

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 42

Marcus

I had hesitated at the door, tension coiling in my muscles when the primal sound of her anguish reached my ears. Let someone else deal with this, my inner voice had said but I had ignored it and pushed the door open. Her little body that was slumped over the chair, shook with muffled gasps, each sound wrenching a strange emotion in my dark depths.

Needing to limit my time in her presence, I proceeded with the task at hand.

"I think that went well."

Her body immediately stiffened, her tearful sounds ceasing as she straightened in her chair. Walk away, my voice had said but instead, I had moved forward, foolishly stepping into the very trap that I had warned James about.

"Liam will take you back now and fill you in about the plan for next week."

Nothing could have prepared me for her response when she slowly stood and hissed the words through her teeth. "How about you fuck off and leave me alone?"

Surprise struck me for an instant before my instincts kicked in. Disrespecting an Alpha? Foolish move.

So here we stood, facing each other with her venom oozing in the space between us. Force her submission, the voice said but I stared in silence. A weaker Alpha would have wasted no time in rising to the challenge that her eyes conveyed, but I was not of that breed. Where another would be content to have their victim succumb, submission to me, was merely a precedent to the hell I would unleash upon those that oppose me. And this sliver of a female, currently projecting her desire to destroy me, obviously had no clue about the kind of Alpha she was dealing with.

But strangely, her insolence did not summon the slumbering rage but rather tickled my amusement and curiosity.

"Is that all you would like to do to me...mate?"

I felt, rather than see the shift in the air. Perhaps, she did not share in my amusement which was confirmed when her eyes opened wide in response, her pupils constricting as they locked onto their target. Her breathing stopped as her body stilled in preparation.

And though my lips twitched, trying to hide a smile at her predictable reaction, my beast, despite being subdued by the wolfsbane, rose to meet the threat. There was no doubt that my eyes flashed gold in that instance to show his presence but I was surprised when he did not growl nor issue a warning.

The realization that he would never truly threaten his mate was a stark one. How could we see this through when a single look from her could buy our beast's allegiance?

But my chance to ponder into the traitorous creature's actions was cut short when a body hurtled in my direction, bright green eyes fixed on my throat with a snarl across her pink lips. Tut-tut, did this female have no self-preservation?

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Easily evading her blunt nails, I grabbed her by the throat, adding enough pressure to stop her trajectory before forcing her back over the table. A gasp of pain left her soft lips when her back hit the wood, her hands instinctively reaching up to pry my fingers away from her throat. With her face flushed in anger and her body under my control, I felt a thrill go down my spine.

My cock stirred, hardening under my trousers as she continued to writhe under my grip. I hissed in annoyance, both at her hostility and my lack of discipline.

"You are more foolish than I thought."

Her struggling ceased, body going still beneath mine as she glared with bright hate in her eyes. Her jaw clenched before she spat through her teeth. "Fuck you"

My hand tightened around her neck, squeezing her air supply until she opened her mouth and breathed in a gasp. Lowering my head, I inhaled her fear, her frustration, and her pain. It was a volatile mix, triggering the predator in me to hunt and consume.

"You would do well to not challenge a wolf, little mate...." Leaning into her neck, I took another deep breath, relishing the floral tones hidden underneath her skin. "...or you'll find yourself getting devoured..."

Stop, my conscience warned but I pressed my body down into her lush curves.

Her struggle renewed as she fought to get out of my grip, her limbs failing in all directions with no real consequence. I watched silently as tears pushed through from behind the lashes, her frustration and pain battering me through the subdued bond.

"Get off me"

I cocked my head to the side, studying the creature who had endured everything done to her silently but yet would risk it all in a heartbeat at the thought of harm befalling her friend. Caring...but foolish.

A strong wave of emotion from her end, had me loosening my hold. My eyes narrowed as I took her in.

She appeared to be holding herself back from screaming. From exploding. Images of me being ripped apart flashed into my mind, making my blood lust rise. While a threat like that, even a perceived one, would incite a violent rage, I found myself feeling concerned. Not necessarily for my safety but concern over her state of mind.

A human challenging a wolf, let alone an Alpha was suicide but yet here she was, screaming her thoughts into my mind. Maybe James had been right about the bond. An unfulfilled bond could slowly drive a wolf insane with lust and rage. We hadn't factored that initially as Mia was human but given her reaction, it certainly seemed to be affecting her in some way...

My breath stalled when a solitary thought invaded my mind. He cannot see me break.

There were only a handful of times in my life that I had ever felt true remorse for my actions. And as I watched her suffer, like a wounded animal unable to live nor die, I felt it. Deep gut-wrenching remorse.

A memory that I had forced out of my brother played into my mind - Mia in tears and begging James for help. Like my brother, I realized that she needed comfort and acceptance from her mates. But I could not tell if it was her desire or if it was the bond that was to blame. Although judging how things have gone thus far, I could confidently bet on the latter.

A sharp shove against my chest had me glancing back down, my attention diverted to the teary-eyed female pinned in my arms. We stared at each one deciphering in their respective way how to navigate this stalemate. Her, a chaotic bundle of suppressed energy, and me, an infuriating mix of lust and resistance.

She snapped first. "Let me go, Marcus"

My name on her lips, spoken with such bitterness should not make me this hard, but it did. Trailing my hand from her neck to her lips, I pinched her cheeks on either side causing a delicious pout to appear. Her eyes narrowed, evidently confused with my change of attitude.

"No"

Her eyes widened while a different smell rose to the surface. Uneasiness yes, but also the intoxicating smell of arousal.

"What do you mean, no?"

What did I mean? What was I trying to achieve? The answers eluded me. All I knew was that for the first time in months, my body was not at odds with my mind. For the first time, my beast was calm, reveling in the feel of his female under him. It would also be the first, where I could get a taste of her outside of the time when we had "tested" the bond. The memory of that kiss was seared into my mind, haunting the nights that followed with fantasies of her spread wide and taking my girth in her tight holes. Such beautiful, dark fantasies...

The thought made me groan, my cock straining against her thigh, itching to go further up and sink into her velvet folds.

She tensed, the smell of fear marring the scent of her arousal. That irritated me. Her fear irritated me. We can't have that. Dropping into her neck, I nuzzled at the spot where my mark would go before nipping it with my fangs.

"Marcus s-stop. What are you doing?"

I hummed, enjoying the blooming smell of lust from her skin, before responding. "Stop? Are you sure?..." Another nip to her skin brought out a sweet little moan. "...I can smell your need, little mate."

Before she could respond, I went in for the kill, devouring her lips the way I wanted to devour her body. Fast and hard. I could feel her fighting the bond, fighting me, to gain some control but the more she denied, the more I wanted.

With one hand, I pinned her arms above her head as she tried to buck and escape my grasp. The other cupped her breast, pushing the mound over the blouse and watching the nipple harden beneath my gaze. My beast was practically foaming at the mouth, his agenda driving me over the edge. Thoughts swirled, a haze descending over the rational part of my mind. She was all I wanted, all I craved at that moment. Somewhere in a corner of my mind, I regretted giving my shot of wolfsbane to my brother but secretly I did not care. I wasn't going to be denied the promise of a feast when it was laid before me, temptingly divine.

Slowly, I felt her respond, her arms free from my hold were now wrapping around my body to pull me close. I ground my erection into her thighs, which slowly parted to allow me to settle in between them. My mouth latched onto the dusky nipple, ripping a loud moan from her throat. A steady purr rose within my chest in response to her call, delighted at having pleased her.

This is madness, a voice called from the pits of my mind but I knew there was no stopping now. Not when her scent drove my beast and me into a frenzy.

Time slowed to a standstill. Every breath, every bead of sweat to the very blood that pulsed through the veins, moved in slow motion as we gave in to the demands of the bond. Unable to get enough of her, my hand bunched up her skirt before exploring the hot, wet juncture between her thighs.

"Marcus..." In contrast to the way she had spoken my name before, she now called my name in reverence, a plea to put her out of her misery. And being the benevolent Alpha that I am, I would comply, my fingers pushing her panties to the side and entering her soaked folds, testing to see how wet she was.

A shudder erupted down my back when I pushed a finger in while simultaneously imagining how her walls would feel on my now rock-hard cock. Her mouth found mine, tangling with my tongue eagerly as I began to push knuckle-deep into her pussy. The squelching sound when I pulled out was music to my ears, confirming my mate's need and desire for me. I couldn't hold back the possessive growl as I held onto her writhing form, my beast urging me to stake his claim.

Adding another finger while my thumb circled her clit, I watched with fascination as her body jerked with pleasure. "I'm going to fuck you here..." I pushed my fingers in harder, her pussy walls clenching the two digits tightly before placing my third finger on the tight rim of her ass. "...and here..." She tensed, pushing instinctively against the intrusion.

"Shh... relax...I promise you'll love it..." I slipped it in as she gasped, her whole body going rigid for a second before relaxing. "That's it... you'll take everything that I give. The pain, pleasure, and the madness. That's the hell that is waiting for you, my little mate."

Removing the finger from her ass, I picked up the speed with the other two, her moans and pleas becoming delirious by the second. Thrusting my cock harder against her thigh, I took what pleasure I could get as it took everything in me to not plunge it in and claim it all.

My thumb pressed down on her clit as I felt her begin to rise. Suddenly my heart lurched, her emotions bolting through me like a spear and crumbling the walls that I had carefully built against the bond. For a second I was flooded with images, thoughts, and her feelings, all swirling into one, twining with mine until all that I was, was a reflection of her.

Her pleasure was mine. Her pain was mine. She was mine.

No voice crept behind the curtain as I instinctively accepted that fact.

"Marcus... I'm going to..." My fingers grazed her G-spot punishingly, her wetness seeping down my fingers as I brought her close to her peak. A rough snap of my thumb against her clit was all it took.

"Now scream for your Alpha."

And scream she did.