

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Prologue

The darkness slowly crept through my veins. I could feel it. Every inch it consumed, it burned. The agony of the storm raging within my body was debilitating.

My senses dulled, overtaken by the pain coursing through every part of my being. Each breath was not without torment. And each moment felt like a lifetime.

My mind filled with a cacophony of thoughts, some were my own and some were that of my brothers. The bond mercilessly forces us to bear not just our own anguish but also each other's.

Knees buckling, I fall to the ground but my eyes never leave her.

My mate. My light. My Klara.

How such a little thing could tame three of the fiercest beasts to have ever roamed this Earth will always remain a mystery. But tame us she did. She taught our wretched hearts to love. To care. The hope of redemption that had always eluded us did not seem impossible anymore. With her by our side, we shined. How could we not? She was our sun.

Our little light.

A pained howl pierced the cold silence of the wretched night. Turning towards the tortured sound, I saw Erik in half-lycan form. His hands and feet had transformed into claws and parts of his body were covered in fur. Unable to stand steady on his feet, he swayed dangerously. The growling sounds from his mouth were a mix of animal and human, showing the conflict happening within.

Even without a second look, I understood the struggle he was under. My own lycan was prepared to rip out of my skin.

It won't be long now.

As her breathing slows and her life begins to fade, we will no longer be able to control it. Once the bond breaks, so will our humanity. The lucky souls are the ones that pass soon after their beloved has breathed their last. But my brothers and I will never know such mercy. The Goddess saw to that when she condemned us to forever walk this accursed land.

A surge of hate filled my heart at the thought of how all the events had finally led us here. Here, in the dead of the night and in the middle of the woods, with our mate dying on the forest floor.

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To my right, was Finn. My youngest brother who I had always protected and looked out for since we were pups. My heart clenched at the sight of him now. His face contorted in agony as he ripped out a handful of fur from his head. With claws digging into his skull and blood dripping down the side of his face, Finn looked nothing like himself. In the place of the strong, stoic warrior, stood a desperate man.

But at this point, we were all desperate.

My state of despair was broken when I heard a voice call over the wind. Ears twitching involuntarily, I tried hard to focus but the sheer pain had compromised my senses, leaving me vulnerable and weak.

My body shuddered with effort as a hand reached out suddenly, forcing me to look up. The hand under my chin, though feminine, felt rough and wrong against my skin. It did not feel like her...my mate.

Hackles rose in defense, a warning growl left my lips. Even with death at my door, I would not fail to protect my mate and brothers.

"Magnus! Magnus! Can you hear me? It's me...Agna"

Gripping onto the arms now shaking my shoulders, I tried hard to concentrate. But it felt like I was somewhere underwater. The more I tried to hold on, the more I drowned.

"Agna? Is-Is that you? W...t.. kept you?" My own voice sounded foreign to my ears. Hoarse, ragged, and just above a whisper.

"Calm down Magnus. It took a while to do the spell." Her eyes narrowed, carefully scrutinizing my haggard form before turning around to observe my brothers.

She clicked her tongue, seemingly in frustration. "It looks like you are all running out of time."

Taking in a deep breath, I watched as she closed her eyes and placed her rough hand on my forehead. Her strong voice carried through the woods, the words, though indecipherable in my current state, sounded very much like an incantation.

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An unnatural breeze seemed to surround us in its embrace, drawing yet another shudder from me as it strengthened my failing body. It took a moment to discern reality from the spiraling pit of darkness but the overpowering fog in my head was slowly beginning to fade. Things appeared much sharper. And although the pain was ever present, it was tolerable.

Giving the witch a grateful look, I quickly crawled to my mate's side and gently took her head onto my lap, staring down at the face of my savior. The one who had rescued me from a lifetime of pain and misery.

Struggling against the powerful surge of emotions that threatened to suffocate me, I shot at the witch standing beside us, praying that she had the answers.

"Were you successful? Can she be saved?"

Although a part of me wanted to threaten violence and give her no choice but to save my mate, I knew I had to be calm. Witches were unpredictable and dangerous. And Agna was one of the strongest witches I had ever known. Threatening her would do more harm than good.

"It's complicated Magnus."

"I DON'T CARE!" The roar seemed to echo through the trees menacingly. Raising my eyes, I could see that she was afraid even if she hadn't moved an inch from where she was standing. I had to respect her for that. Between my brothers, I was not known for kindness or understanding. Certainly not at a time when my world was so close to crumbling.

After a moment of silence, Agna continued, her voice now taking on a tentative tone. "Magnus, what you seek is dangerous. You must understand that something like this has never been done before. So, I cannot foretell the consequences of such a spell. However, I am certain of one thing...."

She fixed me with her piercing gaze, her dark eyes glimmering eerily in the night. "...Going against the Goddess will not end well and the power required to pull a soul that she has claimed does not exist in this world. It has to be called forth from the darkness it dwells..."

Pausing, she glanced around the trees, a hint of nervousness betraying her fear briefly before it vanished.

"...and even if we are successful, only her wolf can be saved. Your mate still dies tonight and you three live on. You realize this don't you?"

Her tone and demeanor conveyed the deadly gravity of the situation but I honestly couldn't care. My heart refused to willingly abandon my Klara to her fate and all because the Moon Goddess wanted to quench her thirst for vengeance. No! No one would take my mate from me. No matter the cost! Gritting my teeth to keep from snarling, I glared at the witch.

"Understand this. I will not lose the one good thing that my brothers and I have to the whims of that hateful Goddess. I will not allow it! My mate has done nothing wrong to deserve such an end! I will see her and hold her once again. Even if I have to wait another thousand years for it!"

Agna said nothing but observed the scene solemnly. The woods seemed to mimic her silence as it remained deathly still, likely in trepidation at the events that were yet to unfold under its starless sky.

"What we do now will not only affect your kind and mine but also the humans. So, I will ask you this again. Are you willing to let the world burn for one soul?"

My eyes drift down to the sleeping form of my mate, my mind flooding with memories of the times we had laughed, kissed, made love, and held each other close. Could I let the world suffer for my gain? To save her?

I do not hesitate when I look at the witch and give my response.

"Yes."

Leaning forward, I placed a soft kiss on my mate's lips and breathed in her fading scent, committing it to memory.

"We will be together once again my little light"

The breeze that blew past then, carried the fervent whisper of promise, forever sealing the fates of those who would one day cross paths with it.