

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 16

Zara POV

The alarm blares so loud it reminds me of an air horn. I'm so tempted to smash my fist against it as soon as I wake up, or even better, toss it out the damn dodgy window that doesn't even lock.

At least this morning, I could sleep in a little even though I can hardly call my sleep anything close to restful. My skin feels like it isn't a part of me anymore, as if it's crawling and the bed beneath me is alive.

Sitting up, I shudder with disgust as violently as ever. Yep, it's definitely clear that I need to take another shower to get rid of the bedbugs. I'm sure that the dirty stairwell beside the Plaza would have been a cleaner choice to spend the night than the bug infested bed of the shitty motel room I had to pay money for. So much for thinking anything would be better than the streets. The streets would definitely be better than this.

After rummaging through the little number of toiletries I own, I hopped in the shower and scrubbed my skin so hard with my loofah that I'm surprised I didn't scrub off a dozen layers of my skin. With the strength I have to use, I might as well just scrape all of my skin off. If only that helped eliminate the awful feeling those bed bugs left on me.

As I finally focus on scrubbing the shampoo in my hair, which I'm sure is now infested with the bed critters from the seedy bed I slept in, I hear my phone ring on the nightstand next to the bed of nightmares and despair.

I let it ring out, fully aware that I don't have to be at work for an hour. Instead of running around the motel room like a lunatic to pick up the phone, I close my eyes and rinse the shampoo from my hair. Then, I turn the taps off and step out of the shower.

My hand reaches out to retrieve a towel, but once I notice the state of it, I drop the idea and opt for my yesterday's clothes and use them to dry myself.

The phone on the nightstand starts ringing again while I struggle to dry myself, and I figure out that using clothes isn't the most effective way to reach my goal.

Cursing under my breath, I race out of the shitty bathroom and snatch my phone. Dread pools in my stomach, and my heart nearly stops when I see Thane's name on the phone screen.

Hesitantly, I answer it, bringing the phone to my ear with a wildly shaking hand. "Which part of being a personal secretary did you fail to understand when you read the job description?" He growls through the phone, sending a cold shiver down my spine.

Thane is scary, and if he can scare me like this during a phone call, I fear what he could do if we were to stand face-to-face right now.

But as I focus back on his words, I have to resist the urge to roll my eyes because the bastard might as well notice that. As for his question-I didn't understand the personal part. I signed up for a damn foyer position, not to become an Alpha's personal, perfect little coffee bitch.

"My apologies, sir, I was taking a shower and didn't hear the phone ringing." I answer as politely as possible, while in reality. I wish I could kindly invite Thane to suck on my imaginary dick, or even better, to fucking choke on it and die.

"Fucking useless Omega!! need you to wait for the mailman out the front," Thane snarls at me, sounding far more pissed off than he was a moment ago. There goes the give and get principle- I give him kindness, he gives me shit. Fucking prick!

"Around what time does he arrive?" I ask and slowly lower the phone from my ear to check the time. Well, that's not all. I also do that to avoid the high risk of this Alpha asshole screaming so loud I go deaf.

"6:30 AM. The package I'm waiting for has to be signed. If I have to collect it from the post office- you're fired!" Thane snaps and hangs up on me.

I stare at the phone screen in disbelief until the numbers finally make sense, and dread fills my gut. Fuck! I have barely ten minutes until Thane's stupid mail carrier arrives.

I guess it's a good thing I chose this crappy motel because the office building is only a street away. I race around the room, grab my clothes, and dismiss the ironing board I set up before jumping in the shower. If Thane wants me in at such an ungodly hour, he must take what he gets.

Hurry to rip them on, clothes sticking to my wet skin, and I barely manage one clasp on my bra before I snatch my descenter and suppressants,

Hurriedly, I tip the bottle of pills to my lips and down three tablets right before spraying the descenter over every inch of me. I toss the can in my bag, throw the bag over my shoulder, snatch the keys, and pick up my heels by the door.

I have no time to fiddle with the damn heels, so I rush out the door and quickly lock it behind me. It's not like I have any valuables anyone could steal, but it's better to be safe than sorry. I check the knob, ensure the door is locked correctly, and race for the stairs. Halfway down the steps, I jump the rest to be faster.

"Not today, you fucker. You won't be firing me!" I hiss under my breath as I run like someone had set my ass on fire, and honestly, I'm pretty sure Thane would gladly do that if I'm late. Well, that and fire me, whichever that heartless asshole prefers.

I'm sure he would get the word "fired" branded on my ass just to prove his stupid point. That's how petty the scary motherfucker appears.

By the time I finally reach the huge sky rise building and nearly vomit up my lungs, just if anyone was wondering- my hair is dry, and I'm sure it looks as messy as a bird's nest.

The postal delivery officer stands next to his car, about to get in, and I push myself harder, almost tackling the poor elderly man before he can close the back of his van.

"Keller documents!" T'pant out, clutching my sides, wondering if he even understood the gibberish words I just blurted out. I must look like a madwoman in his eyes.

"Miss? Are you okay? Do you need help? Could I call someone for you? An ambulance, or maybe the police?" The kind man offers as I clutch his arm, still struggling to normalize my breathing back to somewhat decent.

"My boss, Mr. Keller, he's expecting a package, and I'm here to sign it for him," I gasp out, grabbing my sides with more force as I felt something like a sharp stitch in one of them. Body, don't you fucking dare to fail me now!

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Zara POV

"Zara Maverick?" The mailman asks, looking a little shocked. Okay, who am I kidding? The poor man looks so shocked he could jump out of his own skin.

I nod and smile at him as politely as I can, while the only thought in my mind is a reminder not to close my eyes and faint right in front of him. I will drop dead before I let Thane humiliate me like this and fire me over a stupid joke he's pulling on me.

I mean, who, in their right mind, sends their employee for an important package ten minutes before the supposed arrival of the mailman? That prick is more slippery than a sea cucumber.

I try to focus on deep breaths as I dig through my bag and present the mailman with my work tag. The old man sighs but still digs through the back of his van and hands me a huge envelope of what I suppose has to be some important documents. I sign his papers, thank the man and walk to the stairs out the front of the building. Once I reach them, I collapse on the steps. My breathing was as heavy and rapid as it was when I caught the mailman. And yet, even now, I don't care that I might look homeless I just ran down an entire street, all the way down here in panic. They could give me a damn break.

Once I'm sure I can stand up without fainting or throwing up, I move towards the doors I saw the security staff unlock a couple of minutes ago.

As I enter the building, I show the security guard my employee ID, and he lets me through. I ignore the odd look he gives me and hurry toward the elevators.

When I get to my floor, I walk around, turning on all the lights. Then I turn toward my desk and power up my computer. Setting the envelope of documents on the edge of my desk, I dig through my bag for a hairbrush and the small set of makeup I carry around for emergencies. Such as this.

Hastily, I do a rush job of my makeup in the bathroom. Taming my wild hair, pull my hair into a bun on top of my head. Satisfied with my appearance, I move to the kitchenette, where I get their mugs ready and prepare them for the boss's morning coffee while making one for myself too. I dump two teaspoons of coffee in my mug and grin-this much I've earned after the awful morning I had. Fuck, I hate running more than I hate morning people.

I swear, once the coffee is ready and I can gulp down a few mouthfuls of the warm juice of gods, I can feel the caffeinated beverage warm my soul. There's nothing better than the first coffee of the day.

I take my cup back to my desk and focus on checking all the work emails. I send the important ones to their tablets and desktops. Once I'm done with emails, I check their meeting schedules and equip the conference room down the hall.

As I walk back to the kitchenette, I'm about to make their coffees when a childish, evil thought creeps into my mind.

Thane wants to speak to me like shit and treat me as such. Fine, freaking fine by me! I dump his coffee in the trash and take his mug to the toilet, giving it a rise inside the toilet bowl. Snickering to myself, I flip off the cameras in the hallway. God, I hope they don't check those.

CCR those.

Then I walk back to the kitchenette and use a paper towel to dry his mug before I walk to the sink to wash my hands.

Retrieving his mug, I set about to make the coffee when I gasp. Fuck! It's the wrong mug! The golden lettering I mistook for T was actually an L.

How the fuck did I miss that detail and mess up such a noticeable difference?

I'm about to quickly wash the mug and fix my stupid mistake when I stop in my tracks when I hear footsteps coming from the

Rhen walks in first and retrieves his mug as my heart hammers against my ribcage. I quickly make Leon's coffee, fully aware that if I wash the mug in front of Rhen, he might suspect my doings. What's done is done; I can't take away the stupid mistake I already made.

The men file in one by one, retrieving their coffees, and Leon plucks his mug from my hand just as Thane walks in, as grumpy as ever.

"The files," he demands. Oh, that means there will be no 'good morning sunshine now? I'll show him! One day he will regret ever

thinking about messing with me!

"On my desk," I stutter out, and he looks at Raidon.

"Don't you live on the other side of town?" Thane asks as he brings his hand to his face and pinches the bridge of his nose. What got him so worked up?

I nod my head, unsure if I should say anything at all. The job is done. Wasn't that what he wanted of me?

"How did you get here so fast?" Rhen asks, and I blink at him as this shitstorm clicks together. They were looking for a reason to fire me. How dare they? I've been an outstanding employee. Do they not remember the state of that damn filing room and the clusterfuck they left the kitchenette in!

"I always arrive early to work," I lie, shrugging my shoulders to make my words more believable. "Early bird catches the worm," T grit out, infuriated by the thought that these four men were trying to sabotage me.

"Good. You can get the mail every morning," Thane growls at me and snatches his cup. As Thane brings the mug to his lips, my eyes dart to Leon's right as he sips his coffee.

My heart does a double, no triple, backflip as I restrain myself from showing off the devious smile that tugs on the corners of my lips. I grab my mug and walk out of the kitchenette, suppressing my laughter. Maybe I didn't get to do the thing I planned and didn't hit my actual target, but Leon deserves this after what he did yesterday anyway, so it's not that bad.

"I think our dishwasher needs deep cleaning again. My coffee has a funny taste," I hear Leon whine behind me.

I don't bother to turn around and observe my small victory, but I can't help but smile as I walk back to my desk. I reach for the envelope that turned my entire morning into a catastrophe and turned around to find the devil himself standing directly behind me. By the devil, I mean Thane because if the devil actually walks the face of the earth, there is

no more precise representation of the source of evil himself than one of my bosses/mates.

Thane snatches the envelope from my hand, turns on his heel, and storms off towards his office. Well, good morning to you too, asshole! I thought as he slammed his door, making the windows rattle.

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Zara POV

It seems like the following week flew by in a blur. All four of the asshole Alpha-gang kept dumping ridiculous tasks on my shoulders, but the one I'm stuck on now is definitely topping on the goddamn cake.

Apparently, there is another package coming in tonight that is very darn important for Thane, and I'm the one who has to deliver it to their packhouse before the clock hits 7 PM. Those morons never promised to pay me for overtime hours yet gladly used every chance to make my work experience as miserable as possible.

"Here is the key you can use to lock up when you leave. The delivery will be at the loading docks behind the building," Rhen says with a chuckle as he passes me the key. This is so unfair! I must stay behind for an hour after the workday ends.

I watch him leave with the others before I make my way down to the said loading docks. The place looks like what one would actually assume to find down there, it's a dimly lit area, but I still manage to find a few staff areas, a cleaning supplies closet and some storage area packed with packs of printer paper of various sizes and broken computer parts.

This week, the four men have done everything and sought for any, even the stupidest reason, to fire me. Too bad for them because they actually taught me a valuable lesson about myself- I'm damn amazing working under pressure, and each time I complete one of their ridiculous tasks successfully, I swear, Thane looks like he is about to blow up or murder me. Ah, the sweet, silent taste of little victories.

As I wait around the docks, I glance at the key in my hand and the security password. At this point, I'm back to sleeping in the plaza stairwell, and the last few nights, I barely had any sleep. I have also reached a dangerously low level of my suppressants, which only makes matters worse.

I dread running out of them because Thane and Raidon have me running ragged all day long; I'm too tired to even walk to the strip club and beg Tal for some work.

Oddly enough, Leon was awol today and yesterday. The rest of them are tense and acting more out of their character, making me wonder what is going on with the fourth asshole.

Nevertheless, this is not the time for me to dwell on something that is not even remotely related to what I am doing right now or any of my business. So instead, I watch the hours tick by and grow annoyingly impatient. Where the hell is this delivery person Thane mentioned earlier?

My eyes are once again drawn down to my phone as I glance at it. I have fifteen minutes until the delivery arrives. Honestly, I still don't understand why Thane didn't let me leave work and return around the time I was supposed to pick up his delivery. What confused me was why he couldn't get it delivered to his packhouse if he needed it there, not at the office.

A chuckle leaves my lips as I shake my head at the silly thoughts. Of course, I know why Thane is doing this. He wants to break me and have a reason to fire me or push me out of the company by having me quit. I guess that's the reason why he and the rest of the assholes have been doing nothing but killing me with impossible tasks for the past week. God, do I hate them, do I hate them with passion.

My eyes dart in the direction of the storage locker behind me. It has a master key. For a brief moment, I contemplate skipping across the street to the smoke store, where I know they have a key cutter. I have passed by the building so many times that it's impossible to miss the sign. Besides, the store is open for only a few more minutes, so technically, I have enough time to run there and back before the delivery person arrives.

In spite of my better judgment, I succumb to the temptation as I chew on my bottom lip. At least it sounds a little better than spending my nights on the stairwell at the plaza.

Going for the risk before I hesitate or overthink, I run across the road, and my stomach instantly drops when the man behind the counter announces that cutting a copy of the key would cost me fifteen dollars.

Thand him the money and the key, cursing to myself as now I'm left with twenty-five dollars to cover food and necessary items.

I tell the man I will return to pick up the key once it's done and rush back to work to wait by the loading dock. I tap my foot against the concrete impatiently when I notice a smoke store worker pull the roller shutters down; I shriek and rush back across the road. I wave my hands at the man from the smoke store, only to see the delivery van pull into the loading docks. Fuck, damn it, shit!

"The key!" I extend my palm towards him as I ask the vampire who works there to return what I paid for, along with the original.

Leaving such important keys in the hands of someone as shady as this guy is absolutely not an option for me. My career, and probably my life, would be at stake if I made a mistake like that.

As the man groans, he pushes up the roller shutter and darts inside, cursing and groaning. A few minutes later, he comes out again and hands me an envelope with both keys inside. When I see the delivery driver get out of the vehicle, I gush a quick, "Thank you!" and I sprint back to the loading docks as a woman steps out of the delivery van.

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A low, angered row of curse words leaves me as I realize what this important delivery is. A fucking load of dry cleaning! Is Thane for real right now? I had to stay behind after the work hours to pick up his dry cleaning and bring it to his house? That man has to be delusional because there is no other excuse I can think of to explain his unreasonable requests and the insane lack of brain cells. The van even had a sign on it stating it delivers city-wide! No reason he couldn't get it delivered to his damn house

I stomped to the back of the van, boiling in anger, barely holding myself together. The small woman jumps as she turns around and faces me. I didn't mean to startle her, but I'm too pissed off to care. I assume she was scared because I was panting like a heifer from dashing back and forth across the road.

Once the woman piles up Thane's clothes, I sign the paperwork for his stupid dry cleaning and watch as the woman drives away while I'm stuck in the shitty situation of my darn life.

Well, not quite the shittiest of them all, but I'm very damn close to a mental breakdown. Which Thane would be delighted to see because it would rid him of me and probably land me in the loony bin because of his antics.

I glance down at my phone to notice I have twenty minutes left until the stupid dry cleaning has to arrive in Thane's packhouse, and as I head for the bus stop, the only thing I can do is gape at the bus that drives past me before I reach the massive sign with a bus drawing on it. Fuck! Of course, the bus had to be early! Not only am I so incredibly dead now, but I'm also about to be jobless. It has to be my luck; it just has to be!" :

Glancing at my phone, I see I had twenty minutes to get to the packhouse, and I head for the bus stop. I barely got to the front of the building when I was watching the bus drive past me. While chasing after the thing, I waved frantically in an effort to get it to stop.

However, the bus driver either ignored my waving arms and screaming or didn't see me. I was on seriously on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I would never make it in time,

and I needed this job. I didn't put up with their fucking bullshit to get fired because of a fucking dry cleaning service being bloody late!

Trummage in my bag when I notice the man from the smoke shop getting in his car, having finished locking all the roller shutters in place and securing the building. Walking over to him, I stop beside his flashy silver car.

"Excuse me, do you know where the taxi stand is?" I ask him, knowing I would have to use my last twenty-five dollars to get to the packhouse on time. As he looked over at me, he scratched the back of his neck. He wasn't bad looking, but it was clear he was as sleazy as most vamps.

"Down near the subway," he answers, and I groan, stomping my foot in annoyance. Great! That was a ten-minute walk alone. "Where are you headed?" He asks, and I rummage through my bag and hand him the paper with the address.

"I am headed that way. How much money you got?" he asked while pulling on a leather jacket, and I rolled my eyes. No one could do a good deed around here. He just said he was headed that way!

I pull my scrunched-up money from the bottom of my bag. "That's it?" he asks, flicking his dark hair from his red eyes and licking plump his lips. His fangs protrude slightly from his upper lip, glinting under the street lights, and I fought the urge to take a step back from him.

"Do I look rich to you? Yes, that is all I got," I snap, annoyed and about to snatch my money back. He glances me up and down and purses his lips before sniffing the air. "Ah, definitely not, buddy. You are not feeding on me," I tell him before he suggests such a thing.

"Depends how badly you want to get to Mr Keller's place," he taunts. My face falls. Of course, this asshole knew my boss.

"I will make you a deal. Let me take one little bite, and I'll hold up a hand, stopping him.

"No fucking way. I know Omega blood is addictive," I tell him with a wave of my hand. He lets out a breath, eyeing me.

"And I am not fucking you either. Just give me my money back," I tell him trying to snatch it back, but he pulls it away.

"Then give me something else," He purrs, licking his lips.

"And I am not sucking your dick. Just give me my damn money. Fuck, all you men are the same!" I growl at him.

“Fine, fine, show me your tits, and I won’t tell him you just had his master key cut in my store, and I will drop you off to his place,” he says slyly. I feel all the blood leave my body at his words. He knew what the key was? He laughs while I felt on the verge of throwing up. I glance at my phone and curse. I didn’t really have a choice if I was late; Thane said he would fire me, and this asshole now knows he has me.

“Fine, but I have to be there in twelve minutes. Think you can manage that?” I ask. He whistles and rocks back on his heels and sighs.

“Yeah, I can get you there in time. We have a deal?” he asks, his eyes sparkling mischievously, and I nervously glance around. Man, anyone would think the man had never seen a pair of breasts before with how eager he was. Yet the street was pretty empty.

“Hurry, hurry. Or we won’t get there in time.” the vampire says. I grit my teeth and put the dry cleaning on the hood of his car. Closing my eyes, I cringe. It’s just skin. I remind myself that I need my job. I lift my shirt, wishing the ground would swallow me whole. He huffs before he grabs one, and I growl when I hear the click of his phone camera, and I rip my shirt down and growl at him. “You best not have taken a photo,” I snarl at him, knowing he did. He quickly pockets his phone.

“Need something to have a wank to later, so thanks,” he purrs, and I glare at him.

The man laughs and rolls his eyes. “Come then, what’s your name, anyway?” I contemplated lying, but it was clear he knew my bosses. How? I didn’t know, but if I lied, he might snitch on me about the key.

“Zara and yours?” I asked, slightly nervous about getting in the car with a vampire, but what choice did I have? He seemed friendly enough, if not a little sleazy. Besides, if I went missing, there were plenty of cameras to witness me get in his car.

“Vadum,” he answers, climbing in as I do. I clip my seat belt while holding the dry cleaning on my lap. He drove me to the packhouse, and I gripped the leather seats the entire way and cringed on every corner we slid around. Yet he got me there with two minutes to spare. “Thanks,” I tell him, shutting the door before he revved it and took off down the street.

The packhouse was a fancy, over-the-top mansion just on the outskirts of the city. I learned from Vadum that the Kellers not only owned the business where I worked but the entire damn main strip. So that explained how Vadum knew them. He rented the store off them. Looking around after Vadum dropped me at the white iron gates out the front. I walk over to the intercom. I pressed the button and waited for one of them to answer. Hoping it wouldn’t take too long because it was getting cold, and I knew it was

supposed to show tonight. I also did not feel like making the trek back and being caught in a damn snowstorm

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Thane POV

"I am guessing she wasn't there again?" I asked Raidon as he walked in, finally getting home. All week, Raidon had taken Leon to the strip club looking for the Omega. I fucking knew this would become an issue from the first night he fed on her.

"Yep, we waited until we spotted the manager. She didn't know who we were talking about, so she must be the new night fill manager to fill in for Bree. I hadn't seen her before," Raidon answers as Leon shoves past him. I tried to grab him, but he slapped my hands away.

Leon stormed past and went down to our den, no doubt looking through the blood bags, though he wouldn't find what he was looking for. Most of them were either our blood or donated blood from the blood banks, which do not stock Omega blood, given it is so addictive to vampires.

However, I could probably source some by making a few calls, though it was fucking pricey, which was half the reason we searched for an Omega, not wanting to chuck him into rehab in the first place. Though another stint looked to be on the cards at this rate. Great, the media would have a fucking field day, just what we needed.

Tal was no help since he was out of town. And Bree was unreachable with him since both were out of the country visiting Tal's parents.

Leon refused to feed on us, and I was on the verge of ordering him to. He was ravenous, and I had to keep him home from work for the past two days. One sip of Omega blood and he had relapsed entirely.

"Leon, now!" I ordered. I hated ordering them, hated taking their free will, but even Rhen had suggested it on the way home.

"What are we going to do? He can't keep going on like this?" Raidon asked worriedly. I heard stomping up the steps as he came back from our basement den. The last time I had been down was when we built the Den for Harlow, and I hadn't been back there since.

I usually sent the others down there. I couldn't stand seeing what could have been. Our pack would have been complete with Harlow, but she had to go kill my mother and get herself killed in those damn woods. There was no way she would have survived out

there. Though we searched and still continue too, holding onto hope, knowing the chances were slim.

It was rogue territory and unsafe even to pack wolves due to the high numbers of rogue in the area. Even if we found her, I probably would have killed her for what she did to my mother. My mother didn't deserve that. She was so excited when she found out we found an Omega, and so were both my fathers.

Leon comes out of the basement, his clothes all wrinkled and he is a mess. His eyes were bloodshot, showing no white left. His fangs hadn't retracted in two days, and he was turning crazed. Another reason I couldn't let him be at work. With Zara there, it was too risky. If he fed on her, she could sue us. Or, worst-case scenario, I had to cover up her death when he overfed on her.

Thinking of her, I curse, remembering the impossible task I gave her; I even rang the dry cleaners to make sure they arrived with only twenty minutes spare, knowing by bus or taxi it would take her at least thirty-five minutes to get here. Well, at least now I had reason to fire her. I smiled at the thought before waving at Leon to come to me where I sat on the sofa.

"You need to feed," I tell him as he steps closer. Raidon moves behind him, blocking his exit. Rhen slips silently into the living room, taking up the foyer exit. Leon glances around and growls, not liking the way we caged him in, and he almost appears rabid. I knew he didn't want our blood, but it was better than him starving because he had been craving her all week. He also stopped eating, which wasn't good and only made him worse.

I hated seeing him like this, hated the feelings of longing and despair through the bond, the starvation he felt. "Come here," I order, and he tried to fight the command when I growled at him, chucking the total weight of my Alpha command behind it when I heard the intercom button for the front gate. Everyone freezes, and I drop the command, looking at Rhen.

I nod to him, and he wanders to the front door to see who is on the screen. "Who is it?" I call out while watching Leon.

"Ah, it is Zara," Rhen called back to me, and I went to get up. "Fucking impossible," I curse. There is no way she could get here in time.

"It is definitely her," Rhen says, poking his head around the corner of the entrance. I glance at my watch and curse. Fuck, how did she get here so fast? Yet that second cost me when Leon bolted past me out the door as Rhen hit the button to the gate for it to

let her in

“Grab him!” I call to Rhen, only to hear him get knocked over and hear the sound of breaking glass as the vase hits the floor from the hallway stand. Raidon growled, chasing after him, and I gave chase, ripping Rhen to his feet as I passed him. He was on his back on the floor from where Leon had tackled him. But Leon, being a damn hybrid, was way quicker than us, and by the time we reached the door, he was long gone.

“Fuck,” I screamed while chasing after him when I heard her voice.

“Leon?” she asked before I heard her blood-curdling scream.