

# Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

## Chapter 35

Kole

The musky scent of sex, sweat, and fluids permeated the air in the crowded room. Bodies writhed with pleasure in every corner, the collective moans taking on a fevered pitch and heightening the frenzy. My eyes closed as I drew in the heady smell, the pleasure thrumming through my body while I hammered into the soft cunt of the she-wolf from behind. Lying on all fours with her ass pushing against my dick, she released a muffled moan, her lips locked on the pussy of another widespread female lying in front of her.

The other one appeared to be lost in her own world of ecstasy, her hands alternating between squeezing her nipples and grabbing onto the head that was in between her thighs. Her moans grew louder as she arched her back and rubbed her slick cunt on the face of the she-wolf buried in her center.

My dick pulsed at the erotic sight, my mouth salivating as the female began to peak. Pushing my tongue out, I traced my lower lip slowly, tasting the air for the sweet scent of her imminent orgasm. The female continued to toss around wildly, her dark hair a mess on the sheets before she finally hit her pleasure. With her head thrown back, eyes glazed, and body trembling violently, she rode out her release.

Raising my head to the air, I inhaled deeply, relishing in the pure fragrance of her orgasm. Nothing smells better than a satisfied pussy. Chuckling at the thought, I glanced down at the one taking my dick when she let out a loud whine. Pushing harder against my cock, she subtly tried to alert me to the fact that I had slowed down. I chuckled at the bold move before raising my hand and bringing it down on her plump flesh, earning a squeak. A fine red imprint appeared on her ass as I hissed out my dominance.

"Uh-uh... You don't get to make demands here my little slut. You only take what I give.. Understood?"

She whined her submission and spread her legs wider.

"Good girl"

Settling into a comfortable rhythm, I glanced around the room and spotted my brothers immediately. They seemed to be having a good time with a number of bitches clamoring around them, rubbing and gyrating their bodies seductively. Alex and Marcus appeared to be sharing six females between them while two she-wolves took turns sucking James off. My grin cut off when I noticed something off. Slowing my thrusts, my eyes narrowed when I took note of all the females in the room, especially the ones that my brothers paid extra attention to. There was something eerily similar to all of them. Including the one I was currently fucking.

While my brothers and I shared the women between us frequently, each of us had a preference for the females we chose. Alex and Marcus loved the submissive types. James liked the confident, nerdy type. Thomas picked the classy ones and I went for the wild, experimental ones. Physically, Marcus had a thing for redheads and I had a thing for blondes. But as I scanned over the females once again, I felt an unease settle just beneath my chest.

These females... They were all dark-haired with tanned bodies and fantastic curves. Strangely resembling our mate. Fuck! Growing low, I forced that thought out of my mind. Nothing would get in the way of this.

This was the outlet that I needed. That all four of us needed.

Between the drama of finding our mate and the constant effort to keep our natural instincts at bay, the stress had begun to take over our lives. Alex had become a pain in everyone's ass. His constant need to dominate and control was quickly getting out of hand. Marcus of course maintained his usual nonchalance but that mask seemed to slip frequently ever since our mate entered the picture. James, who always had the answers to everything looked lost and confused like a pup on his first hunt. And as for me, I knew that I was royally fucking screwed.

A mate dangled in front of a crazed beast. Yup. That's definitely going to end well. And tonight, as I watched Mia become a part of our pack and look so happy with Thomas by her side, soaking up all her attention, my frustration had all but doubled.

I stopped mid-way through my fucking at the thought of my youngest brother. A flare of anger surged from my gut, dampening the lust when I realized that only Thomas ended up with the best part of the deal. And that wasn't hard to believe considering that he had always been the golden child where the pack was concerned. Everyone loved him. The perfect Beta and leader with his generous heart, good morals, and kind attitude. So of course, he would be the one that the Moon Goddess would pick to land the girl! Why would a female like Mia accept me over him anyway? I was the brother that was considered "troublesome", "unfit" and "savag". Not the type who would hunker down with a mate doing "manly" duties.

And even if I could, I knew I had nothing to offer.

I felt the bile rise, my cock softening a little at the thought. Right now, even sex couldn't provide the consolation I sought. And for someone who had always counted on a good fuck to sort everything out, this was a blow. A big one.

I growled in irritation as I reached out for the female's hair, grabbing it between my fingers and yanking it hard. She yelled out in surprise before releasing a pained shout as I began to slam into her brutally, chasing for release, chasing for oblivion.

Sweat began to drip down the side of my face, my muscles clenching tight with frustration when I was unable to reach my goal. Irritated, I snarled before pulling out of her cunt. Grabbing her at the sides, I flipped her around and yanked her out of the bed, pushing her to the ground. Her startled yelp was cut off when I gripped her by the hair and tugged her upward onto her knees, lining her face to my cock.

"Suck"

Without hesitation, she obliged. Taking my cock deep into her throat, she began to suck like her life depended on it.

And yet, it did not work. Fuck! All of a sudden, I felt my consciousness flip in and out as my wolf slowly began to rise. I cursed, realizing that the wolfsbane was probably draining out of my system faster due to the copious amount of alcohol and the strenuous fucking I had indulged in tonight. Not wanting to give up, I pushed her face into my pelvis harder when I began to feel the beast's anger. To my dismay, my dick began to shrink, a sudden sickening feeling growing in the pit of my stomach.

I knew then, that this was not going to work. Not with my wolf itching for control. Roaring out in anger, I pushed the female off me, and without a backward glance, I raced for the open door and began heading down the stairs. Stumbling out of the packhouse, I cried out in shock, my body convulsing painfully as my skin began to tear and my muscles began to realign forcefully. I forced myself to calm down and reign in the beast but he was simply too strong. He raged, forcing me to the back as I helplessly tried to regain control.

But it was all in vain.

The last thing I heard before my beast completely took over was a piercing howl. One filled with torment and anger.

\*\*\*\*\*

The chirping of birds was the first sound to trickle through my dazed senses. I stirred slowly, my eyes drifting open and close a few times before I could muster the strength to rouse from my disoriented state. A cool breeze trailed over my skin, announcing the early morning chill, while the lush smell of the woods teased my nostrils.

But there seemed to be another scent in the air. Potent, fresh, and metallic.

Blood. I stilled in horror before jerking to my feet immediately. Instinctually, I scanned the surroundings, growling deep to scare any predators that might have been attracted to the smell. But when my keen senses drew in nothing out of the ordinary, I glanced down at my body and shuddered. Streaks of red-coated my arms and torso, the sight freezing my own blood in an instant.

No! Not again!

My heart began to pound as the panic set in. Images raced through my mind, memories that I tried hard to forget. Memories of a day that started very much like this when I had woken up in a strange place surrounded by devastation and...death.

I crumpled to the ground, my knees giving way as the details of that gruesome scene replayed in my head.

Racing across the small campsite that lay torn and shredded with blood masking the polyester fabric in several places, I ran towards a form buried under the material. Bending over the little body that lay at an odd angle, I sobbed and cried.

"Hey, sweetheart... Wake up... please wake up"

But the human child – a little girl, never did wake that day. Nor did six other humans: four adults and two other children. Cold and dead. Every single one of them. Throats cut, guts ripped out and limbs torn clean off their bodies.

Unable to help them and covered in their blood, I ran. The coward that I was, I ran without glancing back.

The horror really sunk in, when a few days later, the human news channels parroted the incident over and over again. The words seared into my memory as the news anchor relayed that the seven people were two families enjoying their weekend camping. The little girl- Isabel Monroe, was only seven. Along with her sibling Josh who was twelve and the child of the other family- Adam who was fourteen.

The news anchor had said that it was the act of a wild animal and my brothers had made sure that the case was closed with no further investigation.

And even though everything had gone back to normal after that, the guilt and self-loathing had never gone away.

Kneeling on the cold, hard ground with my hands gripping my hair painfully, I muttered the only words that could calm me in this instance.

"It was an accident... it was an accident... it was an accident...it was an accident....."

I wasn't sure how long I sat like this but after a while, my mind cleared but the nervousness still persisted. I knew the blood on my body wasn't human but I had to be sure. Clenching my jaw, I raised a finger to my mouth and tasted the blood. Definitely animal. More specifically a white-tailed deer.

A breath of relief whooshed out of me but the harsh memory still lingered. Desperately needing to get out of here, I looked around once again, trying to determine my location. The scent markers were definitely familiar which meant that I was still within the pack territory but judging by the slope of the mountains, I was somewhere near the border. The north-western border.

What the fuck was I doing here?!

I began walking, heading away from the border and towards the safety of the pack grounds. But after a few miles, I came to a sudden halt at a small crowd of trees. The area surrounding it had been heavily scent-marked with territorial scent markings that clung to every leaf, branch, grass, and stone. The odor was pungent and the message was clear. Stay the fuck away.

It was not so much the marking that had caught my attention but the familiarity of the smell.

Thomas.

It didn't take me long to put two and two together. It was plainly obvious why my wolf had dragged me here. Their cabin must be close. Fuck! Growling low, I shifted and took off towards the packhouse, wanting to get far away from them and wash away the evidence...

Evidence of the demons I carry within.

Luck seemed to be on my side as I entered the packhouse to find it quiet and empty. It was still fairly early for anyone to be awake but I didn't want to take any chances. Gingerly, I traversed through the hallways and stairs before I reached my room. Walking straight into the bathroom, I stood under the warm shower, watching the dirt and the blood wash down my body and wishing it was equally easy to cleanse myself of the darkness.

Fuck!

Knowing that my program today was on the grounds with the warriors, I dressed in my tracks and headed down. My mind was still messed up and I felt on edge. Strangely, my wolf remained silent ever since I had woken up. Fucking animal! If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be a loose cannon. I would have the pack's respect, their adoration, and most of all, I would have a chance with Mia.

And as if fate had decided that her name should be synonymous with Thomas, I heard my brother's voice from across the field. Looking in that direction, I noticed him surrounded by the pack guards and warriors alike. Everyone offered their congratulations and asked after Mia. Some even teased him, joking about being whipped and the joys of mating. There was an undeniable glow of happiness that was radiating from him which made me grit my teeth in annoyance. I watched, as he enjoyed the banter and also took note of the comradery and respect that he commanded from the pack members. Talk about being the pack favorite! Prick!

Our Gamma-Liam joined in their huddle, sharing his experience of the first time he had met Mia and how he knew immediately that Mia was made for Thomas. A flash of jealousy ran hot through my veins. Made for him? She was made for me as well!

Unable to take it, I snarled, "Are we just going to stand around and gossip like old women, or are going to train?"

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

The crowd immediately dispersed, everyone bowing with respect except for my brother who stared at me with disdain.

I growled at the open insubordination. Who the fuck did he think he is? I was the Beta here! Keeping my voice jonal in spite of the rage brewing within, I addressed him teasingly as the others had done. "Why brother, I think having a mate has gone to your head. You seem to have forgotten a few basic manners."

Thomas chuckled before making his way closer. His eyes held a warning even though he offered a polite smile. "Careful brother or some would say that you are jealous."

I scoffed, striding forward with confidence until I was inches from him. "Jealous? Have you forgotten who gets the most pussy around here?"

Thomas eyed the crowd that was silently watching before turning towards me, his laughter sounding forced and strained. "How could I when the first thing that every pack does is hide away their females when they hear that you're visiting."

A low warning issued from my lips before I lowered my voice to a whisper, "At least I don't need a mate bond to convince females into my bed brother. Why don't you send our mate over some day and I'll show her what it feels like to be with a real Beta wolf."

My brother's eyes flashed gold just before he lunged, snarling like a crazed beast. But unfortunately for him, I was the one with the skill for speed and combat.

Dodging his claws with ease, I laughed as he swung past me only to whirl around with a snarl. He came head-on, his fangs extended threateningly. We clashed, growling at one another and tackling each other to the ground. Thomas managed to land on top, his fist pummeling down with ferocity. Grasping his wrist, I twisted it, breaking the bone with a snap.

A yelp of pain sounded from him before I grabbed the opportunity to flip us over, my own fangs elongating past my lips.

Liam stepped into the periphery, his voice low and cautioning. "Thomas... stop... everyone's watching. He is the Beta."

Thomas growled in defiance, his eyes turning black to signal his wolf taking control.

"Yes. You better listen to your friend's little brother. I am your Beta."

He hissed before gritting the words through his teeth. "You will never have her."

My wolf who had remained silent suddenly pushed to the forefront, seething with anger. A fierce snarl erupted from my chest; a possessiveness so severe bubbled to the surface, choking my words with fury.

"Make no mistake brother... She will be mine"

And for once, my beast stood in complete agreement with my decision. Shoving Thomas back to the floor, I stood up, dusting my clothes and facing the pack members who stood at a distance from us, watching warily.

"Alright, everyone. Split into your groups and begin."