

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 24

I felt the arms around me tighten. The powerful muscles flexed to create an impenetrable fortress that effortlessly secured my safety and supported my weight at the same time. My knees buckled as a sharp sting of pain went through my chest, his words ricocheting off the walls and shattering the last sliver of hope that I had of making it out alive. I cursed myself for being so foolish and naïve as to think that I had a chance, especially when the obvious extent of their brutality lay right in front of me, bleeding on the floor.

My eyes dropped to the large wolf which was covered in blood. Although the bleeding appeared to have stopped, the animal was still wheezing hard every time it breathed. Is that really Thomas? How is this even possible? Were these people werewolves? Even thinking that, sounded absurd my mind failed to come up with an alternative explanation for all the strange things that I had witnessed thus far.

The chest behind me rumbled, the sound reverting my attention back to the tense atmosphere in the room. My eyes locked with the tattoo guy who looked petrified, his eyes never leaving me while the man holding him back seemed to be in a state of serious contemplation as he stared at the wolf on the floor.

I shivered when James's breath blew past my face, his voice sounding calculated and cautious. "Alex... brother please... just take a minute and think this through. We don't know how this will affect our wolves. It's clear that the bond between her and Thomas is strong and it's clear that our wolves are already reacting to the pull--"

The walls trembled as a loud roar came from the man in front of me: Alex, was it? His demeanor was quickly shifting from irritated to furious as his fists clenched and his lips pulled back, exposing the dangerous canines. And as I stared into those rapidly-darkening eyes, the background noises faded and a strong feeling of hatred and fury hit me in full force, knocking the air out of my lungs.

I didn't need any explanation or hints to understand that these feelings weren't mine.

They were his.

And as that understanding began to sink in, my eyes watered, a strange sense of sadness constricting my chest like a snake coiling around its prey. Somehow, it hurt to think that he didn't want me. That I didn't mean anything to him. That he would go to the extent of having me killed, to rid himself of my presence. I swallowed down a sob while James seamlessly moved me behind his vast back, the action taking me by surprise. But picking up on his intentions, I immediately complied, pressing myself against his back and feeling grateful that I didn't have to be on the frontline of Alex's wrath.

But even though I was hidden from his gaze, I could not block out his menacing voice that boomed thunderously, the pitch of his tone rising with every word until the room shook on its foundations. "You dare disobey your Alpha? Do you dare go against a direct order? To defend a disgusting human? Maybe you too need a lesson as to where you stand in this pack...The beta of mine"

The muscles on James's back tightened, his tense posture sending me into a state of panic. Unable to see anything from behind him, my nerves were on edge while alarm bells were going off in my head. James's neck suddenly tilted to the side and his back bent slightly, making me glance up in confusion. When he spoke, his voice was more subdued and controlled.

"Alpha. Let me assure you that the life of this human is of no significance to me. My loyalty is and forever will be with you - my Alphas and my pack. But... we must make sure that our wolves aren't weakened because of the death of this human. And the only way we can be sure is to gather information and see how strong the bond is. All I ask is that we discuss..."

I stopped listening. Stopped breathing. A slash of betrayal cut across my chest at James's cold response. I had once again fooled myself into thinking that there was a way out. That he could be my way out and that, despite everything, he would protect me. Save me even. But here I was, feeling sick to my stomach as I listened to him talk about how far Thomas and I had progressed in something called the mate bond. and how that would affect them all.

I tuned out. He was just like the rest of them. He didn't care. None of them do. Why was I feeling this way in the first place? Know what...Fuck this! I realized at that moment, that the only person I could completely trust and rely on, was myself. And once that truth took hold, the inner conflict began. My mind swung back and forth dangerously between staying put or making a run for it, the odds staggeringly stacked against me as my eyes scanned the barren room for a means of escape.

There were two doors. One in the extreme end to my left and the one on my right that connected this room to the one I had been in before. And I knew that one required a thumbprint to open. But what about the other one? My eyes went back to the door on the left. There was a high possibility that this door would also require a fingerprint scan but it was either take that chance or wait here for the heated discussion to end before they all turned on me and ripped me to shreds.

Sweat began to trail down the sides of my face as my breathing picked up speed. The men's voices were beginning to get aggressive as each second passed. My legs were itching to kick into gear at a moment's notice while my heart thudded nervously at the prospect of getting caught or the door being locked. But before I could make up my mind, a ferocious snarl ripped through the air freezing any and all coherent thoughts. And as if this was the cue that I had been waiting for, my body automatically propelled itself to the side and towards the door that stood between me and my path to freedom.

The air rushed past my face as I pushed my legs forward with everything I had. As the door came within reach, my vision narrowed in on the handle while everything else appeared to slow down. My whole world funneled into that one moment as I prepared myself for the next move. And just as my fingertips grazed the cold steel, my body was pushed forward as a weight crashed into me from behind.

The last thing I felt was a hand grasping my hair and forcefully slamming my head against the door before my world succumbed to darkness.

The first feeling to reach my groggy senses was the faint sound of restless feet tapping on the floor, the synchronized rhythm standing out amongst the faint beeping and the odd clicking noises. I felt my limbs twitch convulsively, the first signs of my body beginning to wake up while my mind pushed through the darkness, in search of the light. I could feel my heart pick up speed along with an odd sensation of the blood rushing through my veins, spreading warmth in its wake and reviving my body from its state of forced stasis. As my senses began to sharpen, a sterile smell hit my nostrils while my fingers traced the soft surface that I was on, trying to gather my bearings.

"You're awake"

My eyes flew open before I winced and shut them again, not having expected the harsh white light glaring from the ceiling to be the first thing to come into focus. I groaned in the effort to open my eyes draining the little energy I had left. But as much as I wanted to go back to sleep, the need to work out where I was and what was happening, gave me the determination to try again. Taking a few deep breaths, I gingerly turned my head to the side before trying to refocus.

I was met with a bunch of monitors stacked to one side, emitting loud beeps every time the neon readings changed and the squiggly lines broke formation. Was I in a hospital? Several tubes ran from the machines to the bed before disappearing under the covers. Raising the sheets, I noticed that I was dressed in a thin white gown with tubes attached all over my chest and arm. What the hell happened? I forced my mind to recall the last moment prior to this and to my utter horror and dismay, I drew a blank. An involuntary huff of frustration escaped my lips, earning another worried question to be thrown in my direction.

"Are you alright?"

Lowering the sheet, I turned towards the foot of the bed before my eyes landed on a handsome man with blond hair and corn-blue eyes. The far corners of my mind itched, trying hard to push through a memory of another set of blue eyes that I had encountered at one point. More piercing. More deadly. Who was it? I looked back at his face which held concern and worry causing my anxiety to kick in. Was something wrong with me? Was I dying or something? I opened my mouth to ask and was shocked to find that all I could manage was a strangled croak. My throat felt dry as a desert and my mouth refused to conjure up any saliva to help ease the situation.

"Hang on. I'll get you some water."

The man walked to the corner of the room to my left that held a small table laden with food. Beside the table was a door with a sticker of a shower. My eyes travelled through the rest of the pristine white room that held nothing else except for the door to my right which I assumed was the main door to the room. And as I stared at it, my mind itched again, recounting another instance where I had looked at two doors, evaluating my escape. freedom? something? Fuck. What was it?

"Here. Drink up." Startled at the sudden sound, I jerked my head sharply to the left and stared at the good-looking creature holding out a glass of water in front of him looking awkward and uncomfortable. Noticing my stare, he threw me a nervous smile before adding sheepishly.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to frighten you. I'm just not used to being around humans."

What the fuck did he say? Not being around humans? What did he surround himself with then? Fucking werewolves?

I had no idea why that particular word went through my mind but all I felt was the massive avalanche of memories that it suddenly triggered. One after another, each one worse than the last, slammed into my consciousness at the speed of light. The blood, the screaming, the pain, the torture, Alex, the wolf, and finally my attempted escape. The beeping noises began to go haywire in the background as my heart raced at an abnormal speed.

A loud voice shouted in my ear as strong arms shook me violently, forcing me back from the edge.

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [Novel5s.com](#) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

Hey! Calm down, please! You're ok... It's alright...Oh fuck... If Beta James finds out I spoke to you...please... you need to calm down before someone comes in... "

My brain screamed. Murderers! Monsters! The lot of them! Pulling away aggressively, I tried to scramble out of the bed but was quickly pushed back down and held in place. Tears of frustration brewed at the corners as the need to cry and scream overwhelmed me, my body and mind unable to cope with the stress of feeling helpless for the hundredth time in one day.

"Mia. Please stop!"

Suddenly I froze. The sound of my name from the stranger's lips shocked me into stillness as I glanced up at his concerned pale face. "Look. I'm not here to hurt you. I was just asked to make sure you're ok... Uh... My name is Liam by the way. I'm Thomas's friend and uh... Wish we could have met under better circumstances but... Fuck... I'm sorry... I'm not very good at this... Do you want water?"

I blinked as I tried to digest his fast rambling. He was Thomas's friend? Oh God! No! Thomas! Was he dead? I coughed as I desperately tried to form the words that would allow me to find out about Thomas's plight but once again, all I could do was croak pathetically. Giving up, I hastily nodded at him.

He took a moment before letting go of me and walking back to the table. My eyes then fell to the arms that he had released, observing the huge bruises around the wrists from being handcuffed. Suddenly, I remembered all the injuries I had sustained. My hands rose to my face, skimming over the bruise on my cheek which for some strange reason did not hurt at all. Moving my fingers over to the side of my head I felt a large lump near the temple. It didn't hurt as much as I expected. How did I get this? And just like that, the memory of having my head slammed in by someone came to me. The bastards!

"Sorry. I just have some orange juice here if that's ok. uhh. Dropped the glass of water when you freaked out..."

He nodded in the direction of the floor and my eyes followed him, noticing the shattered glass near my bed. Looking back up, I nodded once again as I took the glass from him before taking a few sips of the drink, relishing the liquid in my dry mouth.

"So... are you feeling better?"

Taking a large gulp, I eyed the stranger and wondered if I could trust him. After all, I had been let down by every single handsome-looking man that I had met today. Why would this one be any different? But still, I couldn't shake away the burning need to get some answers and find out how I could get to Thomas and get the both of us out of here alive. If he was still alive that is. My heart was hit with a stab of pain as thoughts of finding him dead played through my mind. No! He can't be dead! Shaking away the depressing thought, I looked back at him.

"Where am I? How do you know my name?"

A broad smile broke across his face before he responded enthusiastically "Oh. I know everything about you since Tommy just can't seem to shut up when it comes to you."

A hearty laugh escaped him before he continued. "I knew about you shortly after the two of you met at the company meeting in Manhattan" He then waved his arms in the general direction of the room before adding, "And as to where you are... Let me be the one to officially welcome you to the Portland Pack! Or to be more accurate... The Portland Pack's infirmary"

Portland? Pack? The liquid in my mouth came spurting out as I violently coughed through my words. "I'm in Portland? What do you mean by pack? Like a pack of werewolves?"

His eyebrows reached his hairline and a smirk appeared at the corner of his mouth. "Well, technically it's a yes to both of your questions. We are about two hours away from the city and yes, we are wolves but not werewolves. That is a ridiculous term that you humans invented. We are wolf shifters."

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [Novel5s.com](#) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

"Uh. Right. So, the wolf in the room. That was Thomas? Is he dead?"

"What wolf?"

"In the room. The assholes were hitting him and trying to kill him. Then he was on the ground and suddenly he was not. There was a large wolf in the same spot... Was that him?"

I was blabbering fast as the dots began to connect.

"Woah! Calm down, Mia. I'm sure Tommy is fine. I cannot confirm what you saw but by the sounds of it, Tommy must have shifted into his wolf to heal faster. It's what we do when the injuries are severe. Besides, they would never kill him. They are his brothers."

My head spun. What the fuck! Suddenly nothing made sense. Why would they hurt their own flesh and blood? Why did Liam make it sound like it was a friendly sibling squabble? "I'm so confused right now. Are you telling me that all five of them are brothers?"

"Yup. Quintuplets. Alex is the first. Then you have Marcus. James and Kole and finally Tommy. He didn't tell you about his family?"

Before I could give him a heated response, highlighting the many reasons why Thomas and I didn't get the proper chance to get to know each other better, his eyes shifted. A sudden grey fog covered his irises for a few seconds before his eyes went back to his light blue.

"Listen. I have to go and report back to Beta James. Don't tell anyone about our chat. I'll try and come back later. In the meantime, try to eat and rest and no matter what happens do not tell anyone, anything. And don't do something stupid either. It's for your own safety alright?"

Without waiting for an answer, he began to walk towards the door.

"Wait!"

He paused with his hand on the doorknob before turning back around.

"What is going to happen to me? To Thomas?"

His lips drew into a thin line as his eyebrows knotted in the middle, his face flashing through multiple emotions before settling on a grim expression.

"I honestly don't know"