

# Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

## Chapter 4

Taking the same route to the boardroom the next day, I went through the same emotions. However, this time, my nervousness was accompanied by a heavy dose of irritation for having to do this all over again. And I was well aware of the reason – him.

Thomas Carson.

After his walkout yesterday, my mind refused to think of much else. The strange pull seemed to persist despite my futile attempts at distraction. Trying to understand it on the other hand, only made things worse as rational explanations fell utterly short in deciphering this burning need that I was feeling for a complete stranger! Of course, I would have welcomed another perspective but asking Sasha's opinion would have only opened Pandora's box of sexual innuendos and that was something I was very keen to avoid.

So, in the end, I was left with a weird feeling of longing and emptiness that I simply could not comprehend.

But the longing soon gave way to frustration when I realized that he was part of the reason why many were losing their jobs and their livelihood. Not that I held him directly accountable, but most business people who possessed extravagant amounts of wealth and influence rarely concerned themselves with the welfare of those they considered beneath them. If nothing else then his cavalier attitude yesterday only proved that people like him cared about one thing – money.

With my frustration steadily mounting, I was fairly certain that the moment I laid eyes on him, I was going to explode and say the wrong thing and get myself fired in the process.

But boy was I wrong!

In complete contradiction to my thoughts, I ended up standing in the same spot as yesterday, staring into his grey eyes and feeling all hot and bothered.

He was seated at the head of the table like the last time and looked as dashing as ever. His navy suit moulded perfectly against his body enhancing his muscles every time he moved. His dark hair styled and combed back gave him a Mafia-esq look, powerful and intimidating.

My ogling came to a halt when he rose slowly from his seat and extended his hand in my direction with an expectant look in his eye.

And before my mind could issue the appropriate commands to respond, my body moved towards him as if pulled by an invisible thread. I walked up to him in a daze, my heart racing at the prospect of being close to him, to touch him.

The minute our hands enclosed; I felt a shiver go up my arm. My body suddenly heated, the feeling of pins and needles traversing across my skin was like little electrodes transferring live current through my veins. This thing – this pull felt all too real. Like a physical being inside of me, calling for something. For him.

What the hell!

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Shaking my hand gently, he stared at me with an intense gaze. "Miss Sutherland. I'm Thomas Carson. It's nice to meet you again. And I do want to apologize about yesterday. I hope you can forgive me for leaving abruptly".

His voice was low and smooth like honey with a gentleness to it. Hearing it, sent another wave of curious pleasure up and down my body. God this man was hot. There was no other way to describe it. Up close, I could clearly make out the sharp lean features of his body. It seemed to be crafted for one purpose – sin.

I couldn't help but stare.

Realizing that I was once again ogling, I awkwardly cleared my throat before responding.

"That's alright Mr Carson. No harm done"

What the fuck? Did I just let him slide after bitching and fuming about his behavior for hours on end? Something was definitely wrong with me. Reluctantly pulling away from his grip, I sat down and only then realized that we were alone. Mitch and the gang were absent.

"Umm. Will the others be joining us soon?"

"No Miss Sutherland. It will be just us today"

I was sure that my confusion played clearly on my face but after a few seconds, I got the feeling that he wasn't going to elaborate. He seemed to be busy staring at me like I was from outer space. Not with disgust but with fascination and intrigue.

I felt myself blush at the attention. "Oh.. ok"

Clearing his throat and looking down at an open file in front of him, he spoke in that low voice, making me shiver once again.

"So Miss Sutherland. My HR team and I have gone through your work experience at Ranford and I must say that we are quite impressed with everything you have done here."

Sending a smile my way and making me blush all over again he continued to speak.

"We think that you will be a valuable asset to our company and your work will be central when we decide to expand into new territories in the future"

My heart beat faster. Although I didn't want to prematurely conclude anything positive, I couldn't help the smile that broke out on my face.

And that rapidly beating heart of mine managed to accelerate when I was rewarded with another genuine smile from him. He gave me an adoring look, like my happiness somehow directly contributed to his. It wasn't just his look that spoke volumes but the whole vibe that was emanating from him as well.

Like I could "feel" what he was feeling.

Strange. I wasn't the kind of person who read people easily. Normally, I was always the last person to become aware of things that others had no problem deciphering. So why was it different with him?

"What I'm trying to say is... Congratulations Miss Sutherland. We are happy to keep you with us. Someone from HR will be in contact with you to discuss details such as remuneration, job description, and the rest. If you then decide to come aboard, a new contract will be sent out to you. How does that sound?"

Unable to contain my joy, I cupped my hands over my mouth and burst into a short-relieved laugh.

"Oh God.. That sounds fantastic. I wasn't sure if I was going to continue here. But...Thank you, Mr. Carson,"

The smile on his face spread wide, bringing a twinkle to his eyes as he chuckled.

"I'm glad. And please call me Thomas"

"Alright. Thank you.....Uh... Thomas..."

The minute I uttered his name it was as if all the air was sucked out of the room. His whole demeanor changed. The infectious smile on his face dropped only to be replaced with an intense gaze followed by a growl. His eyes turned darker and locked me in place. A feeling of pure lust surged within me catching me off guard.

His gaze flicked between my eyes and lips, making me uncomfortable, to say the least. But of course, my body had a completely different reaction. A shiver ran down my spine making my nipples hard and my pussy clench. I was so surprised that I began to feel very flustered. What the fuck is going on?!

He suddenly leaned forward, closing his eyes as he inhaled sharply.

A gasp left my lips when he looked at me again. His iris had a gold ring to it that seemed to almost glow. Was it the light? I couldn't be sure.

"Your eyes..."

But before I could say another word, he stood up and closed the distance between us, towering over my seated frame. Gently cupping my chin, he ran his thumb over my lower lip.

My breath hitched and my body thrummed to life. Unconsciously, I leaned forward in an attempt to get closer, my hard nipples grazing the armrest as I tried to take in more of his touch. The throb in my lower belly radiated down to my pussy, making me clench my legs together and grind a little on the seat. My lips parted, trying to suck in air as my eyes involuntarily closed trying to sink into this feeling.

"Mia..."

Hearing my name from his lips made me tremble with need. My scattered brain warned me of the consequences of such actions but I ignored it. At this moment, nothing mattered. There was just this need. This complete and utter need to be thoroughly taken by this man.

And just as suddenly as it started, I couldn't feel his touch anymore. The icy chill of loneliness overtook the warmth that his touch had sparked.

A loud closing of the door broke my trance as my eyes flew open with a start.

I realized Thomas Carson had just done another walkout.

What the fuck!