

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 10

I'm cursed. It is the only thing that could possibly make sense. Of all the places to land a job, it had to be from the very people I was running from, and the jerk I tipped coffee in had to be the damn Alpha and my new boss.

Great, the first chance I get, I am buying a sage stick and cleansing the heck out of myself. A bad omen must be clinging to me. Surely my luck wasn't this shitty?

Thane stalked off toward his office, the other two following quickly to their own as they parted ways, leaving me with Leila.

"I think that went rather well, don't you think?" She asks while side-eyeing me. I raise an eyebrow at her. Well? More like a disaster. It's clear they hate me already.

I had been here minutes and was seriously considering telling her to jam her job offer up her tiny ass. Leila shows me around the floor. I discovered it has a small kitchenette, which had Chinese containers piled in the sink, the bin was overflowing, and there was coffee spilled on the counter.

If this was their place of work, I would hate to see the state of their home. Leila then wrote a list of how they like their coffees before showing me the bathroom, which was surprisingly clean or cleaner than the kitchenette anyway, and then she showed me to the filing room. That was a total nightmare.

The door wouldn't even open completely from the stacks of files piled behind it. Every countertop was covered, and there was a little path from the door to the printer and a small fax machine. It also stunk heavily of dust.

"I'm assuming you know how to use the fax machine and the printer?" I nodded my head, gawking at the room in horror, yet I loved cleaning. It must be an Omega thing. My mother loved it too. Nothing better than seeing the before and after of hard work, so at least I knew my tasks for today.

"Great, well, here is your login. This is the key to the fire exit, you know, just in case, though I doubt you will need it," she shrugs, handing me folders and a tablet.

Leila follows me to my desk and watches me log in before nodding. "All set then, lunch is at one, finishes at 1:40, the day is over at 6 PM," she says, about to walk to the elevator.

"Ah, Leila?" I asked. I had to ask, praying my assumptions were wrong, yet I needed to know.

“Yes?” she asks, moving back toward me. She stops at the edge of the desk, and I lean over, keeping my voice low.

“Um, Thane, his dislike for Omega’s –” she waves a dismissive hand in the air. “They will get over it,” she rolls her eyes.

“They once had an omega, and she ran from them, taking Thane’s last serum with her,” she says.

“That’s why they hate Omegas because she ran from them?” Leila nods and sighs.

“That and the fact Harlow killed Mrs. Keller, they barely held the pack together. Thane hunted Harlow after what she did, but he couldn’t find her. She just vanished. She must be dead. No way anyone could survive in those woods, especially an omega, full-blown rogue territory,” she says, staring off vacantly.

“Their Omega killed Thane’s mother?” I asked, outraged. I did not do such a thing.

“Yep, they found her body next to some restaurant, her throat was cut, and her car was gone, though we found it in a gully, along with the poor man she ran off the road and killed. Tragic, really; Thane and the pack wanted her as a mate, not a breeder.

She nearly destroyed them, and Thane’s fathers killed themselves after his mother died. Leon went crazed with bloodlust. Thane – well, that’s another story,” she says, and I swallowed.

“So you have worked here for a while, I guess,” I tell her, sitting back in my chair. Whoever attacked us that day covered it up and framed me.

“Of course, I started here when they first took over. I’m Leon’s sister,” she says with a flick of her hair. So, won’t be confiding to her then, I noted quickly.

“I should probably get to work,” I tell her. She laughs and nods.

“Me too. It wouldn’t be the first time Thane has fired me for slacking, so make sure you’re always doing something. Don’t let them catch twiddling your thumbs,” she says, giving me a wink before strolling to the elevator.

Surprisingly, the job was straightforward, or maybe they just weren’t demanding since it was my first day. After cleaning the kitchenette, I sorted my desk. Those were simple tasks. However, after cleaning, I spent most of it in the filing room, or should I say paper room, because not a thing was actually filed in the cabinets, just tossed on the benches.

I spent all day scanning everything on an electronic system which I thought was odd being that it was a tech company, and yet nothing was filed electronically. They certainly had not put a file away in months, maybe years, in the cabinets.

I was lost with the task at hand that I hadn't realized one of them was looking for me until his rage filled booming voice reverberated to me, making me stiffen.

"Omega!" Thane bellowed. press my lips in a line. Surely he would not address me like that all the time?

"Maybe you scared her off already." Raidon chuckled, and I listened to the footsteps draw closer.

"Can only fucking hope. Now where the fuck is she? Useless bloody woman thinking," his words stop as he enters the filing room just as I was about to get up off the floor where I was sorting the last stack of documents.

Thane's mouth opens and closes as he glances around the room that was piled almost to the roof in some places with files. Now, tidy as how it should be. He scratches the back of his neck awkwardly before his eyes fall on me, his gaze turning to a glare.

"If you threw the files out—" I open the drawer beside me, and he shuts up instantly.

"Do you need something? Everything is filed by the year-date and in alphabetical order? I also added the electronic filing system to each of your desktops," I told him. Raidon whistles low and laughs, rocking on his heels and placing one hand in his pockets.

"Well, guess we aren't firing her," Raidon chuckles, patting Thane's shoulder.

"Get me coffee and then go to lunch," Thane says, walking out. Raidon quickly followed, and I sighed. Okay then!

I was making coffee for Thane when Rhen came into the kitchenette and leaned on the doorframe. His scent alerted me to his presence behind me, and I tried to breathe through my mouth.

His gaze boring into the back of my head made me nervous, and I clutched the spoon tighter when I felt the first telltale signs. My pills were wearing off. Slick dampened my panties, and I pressed my thighs together to realize he was purring, which had induced it.

They were either trying to make me quit or trying to give Thane a reason to fire me. I continue to breathe through my mouth, refusing to inhale his scent. However, I briefly wondered if my pills weren't working because I was, in fact, their Omega.

The serum acclimated us to our alphas for our bodies to recognize them as our mates. Could that be why, since coming in contact with them, they suddenly appeared to be hardly working at all?

Or was I looking too far into it? All I know is if I go into heat, that could be dangerous.

Thane may recognize me as his Omega. My pheromones would send him insane. I wonder if the serum had a use-by date, meaning would it one day wear off if it wasn't activated and the bond was not completed? I had to remind myself to look that up when I could.

"Breathe, little Omega, I don't bite, not Omega's anyway." Rhen laughs before doing that stupid purring again.

"Can you stop purring? I know you are doing it deliberately." I say through gritted teeth as I fight the instinct to crawl into the damn man's lap and scent him. Rhen laughs when I feel the heat of his body radiate up my back before feeling his breath move to my hair as he moves behind me.

"Why? Does it make you want to beg for my knot? Does it bother you that you are too weak to deny me if I ordered you on your knees? You're nothing but a lowly Omega. Must truly suck holding no power," he growls behind me.

"For a lowly Omega, Mr. Keller, you seem to have little restraint for me yourself," I tell him, pressing my ass against him and bumping the erection I could feel digging into my back.

"You claim to hate Omegas but are fantasizing about me on my knees, fantasizing about me begging at your feet because you wouldn't use your calling on a lowly Omega if you weren't." I retort.

Fire me, see if I care. I wasn't putting up with sexual harassment. If I wanted to do that, I would take Tal up on his offer to work the floors. Rhen growls, the noise sending a jolt through me.

"Watch your tongue, Omega," I shrug.

"Must suck having no one to take your knot. Is that why you are fascinated with tormenting me, Mr. Keller? Are you hoping I will beg for you to take me since your mates can't?" I was treading dangerously.

We both knew he could order me on my knees if he wanted, and I would be powerless to stop him. Yet he also knew I was right? I have fought my instincts for years, but has he? Around an Omega, his urges and baser instincts could destroy him just as much as me.

"Rhen!" Thane's deep voice echoed around the room, and Rhen startled behind me, moving away. I glance over my shoulder to find Thane standing in the doorway.

"Go pick up Leon for me, and bring him back here." Thane says to him, yet his angry black eyes are on me. He clenches his teeth, making the muscle in his jaw pop. Rhen

saunters over to him, and I thought it would be the end of his little game when he stops beside Thane.

Thane, clearly angered by whatever the heck Rhen was doing, looks at his mate, and Rhen smirks, grip ping the front of Thane's shirt and grabbing Thane's crotch and squeezing him as he pressed his lips to Thane's. Thane growls, and Rhen steps back and some strange sensation rippled through me. One I had never felt before, and it only took me a few moments to recognize it.

Pack urges, the urge to live within a pack, to be protected and cherished, something all Omegas crave, and I was no different. It made me think of my parents and the love they shared and then made me think of my little den back in the shitty apartment I was kicked out of. The safety I felt within my den, my little pack of one. How I craved what they had, that sense of belonging. I swallow and turn my gaze back to making coffee. I heard Rhen chuckle before hearing his footsteps as he left.

Thane, however, didn't leave. Pouring the steamed milk in, I hand him his cup, trying to breathe around the lump that had suddenly formed in my throat.

You hate everything, Omega. I remind myself. Yet that had changed over the last year or so. Were wolves were pack creatures, and being alone was lonely. With my sister, I was never alone until I was, and since then, I have craved companionship, Someone who understood me just as well as she did.

"Don't let me catch you teasing my mates again." Thane says, as I turn to hand him his mug, the words slipping from my lips before I fully register them.

"Yes, Alpha," I say before internally cringing at myself and cursing at my stupidity. Yet it didn't make his following words sting any less, though it shouldn't have hurt at all. How is it possible to be upset over someone you despise? I hated alphas, hated the control they had while I held none.

"I am not your Alpha!" he growls, snatching the mug from my grip and stalking off. The impact his words had would have hurt less if he had slapped me. Omegas craved praise from their Alpha and wanted to please their alphas. I hated that part, yet still, his words broke a tiny splinter in me that I swallowed down.

You will not break! Especially in front of that asshole. I scolded myself.