

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 310

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 310 – Start Over!

Author's pov:

Years Ago:

"What is going on here?" Emelia whispered in shock, her legs shaking as she refused to move away from the door. Shaun heard her voice and pulled away from the girl, who instantly covered her body and frowned at the image of Emelia.

"What are you doing here?" Shaun asked in a much more frustrated tone. She had ruined his fun. Obviously, he was annoyed.

"You know her?" The girl questioned, getting out of bed and glaring at Emelia as she slipped into Shaun's white shirt and blue booty shorts.

"No! I mean, I have met her once." Watching Shaun downplay their interaction triggered Emelia.

"Is that how you remember our night together?" She growled in anger, feeling betrayed. She felt the pain from before now that he had hurt her too.

"What is she talking about?" The girl looked at Shaun, who shrugged his shoulders at her before he turned to Emelia.

"What are you here for?" He grunted, "Just because I helped you the other night, you thought you could just walk in like you knew me?" He was trying hard to convince the other girl that he didn't know much about Emelia.

"Who is she? Why are you hiding our relationship from her?" Emelia was shaking miserably as this was the boy she had lost everything

for, even her identity as a witch.

"I'm her fated mate," the girl snapped at Emelia for questioning them. Emelia's face turned pale when hearing her big claims. She turned to Shaun, who had told her his wolf felt a mate bond with her.

"Okay! That's enough for now. You are leaving right now," Shaun reckoned from the look on Emelia's face that she was going to say something reckless, so he grabbed her by her arm and started dragging her out of the room.

The girl stayed behind as even if she did find out that he had slept with this girl, she was not going to leave him. Being an Alpha King's fated mate was an enormous opportunity, and she wasn't ready to let it go for some random girl.

"Why did you do that to me?" Emelia was whimpering while getting dragged by him to the outside of the mansion. Once he shoved her on the ground, she sobbed at his cold behaviour towards her.

"I just wanted to sleep with you. It's not my fault that you took it seriously. But that girl inside is my mate. She is going to give birth to my powerful baby. You hear me?". He grabbed her face in his hands and pierced his nails through her fragile skin.

"But you said I was your mate." Emelia obviously had no knowledge of werewolves.

"I lied. You don't even have a wolf. Why would I ever want to be with you? Your genes will never be able to make a powerful baby." he straightened his back as he scoffed at her, mocking her for

giving herself to him over a few sweet words.

"How could you!" She covered her face with her hands and cried.

"Oh, come on! You are not innocent at all. You slept with me and

then stole from me. You are lucky that I'm not calling the cops on you." His accusations didn't surprise her one bit. She figured it was all Hazel's doing. The one friend of hers had made sure Emelia had nowhere left to go.

"I didn't steal anything," Emelia said, not able to get up from the ground because he kept pushing her down.

"Whatever. I'm not going to cry about some material. But if you do feel lonely at night, you know where to find me." She understood he wanted her just for his sexual pleasures.

"Now leave before I call my guards and get you arrested." Shaun was done with her. So he wanted her off his property.

While Emelia sat there and watched him march back into the mansion, she realized why Mother Jolline hated these werewolves. But it wasn't like Jolline was any good, either. She couldn't forgive her student for her one mistake and badly shamed her in front of everyone.

Getting up on her feet and wiping her tears clean, she looked around cluelessly

"I lost everything," she said to herself, a reminder that loving a werewolf got her into all this mess.

"You still got that little cabin to go to?" she heard someone say from behind her.

"Argo! I thought you had left." She couldn't help but rush into his arms when he opened them for her.

"I knew he was going to hurt you. I stayed behind for you." His words helped her feel better. "Now let's go, we have a lot of work to do." Argo wasn't the type to make someone feel guilty over their decisions. He wanted her to move on and focus on other things.

While holding her in his arms, he walked her into the woods. He understood she needed attention and care after losing so many people in her life.

"Can I tell you my secret?" She then pulled away from him once they were in the cabin to talk about her true identity.

"Sure," he said.

"I am not a werewolf. I used to be a witch, but I lost everything because I slept with a werewolf." She then started her story for him.

He sat down on the ground like always to listen to her patiently. She cried her whole heart out to him, telling him everything from start to end.

She even brought up Hazel many times. This time, Argo didn't seem to judge her.

"You can kick me out now if you want. I won't object." She clutched her hands before her body as she got up from the chair, making it easy for him to drag her out.

"Why would I do that? I do believe we are both special. So how about we just forget our abusive pasts and get back to work? This cabin needs some wonderful help." He didn't even act like her being a witch was an enormous shock to him which helped her

smile comfortably at him.

Remember Argo? The mutant they used to refer to as A Lycan. He was a rogue and had a war with Thiago in the woods, he also attacked the academy when Enya, Thiago, and Maynard were in her pack and Lazlo was alone in the academy.

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Years Ago:

“You are the only one left that I can trust with these powers now,” Mother Jolline had asked Hazel to accompany her to her room. It’s been two weeks since Emelia had been kicked out of the coven.

The entire coven suffered because of her. They only relaxed when they heard the werewolves might have munched on her flesh. The boys told the story in the most exaggerated way.

“Thank you for trusting me,” Hazel smiled innocently, waiting to get a hold of those powers.

“Here, drink from this and attain all the powers. Keep them safe for the next generation and make sure you distribute it among them equally.” Jolline handed her over a glass with some potion in it. Everybody was standing around them, waiting for them to give Hazel all the powers so that they could celebrate and feast on amazing food.

Hazel hadn’t told Jolline she had lost her virginity way before this day. Being careless as she was, she didn’t really think too much of it. For her, it was just a stupid rule made by Jolline to call them pure.

“Thank you.” Hazel accepted the glass and faced her coven full of witches and warlocks before she brought the glass near her lips and took a sip from it.

The moment she drank the liquid, her throat burned. She hissed as she coughed, making everybody wonder what was going on.

“Are you alright?” Jolline asked in suspicion. That would not usually happen.

“I am fi—ne,” Hazel lied, forcing the liquid down her throat even when it burned her throat into crisps

“Agghhh!” The moment she finished it, she dropped the glass and let out an agonising scream. Panic hit everyone, as they couldn’t discern why she was on her knees and coughing blood.

“What is going on?” one of the young warlocks let out a cry of fear.

“Everybody calm down,” an elderly witch ordered, but the fear had engulfed the young ones.

"Is she poisoned?" One of them suspected, not really picking up on why else she would be coughing like that.

"No! There is no way she would be poisoned. I prepared this potion myself." Jolline shut down all the rumours instantly and faced Hazel, who was seemingly in pain.

"Unless—," she gasped, her steps leading backward, "Unless she was impure," she finished, and goosebumps crept over Hazel's skin.

"Ohh!" The older witches, who knew that could be a very valid reason for Hazel to be in pain, yelled. The young ones, who used to not take that rule seriously, were now mortified.

"Hazel!" Jolline gulped as she crouched down with her. "Tell us the truth, tell us we are panicking for no reason," she demanded, as she feared she had transferred all the power to an impure soul.

Hazel defeatedly raised her face and cried tears when looking at Jolline.

"Please! Save me from this pain," she begged, but her silence gave away her truth.

"You were impure!" Jolline's hands flew over to her chest as she dropped on her butt and slapped her forehead, "What have I done?" she let out a cry, watching everyone panic as the dark clouds took over the sky.

"I want this pain to be gone." Hazel was crying and begging for someone to come forward and help her,

"The ancestors had unleashed their wrath upon us," the older witch stared at the sky and announced, "She shouldn't have lied to us. Couldn't you wait till you got the power to lose your virginity?" The old witch slapped Hazel, who landed on her side and threw up some more blood.

"We never knew why that rule was important." A student came forward to object to the teachings.

"It's okay. Do not panic." After taking a brief break and sitting in silence for some time, Jolline got back on her feet and composed her posture.

"There is always a way to resolve a matter like this." Although she had tears in her eyes, she was trying her best to sound okay for the sake of others.

"How can this be resolved? The magic is gone from that impure soul." The old witch watched her face miserably, hoping there was indeed a way out of this mess.

“Fear not. We can get the powers back if she willingly gives them back to us.” Jolline pointed at Hazel, who was now breathing comfortably. She was feeling much better, but that striking pain in her head didn’t seem to subside.

“Oh, thank God!” The old witch, along with the others, let out a sigh of relief as they turned to Hazel.

“Hazel! My dear, get up and give us those powers back,” the old witch, who was slapping Hazel a few minutes ago, changed her

tone.

“Okay!” Hazel was shaking miserably. She wanted nothing but for that headache to be gone. She instantly leaped onto her feet to agree with them.

“Once these powers are transferred, you will feel much better,”

Jolline said, with a fake smile across her lips. They were not going to help Hazel once they got the powers from her.

Jolline had prepared the worst fate for Hazel, far worse than what Emelia had to endure.

“I will keep my powers?” Hazel asked, and Jolline stayed silent for a moment before she nodded her head. She lied. They were going to strip Hazel of all her powers.

“Here! just take th-” Jolline had eyed the old witch to quickly bring the potion she uses to take away the powers of young witches. The moment Hazel saw the colour of that potion, she understood they were lying to her.

“You are taking away my powers,” Hazel stated, stepping away from them and looking around at everyone with a betrayed look on her face.

“Well, it’s not like you don’t deserve a little punishment,” Jolline said creepily, waiting for Hazel to drink it and then willingly ask the ancestors to take away her powers because, unlike Emelia, she had ancestor powers.

“No!” Hazel shook her head. “I am not losing these powers.” Her words shook the world from under their feet.

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 312

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 312 – Such A Fool!

Enya's POV:

He had stunned me with his comment. I was in the middle of the second chocolate when I paused and turned to him.

"What are you expecting from this date, Zander?" I didn't know he only took me out to have sex with me.

"Calm down, Ninja. I was only joking," he muttered, speeding a little. He would get pissed off every time I didn't laugh at his stupid jokes.

"So now tell me where we are headed to." I was tired of all the secrecy. I needed to know if he was taking us out of the city, because if so, I might have to stop him. We needed to be back in the cabin before dark.

"We are almost here," he said, taking a turn and driving on an empty road.

"But where is it? I mean, where have you planned this date for us?" Kasked while secretly rolling my eyes at him.

"We will have a little fun in the hot springs and then we will go for lunch. I will take you somewhere beautiful. It is all planned out. Just stop trying to ruin the surprises." He stopped on the side of the road and rushed out to quickly approach my side of the door and hold it open for me.

"Gentleman!" | raised my eyebrow, accepting his hand and walking out of the car.

"Always," he replied.

"There is a hot spring with an incredible view. I thought you might like it." He was really thoughtful about picking out places. Since have been worrying a lot lately, he planned a very comfortable and laid-back date for us. I followed the trail and soon we approached the hot springs. The greenery around it and the beautiful sight of it were to die for.

"So what do you say, witch? We hop in?" he asked, staring me directly in the eye while taking off his shirt. I rolled my eyes at his attempts and then slipped out of my dress in one go. He had stripped until he was in his boxers.

I did the same and was left in the red bikini. He went in first, and then I joined him. The water was so warm and cozy. The birds chirping around and the trees dancing with a little wind were a sight to see.

"I am sure none of your mates have impressed you like this before." He was sitting on the opposite side of me, staring into my face with his arms spread behind him, staring at the rocks.

"What makes you think I am impressed?" I inquired with a bit of playfulness in my tone.

"The glow on your face is speaking for itself," he commented, making me blush a little. I must say, he was very romantic. He would always come up with creative ideas for our dates, and I kind of enjoyed it.

There was no harm in giving him a chance.

"And something tells me I can try to kiss you now," he smiled, flapping his hands and approaching me.

"Back off." I playfully kicked him, giggling when he held my feet and pulled me into the water. We were splashing each other and laughing at the top of our lungs when he finally wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me over his chest.

Our bodies turned hot when coming into direct contact with each other.

"May 1?" he asked me once again, his eyes waiting for my lips to say the words that would make him happy. I nodded steadily, watching him bring his face closer and crash our lips together.

Once again, I just didn't feel like it was the right thing to do, but I didn't push him away. Don't get me wrong, he was incredibly hot and s*xy, but the mate bond felt forced.

It was as if I didn't even feel it. I have only felt it once when for the first time I heard Nia call him our mate. After that, we didn't feel it.

He tilted his face and kept sucking my lips while I awkwardly stayed still, brainstorming why I wasn't feeling his touch. I mean, I even felt a mate bond and connection with Corbin. The mate, who I despised.

After sucking my lips and pulling me closer, even more, Zander finally gave up and broke the kiss to look at my face.

"Really?" He looked so disappointed.

"I am so sorry. I am sure it is the stress from everything." I had to give him an excuse so that he didn't feel like I was purposely not giving him a chance.

"That's why I brought you here so that you can ease up your mind and we can have some fun," he seemed to be complaining, "But you always bring your worries with you on our dates," he splashed his hand in the water and it sprayed in my face.

“Zander!” I complained, pulling away from him in anger. “Are you f**king crazy?” I yelled in annoyance. So just because things didn’t go his way, he was going to act like a d**chebag now?

“What? I am not joking. You are always picking up excuses to pust me away,” he shouted as he sprayed the hot water in my face once again. “No wonder I have to be this way.” Then his tone changed.

“What do you mean?” I was rubbing my eyes clean when I heard him say that. And then I felt it, a little dizziness in my head.

“You are feeling it now, aren’t you?” He asked, his voice turning deeper, like a growl.

“Zander! What is going 0—” | paused when I raised my face and watched him stare at me, “What did you feed me?” | rearranged my

questions and watched him smirking creepily. His lips slit sideways as he lowered his face and watched me through his eyebrows.

“I had no other choice left, you silly she-wolf.” His voice had changed completely. My body got covered in goosebumps when I watched his eyes change color.

“Ahh!” | gasped. “You are that mo—nster!” That was too late because those chocolates had started their work on me.

Monster! leave your thoughts in the comment section but give a spoiler alert if you are giving a spoiler.