

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 21

Zara POV

I stand by the gate, and at this point, the waiting isn't only getting on my nerves; no, it's so much worse-I'm literally freezing my ass off from the brewing storm, making the winds have a harsh bite.

The bag with Thane's dry cleaning hangs folded over my arm, and its weight is slowly getting to me, but thank God, I hear the buzz of the electronic gates. As the gates swing open, I can't wait any longer, so I quickly slide through the gap and walk up the long driveway towards the house.

It's actually not a house. It's a goddamn mansion, a little too fancy for someone like Thane if anyone would ask me, but so be it. As I walk closer, the surrounding lights make the building look like some fairytale fantasy. Too bad the only fantasy that I expect to be greeted by is the angry troll.

I'm about a quarter of the way up when I stop as Leon appears ahead of me. He stands on the concrete path, breathing so heavily that it makes him look like he's in pain.

"Leon?" I call out to him, a little confused about why he's outside, not inside the house with the rest of the assholes.

He tilts his head to the side as the moon reflects off his face and reveals his sharp, pointed fangs. I gasp at the view before me. And what's even worse is that one minute he stands at least twenty metres ahead of me, and the next, he turns into a blur of motion and appears next to me. Leon grabs me so suddenly that I drop my bag and Thane's dry cleaning.

His fangs pierce my skin and sink into my neck as a feral snarl leaves his lips simultaneously as he attacks me. The scream that leaves my lips is so loud that it could deafen, but I still can vaguely hear someone screaming his name.

My attempts to struggle against him are futile as Leon's fingers press into the flesh on my arms with so much strength I'm sure he will leave ugly bruises all over my skin. My scream dies out once I feel someone rip Leon off me and send my body sprawling onto the hard concrete driveway.

An unbearable wave of pain shoots throughout my whole body as I land on the concrete, hip first and roll. With a loud groan, struggle to sit up, more pain shooting through my body with every movement I attempt to make. My elbow is badly grazed, and my neck throbs as if it has a heartbeat of its own.

I look up just as Rhen stalks toward me and Raidon walks over to help subdue Leon, who is currently fighting Thane, screaming at him to let him get to me.

I have never seen a crazed vampire before, let alone this dangerously close to me. Leon is terrifying and acts like an absolute -savage until Thane punches him. I cringe at the thud as I watch Raidon catch Leon before his body hits the concrete.

Fingers aggressively lock around my arm and rip me to my feet. And I turn my head in a daze to face Rhen's furious expression. He glares at me as if it was my fault that his mate just attacked me out of the blue.

Oh, no, sir, it's all Leon; I didn't do a thing to get stuck in this mess. If they need someone to paint as a bad guy, they are welcome to blame Leon, who's the actual villain in this situation, or even Thane, because that asshole had the brilliant idea of getting me this close to his stupid packhouse.

"Dare to report this to the media, and I will bury you alive! Do you understand me? I won't risk my mate!" Rhen snaps at me, shaking me. Now it's absolutely clear that they blame me. But for what? For doing my job and fulfilling their stupid wishes? Wow, this is some twisted way to thank the employee of the month, which I should be, because who else has enough patience to put up with their mess?

"Leave her, Rhen. I will command her to keep quiet, just get her back to the packhouse and clean her up. We can't chuck her in a taxi like that," Thane snaps at Rhen.

A menacing growl leaves Rhen as he drags me towards the mansion. My heart thumps painfully in my chest as I glance over my shoulder and watch Thane toss Leon over his shoulder and follow us.

I stumble over my own feet as I try to keep up with Rhen while he all but drags me closer to the massive building. He stops at the mansion's open door and glares down at me. "No snooping around, and don't fucking touch anything!" He screams and leads me down a corridor beside a set of double marble stairs. ....

My eyes burn with hot tears that I refuse to let out. My entire body trembles under Rhen's potent aura as he shoves me into a bathroom and looks at me like I'm a dirty animal. I stumble once he pushes me but manage to catch and steady myself by grabbing onto the edge of the huge clawfoot bathtub.

"Shower and meet us in the living room as soon as you're done here. I will send Tania in. She will bring you some fucking clothes!" Rhen snarls at me as I swallow down the lump forming in my throat.

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There is nothing I want to hear from those men, and I have no desire to listen to what they have to say. All of them blame me for what happened, and they are angry about my presence as much as they blame me for what happened. It's not as if I ever asked to be dragged down here or inside their mansion.

Maybe if Thane and his gang of mates weren't such absolute assholes and didn't come up with all those stupid tasks for me to do, I would be happy and asleep in the storage closet. In that case, none of this would have happened, and they wouldn't have to deal with the weight of the situation. And, of course, I wouldn't be trapped in their mansion, covered in my blood, simply because Leon is too weak to hold himself together and not suck dry every person who walks up their stupid driveway. My life is a mess.

I turn on the shower and slowly slip off my ruined, blood-soaked clothes. Initially, I planned to have a hot shower since that's as much as I deserve after what Leon did to me, but it's not enough, so I turned the faucet to boiling. My skin turns red and probably burns some places, but I don't care because once I step out of the shower, I feel as clean as I haven't in ages.

By now, the loud arguments have stopped, and every movement I make in the bathroom sounds extra loud. I let out a shaky breath, reach for the clothes and carefully slip them on, doing my best to avoid ripping the fabric. I won't pay those assholes for clothes I wouldn't need if it weren't for their beloved mate. As I glance in the mirror, I almost smile at my reflection because these clothes aren't too big for me. It's hard to find something that fits, yet they do like a glove. Which I find quite impressive. For someone my size I was not built like most girls of my short height. I had more junk in the trunk and was top heavy, usually buying stuff that was either too long or a few sizes too big so I could squeeze my assets in. Yet these fit as if they were made for me.

I can't help but wonder who's the actual owner of the clothes they lent me because I can't see the elderly maid wearing skinny leg jeans and a low-cut top.

I slip on my shoes and then pull the hoodie over my head. Every article of clothing from the woman has a brand name tag, making me wonder if they have a girlfriend. That could explain the clothes and why they were so upset, Leon had fed on me. The rest of them couldn't possibly allow Leon to feed on anyone but their girlfriend, right?

Oddly enough, those thoughts also make tears prick in the corners of my eyes.

I know that it has to be because of the serum- Thane's serum and my stupid Omega instincts kicking in. The realisation makes me remember I'm due for my nighttime suppressants.

I grab my bag and rummage through it until I find the bottle, grip it and pull it out. As I open the lid, I tip the bottle up and frown at the six little pills left.

Since I have no other choice but to cut back the dosage, I take two pills. I can't afford to take more, especially now. Soon, very darn soon, I need to find some time to get back to the strip club and make some money to buy more of those.

Honestly, I hate to think about what I would have to do there for the seven hundred dollars I need for another bottle of pills. Making that money in a strip club by saving up tips would take ages, so I can't let myself assume it's possible.

I cup my hand under the running water until my palm fills up and bring it to my lips to swallow down some water with the pills. Once I am finished with that, I stare back at my reflection in the mirror.

My eyes focus on the lady's clothes that I am wearing. I pick at the hoodie and frown. It should have been me; I was supposed to be their Omega, but all of them hate me for crimes I never committed, for the doings of someone I don't even know. They're being so unfair, and it's pissing me off.

I return my attention back to my bag and pull out my decenter to spray myself, It's yet another reminder about another thing I am getting dangerously low on, and I don't want to think about the money I need for another one.

I shove my belongings back into the bag, take a deep breath and move towards the door. My hand lands on the handle before am ready to leave, but I remind myself it's too late to step back, so I suck in a few deeper breaths, grip the handle and encourage myself to open the bathroom door.

Once I finally do, I stick my head out in the hall and Thane's loud, angered voice echoes off the hallway walls even before I step out of the bathroom. "I'm in the living room, Omega. Get here, now!" A wave of sharp pain ripples through me at his order. I hate it when Alphas do this to Omegas to show off their power over someone. Yeah, what better way to feed their stupid ego than picking on someone smaller.. –

But despite that, I have to admit that Thane's aura truly is magnificent and scary at the same time. It's so potent that I don't have to be in front of him to feel the power of his command.

My feet move on their own as I follow my nose towards a massive sitting room. An incredibly large TV sits on the wall above the stunning fireplace. The room has a huge L-shaped couch and a few armchairs scattered around it. The room is twice the size of my old, shitty apartment.

I spot-Thane glaring at me from the armchair by the fireplace. The flames illuminate his face, making Thane look much more dangerous and menacing than he usually appears to be.

He sneers and motions with his fingers for me to come closer. I swallow down the bile that rises up my throat as my feet

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ane's aura crush me down. My knees go out from under me and hit the

antly sending a painful ache through them.

I grit my teeth and feel a bead of sweat run down the back of my neck. My entire body trembles like a leaf in the middle of a storm, getting throttled by the violent gusts of wind." I cry out at the agonising pain of stras the tears I did my best to hold back-brim and spillover. I bare my neck to him, catching the angry look on his face as Thane glares at me. "You will not speak of this to anyone\_ Not a single fucking word: Do as much as utter one damn word about what happened here tonight, and I will kill you. Do you understand me?" He roars, and I yelp as he crushes me further under the pressure of his aura. The pain crushing the air in my lungs and my voice fails me

amountaare stream down my cheeks. It does nothing but makes Thane Panicking, I nod my head as the tears stream down my cheeks. It does nothing but makes Thane angrier than he was before. He growls. "Words, Omega!" Thane screams at the top of his lungs,

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"Yes, yes, I understand, I swear, I understand," I choke and rasp out, and Thane finally releases me from his hold.

I am gasping for air as I attempt to figure out what I did wrong in order to deserve such treatment. Leon attacked me. He is the one who has to carry the burden of blame and guilt, but Thane acts as if I was on my knees, asking and begging for this to happen,

"A taxi is waiting for you by the main gate. Now get out of my house," Thane snarls, gets up from where he was sitting this whole time, and storms out of the room, leaving me on the floor..

The asshole doesn't have enough decency in him to check if I'm okay or will I survive for another night. How can he be so careless after watching the attack happen before his eyes? What if Leon managed to suck enough blood to kill me? He cares for his and

his mate's reputation, not the lives that might be taken by the reckless psychopath Leon.

I know that staying around for any longer will most likely get me killed, so I grab my belongings and ignore how violently my knees shake as I bolt out of the cursed mansion.

Once again, I freeze off my ass as I stand by the gate, waiting for the taxi to arrive. So much for claiming one was waiting for me here already. That Thane is a fucking soulless liar!

I keep stealing glances back at the brightly illuminated mansion. It's creepy to stand here out in the open where everyone can see me, but I couldn't spot a figure approaching me for my life. The trees hold massive shadows that I find ominous the moment the fear starts creeping up on me. The place is dead silent, too darn silent for me to feel even slightly comfortable to stay around.

The chill of the air steals all the warmth from my body, even with the clothes they gave me. Honestly, I'm grateful they thought of getting me a taxi because I have no money left, there isn't even a single dime in my pocket.

The lack of money worries me more than it should, so I turn my head to see if the taxi isn't approaching me and notice car lights coming toward me just as the first pitter of snowdrops onto my face.

I glance up at the sky as the car wooshes past me. Well, at least now I know it wasn't the taxi I'm expecting. A shiver runs through me as I rub my hands and try to stay at least relatively warm. Freezing to death before the taxi arrives is the last thing I want to happen to me.

Yet, Thane lied, the longer I wait, the more the realisation sinks in the taxi isn't coming. It has to be another of his cruel jokes. Fucking asshole.

I glance back at the now-closed gate, but I'm too scared to approach it, and press the buzzer and ask if Thane could call the cab company to check how much longer I need to wait for it.

After waiting for half an hour, I have enough and start walking away from the mansion. I jump at every noise and still hold onto the hope of the arrival of the taxi every time I see a car light turn down the blackened street.

I nearly reach the end of the long street when a black Mercedes pulls up alongside me. I stop and glance at it right as the window wounds down. Relief floods me when I see it's Raidon sitting behind the steering wheel.

"Get in the car, Omega," he growls, and I bite my lip at the name.

Would it really be so hard to call me Zara, not Omega? Their endless taunting is demoralising, and it makes me feel like I am nothing but a useless mutt to them. But then again, I suppose, in a way, I am nothing but that. It's not like any of them ever try to hide their dislike of me.

"Can you hear me, Omega? I said get in the fucking car. The cab company just called; the taxi that was supposed to pick you up broke down, so I am driving you home." Raidon growls again, freely showing off the displeasure he feels for being forced to deal with me.

I bet they had a whole argument about who is the unlucky soul who has to spend another few minutes in my awful presence, and Raidon is pissed off because Thane decided for them.

Sighing, I glance ahead and give in to move toward the car. Walking the entire distance to the city would be way worse, so a quick ride there wouldn't kill me. And it wouldn't kill him too, or so I hope.

Raidon leans over, shoves the door open, and I climb in. He doesn't even bother to give me a chance to put on the seatbelt as I am tossed back in my seat when Raidon floors the gas pedal.

As fast as I can, I place on the seatbelt and rub my hands together, attempting to warm them up a little. At this point, I can't feel even the tips of my fingers anymore because they are freezing. After spending so much time out in the cold today, my feet are sore from standing in the small heels I wore today, and even my toes are numb from the freezing temperatures.

The first half of the trip is filled with nothing but deafening silence, creating an awful tension in the air that I want to escape the first chance I get.

"Leon. He isn't like that. I swear he isn't. It's just that he lost control," Raidon speaks up out of the blue as we reach the city limit.

I stay quiet and stare out of the car window. But is there anything I can say at this point? It was Leon who attacked me. I did not provoke him in any way. All I am guilty of is trying to do my job.

Ultimately, I don't care what any of them say. It won't change the fact that Leon attacked. He hurt me, so I'm hardly going to feel sorry for his lack of control.

Thane already managed to make me feel guilty for the mere fact of my existence, anyway.

I still can't shake off the thoughts of how he glared at me earlier. The image is burned in my mind, and I think it won't leave till the day I die. At that moment, I felt so small, so

darn unwanted. And I know I am like that in his eyes, but to see those feelings so out on display like that really stung.

Since I still refuse to speak up, Raidon sighs and continues, "It wouldn't be the wisest decision to go to the media and speak about what happened. I know Thane commanded you not to, but I also know that there are ways around every command, so I thought it was better if I warned you. Just in case." He says, and the car falls silent again.

I peer out of the window as I breathe out of my mouth, so I don't have to inhale his heady scent. Raidon pulls his car into a nearby McDonald's and goes through the drive-thru. Great, everything that happened isn't enough for him. Now, he will torture me with the intense scent of the food I can't afford. Fucking fantastic way to end a clusterfuck of a workday.

## **Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 24**

"What do you want?" Raidon asks, startling me. I bite my lip to keep the words from passing my lips and ignore Raidon. It isn't like I have any money left to buy anything to eat anymore. Because of those assholes and their stupid attempts to get me fired, I had to give my last few dollars to Vadum to drive me to their stupid mansion.

I didn't want to lose my only job, and all my attempts to go out of my way to keep it resulted in getting attacked by Leon. Raidon growls at my silence and places an order at the window. He drives through to the next window. My stomach growls in hunger, and at this point, I'm thankful that Raidon decided to turn on the radio to kill the silence in the car, so he couldn't hear how hungry I am.

He retrieves the paper bag with food, pays the worker and tosses the bag onto my lap, making me jump in my seat. 11 "Eat your goddamn food and point me in the direction of that dump you live at," Raidon says and pulls his back on the main road. A little shaken up, I show him the way to my old apartment building.

Since that is the address, I put on my resume. I can't let any of them know that I am homeless. If Thane were to find out about my living situation, he would use it as the reason to fire me and rid them of me for good. Despite the horror and misery I have to endure next to my bosses, I can't afford to lose my job, so I have to suck it up.

I don't dare to touch the food he threw at me inside the car. I don't trust my hands which are still trembling from the entire ordeal I found myself stuck in, the cold, and Raidon's aura so close to me. He parks his car out the front of the shitty L DO apartment building and stares ahead at the road as if the view around here disgusts him.



“Get out and don’t be late for work tomorrow,” he says, dismissing me like a servant. I retrieved my bag from the footwell of the car and the paper bag of the now cold meal he bought for me at McDonald’s. “And make sure you cover your neck. The last thing we want is rumours.

We have a feeder working for us,” Raidon growls out right before I shut the car door. He’s speeding off before I manage to blink, let alone snap back at him. Is it my fault now? How? Your stupid mate attacked me, and now I’m to blame for his lack of control? Those men, they’re impossible! All of them! Taking deep breaths to calm myself, I stand at the side of the street and stare after him, waiting for him to turn off the set of lights at the end of the road.

DO I feel unusually numb, and an odd calmness overtakes me as I walk back to the office building. The streets are also pretty quiet, providing me with a perfect atmosphere to think. As I look around and notice a few darker alleys ahead of me, I quicken my step, a little scared to roam alone in the streets in the middle of the night. When I finally reach my workplace, I walk around the building to the hedges that run along the side of the loading dock.

I try to remember which hedge I stuffed my backpack in earlier, and it takes me twenty agonizing minutes, but I finally locate it. Once the backpack is in my hands, I glance around nervously to make sure no one has seen me slip past the open gates of the loading dock. I double and even triple-check my surroundings before I spot the smoke-mart store across the street before I turn back to the door.

Carefully, I place the key in, twist it, and shove the door open to race towards the alarm panel. I know that I have only forty seconds to shut off the alarm before it alerts the security company that guards this building during the night. My hands shake as I punch in the code and let out a heavy breath of relief once I see the panel light turn green.  
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At first, I wander around a little before I head to the storage locker I plan to use as my secret bedroom and unlock the door. I slip inside and move right to the back, which has mostly filing shelves. There is a slim gap behind one which is filled with old, broken computers and some parts. I drag the shelf slightly forward to create a tiny space where I can make a mini makeshift den. No one should be able to see me back INO OTIC should be able to see me back here, behind all the broken parts, and I doubt many people come here.

The place is so overtaken with cobwebs that I could quickly gather them and stuff a whole pillow with them. I sit on the cold floor and rummage through my backpack. I rustle out my blanket and some extra layers of clothing before grabbing my dirty laundry and making a bed out of it. It’s not much, but at the very least, I have somewhere dry to stay and sleep. I sit on the improvised bed and the open paper bag. I reach inside it and pull out the cheeseburger with fries and don’t hold back from taking a bite off the soggy cheeseburger.

The food was ice cold, but I let out a heavy sigh of contentment once I started chewing on it. At the end of the day, as cold as it is, it's still food that I can't afford, and I must be grateful for whatever I can get, especially for free. Perhaps tossing the meal at me was a way Raidon tried to pay me off their back and everything, but I feel like it wasn't that. Maybe he showed a little more humanity by buying me the cheap meal just because he felt a little guilty. Besides, there is no way any of them knows about my financial troubles.

I've been working my ass off to hide those, and so far, I've been doing a great job. They don't know and will never know. As I swallow another chunk of cold meat, I can't even imagine the wild things I could do for one delicious, hot meal. As soon as I get my first paycheck, I will go to the little past joint down the street from the office building.

It smelt like heaven every time I had to walk past it, and I had been craving pasta for days. Well, anything really, for as long as it can fill my stomach. But for now, I devour the burger and fries instead of the DOY food of my dreams. It barely hits the slides, but it's far better than nothing at all.

At least I'm not going to bed on an empty stomach. Yet, as I lay on the pile of my dirty laundry and stare at the darkened ceiling, I can't help but wonder if Leon is okay back at the mansion. I had never seen him so out of control, so far away from his usual giddy persona ever before. Yes, Leon frightened and attacked me, but despite him almost killing me twice in a row, I don't fear his presence even half as much as I fear Thane's wrath.