

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 1

583 years later.....

Ever since the announcement, the normally bustling office had dramatically quietened down. Not the kind of quiet that one would appreciate while trying to get their work done in peace but the kind of quiet that had everyone on edge.

The usual hubbub of people calling out, phones ringing, keyboard smashing, printer jamming, coffee machine hissing and office talk giggling had all but ceased. It was now replaced with nervous glances, knuckle cracking, anxious pacing, hurried whispers and the odd silent prayer muttered under one's breath.

The announcement had come as a huge blow to everyone here at Ranford Industries. The company had taken a massive downturn over the last few years and in order to offset the losses, a large portion of the business was being sold off.

After numerous department meetings detailing how the "handover" was going to take place, the final blow came when the company announced that not all of us would get to keep our jobs.

It seemed as if the company couldn't care less about the plight of its office "drones" as long as they got the money they needed to save their precious behinds. Many had voluntarily quit as soon as the news broke out, while others like me, waited to see how this was going to play out.

My depressing line of thought came to an abrupt end when the annoying tone of my desk phone sounded. Glancing over at the name flashing, I sighed heavily before picking up.

"Hey. What's up?"

"Mia, I'm freaking out. What if they fire me?" the voice on the other end panic-whispered.

"Calm down Sasha. You're going to be fine. It's highly unlikely anyone from finance will get fired. Don't think they're bringing in too many of their own. If anyone is getting fired it will probably be my department, admin, and maybe a few in HR"

"Oh please. You're in no way getting fired. One look at you and them boys in there will be gripping their boners"

Her cackling laughter filled the line before I quickly intervened, "Good heavens woman! Why do you always have to be so crude?"

"Just stating facts darlin. Anyway, what time did you say your meeting was?"

"At 3.30."

Instinctively, my eyes darted towards the time displayed on the screen and I groaned in frustration when I realized that my meeting was still hours away.

"Fuck! I just want this over with"

"Well, mine's in the next 30 minutes. Going to head over to the ladies to make sure my ass looks good before heading in. Wish me luck!"

I couldn't help but snort in amusement.

"Good luck!"

Placing the handset back, I twisted my shoulders wearily, rotating them in an attempt to relieve some of the tension. I hoped that Sasha and I would get to keep our jobs and continue working together. The short, curly-haired brunette had become a very important part of my life over the last two years. Cheeky and loyal to a fault, she was the kind of friend you would want in your corner when shit really hit the fan.

If you didn't mind a whole lot of vulgar humor that is.

Chuckling softly, I glanced at the time once again and prayed that this day wouldn't end up in the shitter.

I was startled out of my perusing when a shadow slid into my peripheral view.

"Sasha! Fuck! You scared me!" Placing a hand over my chest to calm the erratic beating of my heart, I took a few steadying breaths.

Sasha on the other hand, seemed oblivious to the momentary panic that she had caused as she practically vibrated with excitement. "Guess what?! I get to keep my job!" Before her words could even register through my anxiety-ridden brain, she bent down and pulled my neck in for a hug; a huge grin stretching across her face as I choked and spluttered in her grasp.

"Ow. Let go."

Despite being a little shaken up, the initial shock quickly receded as the news finally sunk in. Well, at least one of us made it. But I couldn't help the small twinge of jealousy that reared its ugly head in the far corner of my mind but I shoved it away instantly.

I could not begrudge my friend at this moment. She totally deserved this.

I smiled as I pulled away from her hold, watching her bounce on her feet in a little victory dance. Sasha's liveliness had always been contagious. It was one of the things that had attracted me to her in the first place.

Laughing at her childlike enthusiasm, I looked at her fondly. "Congrats hon! Tell me everything".

Hopping up onto the corner of my desk, she adjusted herself before turning to face me, her legs swinging back and forth as she relayed the details of the meeting. "Didn't take long actually. They didn't say much. I have a feeling that they already know who they are keeping and this so-called meeting is just out of courtesy or something. Anyway, that's how it felt."

"Huh. Who was on the panel?"

Extending her arm forward, she began counting down the names of the people present at the meeting. "Five of them in there. Brad, Mitch, Bob, and Jennifer from our side and a sweet piece of ass called Thomas...uh... something. Apparently, he is one of the partners from the company that is buying us over. My god! You should have seen him, Mia. Looked like a bloody movie star! I swear I drooled a bit"

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I let out a sigh. Typical of Sasha to prioritize cock above all else.

But my mind was quick to skip over the details of the handsome stranger and hone in on a more important one. Or rather, an annoying one – Jennifer 'O Conner. She was part of the senior management team and hated me simply because I existed. Fuck! If her decision had any weight, then I was for sure getting the sack.

"Hello..." I blinked rapidly into focus, jerking away from the hand waving so close to my face as Sasha tried to draw my attention back to the present. "Hey...Why do you look like someone took a piss in your tea?"

Letting out an exasperated sigh, I threw my hands in the air, my voice barely holding back the irritation as I pointed out the obvious.

"Jennifer. What if she gets me kicked out?"

Sasha snickered, earning herself a glare from my end. But she was quick to raise her arms up in surrender as she added in a placating tone. "She's a bitch. But don't let her get to you. The hag is probably jealous that you happen to be a permanent fixture in every man's wank bank. The others will see right through it. Trust me."

I rolled my eyes at her idea of a pep talk. Definitely not one of her strong suits. Feeling the urgent need to put an end to this conversation before she decided to prattle on for hours, I waved her away. "Just go now and let me be in peace before I walk into the slaughterhouse"

Sasha grinned, unperturbed by my reaction as she jumped off the desk and landed with a thud.

"Fine. But when they decide to keep you and I get to say "I told you so", you'll owe me some drinks and a night out"

I snorted in return. "We'll see"