stare at his brother, giving him an exhausted look for dragging the outcome for so long. "Because I know who placed this bottle here," Ryker lowered his head once everyone gasped and gathered around him with. Intrigue. He was in the center, and all eyes were on him. I was watching his face in disbelief too until I began to remember something. If he knew the bottle was here, why didn't he inform me and get rid of it? Who was in my bedroom all night? Ryker! "Who did it?" Lord Atwood yelled at him, and he took another deep breath. The way he stood with his hands down and no pride in his body language, which he usually had, made me see him in a

guilty light. "I did," he confirmed, and our hearts dropped in our chests. At least mine did. I shook my head and blinked my eyes excessively, watching his face and waiting for him to raise his eyes to look at me and answer the same question again. "You did. Why would you do it? You were defending her," Lord Atwood questioned, and once again, I hoped he would say that he was lying. "Because I realized I made a mistake," Ryker added and finally raised his head. As he stared into my eyes, he confessed, "I was angry at her about something. So when she left her bedroom last night to fetch snacks, I snuck into her bedroom and left this bottle here. I wanted her to realize she needs to listen to us and obey us or else she will keep getting herself in trouble. I just didn't know Silas would find out before I told her somebody had. left the bottle under her closet. I just wanted to prove a point and warn her that we are the only ones who can protect her--," 20 50% 111 De Ryker Maybe it was explaining everything, and it all made sense. But his words were cut short when Lord Atwood raised his hand and slapped him so hard that the entire room filled with the noise of it. "Dad!" Nash angrily stepped between them, becoming a wedge and glaring at his father. "I can't believe my son would stoop so low just to make her believe that he is her ultimate protector," Lord Atwood screamed, prompting Cain to grunt and step up. I expected him to take my side, but Cain's body language showed a different side to him. "He made a mistake and he admitted to it. It should not be held against him," Cain uttered placing his hand over Ryker's chest to calm him down. Ryker hadn't left his father's gaze all this time. "You did it?" Silas asked his brother with a hint of disappointment. "Brother! If I had lost this, I

would have been in trouble,” his tone wasn’t so loud with Ryker though. The way he was ready to rip my head off my neck was a different aggression than what he was

showing his brother for the same mistake. “You all are being kind to him because he is not Nora. I am beginning to realize my mistake,” Lord Atwood panted as he avoided looking into Ryker’s gaze, “I gave him so much importance that he lost his mind. Even you all, you all treated him as if he was a little one. Someone who we needed to protect just because of some trauma he faced in his childhood. 10 50% 111 1 But look at him now, he is traumatizing others,” he kept yelling, and with every harsh word, Ryker’s eyes started to get filled with tears. “Dad! That is enough. He admitted to his mistake,” Nash was no longer speaking softly. “I am sure he did it because he didn’t want her to go taking Brody’s team. That must have provoked such a harsh action from him. Still wrong, but he didn’t do it out of malice,” Cain glared at his father in the eye for yelling at Ryker. “No! I won’t listen to you all this time. He has crossed all the boundaries now. If I don’t punish him, you all will continue pestering Nora for your own agendas. Hence, I have made up my mind—” Lord Atwood even stunned me with how harsh he was with Ryker this time but I didn’t mind. He deserved it. Now I realized why he was in my bedroom last time. He was angry that I spent the whole night with Cain so he left that sample under my closet. He was going to use it to make me believe he was so kind and protective of me. But in reality, he lost all the respect in my eyes. I couldn’t even bring myself to look him in the eye anymore. “He is going to be staying in the woods and working on catching monsters instead of getting himself caught in teenage drama,” his father declared the punishment, prompting a headshake from the brothers. 7609%

## Tasting 99

99-The Missing Friend Nora: It’s been two days since that incident, and I haven’t had a chance to speak to Cain or any of the others. I was actually upset with Cain as well. The way he changed his mind when he found out it was Ryker who tried to get me in trouble disappointed me. I didn’t expect him to go all ninja on him, but to not even consider how I must be feeling was really a blow to my ego. He didn’t come to talk to me, and his flirtatious remarks stopped as well. Ryker didn’t fight back against the punishment even when the brothers laid it on hard.. uldn’t believe it when I found out Sials was requesting his father to let Ryker stay in the mansion. No way did I want him in the woods because, unlike him, I didn’t want to take revenge. But hearing Silas, who knew if the roles were reversed, he would have faced judgment, was protecting his brother. I never thought of them as being too close to each other. And that was because they were not. “Ready for school?” Lord Atwood smiled at me. Obviously, he was not so affected, but I had watched him stare at the woods from the top of the mansion many times. “Yes, I am,” I tried to sound playful, but the energy in me had been killed after that day. I got in the car with him and checked my phone. No new messages. Natalay never responded back, and even her cellphone was turned off now. I was worried about her and had made plans to speak to her about everything and the painting I III 20 33 99 The Milema! saw of her in Cain’s studio. I didn’t have a reason, but I would lie about something along the lines of Cain not drawing faces most of the time. I don’t know if she would believe me or not. The car came to a halt in front of the school, and I was shocked I spent the whole



ride thinking about so many things. Once I was stepping into the school and making my way to the announcement board, I found April walking alongside. "Hey! It's nice to see you after so many

days," she smiled, as always, being her giggly self. "Same," I replied warmly. "You have classes with me, by the way, I checked your schedule," she quickly added before I continued my journey to the announcement board. "Oh! And Natalay? Who is she taking classes with? Did you happen to check hers to 1 inquired. Maybe if we have the same classes, we can sit together and mend our relationship; which really bothered me because this is what I feared, and that is what happened. Somehow, she got upset with me over the whole Cain thing. "Oh! You shouldn't worry about her, though. She put in for a month's leave, and I don't know when she plans to return," April shrugged her shoulders, holding my hand out of the blue and dragging me to the lockers. "She is on leave? Who told you?" I asked, wondering how she knew and I didn't. "I heard the girls from her hostel talk about it. That girl is a weird one. She didn't tell you?" April stopped once we were at our lockers. She was wearing a cute white top with a pink skirt. She was always upbeat, almost like there was no tension in her life. 25.59 L 20 330 The Mining "No! She didn't," I shook my head "Huh! Would you look at that. You are always so concerned about her, and she doesn't give a d\*\*n. I think you are wasting your time, energy, and friendship on her. Why can't we be friends?" she pouted, but suddenly smiled when bringing her hand forward for a handshake, "we can be besties, and I am not like her who disappears out of the blue." I watched her hand, then contemplated if I was ready for another drama. April was happy all the time, but people around her tended to not be so happy at times. She had this vibe about her that I couldn't shake off. "We can go to her hostel after school if you are so worried about her. But at least be friend' with me. I am not that bad," she pouted, growing and waing me with sadness in her eyes. At this point, I really couldn't run away from her. So I had to shake hands with her. Her smile

returned, and she instantly hugged me, making me roll my eyes at her. I knew why she wanted to be friends with me. She has a crush on Ryker. Is this what a girl with hot brothers' life is like? Everybody wants to befriend them just so that they could date the handsome and powerful alpha king brothers. Not to mention, the two guys they had a crush on were my mates. "Okay! Can you drive me to the hostel after school?" Well, since she wanted to be friends so bad, I didn't mind taking her help. "Sure!" And well, she seemed pretty happy about it as well. The rest of the day was easy to pass because the bully had 53.06% 20:34 The king I befriended me. The combat classes were canceled for a month for unknown reasons, but I knew why. The team leader was in the woods, facing his punishment. I pouted as I sat in April's car and stared out the window. I was angry at Ryker, but ever since he was sent to the woods, I was worried about his safety. "We are here," April nudged me awake, and together we walked inside in search of Natalya. "Mrs. Finlay! Can we go meet Natalya?" April interrupted the old lady's journey to the kitchen with a very giggly tone. Mrs. Finlay looked at her with a smile before her eyes fell on me. She would have kicked me out instantly had I not been known as the alpha king's step er. "Sure, but she is not here," Mrs. Finlay responded, and the big step I was ready to take towards the staircase halted. "You are her friend,

right? She didn't tell you anything?" As the same response I got from everyone today, I was not surprised that Natalya didn't tell me about her plans at all. "No!" I shook my head. "Well, she is not in the hostel for a month," Mrs. Finlay delivered the news to me, shocking me as

the traces of Natalya had been wiped clean like she had never existed. 70.38

Tasting 100

100-All Behind My Back Nora: "Is she not at the hostel? Did she leave, or is she going to return?" I asked after pulling myself together. I needed to know where she went. "Didn't you hear me?" Mrs. Finlay finally forced a fake smile, though deep down, she might have desired to yell at me. "She won't be here for a month." "But where could she have gone then? This is her only place," argued, noticing Mrs. Finlay roll her eyes. These people were so annoying. They didn't even hear the fact that the only reason they had been nice to me was because I was now the stepsister of the alpha king brothers. "I don't know. She just took her leave and left," Mrs. Finlay shrugged. "Mrs. Finlay, can we please go check her bedroom then?" Finally, April realized Mrs. Finlay wasn't keen on answering my questions, and I was beginning to lose my mind. I'm glad April took over before I threatened her with my status in the pack. "Sure, sweetie, how can I say no to you?" Mrs. Finlay smiled for April, who giggled. "By the way, this color looks so good on you. Please stop wearing it; you steal attention from everyone else," April pouted, making Mrs. Finlay blush and rush away to grab her keys. "There 0.00% ||| 20:35 100 AU Behind My Back are ways to treat people. You need to learn to focus on their habits. Now, Mrs. Finlay, she doesn't like being seen as an old grandma. She likes admiration and compliments. You see, she had given up her youth for this place, so when she sees so many young girls around, she wants to live that life," April explained in a serious tone. I was surprised that she was so attentive, but she was not wrong. I really needed to pay attention to people around me and see what kind of habits they have. Mrs. Finlay returned with the keys, and April grabbed them out of her hands.

"I love this nail paint on you," April commented before casually strolling away. I turned my head all the way back and saw Mrs. Finlay happily checking out her nails. April's comments left a lasting impression. Once we were outside Natalya's room, April took over and opened the door for me. She didn't step all the way inside like me. I entered the room, and sure enough, it was left as if nobody had used it in a week. I could barely tell if she even stayed here for more than a day after returning from my mansion. "But it doesn't make any sense. Where could she probably have left for?" I asked tiredly, turning to face April. After conversing with her, I felt like she was not so useless. At least she came up with some good explanations for things. "She must have left for the mountains again," April pouted. "These are the mountains," I pointed at the floor of the hostel. "No! The ones that nobody lives at," April explained. 21.52% ||| < 20:34 100 All Behind My Back "And why would she return to some place where nobody lives?" I smiled sarcastically because she wasn't making any sense anymore. "Oh, Nora! Did you not know anything about your friend?" April folded her arms, leaning over the door frame and staring at me with a shocked expression on her face. "What?" I asked.

“Natalya is not an orphan like she claimed to have been,” April started, and right off the bat, I felt fooled. “What?” “Yeah! I did some digging. After she clung to you, I just had a feeling that she wasn’t entirely truthful about herself. And then

think that a she-wolf, who her whole lie was exposed. But didn’t have a wolf, claimed to be so powerful, got exposed and punished, yet she didn’t miss a single day of school and came for combat, I just felt odd about her. It was like she was not who she claimed to be. So—Brody and I—obviously, she took help from her alpha cousin.” “We did our own research and found out a few things about her. Do you know when she came here the very first day, she didn’t come alone? Some man came to drop her at the hotel’s door,” she began to talk about her findings, and right from the get-go, I was feeling chills across my skin. “A man she never talked about to anyone,” I pouted. “Well, the truth is that she had someone from her family alive that she never wants anyone to know about. And she has probably left to stay with that someone until the whole issue of 48.51% ||| 20.35 100 All Behind My Back her lies gets dried down. Why don’t you talk to Brody about her?” April suggested with a serious look on her face. “I—” Before I could talk against the idea, April cheered at the text she received on her phone. “Brody is here. I texted him that we were worried for Natalya, so he insisted to come here. Let’s go,” she happily held my hand and dragged me out of the room. She was a bit too hyper- excited for my liking. I liked doing things a certain way. So I had to hurry up and lock the door as she tugged me along downstairs. Thankfully, Brody hadn’t come inside, but when we went to return the keys to Mrs. Finlay, a question popped up in my head that I couldn’t help but ask the old lady. “Um, Mrs. Finlay! Does a man come by to ask about Natalya?” | inquired, watching April nod her head in appreciation of my question. “Oh yes,” Mrs. Finlay nodded her head with a cheeky smile. “Um! It’s okay. You can confirm from the register. No need to answer off the top of your mind,” April

commented with a raised brow. We didn’t want her to give us wrong information, but she seemed pretty certain from the way she was smiling at us. “There will be no need. I don’t need to double-check anything to remember that man. I mean, who would not recognize Alpha King Ryker coming here and asking for Natalya so much?” She shook the ground from not only under my feet but April’s too when she mentioned my punished brother and Natalya in the same sentence. 74.00% 20:35 her he gets died down Why do Appt suggested with a serious log you talks to Body aham her?” on her face. \*\*Before Leould talk against the idea, April cheered at the test she received on her phone “Brody is here. I texted him that we were worried for Natalya, 80 he insisted to come here. Let’s g” she happily held my hand and dragged me out of the room she was a bit too hyper excited for my liking. I liked doing things a certain way. So I had to hurry up and lock the door as he tugged me along Thankfully, Brody hadn’t come inside, but when we went to return the keys to Mrs. Finlay, a question popped up in my head that I couldn’t help but a he old lady “Um, Mrs. Finlay! Does a man come by to ask about Natalya?” | inquired, watching April nod her head in appreciation of my question. “Oh yes,” Mrs. Finlay nodded her bead with a cheeky smile, “Um! It’s okay. You can confirm from the register. No need to answer off the top of your mind,” April commented with a raised brow. We didn’t want her to give us wrong information, but she seemed pretty certain from the way she was smiling at us. “There will be no need. I don’t need to

double check anything to remember that man. I mean, who would not recognize Alpha King Ryker coming here and asking for Natalya so much?" She shook the ground from not only under my feet but April's too when she mentioned my punished brother and Natalya in the