

Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 166

166-Drink It All

Maynard's POV:

I had left for the rooftop after taking permission from Mr. Tripper because I couldn't stay there and watch her getting patted down by Lazlo and Thiago.

It was infuriating how she went from mine only to having Lazlo and Thiago.

"Huh!" I groaned, stepping briskly and trying to calm my breathing.

'Why are you so shocked? What we did was horrible too. I've told you we should have stuck to Enya,' May was talking to me as if he had no recollection of what I wanted to do in our sexual interactions.

'You wanted me to have threesomes with her. Do hardcore fucking hurt her? I would die before I share her with anyone else, I grained at Enya for not seeing my care for her.

'And now you have to see her with everyone but us,' May sounded upset with us when he himself was happily participating in every act of cheating.

'She will regret it,' I reassured him, walking around while running my hand through my hair.

'I had to text Willow all those things in order to make her think I am into her and I don't feel too much for my mate, I just didn't get how it was so easy for Enya to leave me.

She just saw me once, read some texts, and then left me?

Everybody deserves a second chance, I deserved too.

"Seems like you are crying over the breakup," I knew this voice. The owner of the voice stood against the wall while staring at me with her arms folded over her chest.

"What do you want, Cristina?" I stopped dead in my tracks and rolled my eyes before beginning to walk again.

"Well, knowing that your ex-mate has already bewitched my brother, do you really have to ask what I want?" she playfully rolled her eyes and walked closer. I noticed she had something in the bag she was wearing on the side of her body.

Her one hand was slipped inside the bag too.

"Trying to kill me?" I joked, turning stern again.

“Kill the only person who is suffering like me?” she clicked her tongue and subtly shook her head to suggest otherwise.

She then pulled a bottle of red wine out of her bag and shocked me.

“How did you get it?” I couldn’t help but ask. Alcohol was forbidden now more than ever. The reason is simple: there was a monster in our academy. Kind of a bad situation to be found wasted when we are supposed to be on a constant lookout.

“I am a very sneaky person,” she whispered, opening the cork and taking a sip directly from the bottle before offering it to me.

I didn’t want to miss this opportunity of having a medicine.

“Sure!” I smirked, taking a sip from the alcohol and then handing it back to her. “My uncle used to have a collection of wines. He would always carry a lot with him. It was like he couldn’t live without alcohol,” Once we sat down, she started opening up to me.

We were two alone and broken souls having a heart-to-heart conversation.

“And your parents let him bring so much alcohol into your home?” I asked, looking at her smile to herself.

“He was the only guardian,” she answered and took a big sip from the bottle.

“You might wanna get easy on that,” I tried to grab the bottle out of her hands because soon I realized she was drinking too much and also getting emotional

“My brother is all I ever have. Now that he is mates with that girl, I can see it go wrong in million different ways. She is not a good news,” I noticed her voice crack and understood she was in some sort of agony.

“He defended her today,” she added while shaking her head in disbelief.

“Now she will have him wrapped up around her pinky finger like she had all of you and I’ll be left alone,” the sadness in her eyes made me

fathom she was afraid of being left out.

“Not all of us. I’ve escaped her enchantment,” I let her know. I was not going to cry after her anymore.

The mate bond had been severed, there was no need of trying to pursue her now. Hearing me changed her mood to a bit playful. She rolled her eyes and set the bottle aside.

“Really!” she raised a brow, teasing me.

“You can test it, I’m not under her spell of love anymore,” I stated.

The drunken us were looking at each other weirdly. Wow! I never noticed how sexy she was.

“Okay, then let me run some screening,” she joked, getting on her four to crawl over to me. My heartbeat raced when she gently placed her hand on my crotch from over my jeans.

I didn’t resist so her confidence grew. I watched her gently pull the zipper down and free my cock. My soldier has already turned hard by now. She noticed it too.

“Don’t tell me I made you hard,” she whispered, I looked over to see her staring at my enlarged cock pulsating near my belly so she lifted my shirt up to give my dick some room over my belly.

“You are then obliged to suck it like a good girl,” I groaned in pleasure when she ran her tongue up and down the shaft.

She wrapped her mouth around the tip and took in as much as she could. In the beginning, it was too much for her that she could hardly take more than just the swollen tip. Not able to take my engorged dick very far into her small mouth, she opened and closed

her mouth, squishing her soft hot tongue against the underside. Her saliva ran my shaft and over my tightened balls.

“Ahhhh,” I moaned in pleasure, watching her stare at me while sucking my dick like crazy.

She relaxed her grip a little and pulled it out to drip the little cum to the side before taking it in again until it touched the back of her throat.

She was sucking my cock like a lollipop. The pressure from her grip expanded the head until I began to lose control and release.

“I’m going to cum,” I informed but when she didn’t take it out of her mouth, I reckoned she wanted it there.

She wanted to taste the juice of my penis. So I have her the pleasure and released it all in her beautiful mouth.

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167-The Changing Relationships.

Enya's POV:

That night was hard to pass. I keep having nightmares too.

Thiago and Lazlo were awake by my side. To my surprise, Zander was suddenly acting like a caring mate. I didn't believe his acting.

There was something very off about him that I couldn't discuss with my mates for now. I hated being sick.

For whatever reason, I was getting punished by feeling all this pain from rejection and betrayal didn't seem fair.

If there was any reality in my nightmares, then I was just a toddler when I got this punishment.

How much wrong a toddler could have done for someone to curse them? Everything was a haze now, so I fell asleep finally.

I woke up to Lazlo and Thiago's murmurs. The light from the room's window was bright too, forcing me to keep my eyes shut for a little before I woke up entirely.

"I don't know," Lazlo told Thiago.

Since it was an off day, everybody else was sleeping. I remember Maynard leaving the room and soon after Christina to sped off to the hallways.

I don't know when they returned but now they were sleeping peacefully. It was ironic how easy Maynard recovered from a severed bond while I was in pain the entire night.

"I must do it. She needs to find out all she wanted," Thiago was whispering back to Lazlo. I have noticed how close the two have grown and I must give it to Lazlo. He was the persistent one. Thiago had always pushed others away but Lazlo made him realize he wasn't leaving his side no matter what. Their friendship was beautiful.

I didn't want to somehow become a reason behind their anything bad happening to either of them. They were both precious.

"If you two are going to talk about me, talk a bit slow," I pushed my body up and watched them stare at me in surprise.

They were both sitting in Lazlo's bed and talking for Goddess knows how many hours.

“Hey.” Thiago didn’t wait a second before he came closer and wrapped me up in his warm arms.

“We want our sassy and out-of-control Enya back though,” Lazlo shrugged his shoulders innocently.

“I’m fine guys, no need to sweat,” I broke from Thiago’s hug and planted a cheek to his sharp jaw.

“What were you two talking about anyway?” I inquired and noticed them exchange a quick stare.

“Remember our little quest months ago?” Thiago asked and I nodded because that was the worst time between Thiago and me.

“I couldn’t find any information on your family except for a few documents with something smeared on them.” Thiago said as he got up from my bed and reached his closet to silently bring out the files.

I was shocked. It happened so long ago that I truly believed he didn’t take screenshots of any files.

Once he tracked back to me, he set the files down and sat down beside me. There was so much guilt in his eyes for not sharing it before that I couldn’t grab the strength to question him.

Thankfully, he spoke up himself, “I didn’t know how to tell you there are no records of your parents,” he added.

“That can’t be. I remember them working for the Alpha King.” there are only a handful of memories a child can pertain from their childhood and this one, in particular, was embedded in my head.

I remember my father waking up early to serve the Alpha King every single morning.

“That’s what makes it even weirder,” Thiago answered.

“Look what it all boils down to is the fact that these records were kept in Alpha King’s safe. Why would he keep such incomplete records?” Lazlo raised a good question.

I saw the documents and the files were just all ruined by something painted on them.

The only thing I could read through them was my address and not even my parents’ full names.

"I will get her something to eat. She is not supposed to miss a medicine," Lazlo then patted Thiago's shoulder and informed him where he

was headed to.

He walked out on us while we stayed silent.

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"I'm so sorry. I should have told you this sooner. I just didn't know how to tell you our hard efforts were wasted that night," he apologized but it was all fine.

That was in the past. Since then, he had proved himself to be trustworthy and a good mate.

"I hope it wasn't totally wasted," I whispered, expecting to hear him share his side of the story with me. He nodded his head softly before he held my hand and walked me out of the bedroom with care.

I didn't know walking would be so much work until now. The doctor wasn't bullshitting when she said I've become very weak.

Once we were standing in the hallway, I watched him prepare himself to talk to me about his family.

"Enya! I don't remember anything about my family. When I took screenshots there, I knew I wouldn't be able to read them. It is like I'm cursed or something. I cannot read or see anything related to my pa—rents," it must be so hard for him to talk about it.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, watching him bring his phone out. He didn't even print them out as he did to mine.

"I showed it to the beta of my pack and she was the one who confirmed there was indeed nothing there. It just doesn't make sense. All this time, I thought I couldn't see or read anything about them but turned out that even the records hold nothing," he was talking without looking at me. His eyes were stuck in space.

"But why were you looking for a record about your parents in the Alpha King's pack? Your pack must have the records on them," I inquired because something wasn't adding up. He gave up on staring into space and turned to pay me attention.

"The records our pack have is about their life. The records I was looking for were regarding their death," As he finished, his eyes darkened, "There was a trial and then nothing! Everything just went silent when suddenly I forgot about everything,"

I couldn't help but piece things together. Neither of our parent's details was left in the Alpha King's safe. Was it a coincidence or were their deaths associated somehow?

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168-Fucking Zander!

We have been awake and watching tides change. Maynard and Christina had been super talkative from the moment they woke up. Zander and Maynard barely spoke any words but Christina was hell on bent trying to make them communicate.

Thiago had left to get some protein bars for me while Lazlo was in his bed. Lazlo and I had been talking in our group chat ever since we noticed the changes in the atmosphere. Thiago wasn't really reading the messages in the chat, he would barely partake in any gossip.

Lazio: They are all fucking. Remember he is into threesomes?

I controlled my laughter when I watched Lazlo look so serious when typing that message. Christina was sitting in Maynard's bed while Zander was busy working out awkwardly in the middle of the room.

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"Watch this," Christina said, showing Maynard some videos on her cellphone.

Maynard had his back reclined against the wall and only his eyes moving. He was watching the video when he suddenly raised his eyes and our eyes met. I looked away. I shouldn't have been caught staring at them. He will think I am jealous.

Me: You do remember two of them are siblings, right?

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Lazlo: It's not about me. They need to remember that.

I smiled, shaking my head.

"Maynard! I can show you our mansion sometimes. You will like it," Christina was all over him. Which was a bit odd as they had never talked before.

Lazlo: I don't think we will get lucky in getting any information out of her now.

I understood what he meant. Maynard would never let her help us even if they remain just friends. But then my eyes landed on Zander, who got up from doing pushups and passed me a quick stare before returning to do planks.

Me: She is not the only one with the information.

I said and then raised my face to look at Zander. Lazlo clearing his throat was a sign he didn't like it.

Lazlo: You better not try to speak to that devil.

I almost laughed until I watched Thiago typing and then not sending the message. I bit my lip, blushing a little. Just in a few more seconds, Thiago finally typed a message.

Thiago: You two gossip like there is nothing better to do.

Lazlo: Well, your mate is watching Zander working out. Bring tissues when you come back, she has been drooling a lot.

I frowned at him for involving Thiago in this mess.

Thiago: Don't worry! I plan on coming back naked. Let's see how she can manage to drool for someone else then.

I blushed and then his private message popped up. My eyes jumped out when I saw a picture of his crotch and his bulging dick from over his jeans.

His text made me place my phone down suddenly and bit my bottom lip. The gasp I heaved was so loud that I bet it became the reason everybody was staring at me now.

My cheeks must be tinted red because I was feeling this strange pull in my veins.

"Do you want to go out? This room makes me feel nauseous," Maynard's voice interrupted my sweet fantasies with Thiago. I was able to watch him from my peripheral vision, asking Christina to leave with him.

Zander's muscles stiffened but he didn't turn over to look at them directly.

"Sure, nobody wants to stick around a cheater mate, anyway," she mumbled and flicked her hair back. What's funny was that Maynard was truly believing his story and that I was the one at fault.

I wasn't really interested in them or what they were doing but it was still aching me because he caused me misery and now he was acting like he was the hurt one in our relationship.

“Yeah! Nobody wants to be around a stank ass bitch,” Lazlo put his phone down and commented while yawning and stretching in the bed. A smile plastered across my lips, watching him throwing back while acting like it was nothing.

“Lazlo! if you want to comment on me, do it directly. Don’t be so subtle about it,” Christina got out of bed and folded her arms over her chest to glare at Lazlo. She was standing next to his bed and making me angry for talking to him like that.

“Actually.” Lazlo hissed, “I was talking about Maynard, but if it fitted your description, it was purely coincidental,” the way he shut her up and shocked her made me laugh. She turned to me as I smiled widely and then looked back at her brother, who didn’t side with her because he was already upset with her over something.

“Don’t waste your time on them. They never feel guilty.” Maynard’s comment stabbed me in my heart. I didn’t want to hurt anybody physically but he leaves me no choice. He got out of bed dramatically, making her smirk at me. The moment Maynard was about to enter the bathroom, I raised my hand sneakily and the door shut on his nose.

“OUCH!” he groaned, crouching down while holding his nose between his hands.

“Hey! what happened?” Christina ran in his direction to his aid but he was wailing like a weeping child now.

“Nothing” he grunted, still massaging his nose and glaring at me, “Somebody is just despicable,” he made a comment before holding her hand and deciding to leave the room.

I was not sure how I was going to deal with all this but even doing the simplest of magic made me feel dizzy. I was glad Lazlo was around. He saw me closing my eyes and resting my head back.

“Enyal are you okay?” i heard his whisper from close-up, he had joined the bed to check up on me, “Why did you waste your energy on him? let him be. He will meet his karma soon, he will realize what he has lost.” Lazlo gently patted the back of my hand but I didn’t open my eyes.

It just sucks because we had been around for a year and losing a friend because he couldn’t keep his dick in his pants was just too much.

All she needs is for her mates to mark that sweet and soft neck of hers,” Zander’s comment made me open my eyes and stare at him along with Lazio.

“What? I don’t know how Thiago and you have been able to control yourselves but I wouldn’t. She is my mate, my wolf won’t be able to hold in for too long. Very soon, I will demand to “he paused as his eyes traveled between my legs. I instantly closed them and pulled a sheet over my body. His stare was really needy and intense,

*Zander! Fuck off," Lazlo growled angrily.

* am serious. I will mark her soon." The tone Zander used scared me. The last thing I would want is for someone to mark me by force.

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169- The Bully Mate

We have left the room to grab peace and sit somewhere alone to talk. Once we reached the café near the mountains, we settled down and prepared to talk about multiple issues.

"Maynard doesn't scare me." Thiago had been super dismissive every time we mentioned Maynard might get him in trouble somehow.

"It is not about that. He can open his mouth and then it is going to be a huge mess," Lazlo agreed with me as he bobbed his head when I talked

"What about Zander?" Thiago shifted the topic and confused me.

"What about him?" I asked, watching Lazlo for some explanation.

"I had to tell him what Zander said," Lazlo raised his hands in defense.

"I don't think he can forcefully mark me. I will be able to resist, you know me," I said and they didn't look very convinced.

"I mean, you are weak. Every time you do magic, you turn even weaker," Lazlo brought it up shamelessly. I frowned and pulled away from my chair.

"Enya! it is not like we don't trust your abilities. But we need to be honest with you. You need to stop doing all this magic for now." Thiago suggested and I had to nod without even truly agreeing with it. I was going to use magic whenever it is needed, it is my power and strength now, not my weakness.

*Anyway, Mr. Tripper messaged us with the new schedule. We will need to attend classes today," Lazlo checked his phone and informed us about the email we received a few hours back.

Mr. Tripper thought we were missing out on studies a lot so he had asked the principal to arrange some classes for the students while the cops try to find the murderer beat on the campus.

“Then we should head back to the academy.” Thiago paid the bill and soon we had returned to the academy. Lazlo and Thiago had a separate class while I was going to be in the same class as Maynard and Christina.

It was a twisted situation for me. The instant I entered the classroom, I heard Christina whispering in the ear of other students and laughing at me. Maynard was sitting back in the chair comfortable, his arms spread behind Christina’s back.

“Hey, how are you?” Oswin whispered before the teacher walked in. I nodded to him and blinked comfortably to let him know I am fine now.

The class was extremely hectic. I could not escape the glares of everyone and by this point, I already knew something was going on. Once the teacher left, Maynard was the first one to let up and leave while Christina stayed behind.

“We heard your ass got rejected,” one of the girls beside Christina commented while subduing her laughter. I knew something was up.

Did Maynard stoop this low now?’

I mean, it isn’t like this wasn’t expected from him.

“She spread her legs too wide and engulfed many alphas at once,” Christina’s words brought shivers down my spine. I raised my face and watched some of the boys licking their lips and staring at me like I was a piece of free meat.

I decided to ignore her once again.

“Really? How many guys did she fuck?” that question came from Poppy. I was shocked. I can’t ever remember mistreating her yet she was always on my back.

“Why are you taking so much interest?” Oswin didn’t just stand there and let her bully me. His harsh tone had silenced her. She was stunned

too.

“It is okay, Poppy. It’s all Enya’s fault. Who even makes so many mates at once?” Christina bowed down and exposed her cleavage to Oswin. I understood what she was trying to do.

What a bitch!

“Many mates?” everybody gasped.

“She couldn’t even please Maynard. He would complain about how boring his sex life was with her. She couldn’t even get him hard,” Keith, the asshole, who I had seen cheating on his mate with Willow, commented and everybody laughed at me.

It was all Maynard’s fault. Those were his words.

I closed my eyes and began to shove my stove in my bag anxiously.

“And you got none, what a shame,” Oswin walked up to me and stood beside me, defending me.

“Because I ain’t a whore. I bet she lied about Jim trying to gang-rape her. She must have given him some mixed signals,” there it was, she took it too far. As everybody laughed, I glared at the last two buttons on her tight blouse.

While she laughed carelessly, I busted the buttons open. A scream escaped her lips before she instantly grabbed the blouse and pulled it over her boobs

“Ohhh!” The boys began to laugh at her. She looked embarrassed. I wasn’t. She made fun of a victim, that’s what she deserves.

I was torn apart because of the things Maynard made her say to the others. I successfully packed my bag and sprinted out of the classroom to find Maynard.

i will not let him fuck me over again,

I knew he would be in the room because the others were still taking classes. I made my way into the hallway and barged into the room to find him relaxing in the bed.

He noticed me throwing my bag on the floor and lunging at him. Maynard got up from the bed in a pissed-off mood but before he could even question me anything. I slapped him hard.

“What

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he tried to cuss at me but I had grabbed his collars and stood on my tips to at least reach his chest.

“YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE. WHAT DID YOU GET FROM MAKING FUN OF ME? IS FUCKING ME OVER MADE YOU FEEL LIKE A MAN ALREADY?” I was shouting and shaking him by his corners. I was also breaking down and crying hysterically.

“Either fucking talk or cry. You are giving me a headache,” he grasped my wrist to free himself but I was holding him tightly.

"You made Christina say those things about me didn't you?" I yelled, not setting him free.

"I don't know and I don't care who said what about you. Go ask your fucking thousand mates to defend you," as he grasped my wrists tightly this time and freed his collars, he broke my nail. I ignored the pain because I was mad at his audacity to act so calmly after ruining my reputation around. I raised my hand to hit him again but this time, he prevented it.

He held my hand and pulled me over to angrily glare me in the eye.

"I am warning you. Don't put your hands on me again," he warned me while pushing me back and tripping me on the floor.

*Don't make that mistake again," he finished.