

# Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

## Chapter 23

Standing here and staring helplessly down at the horrific sight in front of me, my blood ran cold. No! Oh God, please! No! Not like this! While my heart felt like it was being repeatedly stabbed, my mind was left paralyzed, unable to "unsee" the traumatizing scene, which I knew would haunt me for the rest of my life.

I hadn't realized that I was still screaming until my stomach churned uncomfortably, alerting me to the forceful expulsion that was to follow. Before I could try and hold back, the bile came rushing up as my body heaved, splattering the floor with its acidic contents.

Falling to my knees, I began to dry retch, my airway closing off as the nausea refused to ease. A strong burning sensation traveled up from the gut before hitting the back of my throat and leaving an unpleasant taste in my mouth. Fresh tears flowed down my face as I tilted my head towards the ceiling and gasped in deep breaths, waiting for the sickness to subside.

A few uncomfortable moments passed and my breathing returned to normal as I took in a lungful of air. Feeling that my body had settled down enough, I opened my eyes only to feel my heart freeze as I was immediately confronted with the four colossal titans against a backdrop of absolute silence. The last bit of air flew past my lungs in a hurry when I noticed that all eyes were trained on me, wide with shock and disbelief. Seeing them together sent shivers down my back, their intense gazes causing a mixture of feelings to rise within me.

An assortment of expressions played across their collective faces while a barrage of emotions entered my consciousness freezing all my thoughts and actions. Confusion, wariness, delight, happiness, love, lust, need, regret, and longing hit me one after another so fast that I was beginning to feel dizzy and nauseous all over again.

But before I could make sense of anything a small groan of pain had me looking towards Thomas, my heart picking up speed almost instantly. Not caring in the slightest for my own safety, I crawled towards him before hurriedly checking all of his injuries. As I gently turned him on his back, a pained sob broke out of me when I noticed that my hands and body were already coated in his blood, which continued to flow out of his face and neck.

"Baby... Wake up... It's ok... I'm here..." Pressing my hand over the gash on his neck, I tried to stem the flow as much as I could. But it was impossible, considering how deep the wound was. Feeling utterly lost and desperate, I cried, the pain in my chest reaching an agonizing point as I struggled to cope with the reality that faced me.

"... There's too much blood... Help me... baby please...wake up... somebody help... anybody..." I sobbed, unable to do anything for the man I loved. Unable to save him.

But my helpless cries suddenly turned into a full-blown terrified scream when Thomas's body began to shake, twisting and contorting at odd angles as he violently turned from side to side. Loud cracking and snapping sounds issued from within as he slowly began to grow in size. The skin on his arms and chest started to tear, revealing tufts of hair. fur? His mutilated face appeared to move in a distorted manner as it cracked and caved while his teeth began to extend. What the fuck!!

The sickening cracks intensified as his body jerked off the ground. All the while, he seemed to emit weird growling and whining noises from the back of his throat. I had no idea what was happening nor did I have a clue as to what I should be doing. Looking up at the men, I noticed that they still had the same stunned looks plastered on their faces. None of them appeared to have even moved nor did they seem fazed with what was happening to Thomas. They simply continued to stare in my direction, their eyes burning into me with an intensity that could rival the sun. What the hell is wrong with these people?

As a loud whimper came from Thomas, I panicked. Desperate to help him but having no other choice than to turn to these murderous bastards for help, I looked back up and yelled frantically in their direction.

"Help him! I think... I think he's having some kind of a seizure! Please help! I-I'll do anything you want but please help him... Please!"

I practically shouted the last word at their faces, hoping it would snap them back to the present moment. And to my relief, it did just that. Only, not in the way I was expecting.

Suddenly the room filled with shouts and growls as chaos ensued. I screamed as the animalistic sounds bounced off the walls, sounding menacing and vicious.

"Mine!"

"Kole stop!"

"Marcus! Grab him!"

"Get her out of here!"

"Don't you fucking touch her! She's mine!"

"James! Don't just stand there!"

"Stop brother. No!"

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"Kole! Don't!"

I panicked as the voices and bodies became a blur. Everyone seemed to be barking orders and moving at warp speed, making me extremely nervous as I didn't understand what was going on. But from what I could make out, two of them seemed to be holding the tattoo guy back. He was struggling against the men, his eyes flashing a deadly gold as they centered on me. I gasped as his teeth extended into long canines. What kind of a freak show is this?!

In the background, I could hear the faint whimpering sounds coming from Thomas but I couldn't seem to tear my eyes away from the tattoo guy. His manic gaze held me utterly captive as a primal part of me responded to the need in his golden eyes. My body heated as the skin under my neck began to prickle uncomfortably. I needed him. Despite the madness going on around us, a lustful haze seemed to take hold. My lips parted, exhaling a slow breath as the need for him consumed me.

It was as if he could sense my body's call for him, the sides of his mouth began to froth as his struggle intensified, his now pitch-black eyes never leaving mine. Suddenly one of his arms broke free from the person holding it. Letting out a roar he shoved the other person aside before turning around to look at me like a predator zeroing in on its prey.

"Kole! No!"

I froze as another roar sounded from his lips before he moved with insane speed in my direction, pushing the angelic-looking one out of the way. And before I could even blink, I was pulled up off the floor and secured in his muscular arms. A gasp of shock escaped me when his lips immediately found the spot on my neck, licking the area desperately while he simultaneously rubbed his lower half against mine.

I shuddered as tingles erupted all over my body, the pleasurable feeling blocking out the unpleasantness happening in the background. I sunk into bliss, my mind and body eagerly seeking respite after everything it had been through in the last couple of hours. However, a twinge of irritation crept in at the fact that I couldn't hold him, my arms still handcuffed and placed uselessly against his chest.

Needing to be closer, I leaned in further, the electric feeling between us intensifying by the second. I gasped as I felt the full length of his excitement pressed against my womanhood. It was rock hard as he continued to rub himself. And instead of pulling away or feeling disgusted or horrified at the fact that a complete stranger, who tried to murder the man I love, was now dry-humping me, I felt the complete opposite. I responded by thrusting back, the heat spreading rapidly in my lower region before centering on my clit. He let out a deep moan, his whole body trembling while his grip on me tightened.

Suddenly, his sharp teeth grazed my neck, the pinch of the incisors prompting my head to tilt to the side on pure instinct in order to give him more room. For what purpose, I wasn't entirely sure. All I knew was that it felt natural to do so.

A deep approving growl left him, making me yearn for whatever was going to come. But suddenly, the air around me felt cold. Everything came crashing down as he was forcefully ripped away, growling and thrashing against the ones holding him. The moment, however, broke me from the trance-like state that I was immersed in. What the hell is happening to me? Why the fuck am I acting like this! Shaking my head to clear the haze, I quickly raised my fingers to the spot on my neck and touched it gently. There appeared to be a small scratch from the way he was pulled off but aside from that, my skin wasn't broken.

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Looking back up, I noticed that he was being dragged away while the two restraining him glared at me with pure hatred in their glowing eyes. But their glowering looks weren't the reason why I was left screaming like a banshee. As they moved out of the way, my eyes were immediately drawn to the big mass of fur lying in the exact same spot as Thomas. It was slightly smaller than a horse but the size was still impressive. Big splotches of blood matted its silver-grey fur as it lay there on its side with its torso rising and falling steadily.

Was I in some kind of nightmare? Is that a giant wolf? What the actual fuck! I screamed as its body suddenly twitched but before I could turn and leg it towards the door, I was wrapped up in another set of arms. I shivered as the same tingles began to race through my body leaving me feeling giddy.

"Miss. You need to calm down."

"Calm down? Are you crazy? We need to get away from that thing!"

Turning my head to the side, I realized that the soothing voice belonged to the angelic-looking guy who seemed to be struggling with something as his eyes constantly flicked between bright gold and deep hazel. Up close, he was more handsome and divine-looking, if that was even possible. I felt myself relaxing and leaning back against his chest, completely forgetting why I was panicking in the first place.

But a sudden vicious snarl sounded from the other end of the room, snapping my attention. It was the tattoo guy and he appeared to be beyond livid as he stared behind me at the man holding me in his arms.

"Get away from her! She's mine!"

The last words sounded more animalistic than human but it seemed to snap something in the Adonis-like guy holding him.

"I've had enough of this shit!"

His fingers suddenly extended into long claws before grasping the tattoo guy around the neck, digging them sharply and tearing into his flesh. My heart accelerated, worried at the next gruesome scene that I might be forced to witness. As the blood began to drip down the tattoo guy's neck, he immediately stopped struggling and yelped as he was choked harder. A whimper escaped my throat, not liking the fact that he was in pain.

Suddenly, the Adonis turned in our direction. His electric blue eyes turned darker by the second as he barked out an order to the man still holding me, his tone demanding nothing but obedience.

"James! Kill that bitch!"