

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 17

Waddling into the bathroom the next morning, I winced with every step, feeling the full brunt of the consequences of last night's relentless lovemaking. Perhaps, calling him bluff on his promise of "fucking me into oblivion" was a serious misjudgment on my part, seeing how I could barely walk upright without effort. My body ached from the waist down while my pussy felt like it had been rammed by a speeding truck on the highway.

Groaning, I gingerly lowered myself onto the seat, my aching muscles protesting the movement vehemently. The yellow glow from the morning light filtered in through the frosted window, bathing the pristine white-tiled bathroom with its warmth. The sounds of the city were clearly audible as everyone went about their daily lives.

My eyes traveled from the window to the sad-looking plant that sat on the sill, parched and miserable with dried leaves and crispy edges. The realization that my life has been on hold ever since Thomas arrived, hit me in full force as I continued to stare at the shriveled vestige that drooped over the side of the pot. He seemed to haunt my thoughts every minute of the day in a manner that no man had ever done before. And I still couldn't work out how it had come to be this way and in such a short time at that.

Making a mental note to water the plant later, I brushed aside the guilt of skipping out on my chores as I slowly dragged my tired body into the tiny cubicle shower.

A deep sigh resonated through me as the warm water cascaded down my lovingly-used and abused body. Taking my time, I gently cleaned away the remnants of our coupling that had crusted on my thighs overnight. As the steam filled the tiny space and the scent from the bodywash engulfed my senses, my muscles began to relax and the soreness started to ease.

But despite the obvious discomfort, a smile danced across my lips as I recollected the events of last night.

Thomas had been insatiable. Six rounds and eight orgasms later, I was on my "hands and knees" pleading with him to stop. Having never encountered a male who possessed such insane stamina, I was left speechless as his member continued to remain hard with every round. Additionally, I was also surprised that my body lasted through that entire marathon session without actually shutting down!

Including that last point to the ever-growing list of anomalies that my body seemed to exhibit only around him, I reluctantly turned off the shower before stepping out and drying myself off. The hot shower had definitely worked its magic as my movements felt less restricted than before.

And just as I was preparing to indulge in my morning routine, a gasp of shock went through me at the sight of my reflection in the partially fogged-up mirror.

Vigorously swiping my palm over the condensed steam that had settled on the surface, I stared at the incriminating evidence of the events that had transpired last night. There were marks everywhere!

The exposed part of my neck and breasts were littered in an array of colors, ranging from deep red to purple-blue. Some were more prominent than others. Especially the one on my neck. Fuck!

With my face twisted in horror; my hand involuntarily shot up to graze the angry-looking "hickey" that sat proudly on the side of my neck. This one in particular covered the entire curve between my neck and shoulder. Squinting hard at the mirror, my fingers skimmed the area hesitantly, anticipating a stinging pain upon contact. Lightly tracing the bruise, I was relieved to find that the skin around the area remained intact and the pain only minimal.

Grumbling under my breath at my own stupidity for encouraging his strange obsession with my neck, I proceeded to brush my teeth and put my hair up, feeling grateful that I didn't have to go to work that day.

All it would take is one look to set the tongues wagging! And that was precisely the kind of publicity that I was trying to avoid, especially now that the whole office thinks that I'm fucking the boss! Hmm. Well, after last night I suppose I am. Ugh!

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Thinking about work, I found it weird to wake up past ten on a work day, when usually, around this time, I would have been hunkered over my computer or running in and out of pointless meetings. But Thomas had "ordered" me to take the next few days off while he was here and having been unable to recall the last time, I had taken some time off, I was more than happy to comply. The perks of dating the boss, I guess.

Wrapping the towel tightly around my torso, I exited the steamy bathroom. Glancing over at the sleeping form on my bed, my heart couldn't help but skip a beat. Thomas lay sprawled on one side with the covers barely concealing the tantalizing view of his privates. His eyes were closed as his chest rose and fell at a steady pace. His usually well-styled hair lay in odd angles, probably from all the tugging that I did last night.

Smiling to myself, I took the chance to gaze at the rest of his magnificent form, my eyes greedily drinking in the sight of his rippling muscles, remembering how they had handled me with such ease. As my eyes roamed over his body appreciatively, I began to feel the familiar wetness pool in between my legs as the need to have him deep inside me began to take over. What the hell!

"Are you just going to stand there and stare or are you planning to come back to bed?"

I jumped as his sleepy drawl filled the space.

"Fuck! You scared me! I thought you were asleep!"

Cracking one of his eyes open, he stretched his lean body while a sly smirk began to take shape at the corners of his mouth. God! This man was sexy and he bloody knew it!

"I was... until I smelt something delicious"

"What smell?"

He chuckled, folding his arms behind his head before locking me with a smoldering gaze. My eyes automatically drifted down as the covers fell to the side, giving me a good view of his morning wood that lay thick and hard against his taut stomach. I swallowed an audible gulp as I recalled how wide that cock had stretched me last night.

"Come here"

My eyes trailed back up at his commanding tone, just in time to witness his eyes flash gold, a prelude to whatever sinful delight he was preparing to indulge in. And as much as I wanted to give in, my extremely sore pussy screamed otherwise.

"Yeah... no way. Not happening! I can barely move after last night!"

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My lungs didn't even get the chance to recover the breath that had been expended from my protest when a blur came hurtling in my direction. A gust of air swept up as the distorted shape grew closer. And the next thing I knew, he was by my side, eyes narrowed in concern and words shooting out like a bullet. "Did I hurt you? How bad is it? Do we need a doctor?"

"Fucking hell Thomas! How did you move so fast?"

My heart hammered loudly, having been caught off guard by the sudden movement. Placing a hand over my chest, I inhaled deeply, trying to compose myself. Completely ignoring my question, he continued to "examine" me from all angles, making me painfully aware that I was completely naked under the towel. His eyes lingered on the marks, initially seeming to revel in the sight before marring with worry.

Gently trailing the marks with his finger, his eyes fixated on my face. A shudder went through me at the feel of his warm touch. "I'm sorry. Think I got a bit carried away last night. Do these hurt?"

His fingers continued to run circles around the marks while his grey eyes flicked between mine, guilt evident in their depths. My heart lurched, eager to soothe and wipe that worry from his face.

"No, they don't. I'm just a bit sore. So, let's take it down a notch in the bedroom yeah?"

His features, which previously held worry, morphed into a joyous expression as his body vibrated with laughter. Looking at him, my heart overflowed with emotion. I could no longer hide how intense my feelings were for him. Throwing my arms around his body, I pushed my feelings through as if on instinct.

He drew in a sharp breath before his strong arms enveloped me in a safe embrace. Safe. I had forgotten what that felt like. We stood there for a few minutes, basking in the warmth and comfort of being in each other's arms before his voice broke the silence.

"Why don't you get dressed and relax? I'll have a quick shower and make you some breakfast. Huh? Make it up to you for pounding that puss--"

Smacking his arm, I cried out in horror, lest he had the chance to finish that vulgar statement. "Oi! Behave yourself!"

He chuckled before giving me a tender kiss and making his way into the bathroom. With a sigh of contentment, I dressed myself in a t-shirt and jeans before heading out in the direction of the living room. Drawing the blinds, I welcomed the morning sun on my face.

Everything. Felt. Perfect.

Making my way over to check the fridge for breakfast ingredients, I stopped short as I noticed my phone flashing blue on the counter.

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Five missed calls and four text messages from Sasha.

I quickly opened the texts and began to read, hoping it wasn't anything serious. The texts were timed a few minutes apart and were sent an hour ago.

Sasha: "Where the fuck are you?"

Sasha: "Pick up!"

Sasha: "You are bloody missing out on this!"

Sasha: "Jennifer has just been fired!"

My mouth fell open as I re-read the last text from Sasha. Jennifer has been fired? Why? And by whom?

The sound of the bedroom door opening had me looking up from my phone, my mind still reeling from what I had just read. Thomas walked out in just his shirt and boxers, flashing me his golden smile.

"So, what does my baby want for breakfast?"

I did not respond as the chatter in my mind abruptly stilled. I looked at his smiling face carefully before looking back down at the text from Sasha.

Who had the authority to fire someone from senior management especially now that the whole company had undergone a complete restructure?

A gasp went through me as the dots finally connected. Pointing my phone at his bewildered face, the words came flying out.

"It was you!"