

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 254

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 254 – Killed My Brother

We walked out of the woods in defeat. Thiago must be worried about one of my mates not being able to mark me, but I somewhat felt at ease.

The moment I hit the road, I found Lazlo and Zander arguing about something. I thought they would be done by now.

But it wasn't until I saw Maynard and Christina that I realized what was going on. Zander wasn't arguing with Lazlo this time.

Lazlo was holding him back from attacking Maynard. "You cannot interrupt me. I need to know it from his mouth."

Christina yelled at her brother for stopping her from talking to her mate. "He is a f***king murderer and a rapist.

I don't understand why you desperately want to give him a chance," Zander yelled as he freed himself from Lazlo's grasp. "Because that's the right thing to do.

I need to know his side of the story," she screamed at her brother in tears. I never really thought she was this much in love with Maynard.

Maynard closed his eyes and sighed. He stared at me as he opened them again.

"And what makes you think he has a side?" Zander scoffed, taunting Maynard for staying silent for so long.

"Everybody has a side," Christina stopped screaming and murmured, a stream of tears drenching her cheeks.. "And they tell their side.

They don't run away from it." Zander, who was already angry about not being able to mark me, yelled back at his sister. "He needs time.

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It must not be easy for him to look back at things and talk about them. Something traumatizing must have happened."

She defended Maynard once again. I was watching Maynard look Infobagh at the ground and not say anything in his defense.

What was it that he was hiding? "I think it is time you speak up," Lazlo interrupted, and demanded an answer from Maynard.

"That's what I am talking about. If an innocent person gets accused of such a disgusting act of crime, they would be yelling at the top of their lungs, trying to prove their innocence, but he is doing none of that," Zander sided with Lazlo.

The two were on the same page.

I get it. Thiago hadn't said a word, but every time they talked to Maynard, I saw Thiago's body shuddering.

It must be a reminder of what we lost back in the woods. "Maynard! Please speak up. You need to tell your side."

Christina's whisper broke my heart for her.

She was over here fighting his battle, and he didn't even give a damn.

"Well, when he is ready, he knows where to find us." With that being said, Zander grasped Christina's hand and dragged her away, despite her attempts to call for Maynard.

Who hadn't even moved a muscle this whole time? After a brief moment of silence, Maynard walked up to me, surprising us all.

"I know you have many questions regarding my side of the story." He started in a whisper, "Enya! I am aware of your loss.

I am aware of your feelings, and it kills me that I became the reason behind the agonizing pain you are in, even when I tried everything in my power to be the one who hurts you.

I wanted to break the mate bond with you so that I could keep you safe from my mother's madness.

If anyone here deserves to know the truth, it is you. I owe you an explanation." His eyes carried guilt.

I can't imagine there was once upon a time I saw love in them for me.

We have moved on from each other and possibly don't carry the same feelings and would never again.

But the way he held my hand to tell his story, I felt weird. "I don't want you to look at me as a monster," he continued to talk, "I will explain my side to each one of you just for the sake of Enya."

He then freed my hand and stepped back to inform the others. "Hm! I think we should head back to our room and discuss it there."

Christina also deserves to know the truth," Thiago reminded him. He has a mate who is relying on him.

Christina had stood beside him in thick and thin. Even when her brother disapproved of their relationship, she supported Maynard.

Maynard nodded his head, and soon we were on our way back to the room. That prepared myself for every kind of truth.

We reached the room and found Christina crying and Zander yelling at her. "You are an idiot," he continued.

"That is it," Thiago scoffed. "Back off!" he added as he pushed Zander away from Christina.

He was literally in her face and making her tremble. I didn't understand how the whole dynamic changed between them.

She was the one controlling him and poisoning him.

Did my acceptance make him stronger than her? "Let's just say the entire issue is going to be resolved now that Maynard has decided to tell us the truth," Lazlo then informed them.

Christina uncovered her face from her hands and stared at Maynard with a smile of relief on her lips.

"Really? Let's hear that out too." Lazlo folded his arms over his chest and sarcastically pretended to pay attention to Maynard.

"I am here to confess," Maynard whispered under his breath, meeting with gasps.

Christina's smile faded away the moment she heard him say that. "What are you saying?" she asked in a trembling tone.

"I – I am going to confess and tell the truth" Maynard repeated, but this time, his hands clenched into fists. "I killed my brother."

Our blood ran cold as soon as he made that confession. I thought Olivia had killed his brother. He f****king told me a lie.

“What?” Christina stepped back and met the wall, trying to hold on to anything for support.

“Ah!” After being proven correct, Zander clapped his hands together and added, “I told you, he’s dangerous.”

“And why did you kill him?” It wasn’t until Thiago asked him in a very soft tone that Maynard raised his face and looked at him.

It filled his eyes with tears of relief that somebody asked him why, instead of calling him a murderer or any other name.

I am publishing chapters early because I am sick and I am afraid I might doze off and miss the updates. Hopefully, you will get a lot from Maynard’s side of the story.

Tasting All My Mates By Alexis Dee Chapter 255

Read Tasting All My Mates by Alexis Dee Chapter 255 – The House Of Horror

Warning: This chapter contains mild abuse and torture

Maynard’s POV: Years Ago

“Where are you taking me?” I asked my brother as he kept making me run after him.

“Don’t raise your voice, somebody might hear us,” Geralt whispered as he held my hand even tighter and ran downstairs with me.

“Are we going to the basement?” I asked, not understanding what the hell was going on.

“Yeah! But just to play a game,” he uttered. My 8-year-old self didn’t get my brother’s desperate need to take me to the basement.

I followed him silently after he told me we were going to play games in there.

Once we had reached the basement and he had locked the door from inside, he sat me down on the ground, facing me with a weird look on his face.

“What game are we playing?” I asked in confusion.

“Give me your hand,” he asked as he pulled his hand out. I thought the game had started, so I gave him my hand.

He brought it near his face and smelt it. “I am going to taste your blood,” he then whispered, and my body shuddered in response.

“What?” I let out an awkward laugh, thinking he was pretending to be a monster.

“It will not hurt, don’t worry,” he promised.

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“It will not hurt, don’t worry,” he promised. Before I could even protest, he dug his sharp teeth into my hand and started drinking my blood.

I was lost and in pain. It didn’t make any sense how a twelve-year-old was able to get his canines out, and why was he drinking my blood? “Geralt, I’m not feeling well.” I didn’t feel right for a few minutes.

It was as if he wasn’t going to stop anytime soon. “Geralt!” I called for him again, and he ignored me once again. “Brother!” That was it for me. I didn’t want to play that game anymore.

“GERALT STOP!” I yelled in desperation, pulling my hand back and away from him finally.

“I don’t want to play this game,” I yelled, crawling back and away from him in fear. Thankfully, my mother heard my cries and rushed downstairs to check on us.

She would usually not let us get out of her sight, so I expected her to arrive anytime soon.

“What is going on here?” Mom rushed downstairs in haste, watching us with her eyes bugged out. “He was drinking my blood.” I let out a cry, showcasing my bloodied hand to her.

“What?” she looked at Geralt, who had his eyes changed to red color while he hissed and howled.

“Oh no! Geralt, you cannot do that.” She knelt down beside him and rubbed his arm to calm him down.

“I’m fine. In fact, I’m feeling better than ever,” Geralt smiled at mom, who pouted sadly while caressing his cheeks.

“Mom! I’m not feeling well.” I had to interrupt them because I was beginning to feel very dizzy.

“Maynard! Don’t you see your brother needs me?” Mom yelled as she glared at me and slapped my hand away to not show her what her favorite son had done to me. “Let me take you to your room.”

Her voice changed to a soothing melody when talking to Geralt.

It wasn’t the first time she had chosen him over me, but this time it hurt badly.

She helped Geralt get up and took him upstairs while I passed out on the ground from feeling low on energy and strength. I woke up hours later in my bedroom.

I had a bite mark on my hand, which reminded me of what happened earlier before I passed out.

I ran out of my room to complain to my mother about Geralt. What he did really scared me. I found them watching a movie in the living room.

They have even eaten dinner without me. “Mom! Can I speak to you for a moment?” I inquired of my mom, making sure she didn’t walk to my room with Geralt or Dad behind her.

She gets super angry if I involve my dad in anything related to Geralt.

She gave me a still stare before getting out of the couch and walking behind me to my room.

“Mom! I need to talk to you about Geralt.” I was shaking when remembered the incident from the basement.

“What about him?” she asked in a cheerful mood. “You know what he did.

He sucked my blood,” I whispered, trembling in my skin out of fear of my brother.

“What? Honey! That never happened. You must have seen a nightmare.” She let out a little chuckle to invalidate my feelings.

But it didn’t shock me. She has done it before.

“No! I was fully awake this time,” I yelled as I felt frustrated at my mother trying to save his a***s all the time.

If that wasn't scary enough in itself, previously, she would make me drink something to make me fall asleep quickly. And while I was sleeping, Geralt would walk in and drink my blood.

"He has done it before too," I remembered. "You remember?" she frowned in shock. "Yeah! It's so weird.

"I'm suddenly remembering things," I said, getting my stolen memories back. "That's impossible," she gasped, dialing a number on her phone anxiously.

"Mom! Who are you calling? We need to talk about this matter first."

I was obviously naïve, as she never meant for me to grow up strong or even grow up. never meant for me to grow up strong or even grow up. "I am calling someone to help Geralt with this problem."

The eerie smile she gave me said otherwise, but thinking back in time, I believed it.

"Why is it not working?" she was shaking when grunting and muttering the words to some one. "Well, I don't care if you are sick.

"Just do as I say or else," she warned someone, and then hung up on her. "It was so easy when that witch was alive. This new one is a disaster," she complained.

"Don't worry, just go to bed. Everything will be back to fine by the time you wake up again, okay?" She asked me cheerfully before leaving the room.

It never got back to normal. I would wake up every morning with bite marks and be energy depleted.

My health went down so drastically that I had to stop going to school. My mom would always warn me from doing anything that'd impure me.

She said her son needed me to be pure. I now believe it was the pure blood she wanted for her favorite son.

And then she stopped hearing from the other side one day. It was as if she had run out of help from the witches.