

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 28

My eyes searched the darkness in vain. The endless void seemed to devour every inch of space around me as I stared hard into it. A chill ran down my spine, the hairs on the back of my neck rising while I stood facing the eerie nothingness in dread. The icy air gripped me tight, turning my body numb and prickly from the cold.

"Hello?"

My voice sounded strange; raspy and low as it reverberated all around me, dropping in pitch each time before completely fading away. I held my breath, hoping for something to happen but silence was the only answer that greeted my words. Taking a step forward, I blindly stumbled around with my arms raised in front of me, searching the air desperately for a way out. My heart thudded violently as panic began to set in.

"Help!"

Once again, my voice echoed into the emptiness before shrouding me in complete silence. My gut clenched with fear as my lungs gasped for air. I felt claustrophobic as the darkness closed in, suffocating and confining me within it. I turned in every direction to find the light but my eyes only met the same inky blackness. And just when I opened my mouth to shout - I heard it. A faint sound in the distance.

Everything around me stilled. The silence enveloped me once more as I strained my ears toward the direction of the sound. And after a second, there it was! A beat. Followed by silence. And then, I heard it again. The same beat.

"Hello? Is someone there?"

I gasped as a white light filled the space around me, blinding me temporarily. My arms rose to shield my eyes from the sudden brightness that flooded the room. I could still hear the beat in the background but this time it was much clearer. I realized what it was.

A heartbeat.

As I slowly removed my hands to inspect the source of the sound, my mouth fell open, ready to scream. But no sound came out. I stared in horror at the white room painted with blood before my eyes dropped to Thomas who was kneeling on the floor, naked and bloodied. His arm was stretched out to me as if he was offering something.

And in his hand, he held his beating heart.

"Mia! Wake up!"

I jolted awake at the sound, my eyes opening in a panic as I looked around wildly. The white room had vanished and it took me a second to realize that I was still sitting by the cell, my body wrapped in a thick blanket while I rested against the bars. My heart raced while I struggled to dispel the vivid scene that seemed to be burned into my mind. Breathing out harshly, I tried to move before my shoulders were gripped tightly and my body was forced to turn to the front.

"Baby look at me."

That voice! My eyes snapped toward the familiar sound before they widened in disbelief.

"T-Thomas? How -"

Staring into those silver-grey eyes, a wild mix of emotions took hold of me. Words seemed to abandon me; my mind was unable to process what my eyes were seeing. Thomas was squatting in front, dressed in just a pair of shorts, and aside from a few red scars on his torso that seemed to be closed up and healing, he appeared to be fine. No one who looked at him would think that he had his face mangled just a day ago.

His arm was stretched out towards me while his fingers traced my cheek gently. Something about seeing him in this stance triggered the memory of the gruesome scene that I had just seen. Quickly grabbing his arm from my face, I looked at the palm of his hand. No blood and certainly no heart. Looking back at his face which was furrowed in concern, I reached out and touched him. He was real. This was not a dream.

"Baby, are you alright? Think you were dreaming there. I just shifted a while ago and Liam had come over and he let me out. I didn't want to -"

His words were cut off as I launched myself into his arms. A huff escaped him as he fell back onto the floor, cradling me on top of him. Emotions raged with a vengeance. There were so many things that I wanted to say and so many things that I wanted to ask, but I didn't. Because words were not what I needed at the moment. I needed him. All of him.

Crashing my lips against his, I moved them in desperation, pouring out my pain and anguish at everything that had happened. Every single minute of helplessness, hopelessness, and utter misery that I had endured went into that kiss. And also, the agony that I had felt at the moment when I thought I had lost him. I gasped into his mouth as a slash of pain went through my chest at that memory while my eyes brimmed with tears before sliding down my face.

Thomas quickly broke away from the kiss, his hands holding my face on either side as he eyed me with worry. "Baby please talk to me."

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I shook my head not wanting to say anything as the pain felt too raw to be relived and expressed.

"Please, Thomas. I just need you"

He did not respond. His face went from looking concerned to determined before his eyes flashed gold. Pulling my head down towards him, he kissed me with burning passion. His usual tenderness was replaced with a wild hunger as he shoved his tongue forcefully into my mouth causing me to moan. I pushed my body against him, unable to tolerate even an inch of space separating us. My hands trailed his naked chest and sides, each muscle tensing under my touch as the tingles intensified.

Our lips detached as he abruptly moved me beside him with my back on the floor. My breath caught in my throat as I caught sight of his black eyes when he rolled on top of me, his body completely encasing me within his frame. And as he gazed down, I knew that those dark eyes overflowing with lust was his wolf. Suddenly, my breaths came out in gasps as the burning in my nether regions turned into a full-blown fire, the wetness seeping onto my thighs and leaving a wet stain on the flimsy pants that I wore.

A deep rumble built in his chest as he closed his eyes and took in a deep shuddering breath, his lips parting in the middle as his canines arched between in between them. The air around us grew heavy with the amount of heat that was radiating from both our bodies. The ache was steadily building within me, leaving my skin feeling hot and feverish. Thomas let out a growl before he rose and rested on his knees. His hands gripped the blouse I was wearing on either side before ripping it clean in the middle.

I gasped in shock as my breasts spilled out, my nipples hard and aching for his touch. His hands immediately complied, squeezing them both simultaneously before tweaking the nipples between his fingers. A string of pleasurable pain shot through me as my body jerked involuntarily. "Ah..."

His hands refused to stop their torture as they traveled south before grasping the elastic waist of my pants and pulling them down. Raising my back a little, I yelped as he tugged it off forcefully before lifting the pants to his nose and breathing in the wet spot that my dripping pussy had left behind. His eyes grew darker watching me as he took another sniff. I felt the heat rise to my cheeks, his action igniting a desire in the pit of my core. Arching my pelvis into him and moaning out loud I expressed just how much I craved him. Letting out a growl, he threw the pants aside and gripped my knees, pushing them up before spreading them apart and settling between my thighs.

I could clearly make out the large bulge that protruded sideways in his shorts and the sight made me grind my hips in reflex while my pussy clenched in anticipation. His lips twitched at the corners as he observed my line of gaze. Unzipping his shorts, he pulled it down before grasping his hard length and pumping it near my entrance. The bulbous head looked red and angry as precum began to drip from its tip. Watching me intently, he glided his cock over my folds before whacking my clit with it. My hips jerked forward in response as I tried to close my legs but his hands immediately held my thighs and stopped my movements.

And before I could recover, he shoved his cock deep inside my core, stretching my walls with force until I was completely filled. I gasped and then moaned, arching my back while reveling in the pleasure. A guttural growl erupted from his chest as he bent down and locked me in a searing kiss. And just like that, he began to move with hard thrusts. No foreplay, no words, and no romance. Just an insatiable need to fuck. To vent out the frustration of being forced apart while simultaneously enjoying the relief of being back in each other's arms.

Not bothering to slow down, he continued to piston into me, his balls slapping against my puckered hole as my pussy gripped his cock in a vice. He moaned loudly, his raspy breathing hitting the side of my face as I crossed my legs around his waist and took him deep. My clit rubbed against his pelvis, the friction heightening my pleasure and bringing me one step closer to the edge.

I writhed under him, my nails digging into the side of his arms as I held on for dear life. And as the pressure began to build, I clenched down on his cock. "Thomas! I'm close!" Suddenly, he moved his head away from my face, his eyes flashing between black and silver as his canines extended. And just as my orgasm hit me, he raised his wrist to his mouth and bit down hard while pumping his cum into me at the same time.

Blood dripped down from his wrist bringing me down from my high abruptly. Doing my best to catch my breath I looked at him in shock. "Why did you do that?"

He closed his eyes as he pumped into me a few more times before removing his hand from his mouth. I grabbed his wrist to inspect the damage. Wiping away the small trail of blood, I stared at the spot as the bleeding stopped and the wound began to close. What the hell!

"I'm alright." I looked up to see that his eyes had returned to his normal silver-grey and he didn't appear to be in any pain.

Pointing towards his wrist I questioned him again. "Why?"

Removing his hand from my grasp, he lowered his head to give me a kiss before resting his forehead against mine. His cock still lodged in me gave a twitch as I squirmed, my backside beginning to hurt against the concrete floor.

"I had to feel some pain to distract myself or should I say – to distract my wolf from marking you."

"Mark me? What does that mean?"

He sighed before answering, his fingers gently stroking my jawline before moving towards my neck. "Wolves lay claim to their mates by biting them. Usually, the bite is made on the neck where it is visible to other wolves but a mark can actually be made anywhere on the body."

That word again! "And what does a mate mean?"

"Well, in our world -"

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"You know what. Forget it. I don't want to hear it. Not right now." Raising my arms, I held him around the neck before taking a deep breath. "I just want this for now. Us. Everything else can come later."

He smiled before taking me in for a long kiss. His lips moved tenderly as a feeling of utter devotion and love flowed into my consciousness from him. Love? My eyes shot open as I realized that I still hadn't told him how I felt. Sensing a sudden change in me, he stopped, his lips leaving mine before he tilted his head in confusion.

"Thomas I – I have something to tell you. I realized it when I was being brought here on the plane. I know that we -"

I stopped talking as I noticed a change in his face. The air around us fell a few degrees as his features grew dark, a storm raging behind those silver orbs as the ring of gold flashed brightly. Dislodging himself from me, he wordlessly stood up before zipping up and offering me his hand.

Confused at the sudden turn of events, I grasped onto his hand as he pulled me up from the floor. His muscles tensed, his jaw ticking in anger and irritation as he faced me.

"Show me where they hurt you"

I sighed as understanding finally settled. "Babe it's fine. I'm fine. Don't worry about it"

His brows furrowed in frustration as he grabbed my arms and pulled me close to him. Turning my hands over, he gently brushed across the large bruises on my wrists where the handcuffs had dug in. His own hands trembled as he breathed out in a loud exhale. Slowly he drew his hands up to my face, gently turning my head to the side to tentatively feel the bruise on my cheek and temple. He let go suddenly before walking towards the bars and slamming the cell door.

"Fuck! I'm going to kill those bastards!"

Still heaving with anger, he turned around towards me and I noticed that his eyes were black once again.

"Tell me! Tell me what they did so I can make them pay!"

His whole body vibrated with rage, his nerves bulging from the strain that he was going through to keep himself under control. And although this side of him frightened me, I knew for certain that his wolf would rather die than cause me any harm. I had, after all, spent an entire night in his company and the only thing he had done was to persistently lick me despite my protests.

Taking a deep breath, I walked towards him before wanting to get into his arms. His body was still tense and he kept his arms to his sides, refusing to hold me in return. "Thomas. I really don't want to get into this. We both have been through so much and it's all too confusing and painful right now. So please can we not talk about it? Can we just get out of here?"

It felt like forever before his arms went around my waist and he held me close to his chest. His face went into my neck, inhaling deeply like they were his last breaths. His voice sounded pained as he brought his lips to my forehead. "I'm so sorry. So fucking sorry. None of this should have happened. I wanted to bring you slowly into my world but I had no idea that my brothers would find out and no idea that they would go to this extent. I cannot imagine what you must be feeling. I don't know how to make this right Mia."

His voice broke at the end, his sadness creeping into my body and making my heart twist uncomfortably. Tilting my head away from his chest, I looked up into his eyes. "Yes, I'm upset about how it all went down. Hell! I'm fucking pissed! But we can't change what's happened. We just try and figure out what our next move is and where we go from here. We'll discuss everything else another time when we aren't busy fighting for our lives. Make sense?"

A small chuckle escaped him before he smiled. "Sure does. Let's get out of here"

"Wait! You have a plan to get us out?"

He blinked, confusion swirling in his features before he responded. "If you're asking about getting out of this basement then yes. But leaving the territory? No."

I groaned in frustration, my desire to get the hell away from the brothers playing in the forefront while in the back of my mind, something itched to stay close to them. Fuck! Shaking away the intrusive feeling, I put on the pants while I covered my top half with the blanket.

Holding onto his hand, we walked towards the big vault door. "Where are we going?"

"There is a car outside that will take us to the guest house that we have on the grounds. We eat, relax, and then meet with my beloved brothers in a couple of hours"

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His voice held an edge at the last sentence and I did not miss the sarcasm when he mentioned his brothers. But my mind soon replayed the part about meeting the asses there and just like that, my legs gazed to a halt outside the cell door.

"What? Meet them? For what? They will kill us, Thomas! Haven't you already learned? Your brothers are psychopaths!"

He didn't say anything but reached out and took hold of my hand. The meeting again to bring me gently towards the elevator. As we resumed our walking, he responded, his voice devoid of all emotions. "The once again is to let us know of their decision. About you. About us. But don't worry. They can't kill us."

"Can't? What do you mean can't?"

Stepping into the lift, Thomas didn't answer my question. He faced straight ahead and refused to say anything else on the topic. I huffed in annoyance, making a mental note to ask him later.

Getting out, we walked through the foyer before reaching the sedan parked outside. My heart jolted to a stop when I saw the person standing beside it.

"Aidan"

"Beta Thomas. Alpha asked me to escort you to the guest house"

Thomas gave a nod as he opened the back door for me to get in. I glanced at Aidan as he stepped away and a smirk, making my insides crawl. Quickly looking away, I got in the car as Thomas followed in after me. The drive itself was a short one and there was not much to see apart from the wilderness that covered the road on either side. But as we did the final stretch towards the looming building, I let out a small breath. It was beautiful. White lilies adorned the sides of the driveway while the two-storey house had a modern vibe with large panel doors and windows looking out into the trees.

As the car pulled up, I hastily got out, not wanting to be in Aidan's presence for another second. And although during the entire ride, I had debated whether or not to tell Thomas about what had happened on the plane, I realized that now was probably not the best time. Thomas looked like he was barely keeping it together.

Walking in, I noticed that the inside of the house did not disappoint either. It felt so open with the amount of natural light flooding into all the spaces. Each room was well-designed with tasteful artwork and furniture. "Wow! This is beautiful!"

"We normally host high-ranking wolves in this house when they visit. So, a lot of care went into building this place."

My eyes travelled to the extravagant bar at the corner which held all kinds of expensive drinks. "Hmm, I can tell."

"Come. Let's eat."

"Actually, I want to shower first"

A wicked smirk crawled into his face before he dashed in my direction. I squealed with laughter as I turned and ran up the stairs, realizing what fate as I found myself I got caught. Unfortunately, I had to hold a blanket around me while trying to escape a horny wolf did not work in my favor as he seemed being lifted in bridal style just before I reached the top of the stairs. By the time I could blink, we were in the bathroom, our clothes strewn on the floor and the warm water pelting down on our naked bodies.

With my legs wrapped tightly around his waist and my back against the shower wall, Thomas took me for the second time. And as I looked deep into his eyes and neared the point of bliss, I couldn't hold back anymore. The words erupted out of my soul as we unraveled in each other's arms.

"Thomas... I love you"

His face lit up while his eyes softened with tenderness. He held me close, his voice almost choking when he responded.

"And I love you"