

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 1

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Harlow

My Omega test results were released last night. Over a hundred bidders joined the online action while Zara and I watched the screen as the numbers skyrocketed. I felt physically sick watching, my stomach churning wondering how this became my life. All because my genes test proved potent and the perfect match for an all-Alpha pack.

We couldn't tell who the bidders were; the only thing we could follow was the pack names as each bidder logged into the online auction. A few of which I recognized and prayed I didn't end up bought by.

My heart kept pounding against my ribcage until I couldn't watch anymore, so I stared down at my pink cotton pajama shorts, picking at the lint to take my mind off my unraveling life. I just couldn't watch Mr. Black sell me off to a future I never wanted.

My twin and I have been stuck in the Omega facility since our parents died. The facility owners groomed us to become the perfect Omegas, and now, they were auctioning me off to the highest bidding pack. This wasn't the life I imagined or wanted. Not one I would choose for myself.

Zara loved being Omega, the attention it got her, and the never-ending praise and adoration. I wish I had shared even half of her enthusiasm and confidence.

For twins, we couldn't be more opposite. Sure, we looked the same, aside from the scar that ran down across the bridge of her nose, under her eyes, to her ear. Yet, the horrific accident didn't take away her beauty, and we still looked identical besides that slight difference, which was easily covered by makeup, not that she wore it much.

Although a lot of her beauty was from the way she carried herself. She oozed confidence, and she was tough yet sweet. The perfect Omega, submissive to the core and beautiful. Qualities all Alphas wanted in their Omega.

While I was standoffish and quiet and didn't like being the center of attention, whereas Zara thrived in it.

The memory of yesterday's events assaulted my mind, and once again, I drifted into the abyss of fear and helplessness.

*** THE DAY BEFORE, OMEGA TEST ANNOUNCEMENT***

Zara gripped my fingers and gave them a squeeze as we waited for my Omega score to come back. I hoped we both would bloom at the same time, but fate always had other plans for me. For some reason, fate liked to really test me, and testing me is literally what the Omega sanctuary did. Now I worried I would be separated from my sister, doomed to a fate I certainly didn't want.

"They said we would stay together, Low; they won't separate us. Omega twins are rare. You'll see; everything will work out," Zara whispered, nudging me with her elbow. I smiled at her sadly and nodded, praying she was right.

We sat in the foyer of the auction house, waiting before I'd be put up for auction, depending on how high my genes tests would come back. The door to a nearby office burst open, revealing an overjoyed Mrs. Yates. I had never seen the woman so ecstatic as she squealed excitedly, waving the paper above her head.

Zara and I jumped at the startling sound when the auctioneer, Mr. Black, looked up at her from where he sat in his expensive suit. "What has made you so excited, Yates?" He asked.

Yet, her eyes were wide as she stared at me. "She broke the record," Mrs. Yates whispered, her eyes still glued to my shocked expression.

Zara glanced at me, and I at her, both of us confused out of our minds.

"What? Impossible! No Omegas pheromones sit above fifty-five. The score hasn't changed for years," he said as he got up from his seat and reached for the paper in Mrs. Yates's hands.

The awed look on her face didn't fade while Mr. Black snatched the document and observed it.

"Eighty-seven percent pure Omega," Mrs. Yates beamed as I gasped at her words.

"This can't be real. Test her again," Mr. Black huffed, forcing the papers back in her hands in disbelief. I agreed with him, test me again. I thought. That is not something I want on my records.

"They tested four times," she murmured. The grin on her lips nearly split her face in half. Her greying hair almost looked white under the bright fluorescent light and I felt the blood drain from my face.

Then, out of nowhere, Mr. Black howled and broke out in laughter. "We just hit fucking bank, baby. Do you have any idea how much we can get for her?" He all but jumped with joy.

“Wait, you said we would be auctioned together,” Zara intervened, while glancing at me nervously. As always, Zara was ready to jump for my defense, while all I could do was stare at everyone in horror. This can’t be happening!

Eighty-seven percent is an Alpha pack status level, meaning all Alpha Pack.

Panic enveloped me, spreading through my body like wildfire, taking over every muscle and sense I could imagine.

“Things change; she is worth too much. She will be auctioned tomorrow. Fuck, she will bring in some money, hopefully, enough to save this place,” Mr. Black announced.

I watched him flick his dark hair from his face. The paperwork miraculously appeared in his hands, and he stared down at the score. I could almost see the dollar signs changing in his eyes.

“Wait! Stop! We are twins; you can’t separate us,” Zara still fought back, still voice despite me knowing it was pointless.

Mr. Black sneered as his eyes flicked to her and narrowed slightly. “You’re owned by the state. You live under my care, and raising Omegas costs a lot of money. She goes to auction tomorrow; never know once you bloom. Maybe whoever buys her will want a spare.” He crackled, sounding as evil as never, and wandered off while Mrs. Yates flashed us a smile full of pity.

“It’s alright, girls. You’ll fetch a high price, Harlow; that means your buyer will take good care of you,” Mrs. Yates tries to comfort us.

Tears burned my eyes as Zara’s grip on my hand tightened. Sure, as if I didn’t know what she meant by saying someone would take good care of me. As good as they can after bidding on me during an auction to make a damn breeder out of me and to top it off, they’ll separate me from my twin.

Zara’s gasp pulled me out of the nightmare memory, and I instantly looked up at the computer screen. My heart slumped: five hundred thousand dollars.

I stared at my sister, and her mouth hung open, just as shocked as I. We kept waiting for the pack name to appear. We had to see who had successfully offered the highest bid and won.

Yet the moment the name popped up, dread pooled in my stomach, a pit forming so deep I forgot how to breathe.

Obsidian Pack.

It was a pack I had heard of, and not for good reasons. It was also an all-Alpha pack, that much I knew. I shook my head as tears brimmed and spilled from my eyes, slipping down my cheeks and dripping off my chin. Zara's lips quivered. "No!" she gasped, horrified. They were notorious for losing Omega's and I would be no different.

Obsidian Pack had bought six girls over the years we spent here, and not one survived them; none could take the Alphas knot. Not even with the serum. The other girls in the facility had nicknamed that pack the Omega killers!

I swallowed the bile. "Maybe we can tell them no," Zara suggested in a whisper, but it would do no good. We were the property of the state and had no choice in the government's eyes. Omega's we property because Omegas were the only way to continue an Alpha's bloodline. We were revered and special and apparently, fetch a special price.

All Omega's ended up in packs. We didn't get a say, but us even less because the state took us in and left a hefty debt to us, therefore we are auctioned off to any potential suitors. We didn't even get a chance to meet our potential buyers.

Whereas if my mother was still here we wouldn't have been auctioned off, she would have added our genes to the pool and suitors would have to compete for us and we would have had overall say. However, she was dead and the Omega sanctuary was our legal guardian in the eyes of the law, giving them overall say.

Instead, later that afternoon, I'm jabbed in the arm by the Alphas' blood. It's supposed to help us acclimate to our Alpha. It also ensures the Alpha DNA is passed on to its potential heir because once an Alpha marks its other pack members, their DNA changes.

Mrs. Yates sits with me while I rub my sore ass, where the doctor jabbed me with his DNA. Mrs. Yates squeezes my fingers. "I'm sorry, Harlow, I tried to talk Mr. Black out of it."

"That pack... They killed six girls. Six, Mrs. Yates, six girls!" I whisper, aware that I'm the next one to die at their hands. Or claws, teeth. Or knots!

"You're stronger than the others," she offers, but I shake my head. "I'm sorry, but..." she sighs; nothing she says would make me feel better.

"Promise once I die, you won't send Zara to him. I know she will test just as high; we are twins," I beg her.

Mrs. Yates nods. "I'll do my best. Promise." She nudges me and escorts me back to my room.

A few days passed until the pack was on its way to collect me. Zara did my hair and make-up. She did hers too, but I couldn't figure out why. Despite her being the girly twin, she hated make-up just as much as I did.

Today, I'll meet my pack. A pack I want no part in. Yet, watching the clock only makes me more nervous while Zara snuffles as she fixes my hair to look precisely like hers. We're pulling on our matching dresses when I hear the buzz of the pager telling me they have arrived.

My skin prickles as fear seeps into every cell in my body, but I feel cold when I get up to leave the room. The moment I reach for the door, I feel something spray on the side of my face. I swat at it and turn to see Zara holding some spray can in her hands. Tears blur her face as my vision blurs when she resprays it again.

"Why are you spraying me with a descenter?" I ask while choking and coughing when some got in my mouth. During my coughing fit, she jabs me in the arm with a needle. Before I realize what is happening, my legs turn wobbly as I reach out for her.

Zara drags and tucks me into bed, and I fight to remain conscious. "Zara!" I murmur in panic.

"I won't let you die, just know I love you," she whispers, kissing my cheek.

What did she jab me with, and where did she get it? I can't move as I watch how she scoops up my bag and ID in horror.

That explains why she used make-up. She needed to cover the scar on her face. It was the only thing that told us apart. Just before she walks out, she comes over to me. "When you wake, you pretend to be me; I won't let the Obsidian pack kill you. I know you hate this Omega stuff; I can't let you go through it. Escape and keep using the descenter until you do." her words become softer as my vision blurs and my surroundings slowly vanish as my sight is stolen by whatever she drugged me with.

"I love you, Low, now be a good Omega," are the last words I hear before I drift into oblivion.

She took my place; Zara took my place and sacrificed herself for me. I killed her, killed my own sister, my twin. A lone tear slipped down my cheek at that thought as my paralyzed body was sucked into the oblivion of darkness.