

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 271

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Chapter 271

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 271 – Pick Up!

Enya's POV:

"Enya!" she let out a cry, looking around the empty bathroom. I stormed inside and lost my senses. There was just a broken sink and then a broken window. Maynard was nowhere in the bathroom anymore.

"Where did he go?" Christina let out a cry, looking at the window.

"He climbed through the window and ran out, but why?" I was lost as to why he would choose to leave out of the window rather than take the door.

"We should leave the academy and follow the trail," I suggested, but she shook her head once again.

"What if there is no trail?" She raised her voice at me as if I knew what was going on.

"Christina! You need to get your shit together. We don't know if he left on his will or some monster dragged him out," I had to be honest with her. She cannot look away from the truth and expect things to be fine on their own.

"Now let's go." The two of us walked out of the room and bumped into Lazlo and Zander.

"Hey!" Lazlo said, scanning us from head to toe. "Are you two okay?" he asked, and Christina shook her head while I nodded mine.

"Okay! Hear me out," I said, watching Zander roll his eyes at us. They were wet from the rain, so whoever took Maynard must have left some sort of trail. If only the rain had not wiped it clean already

"Maynard is missing!" Christina took the lead since it was regarding her mate. Zander and Lazlo shared a glance and then watched our faces cluelessly.

"I am sorry! Say it again? Who is missing now?" Lazlo inquired of me with the most judgmental look on his face.

“AHH! The monster took away another one of Enya’s mates,” || should have known Zander would create a drama. Since he had heard us talk in the cabin, he was now using that little piece of information to pin Maynard’s abduction on me.

“Back off!” Lazlo grunted, showing him his palm.

“Why would the monster want Maynard?” Christina was obviously listening to her brother.

“Remember, he is jealous of whoever gets too close to Enya.” Zander winked.

“We can look at you the same way. You were hurt because you were attacked and now you can’t mark me. You are the only one who is suggesting Maynard had something going on.

So you could be the only one worried about Maynard marking me. So tell me, where were you when Maynard went missing?” I stated very calmly, not letting his taunts get to me. I remember he threatened to take revenge on all of us. Aenean

“I was with Lazlo,” he said. “When I called Christina, I was already outside the academy and in sight of Lazlo, who was also taking a stroll on the road.

Ever since then we haven’t left each other’s sight,” Zander stated very confidently, and Lazlo nodded to support his claims.

“If we are done pointing fingers at each other, I think we should leave to search for Maynard now,” Lazlo interrupted us at the right moment.

Zander and I had only turned against each other ever since that incident in the cabin happened. It was just bizarre that he planned the date. He chose the place but accused me of his attack.

“But what happened? How the hell did he go missing, and how do you know he is missing and not out on a stroll?” Zander was still relatively calmer than us. He was probably thinking we girls were just overreacting.

“One second he is in the bathroom, and the next second he is missing. He opened the bathroom door and found him gone.

There is a window broken down, so I am assuming he ran out of there.” I explained everything to them and lost them in the last part.

“He escaped? But you said something got him.” Lazlo grimaced in bewilderment.

“I mean, I heard some noises from inside. Some weird grunting that didn’t sound like Maynard’s wolf.” | explained, and he then faintly nodded at me.

"I am calling his number and he is not picking up either," Christina said in tears.

"Where is Thiago?" It was then Zander brought him up, making us all go silent and share a glance.

"I don't know. Why are you asking?" I asked, almost in a defensive tone.

"Isn't it weird how he is the one missing every time something happens to one of us?" Zander stated this casually, but he knew what he was doing.

"Because we all cannot stick together all the times," I defended Thiago, noticing Lazlo picking up his phone and probably calling Thiago.

"He is not picking up my calls," Lazlo pouted, staring at me for a reaction.

"As if he would pick up your calls after all the arguments you two have been having." I rolled my eyes and tried calling Thiago myself. He didn't pick up my calls, either.

"Why don't you try calling Maynard?" Zander suggested as he sat down on the bed carelessly.

"I did. He is not picking up my calls," Christina answered.

"I am asking Enya, why doesn't she give it a try?" His eyes held poison. He was putting us against each other, and it wasn't the right thing to do in a situation like this.

"One of us is missing, and this is how you are trying to help us?" I raised my voice, but noticed the smirk growing across his lips.

"Call him." That demand came from Christina's lips. I turned to her in shock and stared at her in disbelief.

"You are going to let your brother get into your head and ruin everything you have with your mate?" I asked, not ready to fall prey to Zander's toxic schemes.

"Well, then call him and prove him wrong," she demanded, even stubbornly this time. Her eyes had tears in them. Good job hurting your sister, Zander. I cannot believe how someone could be so manipulative.

"Fine, I will do that, but remember you will never forgive yourself

for doubting your mate," I said, and noticed Lazlo lowering his head.

We have all been through this shit. We learn and grow to respect and trust our mates.

“Trust cannot be bought from a shop. A trustworthy person today can break your trust tomorrow. The only person who we should rely on is ourselves. Never look away from the red flags.” Zander said as he tried to balance his phone on the tip of his finger.

“Fine.” | stared into Christina’s eyes and dialed Maynard’s number.

Ring..

And then he picked up my call on the very first ring.

What happened in the bathroom. Also, I will be updating a new chapter for Sharing Beatrice—A Luna To Her Stepbrothers.

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 272

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Chapter 272

272 Maybe I Can Treat You Better

Maynard’s POV:

Few Hours Ago:

After we came back from the cabin, Zander left for a stroll, and worries engulfed Christina. I walked her to the rooftop to get some fresh air, but it didn’t do much because soon her brother rang her phone. I knew he would worry her about something again.

“You guys talk while I go to the restroom,” | excused myself, not wanting to stand there and watch her fret over her brother. If only she’d let me help her, I’d stay around. Otherwise, I feel like a third wheeling.

I walked downstairs and to the room when I realized Thiago hadn’t come out of the bathroom this whole time.

“Boy! Come out!” I yelled, picking up a shirt to change into after taking a shower.

“I swear you are not even doing anything in there,” I added after he didn’t respond to me. “Ugh! “He just goes into the bathroom and then vanishes,” I complained, reaching for the door and banging it hard.

“Thiago!” I yelled his name, waiting for him to at least tell me how much more time I had.

“Thiago! Bloody hell, come out!” I yelled and banged harder this time. However, I heard something inside this time.

“URGHHH!” There was a little growl, almost as if somebody was preventing the transition.

“Thiago! Hey! Dude, are you okay in there?” Panic struck me when my wolf felt the pain of another alpha.

“Thiago! Let me come in. I know something is wrong. I might be able to help you.” Now that Enya was no longer my subject of interest, I didn’t feel any animosity toward Thiago. Back then, I got super jealous of him, but things have changed now.

I no longer felt any anger toward Thiago or Lazlo. Suddenly, the door opened just a little bit, and I knew Thiago needed my help. It was unlike him to need help, so it was serious.

I squeezed inside and a gasp heaved across my lips instantly.

“Dude! What the fuck!” I gasped, looking around for a towel to help him with the bleeding. Thiago was all messed up. He had cut himself and was bleeding crazy.

“I needed to stop him—him from taking over,” he muttered in pain, leaning back against the wall. He hurt himself so that he could prevent his Lycan from taking over.

“Thiago! Why is this happening?” I asked him, covering his wounds and watching his veins pop out as if the Lycan was still trying to come out.

“It is complicated. I had to let him—him take over.” He was in excruciating pain. I felt bad for him. He didn’t deserve it, nobody does.

“We need to get you help. You are bleeding excessively and now you are not letting him take over, so you are not healing,” I told Thiago as I tried to walk him out of the bathroom. He suddenly flipped and pushed me back, breaking the sink.

“I am so sorry! It was—nt me,” He suddenly apologized and crouched down.

“Hey, it is okay. We sho—” I paused when I heard somebody entering the room. We both stared at each other and then zipped our lips tightly to avoid getting heard. But Thiago kept grunting and mumbling.

Enya started getting suspicious because she was calling to see who was inside.

“We need to leave through the window,” I told Thiago, who faintly nodded. He didn’t want anybody to find out yet, so I respected his decision.

It took me some minutes to get him out of the window, but the

moment we were in the wild, he sprinted into the woods.

“Shit!” I cursed, running after him. I wouldn’t want him out there on his own. Just a few steps into the woods, I found Thiago crouched down and throwing up.

“Are you okay?” I stopped near him and watched him suffer. It was so painful to see him like this. “Why did you let him take over?” I asked.

“It was the only option to save Enya.” He answered and raised his face to look me in the eye. I was shocked.

“You surrendered for her?” I

mean, I wanted to know how much someone can love someone. I don’t ever remember feeling that way about anyone. Huh! No wonder I didn’t deserve Enya.

“We should tell Enya,” I said simply, and he shook his head vigorously.

“No! She is already having trouble of her own. I don’t want her to stress out about me. She has been through enough, Maynard. She shouldn’t be dealing with my mess, either. “The more he showed his affection and care for her, the more incompetent I felt.

He knew how to keep a gem like her, whereas Lazlo and I just ruined everything.

“Okay, I will help you then. Is there a way to control the Lycan? I mean, we get dizzy when we come into contact with Wolfbane. How does wolfbane work for you?” I asked him, hearing my phone beep in my pocket.

Christina kept blowing up my phone, but I didn’t answer her calls. Right now, I needed to be with Thiago and pay full attention to him.

“I just don’t know. It is confusing. Until I let him take full control, I was not a Lycan. I don’t know how to explain this, but you can inject wolfbane into me and silver directly into

my bloodstream to weaken him. There is no other alternative.” While Thiago was explaining everything to me while panting and grunting.

“So you are not a Lycan yet?” I asked in confusion.

“I am cursed to be one. My wolf is a regular powerful Alpha, but the curse has gotten to him with time. I am supposed to become a full Lycan anytime soon, and before that, we must get full information on the Lycans. I am now beginning to feel his heat in me and I am scared for everyone around me, especially Enya.” Thiago had tears in his eyes when talking about her.

“I have never loved anyone more than her. If anything happens to me, promise me you will take care of her.” It scared me when Thiago held my hand and begged me to take care of her.

“I will.” | nodded.

“No! You promise me you will mark her and keep her close and safe,” His demand left me speechless. That’s when I saw Enya ringing my phone.

“It is her, isn’t it? She must be worried about me. Don’t make her wait, just tell her we are in a bar.” It surprised me how he didn’t want her to worry for a second, and here I ignored Christina’s calls so easily.

What are your thoughts on Maynard and Thiago bonding again?

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 273

Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee

Chapter 273

273-The Red In His Eyes

Enya’s POV:

“Hello?” Maynard answered my call, and all eyes turned to me.

“Umm! Hey there. *Where did you go? We thought you were in the bathroom.*” I was trying to sound normal while Christina was staring at me with big tears in her eyes.

“Oh! I was not in the bathroom. Thiago and I left earlier to go to a bar. *We have been stressed out so much that we decided to take some time off for ourselves.*” Maynard sounded normal, way too normal.

“Christina has been calling you.” I felt awkward talking about her when she was right there.

“I am so sorry; I might not have seen her call. Okay, let her know I am fine and I will catch up with her in a few hours, okay?” Maynard seemed to be in a hurry. What’s weird is that there was no noise behind him. In fact, I heard birds chirping as if they were in the open air.

“Thank goodness everything is fine.” I disconnected the phone from my ear and cleared my throat, acting like there was nothing to be worried about.

“No comments on why he picked up your call and not his mate’s?” Zander let out a chuckle, shaking his head while lying down on the bed.

“But why is the window broken? You heard someone inside, so who was in here if none of us were in here?” Lazlo was the only one who decided to skip the drama around and think more properly.

“You guys are going to act like everything is fine? You can play the detective game, I am done here,” Christina finally spoke up after remaining silent for a few minutes.

“Christina!” I ran after her to make her understand there was nothing going on between Maynard and me.

“No! stop. Just admit it, he will never love me the way he loved you. It is obvious.” Christina stopped in her tracks when we were in the hallway and turned to look at me. She was crying and hyperventilating.

“I’m such a moron to think we can ever be mine.” My heart broke seeing her like that

“You are thinking it all wrong. If he loved me, he would never have left me. He loves you. The changes he displayed

and the maturity he showed in the last few months are because of you. He used to be so aggressive and so demanding, but with you, he is an entirely different person. He wants to be a better person, the best alpha for you. Please don't let Zander get into

your head." I requested her to not ruin her relationship with Maynard for her bitter brother. This was the first time she didn't jump on me for calling her brother manipulative.

"So there is nothing going on between you two?" She asked softly, her eyes staring at me for a genuine response.

"You are the one with the mark. Decide for yourself who he wants." I gave her a smile before walking past her into the room. Lazlo was still trying to figure out the mystery of the broken window in the bathroom.

"You heard someone in there?" He asked me the moment entered the room.

I replied, "I did."

"It is not looking good. What if the monster was here?" Lazlo seemed on the edge of his seat. I know he was worried about my safety.

"Let the others come back and then we can discuss this," I suggested, and we all mutually shook on it. Sitting in an awkward silence where Zander would once in a while either scoff or taunt us was very uncomfortable.

"Hey," Lazlo sat in my bed and whispered, "I saw you arguing with Oswin in the hallway. I am assuming things didn't go well," he said, stroking the mark behind his ear.

"Well, it appears as if my mother was not a very nice person to him and his mother," I felt weird talking about my mother who I always remembered as this kind, polite and selfless woman.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in sorrow. "It is weird how we think we know someone, but we don't." He added.

"Where did you get this scar from?" I asked him and he frowned, making me turn to him and gently reach for the scar behind his

ear.

"This has been there ever since I remember it," but he didn't seem too interested in talking about it. Or maybe it was because there was nothing special about that scar.

"So, are you going to speak to Oswin again?" He asked, and I rested my head back against the wall.

"I am not sure if he wants to speak to you. Lazlo, I need to find out all about my family. There has to be a reason why I got all these powers and mates as a curse. "Please, no offense," I said, and he laughed sweetly.

"I understand," He agreed with me. Before our conversation could even proceed, the door opened and Maynard marched inside with Thiago, who looked all wasted.

"Oh!" Lazlo got out of bed to support Thiago, but was rejected. Thiago nuzzled him away and landed in his bed. It was weird to

see Maynard and Thiago hanging out together.

"How much did he drink?" rolling out of the bed, I asked Maynard, who scratched the back of his neck and cleared his throat but then didn't answer me.

"So, you guys were worried about us? Did something happen?" The way he dodged my question kind of got me curious.

"We heard someone in the bathroom, but then there was nobody in there except for a broken window." Lazlo proceeded to talk while I got near Thiago.

I watched him open his eyes and then look away instantly. Something didn't seem right. I could smell the booze on him, but there was more.

He was avoiding looking me in the eye.

"Oh! That's weird." Maynard seemed rather chill. Somebody was in our bathroom and that's all he had to say?

"Hey babe," Maynard then focused on Christina, who clearly avoided him.

... "I am so sorry I couldn't hear my phone." He apologized,

flopping down with her and trying to reach for her hand.

"I will see how you react when I ignore you and attend

somebody else's calls," That taunt was a clear warning to Maynard.

He let out a chuckle and then hugged her, trying to make amends with her. But I couldn't look away from Thiago.

"I know you are hiding something from me, and I will find it out." I bent over Thiago and whispered in his ear. He opened his eyes in shock, and that's when I noticed.

His crystal gray eyes had turned muddy. There was a little corner that was turning red now.

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 274

Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee

Chapter 274

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 274—*Losing Myself*

Maynard's POV:

After an awkward conversation where the entire time I had to pretend like I was invested in finding out who was in the bathroom, we finally gave it a rest and went to bed.

I noticed Enya looking all agitated. Of course, she had figured something was up. Christina cuddled in my bed with me for the night. I didn't want to upset her, but somehow I would always end up hurting her.

It would be around midnight when my phone beeped and so did Thiago's at the same time. I sneakily got a hold of my phone and checked for a message from Enya. She had made a group chat to have a word with both of us.

Enya: Get your asses out of bed and meet me at the rooftop in 5 minutes.

Thiago: I am actually very sleepy.

I knew he didn't want to face her. He was so consumed by trying to keep her safe that he was now hiding his own suffering from her.

Enya: Don't make me kick your ass out of bed.

A smile crept over my lips when watching her scold Thiago. She was really something else. It reminded me of the time when I used to sneak into her bed to cuddle with her. Waking up to her sticking to my chest was just a distant yet so dear memory to me. However, I hugged Christina tightly because she was now my mate. I truly loved and adored her.

Thiago: Okay!

Obviously, Thiago gave up. There was no way he could say no to such an angry little bird. After I saw Enya leave the room, I sneaked out of bed and followed her. I did notice Thiago moving in his bed. I believe he will soon follow us.

Once I was on the rooftop, I found Enya walking to and fro angrily.

"Hey! Don't tell me you wanted us here to stargaze with you," I joked, shoving my hands in my shorts pocket. It was extremely cold in here.

Instead of responding to me, she only glared at my face. "Whoa! What's with that scowling face?" I joked, but visibly she wasn't in a very great mood.

"Tell me the truth," she said, pouting and folding her arms over her chest.

"What truth?" I played a fool, and she rolled her eyes at me.

"Maynard! I am not a fool. Tell me what happened. Where were you guys?" She asked as she deepened her stare.

"We were at a bar," I said again, but the little detective didn't believe me.

"Then why did both of you have mud under your shoes?" I knew she was onto something. She wasn't the type who could be fooled easily.

"Fine, I will tell you the truth." I just don't know what it was about her, but I always act immature whenever I am around here. Or, to put it another way, I act more fun when I'm with her.

"We had sex in the woods," As soon as I said that, she frowned and lunged at me to punch me in the chest. "Hey, little warrior, calm down," I laughed, pulling away from her and laughing at

her.

“Enya!” | then stopped running and looked at her seriously.

“You need to stop,” I commanded, and she stopped dead in her tracks. “I don’t want to make that mistake again. You are making me lose my loyalty to Christina.”

I just felt like letting her know. Those cute big gray eyes of hers, with her red pouty lips and black hair. I just couldn’t help but want to caress those pink cheeks of hers.

She was shocked when she heard me, and I felt guilty. It was

just that whenever she communicated directly with me or whenever we were alone, I’d lose control. But I guess it was only because she was very attractive and we had a history together.

It was then Thiago walked onto the rooftop, and I thanked him mentally. She turned to him and frowned.

“You two said nothing is wrong, then explain this to me.” She reached him so aggressively that he stopped and stepped back. She grabbed his face and turned it to me, showcasing his eyes. Thiago freed himself and walked over to me.

“I’m fine,” he said.

“I’m gonna punch the Lycan out of you if you didn’t tell me the truth,” she warned him, walking over to him with her little feet. She was much shorter than us but still full of sass and attitude. Even Thiago turned to her and chuckled a little.

“I’m fine, trust me,” he said when she narrowed her eyes at him.

“No, you are not. You were in the bathroom, weren’t you?” she declared. Her investigation was on point.

“I want to know what is going on. If you truly see me as your mate, you will tell me the truth.” She then calmed down and poured, probably melting Thiago’s heart.

“Enya!” he complained, sighing in exhaustion.

“I’m serious. You don’t want to share anything with me anymore. Have you not forgiven me yet?” She seemed to be on the verge of crying. I noticed Thiago’s body moving. They wanted to be left alone.

“I’ll head downstairs. If Christina wakes up, she will come looking for me,” I said without waiting for their reaction.

I walked downstairs, swimming through my thoughts when I felt something breaking inside me.

‘Hey, what’s up with you?’ I asked May.

‘Our mate is in danger,’ May replied, grunting in pain.

‘What? She is fine. Thiago got her.’ I shook my head and continued walking when May knocked sense into me.

‘That girl is not our mate, May. I’m talking about our mate, Christina!’ When my wolf had to remind me that Christina is now my mate, I felt a wave of guilt wash over me. And then his words rang through my ears.

‘She is in danger?’ I rushed over to the room and found her missing.

Where is she?’ I asked May, relying on him to sniff her scent out.

He started guiding me, and now I was wandering through the hallways in a panic. May took me to the ground floor, straight to Mr. Tripper’s office.

My heart began to pound when I slammed the door open and saw the sight so terrifying that, for a moment, I felt like burning the world down.

Her clothes were on the floor, with her body was on the table. She had her legs spread while he was between them.

It took me a minute to understand. He was on top of her.

* * * * *

A New chapter of Sharing Beatrice—A Luna To Her Stepbrothers is up. Go check it out. Also, leave a comment to let me know who is reading. As for this chapter, what do you think is going to happen? a big change will happen after this chapter.

87.87%

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 275

Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee

Chapter 275

275-The Beginning of The End

Author's POV:

Years Ago:

"What do you want to do today?" Emelia, a young teen, asked her best friend for the second time.

"I want to go explore the other side of the world." Hazel excitedly turned to Emelia. The two were inseparable ever since they met at the age of six.

"You mean the werewolf packs?" Emelia's eyes grew double the size when hearing her friend's desire to see the werewolves.

"Yes, isn't it intriguing to you that they can turn into an animal?" Hazel was always interested in learning new things and about new creatures. Emelia, however, loved playing it safe.

"I don't think the coven would very much like this. We shouldn't get ourselves into a mess," Emelia suggested. The two had been preparing for years for this day. Soon they would turn 16 and then they will be granted a special power that they would share. They will also be allowed to use magic for the benefit of others.

"Don't be a buzzkill. It will be fine. Nobody would notice. Besides, I stole something the other day from the mother witch."

Hazel pulled out a little bottle of blue liquid that could forge a scent and mislead others.

"Ah! This is a scentmill. You shouldn't have stolen it.

"Mother Witch would find out and get angry at us." Emelia shook her head as she sat and watched Hazel smile and spread her arms on the grass.

"She would not. There was so much stuff in that closet, she probably doesn't even remember how many scentmills she has." Hazel shrugged her shoulders, caring less.

“Hazel! We will get in trouble. We are not supposed to use magic until we turn 16.” Hazel was always a carefree girl, and Emelia was always by the rules.

“Ugh! Try to have some fun, Emelia. There is always something intriguing about doing forbidden things.” Hazel got up and sat face-to-face with Emelia, who didn’t look too sure.

“We will drink some of this and then enter the werewolf land. The packs!” She corrected herself and rolled her eyes.

“You know they forbid magic, right? If we enter their territory and get caught, they will kill us.” Emelia was shaking just at the thought of getting caught by those merciless creatures.

“Ugh! That’s why we will use this scentmill. It will make us smell like a werewolf.” She smiled. “Nobody would ever know we are

witches. Not even for a lifetime. You see, this scentmill is a powerful serum. It can do wonders if you are creative with it.” Hazel was pretty persuasive when she needed something.

“You won’t let me go alone, would you?” Using her charms and her sad voice, Hazel knew how to make Emelia accept her offer.

“Good.” Hazel smiled when Emelia agreed with her. “Now.” Hazel opened the bottle and drank a little of the blue liquid.

“Your turn.” She then handed it over to Emelia, who reluctantly took a sip from it.

“What is going on here?” At the moment Emelia was going to return the bottle to Hazel, an elderly witch spotted them in the garden.

Emelia instantly hit the bottle and presented herself with obedience.

“Go back inside and work,” the witch ordered, and the two young girls ran inside.

Emelia forgot about Hazel’s plan. She thought Hazel was joking and was probably not realizing how risky it was for them to enter the area of the werewolves. However, Hazel didn’t think the same. She was still adamant about sneaking out and exploring the werewolf life.

“Are you coming or not?” Hazel whispered to Emelia, who was getting ready to head out of the kitchen and go home.

“What? I thought you would be over the idea by now.” Emelia frowned.

“No! Let’s go,” Hazel grabbed her hand and dragged her along. Just when everybody had fallen asleep, Hazel and Emelia sneaked out.

The two aimlessly strolled down an empty road. Emelia knew it was a risky plan, but she just wanted to accompany Hazel and make sure she didn’t get into any trouble.

“Look! Over there!” Hazel pointed at the bar. The two girls stood afar, watching young girls dressed up in exposed clothes and making out with boys.

“This looks intriguing.” Hazel lowered her face and grimaced at the white dress she had been wearing ever since she was born.

“I think we should go home. This place looks devilish to me.” Emelia felt it right in her heart that something was wrong.

“Oh, come on! We have come this far. Let’s enjoy it a bit,” Hazel pressured Emelia. Since they weren’t allowed to use any electronic devices or the internet, this life was an entirely new world to them.

Hazel grabbed Emelia’s hand and made her walk over to the club. The two were interrupted on their way inside by a guard, who didn’t look very friendly.

“Your ID?” the big guy, wearing all black, asked.

“We left it at home,” the girls answered, and the guard shook his head at them.

“Then you are not allowed,” he said, not even giving them another look and focusing on the others in the line.

“This is a sign. Let’s go back,” Emelia whispered in her ear, shaking due to the crowd’s being so loud.

“No, let me think of something.” Hazel knew they were underage, but she hadn’t come all the way here to back away.

“Look! That boy over there,” Hazel pointed at the boy across the street, selling movie tickets.

“What are you pointing at him for now?” Emelia questioned, her heart pounding in her head.

“Just follow me, okay?” Hazel said, holding Emelia’s hand and dragging her to the end of the street.

“Hey there,” Hazel greeted the guy, passing him a sexy smile. The boy was just their age and not very intrigued by meeting them.

“Do you want a ticket?” he asked instead of starting a conversation.

“We were thinking, how about you lend us your ID?” Hazel ran her fingers over the ticket he was holding and expected help from the boy.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” the boy pulled away from them, giving them a quizzical stare.

Hazel was shocked. They didn’t need an ID back in the coven.

They were living in the deep forest where no werewolf or other creatures could come across their territory due to the protection spell.

“I can help you girls.” The girls then heard someone from behind them. The young boy was just their age, but he was surrounded by guards and cars.

“That is a rich one,” Hazel whispered, her eyes shining at the sight of the young man.
