

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 13

Now that Tal puts it like that and directs me closer to his perspective, I have to admit that he has a point. A good one, at that. Vampires are far more dangerous than werewolves. While wolf shifters are angry and capable of ripping anyone to shreds, which is scary, vampires are unpredictable- no one knows how, what, or when they would lose control, so the aspect of surprise makes them worse than shifters.

“Now, hurry, unless you want your bosses to see those marks on your neck and start asking questions,” Tal mutters and offers me his wrist again.

I sigh and give in. Tal is right. The last thing I need is for my bosses to think I'm a feeder on top of everything else they already hate me for. It's bad enough they already think so little of me. There's no need to add extra fuel to the flame of their disgust. I don't want them to think they hired someone who's an addicted feeder. I'm not one and won't let them belittle me like that.

“I already called a cab for you so you can get home. And don't worry, the cost is covered already,” Tal speaks as his eyes inspect my neck, probably to ensure it has healed completely. Once he's content enough, Tal nods, turns on his heel, and walks away.

I wait for another minute before heading downstairs to the staff area and quickly changing my clothes. Tapping the pockets, I check if the money is there and rush outside to meet the cab.

The cab driver is an older, pleasant gentleman who looks like someone who has experienced some hardships in life, so I don't feel ashamed of my situation when I ask him to take me to a seedy motel near where I work.

I can't go to a nice motel or hotel, not only because I can't afford one, but mainly because I can't hand them an ID since I don't have one. Okay, maybe I do, but that's not even a real one- it's just a shitty ID of my sisters that I paid the firm I used to work for to dodge up for me.

They added a dodgy last name, too, which is as much of a blessing as it is a curse.

It's truly fascinating how many jobs one can find that don't require the bosses to actually know who you are, simply because they don't want you to know who they are either.

Vampires owned the company I used to work for, and I truly believe it has to be a cover for something more sinister they do behind the scenes. I don't want to know what it is because I didn't want to be a part of their shady business or find myself caught up in it.

Though with the amount of foot traffic that went through the place, I knew something was up with the place, I just knew better than to ask.

Hence why I never questioned anyone; I'm just relieved that they let me work there with no previous experience and any proper, legal proof of my identity.

Though I'm still beyond shocked that Leila didn't bother to check my ID properly or run a background check on me. If she had done that, she would have noticed that the social security number wasn't correct because it didn't exist. It was a row of made-up random numbers, but so far, it hadn't brought me into trouble, so I should be grateful for that much.

Sometimes I worry because of that small laminated piece of paper. It's my only ID, yet it's so terribly fake that even a fool would notice it's nowhere near the real thing.

It's clear that Martha knew it was a fake. She just didn't seem to care about it either or knew I was no danger to her. Most of them really don't care about such things, but from what I gathered from Leila, she didn't care about who I was or where I came from. She's more interested in the fact that I am an Omega, yet never questioned me about why I am packless.

I shake my head to get rid of thought before I start another round of vicious overthinking and walk into the shady motel. The place stinks. No, it reeks of something disgusting and a mix of everything I hate, but I ignore the pit in my stomach and walk towards the reception.

I give over half of my money to the girl behind the counter who wore heavy eye makeup, and her foundation was far too light for her skin tone. She watches me as she checks every bill holding it up to the light, inspecting it as if she thought it was counterfeit, and then tosses a key attached to a wooden block.

The girl chews her chewing gum and blows a bubble. She still stares at me with suspicion as the bubble she blows pops, and I try to understand which number is written on the wooden block attached to the key to my new home for at least the next few days.

She rolls her eyes at me and groans, obviously annoyed. "Upstairs, third door on the right," she mutters out the directions with another roll of her eyes,

The woman probably thinks I'm incompetent or stupid, but that's not the case. It's the shitty, faded handwritten number that I tried to figure out, not the directions.

To avoid unnecessary confrontations, I press my lips in a thin line and nod swiftly and give quick thanks. Without the small talk,

the clerk obviously doesn't want; I walk away to find my room.

At this point, anything, literally anything, is better than the streets. Besides, it's not only a bed I get here; I also have enough money to buy some decent food. For once in a long time, I don't have to settle on dry pot foods and noodles.

Although I followed the directions the clerk so kindly provided, It took five minutes to find the right door to the room I was renting for the next three nights.

Hopefully, I can go back to Tal's in a couple of days and try to earn some more cash to afford a few more nights in the motel.

Once I thrust the key in the lock, twist it and pull down the knob, the room door squeaks loudly like no one has used it in a couple of years. The first thing that stops me is the intense stench.

The motel room stinks heavily of mildew and, God knows what else on top of that horrific rotten stench that smelt like rotting flesh. I suck in a deep breath and remind myself that I'm lucky to have a roof over my head, so complaining would be the same as spitting in the face of someone who tries to help me.

Besides, a little stench can't be too bad. After all, I don't need to hide behind massive trash containers or in dirty stairwells behind the old Plaza.

I didn't expect a penthouse luxury room in a shitty motel, but I didn't expect my skin to feel this itchy the moment I stepped inside, either. Maybe it's more about the dirty vibe around here than the dirt itself, so I can't give up like this. Anything is better than the streets.

Holding my breath, I walk to the relatively inviting-looking bed and rip off the blanket covering it. An icy shiver runs down my spine and makes me shudder as my eyes take in the stains on the white sheet. I know better than to dig deeper and try to pull off the sheet to inspect the state of the mattress beneath the covers.

The room appears grimy, as if no one bothered to clean it. No, more like any of the staff members refused to enter the filth and deal with it for the money they got for their services.

Besides, I'm pretty sure there are some bloodstains on the floral-dated curtains, so who knows what might have happened in the room? Maybe no one entered it because it was haunted; it sure gave off that vibe.

Cringing, I make my way into the tiny bathroom and groan. It's worse than the public toilets at the Plaza. Beggars can't be choosers, so I strip off and ignore the surrounding filth, desperate for a shower.