

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 3

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“Mr. Bowman, she is here, but we have an issue. Mr. Keller also purchased this girl tonight when you rang about the muddle up,” Mr. Black admitted. A growl came from the intercom, and I could swear it shook the windows and I could feel his threatening aura through the phone.

“Doesn’t matter; I bought her originally. I have a claim, so give him his money back!” The other man growled, sounding equally as pissed off as his opponent.

“See, that’s the issue. If it were only the money, I could simply fix it, Mr. Bowman.”

“Then what is it?” The annoyed man snapped. Mr. Black shot me a glare over his shoulder, his lips pulling back over his teeth in a snarl and I dropped my gaze to my lap.

“I already injected her with Mr. Keller’s serum.” Mr. Black answers.

“You what?” Mr. Keller roared through the phone, making Mr. Black jump.

“So, wait, what does that mean? Fucking reverse his serum,” Mr. Bowman argued. I couldn’t understand why these men still tried to negotiate, since both of them seemed equally unhappy about the serum.

“Like fuck you will; that was the last of my serum!” Mr. Keller snarled. Okay, at that point, I took back my previous observation. The injection wasn’t the issue; the lack of serum was.

“Not my fucking problem, Keller,” Mr. Bowman snarled as I took the risk of peeking at Mr. Black. He was rubbing his temples as if he had a headache.

“Mr. Bowman, you know it can’t be reversed. If you can’t share, I’m sorry, but I have to hand her over to Mr. Keller. He marked his pack last night. His DNA is no longer pure, and that was his last serum.” Mr. Black explained. I gasped. Mr. Keller, whoever he was, his heir, was solely riding on me!

“I don’t see how that is my issue; not my fault he didn’t take more samples before marking his pack mates!”

Mr. Black sighed, clearly done with the pointless arguing back and forth. “I have five other girls that ranked in the high forties. You can take your pick or try them all, but I am sorry, Mr. Bowman. You have eighteen samples left, and this is Mr. Keller’s last sample.”

“Whatever you paid him, I will cover it.” Mr. Keller interrupts.

Mr. Bowman remains quiet, waiting for his rulings.

“And you can have the other girls,” Mr. Black added.

I glared at him, equally shocked as I felt disgusted.

“Fine, fine, we have a deal,” Mr. Bowman gave in, and Mr. Black sighed before he pinned me with his glare.

“I will wire the money to you, Bowman, and Black?”

“Yes, Alpha Keller.”

“I will send my mother to pick up the girl; she will remain with her until she turns eighteen.”

“Very well; I will personally remain with her to ensure no more blunders.”

“Make sure you do because your life now depends on it,” Mr. Keller warned Mr. Black before hanging up.

Tears streamed down my cheeks. My sister was gone; I was sold, and fate was beyond cruel.

The very next day, a woman in a flashy-looking sports car came to retrieve me. Her clothes screamed money, and her dark hair and equally dark eyes were vibrant. She wore an elegant suit and stilettos, her smile was soft, and her tone of voice was kind. Her energy I found soothing as she escorted me to the car. The moment I climbed in with my satchel that held Zara’s stuff, she turned on me.

I jumped in fright, tugging the shoulder strap higher and getting ready to use it as a shield. “Who marked up your face? Did that prick Black do that?” She asked, her hand reaching to cup my cheek.

Her touch was feather-light, her thumb brushing over my swollen eyelid. She clicks her tongue, glaring at the place I called home for far too many years.

“Very well, my son will deal with him,” she says, starting the car with a growl.

We drove in silence. Didn’t it bother her that her son literally brought a breeder? Maybe she was acquired the same way most omegas enjoyed this lifestyle, yet I saw the bitter truths of the control the Alphas had.

“Are you hungry, Harlow?” She asked as we went around a sharp bend, heading into town.

“A little,” I admit. She nods.

“I saw a nice little restaurant on the way here. We will stop and grab a bite to eat,” she says, reaching for my hand. She gives it a gentle squeeze before gripping the steering wheel again.

“No need to be frightened. My son is a good man, and so are his pack mates. You’ll like them,” she says, smiling at me. I was about to ask her their names when suddenly we were hit. A truck slammed into the side of our car and tossed her little car into the barrier. She screams, blood gushing from her head where she hit it on the steering wheel when the truck backs up.

It then stops before accelerating and hitting us again. When the door crashed into my side, glass rained down all over the place. The creak and groan of metal were loud, but not as loud as our screams. The car finally stops and lands on its roof. I stupidly unplug my seatbelt and hit the roof, the glass tearing my hands apart.

Mrs. Keller was slumped and dangling from the roof when I heard men shouting in the distance. “Down here, quick, grab the bitch, and let’s go!”

I blinked, blood tainting my vision from the gash on my head, and I shook the woman. She groans, peering around, and the voices get closer. She turned, and I will never forget the look she gave me. One of pure fear when she screamed at me.

“Run, run, Harlow. They are coming for you,” she screamed, and I didn’t need to be told twice. Snatching my satchel off the roof, I clambered out, my back tearing open on a jagged piece of metal, and I heard her fall out of her seat behind me. I started running as she said, expecting her to catch up. I had no idea what was going on, but I did as she asked, trusting this woman blindly. Only she never caught up, and I stumbled blindly into the woods.