

Mated To Five Alpha Brothers

Chapter 6

Holding me securely to his side, with his arm around my waist, Thomas and I exited the club. It was dark outside but people still lingered around in small groups. The music thudded away in the background sounding muffled and the night air smelled strongly of smoke and liquor.

Glancing at Thomas under the street light, I noticed just how unrealistically handsome he was. His face was clean-shaven which helped enhance his strong jawline. His hair which had been styled back the last two times, now lay messy with a few strands falling over his striking silvery-grey eyes. The white shirt with its top buttons undone, teased me with a glimpse of the chiseled chest that lay beneath. The sleeves rolled up over his muscular arms and gave him a casual yet well-put-together look. His dark navy trousers held in those bulky thigh muscles perfectly and...

"Mia"

I jumped, startled out of my blatant staring.

"Huh?"

A knowing smirk appeared on his face making me blush crimson in embarrassment. I cursed myself inwardly for turning into a damned fool every time this man was around.

Lowering his head to meet my gaze, he repeated the question, his smirk growing broader as I tried hard to look anywhere but him.

"I said... Can you wait here while I bring the car around?"

"Oh...yeah... sure."

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Giving me a gentle squeeze and a cheeky grin, he turned to make his way towards the back of the building, offering me a good view of his behind in the process. A pleased sigh escaped my lips when I imagined what it would look like without those trousers.

Smiling in excitement, I waited patiently for Thomas to return. But as the seconds ticked by, an unusual feeling gripped my senses. The usual warmth that came with his touch slowly started to dissipate, making me hyperaware of how cold the night air really was against my skin.

My rational senses that had remained muted in his presence began to resurface, as "reality" made a rude appearance and burst the lustful bubble that I had been floating in.

Suddenly I felt sick. What the fuck was I thinking?! This was not me. This cannot be me. I was never the type to give in to a man that easily, let alone dry hump my boss in the middle of a nightclub!

Groaning out loud, I realized I had acted no better than the people I had sneered at only a few minutes ago.

Fuck!Fuck!

A sharp honk jarred me back to the present. Looking in that direction, I noticed a black Bentley pulling up to the curb. Who the hell would bring such a fancy car to this side of town? And what the hell was I doing getting into it?!

This did not seem like a good idea. All I wanted at the moment was to go home, lock myself away, and never share the same breathing space as this man. Because there was something about him that made me lose control.

And yet, it was that very thing that drew me to him like a moth drawn to a flame.

With my heart racing and nerves on edge, I climbed into the luxurious seat and avoided his gaze.

"Shall we?"

"Uh?"

The seemingly innocuous question pushed my panic into overdrive as I realized that I had no idea where he was planning to take me. The stereotypical idea that he could be a killer, rapist, cannibal, or all of the above-wreaked havoc in my mind. Shit!

Forcing myself to calm down, I glanced over at his impressive yet intimidating frame. "Where are we going?"

His smile faltered as he took in my rigid expression and body language. A look of pain flashed across his face momentarily before confusion overtook his features. Neither of us spoke for the next few minutes, the silence stretching between us awkwardly and thickening the air with tension.

And just when I thought I would be better off calling a cab, Thomas sighed deeply, his fingers running through his hair haphazardly before gripping the steering wheel. His jaw clenched and loosened several times before it settled into a hard line. "I just want to spend some time with you, Mia. We can go wherever you want."

My mouth seemed to open and close uselessly, words failing me as I looked into his eyes and saw the hurt and longing in them. They seemed to speak a language of their own even though his face held a vision of calm.

A strong feeling of shame descended, making me want to curl up and disappear from sight. I felt the urge to apologize and see that smile again. To please him and make him happy.

Taking in a slow breath, I managed a small smile.

"Let's go to my place then."

My apartment felt like the safest option as it would give me some modicum of control and a sense of safety. Even though I felt the pull to trust him, my past had taught me some valuable lessons that I was in no hurry to forget.

The smile that lit up his face right then warmed my heart and filled me with delight. How could I have thought the worst?

My breath hitched as his fingers caressed my cheek before catching a few strands of my hair and tucking them behind my ear. His gaze was one of utter adoration and devotion.

The familiar warmth radiated through my body at the simple touch. Tingles erupted on my skin, tightening my muscles in anticipation. But before I could make sense of everything, he quickly removed his hand and steered the car onto the road, leaving me feeling empty and wanting inside.

I knew right then.

This man had some kind of hold over me and I didn't know if I should be excited or if I should run for the hills.