

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 2

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 2
FOUR DAYS LATER

Harlow

So far, there has been no news or a single word from my sister, and I'm out of descenter and had used the last of my spray last night.

Mrs. Yates was nervous when she picked me up from my room. She hardly spoke to me, and was tense as we walked to the auction house. I did my make-up the same way my sister occasionally did hers.

"You never know; your test scores could be as high as your sisters'," she chimed happily as we reached the doors leading in.

'Oh, they will be high, alright, because I am the sister.' I thought dryly.

"Have you heard anything from Harlow?" I asked, curiosity lacing my voice.

Mrs. Yates became even more nervous, but she remained silent and gave a swift shake of her head.

After they ran their tests and took blood, I waited in the same foyer of the auction house. Sat in the same hard blue chairs, only this time Zara wasn't with me holding my hand, this time I was completely alone.

Yet when Mrs. Yates came in, overly excited and bubbly, confusion crossed my features surely I didn't test even higher. I tried to be upbeat as I knew Zara would be.

"What's the verdict?" I asked, pretending to be excited.

"Perfect, eighty-seven percent, just like Harlow," she announced, though I didn't miss the way her lip quivered at mentioning my name.

A tear slid down my cheek, and my heart started pounding against my ribcage. "Mrs. Yates?" I whispered when Mr. Black strolled into the foyer.

He snatched the paper from her hands; his greedy eyes took in the numbers printed on the pages before a sly smirk spread across his lips.

“Splendid! Marvelous! Unbelievable! The luck, Mrs. Yates, two in a row! Oh, those Obsidians will jump on this one too. I’ll launch the auction,” he cheered, and rushed away before any of us could utter a word or object.

I just sat and stared after him. Mr. Black’s shiny black shoes clicked on the sterile floors as he wandered off in his flashy suit. I bet it was bought for the money they got from the previous action. The money that might have cost my sister’s life.

“Mrs. Y-Yates?” I stammered as I stared after him.

“Harlow didn’t make it, Zara. I’m so sorry. She couldn’t take his knot, and he tried to force it. Harlow bled out,” Mrs. Yates admitted, staring down at her feet. I wish she felt ashamed of herself, of how they kept selling off girls while knowing they’d end up dead.

I blinked back tears, my eyes stung, and I suddenly couldn’t breathe. Something deep inside me shattered into a million sharp pieces, slicing through me like a razor’s edge.

A deep, guttural scream left my lips as I collapsed on the floor. For days, I wondered, yet heard nothing. I figured no news was good news.

A wave of pain tore through me and stole the air from my lungs. I killed her; I killed my twin. She died because of me.

I remember little besides the wailing howls that left me before a pinch in my neck made everything shut off. Everything went black, and I welcomed the darkness. Anything to stop the pain, I was sure, would tear me apart and leave nothing behind but fractured sharp pieces.

Coming too, I was in a hospital room. Mrs. Yates hovered over me, and I tried to sit up, yet the handcuffs on my wrist prevented me from moving.

“750 thousand, we need to celebrate,” Mr. Black hollered.

My head rolled to the side, and instinctively I looked for Zara before it dawned on me with ice-cold tendrils piercing my soul all over again. I hyperventilated, and Mrs. Yates clutched my face in her hands.

“It’s alright, honey; the Obsidian pack didn’t win this time. Nightbane did. See?” She pointed to the screen over on the doctor’s desk. As if that would somehow make me feel better.

That’s what she thought I cared about? My sister is dead, and that is what she believed I cared for? Tears streamed down my cheeks and I shook my head.

“I know, honey, I’m sorry, I’m sorry about Harlow,” she whispered, wiping tears from my cheeks.

She barely lived. We weren't even eighteen yet; we still had two weeks. I bloomed bloody early while still under the facility's care. Two more weeks, and we could've signed ourselves out and paid off the debt and found our own packs! Zara always intended to stay, but I knew I could talk her into leaving, yet instead, I did this to her. I killed her!

Sobs wracked my body, and days slipped by. Mr. Black kept me sedated and out of it.

I stared at the ceiling when I felt the jab to my ass that had my gaze pulled away from its standoff with the spider in the corner spinning its web.

I glanced down to see the doctor pull my pants over my hip when the door burst open.

"Don't jab her; she isn't Zara!" Mr. Black screamed, bursting through the doors.

"What?" The doctor's voice trembled.

Mr. Black grabbed him by his shoulders and started shaking the poor man, snarling like a maniac, "Tell me you didn't jab her already!"

The confused doctor frantically looked between the raging man holding him and me. I glanced at Mr. Black, wondering if I had ever seen him so furious.

He growled, and I tried to sit up, yet my wrists were bound to the bed, so my body was jerked back. The moment my back hit the mattress, his hand connected with my cheek.

My head twisted to the side and collided with the wall, my teeth gnashed together, and the copper taste of blood filled my mouth when I bit my tongue.

"She isn't Zara; she is fucking Harlow. Autopsy reports just came back; there was a scar on her face," Mr. Black snarled, walking over to the sink basin and wetting a cloth.

He strode back, and I flinched away from him, but he grabbed my hair and viciously wiped my face. Once he was done and my face was make-up free, he growled even louder.

"You have no idea what you did; now I have to try to clean up this mess!" He screamed at the top of his lungs before slapping me again. A yelp escaped me as I tried to bring my hands up to protect my face, yet he didn't stop assaulting me.

I pulled my knees up, tucked my face between them, and waited for Mr. Black to stop. When he finally stopped, my scalp ached from him yanking my hair out, my body was bruised, and my lip bled.

The doctor ran out of the room, escaping Mr. Black's wrath. My assaulter hit the intercom and dialed two sets of numbers into it.

“Mr. Black, you better tell me you have the girl I bought,” a deep baritone voice came through the speaker.

“Who the fuck is that?” Another voice joined the conversation, but this one was even more profound, way angrier.

The men argued until Mr. Black finally broke his silence. “Gentlemen, there has been a mix-up.”

“Where is my Omega? This skank hadn’t even bloomed. How the fuck is it even possible for such a fuck up?” The first man roared.