

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 37

A flash of lightning streaked across the night sky, illuminating the dark forest for a brief moment before shrouding it in inky blackness. The roar of the thunder soon followed, the sound dominating the night air before lapsing into silence.

The wind picked up speed causing my sheer nightgown to billow around my body in every direction. I shivered, my skin prickling with awareness as I held perfectly still.

Breathing hard, I strained to listen.

Where did they go?

As if in answer to my unvoiced thought, the forest erupted with the sound of howls. Each one is distinct from the other yet melding together perfectly. My heart thundered with dread and excitement when the howling abruptly progressed into excited yaps and growls which could only mean one thing...they had picked up my scent.

I turned to run, my feet pounding on the rough dirt as I fled deeper into the trees. Another bolt of lightning ruptured the cloudy sky before the first drops of rain cascaded down onto the earth.

The growls grew louder as I stumbled through the trees blindly. The knotted coil of the bond flared like a beacon, beckoning the excited males in my direction. But I pressed on, forcing my burning muscles to move despite being enticed by the bond to stay.

The rain slid down my body in sheets but did nothing to cool my feverish skin. I burned from within, the heat working its way from beneath my chest to the center of my lower region. Wetness began to pool in between my thighs as the need flared to an excruciating point.

The sound of paws hitting the ground drew closer, followed by excited barks as the five males covered the distance swiftly. My nipples pebbled to hard points as the anticipation grew. Unable to help myself, I glanced behind just in time to catch their massive shapes flit through the trees.

A loud, sharp bark from one of them faltered my steps, my feet twisting awkwardly before I hurtled towards the ground.

Victorious howls soon surrounded me from all sides as I lay there on the grass panting with need. Sharp claws reached out, the tips pricking my skin as they shredded through my little dress with ease. I moaned out loud when a muzzle pushed between my thighs to sniff at my bared pussy, growling with lust while another sniffed at my neck.

My eyes slid closed as the bond roared to life. But suddenly, the fur, claws, and muzzle disappeared.

Strong hands caressed my naked skin, gripping at the flesh with burning urgency. Panting hard, I spread my legs wide, allowing eager fingers to delve between my thighs and push through the folds. My back arched dangerously as they slid in, stretching the walls with a pleasurable pain. A pair of lips latched onto a hardened nipple while another set of hands roamed down my body, stroking and kneading roughly.

Body thrumming with sensation, I raised my hips off the ground when the fingers at my center began their pleasurable assault, thrusting deep with fast strokes. The pile of bodies writhed around me, indistinguishable from one another as they sought out parts of me to hold, lick, caress, and bite.

I burned from the inside out as the pressure rose steadily, my gut tightening as the strokes picked up speed. I cried out when I felt a mouth take in my clit, the warm tongue laving the bud brutally and triggering my release.

I came hard, a scream erupting from my lungs as I rode out the intense orgasm. My eyes instinctively slipped down to see the hulking figure in between my legs.

Shock and pleasure rippled through my spine as I took in the eyes. They weren't the familiar silver-grey of the man I loved - they were icy blue.

I woke with a start, gasping for air as I frantically threw the sheets off my burning skin. The remnants of the dream still lingered in my conscious mind, making me throb with need. The tug under my chest - the bond, pulsed rhythmically, sending heatwaves to my lower half which in turn felt engorged and sensitive against the fabric of the shorts that I had worn to bed.

Shoving my hand in between my thighs, I winced as I pulled away the fabric. It felt hot and wet. Taking them off, I threw them on the floor and lay back down. The temptation to relieve the ache was overwhelming as I closed my eyes and willed myself to calm down. There was no way in hell I was going to succumb like the first few times and start masturbating to the vision of that horrid monster pleasuring me. No. Alex and his three faithful dogs could go fuck themselves for all I cared.

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Pushing the blanket to the side, I leaned over and glanced at the time. 2:05 am. Fuck! This was the sixth night in a row that I had woken up feeling hot and bothered. The dreams had progressively gotten more intense every night, waking me up to a state of lust-filled madness. The ache would never relent until I had masturbated and found my release, sometimes having to do it several times in a night.

The first time it had happened, I had jerked awake feeling startled and confused. I wasn't a stranger to having a wet dream but this - this had felt all too real. And to my utter horror and shame, the dreams always included the other four. Sometimes, one of them or two, or sometimes all four! Like an itch that I couldn't scratch, it taunted me until I finally gave in and resorted to pleasuring myself.

Thankfully, Thomas hadn't been at my side for the past few nights. Somehow, I couldn't bear the thought of him knowing that I was masturbating to the vision of his brothers fucking me. It felt wrong on a whole other level. So I refrained from mentioning anything to him.

But even if I could tell him, I didn't think I'd have the right words to explain this shift inside of me. My moods, which had been steadily improving over the last few weeks, felt all over the place now. But my mind seemed to be stuck in the same one.

In the bedroom with all five of them.

Devious thoughts of being fucked and taken by all of them in the most depraved way haunted my thoughts from dusk until dawn. I didn't know if I wanted to throw up or shove my fingers inside my pussy and fuck myself till I came.

In the end, however, I resorted to the latter, shamefully caving to the call of the bond.

The fucking bond!

The damn thing had become more alive with each passing day, ruining my life with its incessant demands. I was becoming obsessed with these men to the point where they would be considered clinically unstable and unhealthy. There was never a moment I was free of them. They filled my mind, every second of every day. My body craved them, aching to be closer to them. All I wanted was to just give in. To be brutally claimed while they fucked and bit into my flesh and marked me as theirs.

I shuddered at the thought. Whether from disgust or lust I wasn't sure.

Maybe my stepfather had been right about me after all.

Hot tears brimmed behind my eyelids as the image of Alex flashed through my mind. The feel of his cock seated deep inside of me as he pounded viciously into me... My fingers trailed down to my pussy as more tears spilled forth. Lips parting on a tortured sigh, I touched my aching clit and rubbed it hard to the image of him biting into my neck. Lowering my fingers, I dipped them into my soaking channel as I...

"Mia?"

My eyes flew open, my hand stilling its progress inside my pussy as I found myself staring at Thomas at the foot of the bed. He was completely naked, his jaw clenched tight, seemingly holding himself back. His eyes glowed a deep gold in the dark and were narrowed in concern. One of his hands was clenched beneath his chest, rubbing the area as if in pain, while the other swiped at his nose as if to stop himself from breathing. It took me a moment to work out that he was trying to avoid taking in my aroused scent which was probably filling up the room.

Suddenly, I was plunged back to the present. The horror and shame of having been caught in a private act immediately took precedence as I jerked my fingers away and sat up. Scrambling around, I reached for the blanket and drew it against my body, refusing to meet his eyes. Tears rushed forth, unhindered, as I made myself smaller. I don't know why I felt the need to hide like a thief caught in the act, but all I wanted at that moment was to be left alone.

And as if he could clearly read my mind, Thomas responded in a strained tone.

"I'll wait in the kitchen"

How the fuck did I not hear him come in? Had I been that far gone?

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In the silence, I let my tears fall. I let the disgust and the pain take over. Words that had been buried long ago with the death of my stepfather came back to life. "You'll grow up to be just like your sick-fuck-of-a-father! You hear me you little slut?!" And the beating would begin. As an eight-year-old, I had never understood what I had done to deserve it and as a teen, I did not get why he always referenced my birth father when there was absolutely no record of my birth parents. I had searched all my life for any information and came up with nothing. But maybe, my stepfather had seen something in me back then. Maybe he knew that I would end up being fucked in the head.

No! I'm not there anymore. Not there, not there...

I wiped away the tears as I struggled to control the emotions battering me from within. However, I soon realized the utter pointlessness of it all. The weariness had begun to seep in. I was tired. Both physically and mentally. I felt helpless to stop what was happening inside of me and yet somehow, I blamed myself for it.

Stumbling into the bathroom, I stepped straight into the shower and turned the water on full blast. I gasped in shock as the ice-cold water hit my skin. It was agony but I let the tap run while I mentally tried to sort this out.

There were some things that were fairly obvious of course. Like the fact that I wouldn't be able to keep this up forever. Or the fact that I would remain locked up for the rest of my life until the brothers saw fit to do otherwise. And that ultimately, this place was going to be the death of me and that if I didn't face up to that reality soon, I was going to be in serious trouble.

But the only solution that always came circling back was to get the hell out of this place. There had been times before when I toyed with the idea of leaving. Of going someplace where Thomas and I could live our lives without being subjected to the petty bullying of his brothers. But I had always disregarded those feelings, believing that Thomas needed his brothers and his pack. Or that his brothers would someday come around and things would begin to improve.

But as the days stretched to weeks and the weeks turned to months, I'd begun to lose hope. This fantastical world that I thought was magical had become my prison. My very own personal hell. And that was unfortunate because I wasn't naïve to the fact that another human would probably kill to be in my place. But having had a taste of it, I was ready to trade places just so I could have a normal human existence.

Exiting the shower, I slowly got dressed and walked towards the kitchen, my mind roiling with the things I wanted to say. My heart pounded at the thought of facing Thomas but I knew I had to do this.

For me. For us.

Thomas stood up from his seat even before I entered the kitchen, his eyes still blazing gold as he tracked my every movement. Other than the fact that his glorious-naked form appeared tense and unsettled, I could not sense anything from him which meant he had blocked me out. Fair enough.

Taking a seat, I avoided his penetrating gaze while trying to figure out a way to start the conversation. But after minutes of nothing but painful silence, the words just tumbled out, bland and tactless.

"I want to leave."

His eyes widened in shock as he searched my face intensely, his expression flitting from hurt to pain and then suspicion. He certainly wasn't expecting that.

I rushed to clarify, "Us... I meant us... I want us to leave this place...together"

He held my gaze for the longest second before glancing towards the bedroom and I bit back my frustration. It appeared that he was more interested in an explanation about how he had found me.

I took a deep breath. "Look. I know you want to talk about walking in on me but that's not important right now. I-"

"Not important? Mia, I felt you so strongly that I had to leave the patrol and come here..."

I closed my eyes briefly, swallowing back the disgust that was threatening to show itself. Of course, he had felt it. Why did I think that I had any kind of privacy when I was lying, a magical bonded broadcasted everything I felt? They could sense what I felt, sniff me out in an instant, and easily tell when I was lying, scared, upset, or aroused! And to add insult to injury they could manipulate the bond to suit them, physically overpower me, and lock me in here with no bloody consequence.

"...you were crying and touching yourself... what's going on... are-"

I wished I hadn't tuned back to the conversation right then as I cringed hard at his words.

"Stop please." I looked at him pleadingly, hoping he would let it go. "I don't want to talk about that. I just want to get out here Thomas."

His face scrunched up again, confusion swirling in his silvery depths. "And go where Mia? They will hunt us down. We will forever be on the run and that's not a life you would want."

My fury burst through. "You think I want this instead?! I cannot be hidden away forever because I'm an inconvenience to your brothers, Thomas. I rather run for the rest of my life than be a puppet under their string!"

He fell silent, his eyes switching from deep grey to gold as he tried to control his emotions. "You know I can't live without a pack. And no other pack would risk taking us in knowing who I am and which pack I belong to. Besides, my wolf is tied to his brothers."

How the fuck did we get to this? Just weeks ago, I never wanted to leave his side. I had asked Oliver to reduce his shifts so that we could spend more time. I thought we could get through anything as long as we were together. And now? I wanted out.

"Well then, let me go. We'll come up with a plan once I'm somewhere else. We'll think of something."

The room went instantly cold. The shift in his demeanor was instantaneous as his face straightened, masking any and all emotions while his eyes turned jet black. His voice sounded like garbled growling when he spat in my direction.

"You want to leave me? Somehow, his body seemed to grow bigger before my very eyes. "I thought you loved me"

I shut my eyes; my heart clenching tight at the accusation in his voice. Of course, I loved him. I had been attracted to him since the moment I had met him. And when I was kidnapped and thought I wouldn't live to see another day, one of my regrets had been not telling Thomas how I had felt about him. But now, I wasn't certain anymore. What if it had been the bond all along?

A loud growl had me glancing up in time to see him rush towards the open door of the cabin. Shit. I realized a little late that my silence had done more damage than the words I had spoken out loud.

"Wait...Thomas!"

I raced out of the cabin just as he jumped over the wooden steps and shifted into his wolf before sprinting towards the line of trees in the blink of an eye.

Fuck!

I ran down the steps with the full intent of following him but stopped short at the bottom when a pair of gleaming yellow eyes appeared in the tree line. I knew it wasn't Thomas because he had taken off in a different direction. This seemed to be a different wolf. A patrol guard maybe?

Nervously, I stared at it for a few seconds. When it didn't react, I took a hesitant step toward the place where I last saw Thomas. But before I could move any further, I screamed in terror when the beast suddenly let out an ear-splitting snarl in clear warning.

Without another thought, I turned and raced back inside my body shaking and my heart thundering in fear. And just as I closed the door behind me, I thought I saw a white wolf disappear into the trees. Fuck this place!

A/N: Chapter 37 which was previously uploaded will be reuploaded as Chapter 38.