

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 268

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Chapter 268

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 268 – The Messy Alpha

Author's POV:

Years Ago:

“Where is that little piece of shit?” Lord Yale yelled as he demanded his subjects to present him with Lazlo, who had been hiding under the bed to avoid getting caught.

“Please! Don’t say anything to him.

He is just three,” an omega live-in nanny of Lazlo begged Mr. Yale to spare Lazlo.

Emelia was bought in when Lazlo was born.

She was only very when she started taking care of Lazlo.

Now that Lazlo had turned 3, she couldn’t help but see him as she was her son.

“Get out of my way, you filthy little omega.” Lord Yale grabbed .

Emelia and pushed her aside, making her fall onto the floor.

“Who let him out?” Yale yelled, running into his room to find Lazlo.

He knew Lazlo would be hiding under the bed, the only place where he can hide from his father and feel safe.

But that wasn’t true.

He was not safe anywhere.

Yale squatted down and pulled Lazlo out from under the table.

“You have two minutes to convince me you are innocent.” Yale never told Lazlo what his fault was.

He would wait for Lazlo to expose all his dirty little secrets, including stealing the candy.

"I ---wante-d- to eat a candy," little Lazlo's lips quivered, his feet dangling while his father carried him in the air.

"Please let him go.

It was his birthday; he wanted to have some sweets." Emelia rushed into the room once again to his rescue.

"Have you ever seen an animal celebrate its birthday before? Then why was he let out of the cage?"

Yale yelled while slamming Lazlo across the room.

The little boy fell near the wall, but Emelia rushed over to hug him and stop him from crying.

"Now take him downstairs and put him in his cage," Yale made sure he ordered the guards to take Lazlo downstairs.

Emelia was no ordinary live-in nanny.

She had to sit by Lazlo's cage and hear him cry while she tried to calm him down.

She was just a broken omega herself.

She could never fight for him, even when she tried.

"I am so sorry!" she whispered, watching Lazlo curling up in the cage and falling asleep.

"How are you watching all this and not doing anything?" She raised her face to the small window and stared at the sky, calling for the Moon Goddess.

"You have been nothing but silent." A tear rolled down Emelia's eyes.

"I can't believe you can't do anything to stop the person ruining lives.

She is the reason I am away from my twins.

Now look at this baby.

He is sleeping in a cage; do you not feel his pain?" Emelia cried to the Moon Goddess, hoping that the

evil witch would die.

"I wish you can put her daughter through the same pain that everybody else is going through.

I wish her daughters bears the pain of dealing with all these broken souls," she wished and then fell asleep on the chair.

Yale carried on his evil ways and kept visiting Hazel for some more spells.

"So, when will the potion be ready again?" Yale asked Hazel.

He had visited her to get some things for Lazlo.

"It will be ready in a few minutes," Hazel smiled awkwardly, not wanting to delay anything.

She knew if she pissed off Yale, he would ask for more than just her services with magic.

She rushed out of the room and left Yale behind.

As we walked around out of boredom, he noticed some pictures of a little girl.

He knew Hazel was a mother.

He thought that must be the little baby she gave birth to.

"Mommy!" Little Enya walked in on him, watching their pictures.

He looked at her and then gave her a smile.

She didn't like him from the get-go.

"Oh! Look at your eyes.

They are so gray and sparkling," Yale commented, hunching over and walking near the little girl.

At least now he knew Hazel has a weakness.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked Enya, passing her a smile.

"You creepy!" Enya said in her baby language, making him force a grin.

If only he didn't want her mother to do some magic for him, he would have snapped her neck and killed her right then and there.

“Well, you don’t know who you are talking to.

I am an Alpha.

You should respect me.” He expected the little girl to know what he meant.

“Nuh-uh! You ugly!” Enya pouted, stepping back and running out of the room.

Yale had a bad temper.

He just couldn’t believe a little omega kid insulted him.

“Little trash!” He shook his head and sat down again, impatiently waiting for the potion.

“I am sorry for the delay.

Here is your thing.” Hazel rushed in with a tiny bottle in her hand and handed it over to Yale.

“Give this to him only once a day.

It will make him indecisive, a terrible example, and all over the place.

People will see the pattern and soon they will realize he is not fit to be alpha.

Also, it will slow down his ability to act properly.” She smiled as she watched Yale get money out of his pocket for her.

“A walking disaster! Huh?” Yale laughed, checking the bottle and then smiling to himself.

“Exactly.

You don’t even have to worry about him finding a mate.

With his patterns and anger issues, no mate would want him, let alone give him an heir.

The moment he is close to winning her over, he will mess up,” She created a perfect spell to make a mess out of Lazlo, just the way Yale wanted.

“Thank you.

I will come by again,” Yale said and got up from his chair, but only to pause and turn to her to say,

“That kid of yours, teach her manners.” There was no smile on his lips when warning Hazel about her little Enya.

She didn’t like what she heard, but she couldn’t mess with him.

She had other lives to poke her nose into.

Tell me your thoughts on these 3 updates.

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Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 269 – The Lost Siblings

Enya’s POV:

“I don’t want to talk about it here.” I eyed Lazlo for choosing the wrong time and place to discuss it.

“I was not going to talk about it but I was—” Lazlo turned his face to the other side sadly.

“I cannot deal with this. Christina needs me. I need to be there for her.” Maynard was shocked when Lazlo found out about that one minor mistake.

“I think we have far bigger issues in our hands than talking about something that isn’t even our business to discuss,” Thiago returned to acting causally.

One would think I should be happy that he trusts me, or maybe he doesn’t even care anymore. But it just upsets me. It was as if Thiago didn’t care who I ended up with anymore.

Nobody spoke about it again. Zander slept upstairs, Maynard and Christina shared a mattress, while others slept on their own mattresses. I slept on the couch. This weekend away from trouble didn’t go as we planned.

We returned to the academy after Zander expressed his wish to leave the cabin. He kept accusing us of everything because we suggested the cabin.

He hadn't made any snarky jokes or flirtatious remarks to me either. I assumed he believed we did it so that he could never talk about ever marking me again.

"Why is it that every time we want to have some fun we end up in trouble?" Lazlo jumped into his bed and complained, but Thiago ignored him.

"Are you alright, babe?" Maynard grabbed Christina's bag and helped her unpack. She gave him the faintest nod and then sat down in his bed.

"He doesn't even want to talk to me. What did I do?" She was complaining to Maynard about her brother not wanting to speak to anyone, not even her.

"A werewolf's canines are just like a man's d****k. They hold a lot of importance. Anyway, he will come around sometime.

It will take him a month or two to grow them back." Maynard was helping her with her stuff and comforting her simultaneously.

I had been getting messages from Oswin asking me to meet him in the hallway.

It was just going to be awkward because I had planned to tell him about Poppy's comment. He deserves to know.

"I will be back in a minute." I don't know who I announced it to because Lazlo was busy on his phone and Thiago was in the bathroom.

Once I was in the hallway, I found Lazlo walking after me.

"I thought you were busy on your phone." I stopped in my tracks and looked at him.

"I don't know what to think about this whole accepting all my mates' shit, but it was not supposed to turn you heartless." His comment was more like a sad cry for help than a taunt.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I asked, knowing very well what he was talking about but trying to sway the argument for now.

"You were with Maynard that night, and you didn't even care about telling any of us? You do know Christina and Maynard are serious about each other, right?" His eyes held questions. He was judging me, for sure.

"Laz—," he cut me off before I could finish.

"So, what is going on now? Are you two back together?" The hurt in his voice told me he was upset about something else and wasn't able to express his emotions correctly.

I have been noticing how messy he got after I accepted him. It's one thing after another.

"Lazlo! That's not the case. We are not together. He hugged me one last time before he moved on into a relationship with Christina.

My hair got stuck in his chain and he just— but it was nothing, it meant nothing." Instead of being dismissive of him, I explained things better to him.

"Okay!" he replied, not finding excuses anymore.

"You talked about impregnating me because you felt Maynard's scent on me? You didn't want to do it with me so you made yourself sound like an a*sh*le so that I could push you away and we didn't have to do it," I stated everything in one breath and found his jaw hitting the floor.

"Lazlo! It is okay to express your feelings. You don't have to look for excuses to express your emotions. Just be direct with me." I noticed how shocked he looked. It occurred to me back when he talked about the scent of Maynard on me in that cabin.

"I will be in the room." He was obviously still not ready to talk about anything. He left me in the hallway, and soon Oswin appeared.

"Hey!" he awkwardly waved his hand at me.

"You look better," I said, giving him a side hug.

"Well, I have lost a lot in my life. I eventually got over it." That awkward smile broke my heart. "But I want to know the entire truth about Poppy from you.

What did she do?" being the genuinely understanding person he was, he wanted to know everything from me.

"For starters, she planned your attack, my abduction, and the ——" I paused, feeling the pain surge through my body once again.

"I knew you were there. But what did she do?" Oswin asked again.

"She killed my unborn inside my womb," I said quietly, covering my face with my hands.

"What? Enya! Why didn't you tell me you were pregnant?" He instantly grabbed my hand and pulled me into a comforting hug.

"I found out when they had abducted me. I couldn't even get a chance to tell the father of the baby. But it is all fine now."

I broke the hug to give him a smile. Our conversation was supposed to move forward without any interruption.

“The father of the baby? Let me guess, Thiago Shepard?” He frowned but then smiled weakly. “He is a good dude.

He took care of you every time you were in trouble, didn’t he?” Finally, he understood why we had to kill Poppy. She was just evil.

“And you! You have always been there for me. I used to wonder why, but now I see it. Maybe the blood relation does that to you.”

My words formed a frown on his face. “Oswin! Poppy said we are lost siblings.” As soon as those words were spoken, he

stepped away from me with a judgmental look on his face.

“No! you can’t be her daughter,” the way he said that and anger filled his eyes, I reckoned he didn’t like hearing that.

“I can’t be whose daughter?” I asked, panicking at his reaction.

“The one who ruined my childhood.” The tears in his eyes made me gasp.

Oswin doesn’t want to be Enya’s half–brother. Your thoughts on it?

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Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 270 – I Heard The Monster Again

“I don’t understand. What happened? How do you know my mother?” My mind couldn’t process properly. The anger and hatred he displayed at the mention of my mother surprised me.

“I would never have even known had my mother and grandmother not written a diary together and kept it for me.

After years of abandonment and being thrown from one shelter to another, I finally found my home, but there was nothing left there.

Just a diary and my grandmother's bones. The way! knew it was my parents' house was through this birthmark."

He showed me a birthmark on his shoulder that looked like a bite from fangs.

"They had my pictures everywhere, pictures from when I was a kid, and after that, there was nothing. And then I read that diary."

He stepped back from me. It was so weird how even standing near me was intolerable for him.

"What was in it?" I asked, tears rushing to the surface. From what I remember about my mom, she was a nice woman who loved helping everyone.

She would risk her life to help others. So whatever he was saying didn't sound good to my ears.

"The diary has everything f****ked up your mother did to my mother and my grandmother. She made my father never see us

again. She kept him for herself when she knew there were people who were relying on him."

He was almost on the verge of crying at this moment. I was still not sure how much I could blame my mother for it.

"How do you know my mom made our dad not see you and your mother? Maybe it was dad's decision."

I was still holding onto hope, but he shook his head and grunted.

"I cannot give you the diary. I will just send some things. Why don't you find out more about your parents? Why, unconsciously, have you been putting it off?"

He bobbed his head as if he was questioning me.

"I will, but I want to sit down and talk with you. We are half siblings." A weak smile crept over my lips because I knew this would never happen.

He would never forgive me for being who I am. It is so sad that he called me his sister when he didn't know me, but the moment the truth is out; he doesn't even want to pass a second glance at me.

"I have to go, I cannot—I just cannot—" Oswin shook his head to himself, holding back an urge to probably yell at me.

And just like that, he walked away from me. I was left heartbroken and alone once again.

The desperation to have a family had made me desperate. I really thought it would be that easy for a cursed she-wolf like me to find peace and family.

I rushed back into the room and sat down on the bed. I wanted to cry but couldn't. If anybody asks me why I am crying, what will I say to them? My brother told me my mother was not a nice person. And that my mother stole someone else's mate.

"URGHH!" I heard a little cry from the bathroom, and it stunned me. I frowned, but didn't reach for them. The bathroom is where people want privacy. I will just wait for them to come out.

"ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" The grunting turned into a painful cry for help. My body felt goosebumps when hearing it.

"This is not normal," I said to myself, getting on my feet and standing on the other side of the door.

"Who is it?" I called for the person in distress.

"EHH!" A little crack of bones and a groan were all I could hear from the other side.

"Hey! Are you okay?" I looked around to spot a jacket or shoes to get an idea of who was possibly in there, grunting in pain. But then I met with silence.

There was no movement in there afterwards. I stayed there, staring at the door, but there seemed to be no one in there anymore.

"That's so weird," I whispered to myself in confusion.

The door slammed open behind me, and the person walking inside grabbed my arm to turn me around by force.

"Hey!" I complained, watching Christina glare at me. "You kissed Maynard?" she yelled in my face and pushed me.

I would have hit my head had I not used my magic to stand my ground.

"If you put your hands on me again, I'll rip them off your body," || grumbled in Nia's deep voice. I bet my eyes changed color to show anger.

"Bold of you to warn me when you have been putting your mouth on my man," she claimed and grunted, making me gasp, "Zander heard you guys talking in the cabin," she then told me who told her about that.

"But he was right there with you. How did he hear and not you?" I was just picking up the wrong details. Right now, the question was regarding my morals, and I was trying to be a detective.

"Because I was in the bathroom. Now tell me, is this all you know? Stealing mates?" She yelled with her entire strength, lifting her body on her tiptoes.

"I —it was nothing. Go ask Maynard, it was just a goodbye." | had been the only one giving an explanation as if Maynard wasn't even the one who tried to kiss me. I was still protecting his a**s and taking hits.

"Of course, I will." She bobbed her head, but instead of walking out of the room, she walked past me to knock on the bathroom door.

"Maynard! Open up," as she called for him. I felt like my body shuddered.

"Maynard is in the bathroom?" I asked, terror striking through my body "We were on the rooftop when Zander called me. Maynard excused himself to attend the bathroom." She replied while still knocking on the door.

"Maynard! Come out!" she called.

I heard something from inside. I know at least this much: whoever was in there wasn't a regular wolf.

"Why is he not responding?" She turned to me as if I would know the answer to her query.

"Enya! Why do you look so petrified? Tell me what is going on?"

She was no longer trying to get at my throat.

"I heard— heard him growl in pain, not just any growl. It was monstrous!" I said, and a gulp ran down her throat.

"We need to break down the door," I suggested, but she shook her head at me violently.

"No! I think we—should wait." She was shaking when she asked me to not break down the door.

“Are you kidding me? This is not the right time to be afraid of what is inside. If something happened to Maynard, we needed

to hurry up.” The moment she realized Maynard could be in danger, she stepped away from me.

I raised my hands, and instead of breaking them down, I broke the lock.

As soon as Christina heard the click, she crashed the door open and sprinted inside, only to let out a yelp of horror.

Comment your thoughts on this chapter...