

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 35

Rhen POV

Zara was almost limp in my arms when I scooped up just as I heard Raidon's car skid to a stop at the end of the alleyway, and I raced toward it, leaving Thane behind as he kept the other alphas at bay, holding them off so I could escape with her. Raidon jumps out of the car and races to open the rear door, but I thrust her at him.

Forcing her into his arms because having been around here so long; I was now fighting the war inside my head of taking her. Thane would kill me. It is a disrespect to disobey your Alpha, and though I could feel his strange instinct to protect her, he still hadn't said the word which by werewolf law gave him permission to punish us as he saw fit.

Thane wouldn't kill us, and his aura and rule held us back. Yet we were still alphas floating in the scent of a heat-ravaged omega.

Raidon gasps when the heat of her body touches him. "You take her," he says while trying to force me to take her, but I hold my hands up; backing away from her, and he growls, his pupils blowing out massively as he gets a whiff of her sultry scent before holding his breath.

"Fine," he snarls, sliding across the backseat with her, and I slam the door rushing to the driver's side. I climbed in and blasted the AC, hoping to rid her scent some, yet we couldn't wind the windows down without alerting the entire city to our location.

"Where are we taking her?" Raidon growls when Zara moans her estrus, forcing her into the next stage, and she is becoming rabid with her need to mate us. "Fuck! This isn't good, little Omega. Are you trying to get me killed?" Raidon purred, his chest rumbling with his calling as he tried to settle her, but instead she attacked him, her lips mauling his neck as she bit him and sucked on his flesh. I speed up, Raidon's arousal flooding into me.

"Taking her home, which way?" I ask Raidon, and he moans lewdly.

"Raidon! Focus," I snarl at him.

"Bit fucking hard right now when she is grinding her pussy all over me," he snaps back, and I glance in the mirror at him. Her claws had slipped out and shredded his shirt. A savage moan escapes her as she begins licking his chest, and I force my eyes away

from her, trying to blink through the haze she was putting us under. I swallowed, breathing through my mouth, when Raidon growled.

“So soft and warm,” he murmurs, and I glance in the mirror to see him rubbing and squeezing her.

“Raidon, focus! The damn address,” he shakes his head.

“Right, yeah, we can’t take her there,” he says, and I slow down.

“Ah, where else are we going to take her?” I growl at him. He shrugs, and Zara grinds herself against his crotch before kissing him.. Raidon groans, turning his face away, and her lips go to his neck. She bites him, yet unless she marked Thane first, her mark would never stick, though Thane would be livid seeing them on him. He was a possessive beast.

“No idea, but I have seen her apartment building, and no way that place is secure. She would be hunted down in minutes,” he gasps, and I peer at him again, watching as he grips her hips, trying to hold her still. His canines slip out as he fights for control.

“Man, I don’t give a fuck where you take her, but figure it out fast before I bury my damn cock in her,” Zara whines tugging at his pants, trying to undress him as her instincts took over, making me wonder how she survived previous heats or was this her first?

I tried to think where she would be safe, yet nowhere came to mind, not while she was in full-blown heat the way she was. Cursing, I rip the handbrake up and turn the steering wheel sharply, spinning the car around and jumping the median strip. Raidon slides into the door and grunts as he clutches the back of my seat, and she slides into the footwell behind me.

“So, where are we taking her?” Raidon asks. I glance at him in the mirror.

“Home,” I tell him, and he nods before gaping at me.

“Are you fucking nuts? Thane will kill us,” Raidon gasps as fear smashed him and the bond, clarity momentarily returning as fear for our Alpha set in. Yet where else could I take her that she would be safe in this state?

“Have you got a better idea, because if you do let me know.” I snap at him. He mutters something and curses before hissing.

“Ah, ah, you don’t bite,” he says, and I hear Zara growl, making my eyes flick to the mirror.

“Raidon!” I scold

“Hey, she wants to suck it I won’t stop her unless she bites it again,” Raidon declares, and I glare at him in the mirror, glancing over my shoulder quickly. She had slid off the seat and was between his legs.

“Raidon stop her,” i grit out.

Why, I can't fuck her, but Thane never said anything about her sucking me off,” He says, and I grit my teeth.

Taste her slick asshole,” i spit at him.

“Huh?”

“She's a fucking virgin!” I tell him.

“Bullshit, you're just saying that,” Raidon scoffs, and I growl at him.

*Taste her slick. I tell him and his eyes widen as he looks down at her. I smirk at him, watching him in the mirror,

Whoops no girlie, my mistake, that is not a lollipop,” he purrs, grabbing her and seating her back on his lap. “Or a pogo stick, so let me get that out of the way.” Zara growls at him, fighting him as he tries to tuck his cock away

“Damn, and she has such plump lips Raidon pouts.

T'm surprised you were able to stop,” I tell him.

“Mouth breathing and Thane's burning anger is a quick way to give you a limp dick Raidon tells me, and I chuckle, pulling up to the gates because he was right about that. I pull the visor down, and the fob falls on my lap. I hit the button to open the gates.

“Paper scissor rock ya for who takes the blame for bringing her here?” I ask him.

“Ah, ah, he already gonna skin me alive for the marks she left on me. This was your idea. My ass ain't getting branded for it, Raidon says

“Where is Leon when you need him?” I mutter.

“Since when do you blame Leon?” Raidon asks

“Since I was going to fuck her in the alley to abate her heat some, I know Thane felt that! And damn, would I pay for it.

“Well, that explains why he was being a prick before he saved your ass i nod, knowing I am in for it. Yet how could he leave her defenseless? Surely he isn't that heartless

*I will suck your dick, I offer Raidon.

“Nope, not worth it. Nothing will get me to agree to tell Thane this was my idea, Raidon tells me as I pull up out the front

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Thane POV

What a bloody nightmare today turned out to be! I made my way back to the office I shifted while in the loading docks and took the fire exit back up to the top level. I didn't feel like strolling through the main lobby buck naked. I had already made a spectacle of myself.

I knew tomorrow the papers would read that my pack went into a rut over a damn Omega, which was far from the truth. I was merely protecting mine. Yet if mine and Rhen's roles were reversed, I couldn't have left her with those monsters either. I would have fought to keep her safe, and that thought irked me more than it should.

Cuts and scrapes littered most of my body, and authorities were dealing with the two dead bodies in the alleyway. They would be meeting me back here to go over everything. The media would, of course, blame this entire thing on me. I was their favorite scapegoat.

When I reached the top floor and pushed the busted fire exit door open, I discovered Leila had duct-taped her brother to a chair. She had a nasty bite on her neck. He'd really sunk his teeth into her and bitten out a chunk. Even with her healing powers, it was going to take a while to heal that. It was no doubt from her brother. It was cannibalistic, and I could see Leila was furious at being treated like a chew toy.

“I told you I am sorry. What more do you want?” Leon pleaded with his sister as he struggled to get out of the duct tape.

“My skin back, for one! You bit a bloody mouthful out of me! You're so gross, and you got your slobber on me,” she snarled back, baring her fangs at him.

“It was an accident and not that big of a deal. I was sent into a rut. I just bit you a little too hard. It'll heal; you know it will. Stop being dramatic over one little nibble.”

She put her hand on her hip and glared daggers at him. “That only makes it grosser, you asshole. Being blood-crazed is one thing. You can't help yourself when you just need blood down your throat. But this it's ten times worse.” Leila shrieked, pointing an accusing finger at him.

“You fang raped me. I'm your fucking sister! Keep your horny, blood-crazed fangs away from me! You just wait until I tell mum and dad about this. It's not like you can hide it.

You fucking asshole. Are you going to bite your mate like that? Just take a giant bite out of him like he's some snack for you?" she rubbed her neck; that was healing.

It was still a bloody mess but was at least healing. "You little shit. I can't believe you put your cock sucking lips on my neck," she shuddered, and I shook my head at their bickering. 1

"You taste like shit, anyway; I have licked ass that tasted better," Leon snapped back at her. He held his tongue out as he spat as if trying to get the taste of her out of his mouth. "Stop being a drama queen and let me go."

"I would hope I taste like mother fucking ass. I am your damn sister, you bloodsucking leech," she snarled. She grabbed a red and black stapler the size of my fist and threw it at the center of his chest. It hit him with a meaty thump, and he growled, thrashing from side to side to get revenge

"Bitch!" he roared.

For the love of God, please, someone strike me down so I don't have to listen to this shit; I am not in the mood for this crap. I rubbed my temples, praying that these two would magically find peace and shut the fuck up.

"Huh, you make no sense," Leila snapped, and I growled. Their argument sent me through every level of hell, some multiple times. My eye couldn't twitch anymore, and the pounding headache threatened to be my new background music for the rest of my life. 1

How bad would it be for me if I tossed them both out the window? Though I liked Leon. The man knew how to suck cock. Would he forgive me if I killed his sister and spared him? Would it really be that wrong? Anyone locked in a room with them for five minutes would see why and class it as self-defense. They would surely cause even the sanest people to go mad with their bitching

However, I was glad that Leon was under control, but I wished I had a mute button for these two. Besides, the office looked like a tornado had just blown through. Crap was everywhere and torn to shreds. It would take time to set it all right, and I had no interest in doing any of

it.

Maybe I should take them to the bottom floor before I kick them off the side of the building and watch them splat on the concrete. 1

I growled as their bickering reached a new level. Muzzles for both of them and a leash for Leon. Leon could just be quiet and pretty for me, and Leila could just be fucking quiet. She jumped out of her seat and slowly turned to see what was going on. She froze, body tensing and eyes widening as she stared at my body before the blood

rushed into her cheeks, and she jerked her head to the side, staring at the ground. "Sorry," she grumbled.

"Keep your whorish eyes off, my damn husband!" Leon screeched. 1

When I felt better, I would take my frustration out on Leon's ass for all of this nonsense.

"What are you going to tell mum when I tell her you were eye fucking my mate?" Leon screeched back at her. I shook my head at him.

"I was not, Leech!" She sneered while Leon growled at her before looking back at me.

"What happened?" Leon asked, almost in a panic. It took him long enough to notice anything was wrong

"Zara is fine. Raidon and Rhen are taking her to her apartment," I tell him as I move to the desk where I dumped my clothes. I start tugging them on just as the elevator doors open, and two officers enter the foyer.

"Mr. Keller, I just need you to sign the statements, and we are good to go. Witnesses verified that you were protecting your mate, Rhen?" I nod my head. "Yes, he mind linked me," I tell them while zipping my pants, and they nod. I had already given my statement, but then the crowd became too big, and I asked them to finish it here; I didn't feel like having more nudes leaked on the internet. Media were like vultures; they loved displaying everything my pack did, seeing as we were only one of three Alpha packs in the state. The Obsidian pack was one, the other black mountain pack, also to the north of the city

The officer takes a seat at the desk, pulls paperwork out, and writes a few things down.

"The Omega woman, we found no record of her existence. Do you know how long she has resided in the city?" the female officer asks, I could tell she was an Alpha female, and the way she sneered at the word 'Omega' irritated me.

"She never registered her address. We have no such name in our system. She hasn't reported she was in the city yet, or anything about her pack links? You said she was an employee?" The officer continued when I felt the mind link open up, and Leon's voice flits through my head,

"Thane, I know you want to get rid of her, but—" he doesn't finish, and I glare at him, knowing full well he had been feeding on her; I am not stupid, and I may have turned a blind eye to it, but he had a point, and I knew what would become of her.

If she couldn't afford her suppressants, I doubt she could afford the fines for not reporting herself to the city council, and if she can't pay those, then she goes into the

rotation to settle the debt. The thought of her being forced into rotation almost made me growl.

“Mr. Keller? We need her employee reports,” the female officer says. Catching Leon’s eye and Leila, she drops her head while Leon looks at me pleadingly. Fuck!

“She isn’t an employee, yes, she works here, but that isn’t her purpose here,” I lied. “Oh, so your pack is looking for an omega, so she is here on a trial basis?” the woman asks, and I grit my teeth.

“Yes, we posted an ad looking for an Omega. Leila here posted it herself, Zara answered it, and we brought her to the city.” I lied. Leila nods, confirming what I said.

“Oh, this is wonderful news!” the officer exclaimed, and I fought back a curse. Just what we needed, this shit getting out. “It also isn’t public news yet, so if you don’t mind keeping that to yourself for now,” I tell them, and they nod. “Of course, Mr. Keller, we have everything we need, and I am sure you want to get home to your Omega. Please just remember, if you don’t choose to mark and keep her, remind her to register at the council. We can’t keep her safe if we don’t know her location and whereabouts,” the male officer tells me, and I press my lips in a line and give a quick nod.

I waited for them to leave and let out a breath once the doors closed before turning and glaring at my mate and his sister.

“You lied for her?” Leila says, clearly shocked. Yes, because she didn’t leave me much option.

“I wouldn’t have had to if you did your job properly because she would never have been here in the first place,” I tell her, and she looks away.

Turning to Leon, he used his feet to scoot forward on his chair, his arms and legs duct-taped, and I could feel his burning hunger and his need to go home. With a shake of my head, I move to him, stripping the tape from him and making him hiss. I was not at all gentle about it; I would deal with him when I got home.

Rhen and Raidon weren’t answering their phones or the mind link on the way home, and even Leon was being ignored, which bothered me. Raidon would have had to get suppressants from somewhere, and they were probably holed up somewhere while they waited, or maybe they were ensuring she was tucked away safely in her apartment,

On the drive home, I am full of tension, yet it recedes when I spot Raidon’s car parked in the garage as I reach home. However, that relief turns to rage when I step out of the vehicle, and all I can smell is Zara.

Surely they wouldn't be this stupid, yet I was proven correct in my assumption when Leon got out of the car and went stiff as a board. I glanced at him before he lurched forward, and I reached out to grab him. He slipped through my hands before I could catch him, and I cursed with a shake of my head before storming into the house.

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Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 37 Rhen POV

My cock strained painfully in my pants as I stared at the door to the basement. Chewing my fingernails, I began to pace. Thane had been trying to mind link us, and Raidon and I had been ignoring him.

He would be furious when he returned home, and I dreaded the punishment we would receive. The basement door creaked open loudly, and my eyes went to it. Her scent perfuming the room became more robust and almost impossible to resist.

Raidon emerged, closing the door behind him, looking every bit as frazzled as I felt. His clothes were torn to shreds, and he was sweating profusely as he fought his urges to mark and mate her. We had sent Tania to get suppressants. However, not even Tania could handle her sweet scent.

Tania had dropped them off before, all but running from the place, but now we had to figure out a way to give them to her without her mauling us and us mauling her. Zara's scent permeated the air even with the door closed and was sickly sweet and so addictive. I had to force myself to focus as I rushed to the kitchen. I ripped open the cupboards beneath the kitchen sink, searching each one. Finding what I was looking for, I grabbed a can of descenter and clenched it tight as I held my finger down on the trigger, spraying the entire ground floor, trying to rid the scent that assaulted my nose and awoke my senses. It only muted her scent, yet was better than the full force and toxicity that came with it.

"Fuck! I can't take this! She can't stay here. My dick feels as if it is going to burst," Raidon says, adjusting his pants while he gripped the kitchen counter. He lets out a lewd groan, and I glanced at him to find him squeezing his cock through his slacks.

I pressed my lips in a line, knowing the agony he was in. I nodded, feeling the same way, yet something was off with Zara's scent. Something was gnawing at my insides and tickling my mind as I tried to place what it was my instincts were telling me. Omega's usually smelled sickly sweet, yet we never struggled like this around them the few times we had come across an Omega in heat.

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“Her scent, do you—” I didn’t finish what I was going to say, not knowing what the heck I was asking him.

“She smells familiar,” Raidon offers, and my eyes darted to him because I thought exactly the same thing. It was like Déjà vu had washed over me the moment I got a whiff of her.

I just had no idea why I felt that way, and the feeling through the bond was that Raidon couldn’t explain his odd feelings about it either. Her scent, for some reason, felt familiar, which should be impossible.

“Thane is going to kill us,” Raidon groans when we hear things breaking in the basement. We both glanced at the basement door before I reached over and grabbed the bag Tania dropped off. I rummage in the paper bag and slide the suppressants to Raidon across the counter.

“Nope, now way. I can’t go back down there. It was hard enough forcing myself to leave her,” Raidon tells me. I growled, knowing I would have to, yet I wasn’t sure I was strong enough to

handle it either, and we needed to before Thane got home. He was going to kill us; no, he was going to skin me alive, boil my damn organs, and feed them to Raidon for our stupidity.

The possibilities were terrifying. However, I didn’t have time to ponder when I heard the garage roller door shutting, and Raidon looked at me in panic. I swallowed nervously, and my heart thumped erratically against my chest so hard it felt like it was creeping up my throat. Her scent had been muted a little, yet it was still potent, and there was no way he would miss

it.

The sound of the door smashing against the wall made me jump when Leon growls, rushing through the place and bolting straight towards Raidon, who moves to grab him but misses. I tackled Leon, pressing him against the wall before he grabbed the door handle, only to stiffen when Thane’s command rolled over me. His aura makes my back straighten, and Raidon whimpers while Leon fights and pushes against me to get free. “Let him go,” Thane snarled, tossing his keys on the counter. “Thane!” I panicked, knowing Leon would feed on her. “He is a glutton. He will be passed out blood drunk long before he kills her,” Thane snarls, and my fingers let him go when I can no longer go against his command. Leon disappears when I do, and Raidon whimpers as he busts through the basement door before Thane glares at him.

Raidon, the behemoth, buckled under the pressure of his aura first, dropping to his knees, and my knees bit painfully into the tiled floor when he turned his anger on me seconds after.

“Who thought it was a good idea to bring her here?” Thane asked, his voice deadly calm yet ice cold. “Mine,” I gritted out through my clenched teeth. The noise that left him was more of a roar as his aura forced me completely onto my hands and knees before him when Raidon spoke. “Her apartment wasn’t secure. We couldn’t have taken her there even if we tried,” Raidon growled, and I turned my head. The effort to do so was painful as I looked at him. “So you thought bringing her here and putting her in our Den was the correct decision?” Thane bellowed when Zara whimpered. Thane’s aura falters, and we all stare at the basement door, knowing Leon had got his fangs into her. Yet her whimper turned to a moan from the endorphins of his bite plus her heat, and I sighed.

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I looked up at Thane, who sniffled the air, and his brows furrowed in confusion, and I watched him swallow. The same strange feeling Raidon and I had about her scent rolled through the bond from him, too. At least I wasn’t the only one imagining it.

“The suppressants?” Thane asked as he regathered himself and forced his gaze from the open basement door

“We can’t get close enough to her, not while she is like that,” I admitted, and he looked down at me when she cried out in pain again, and I guess Leon had passed out.

“Fix it, fix her, and get her out of my house,” he says, reaching for the suppressants and dropping them on the ground in front of my face. I stared at his shoes, unable to look up and meet his furious gaze that I could feel glaring down at me.

“Thane, I can’t go down there,” I pleaded with him, and he growled.

“Use protection,” he spat, and my stomach dropped before he walked out, slamming the door to the garage when he did. His aura drops, and I face-planted onto the floor before pushing up onto my hands into a crouched position. Seconds after getting up, I fall on my ass as I hear his car tear out of the driveway. I leaned against the counter and stared at Raidon, who was also trying to catch his breath.

“Did he just give us permission?” Raidon asks, just as shocked. I nodded but couldn’t help but wonder what Zara would have to say on the matter.

No doubt now, in this phase, she wouldn’t care if we fucked her, yet it felt wrong without

Thane and without her being coherent. Looking at Raidon, I could feel through the bond he felt the same.

Snatching the suppressants off the floor, I staggered to the basement door and descended the stairs to find Leon passed out drunk on her pheromone-fuelled blood and Zara snuggled up beside him amongst the cushions. I let out a sigh and hear Raidon come down the stairs behind me.

"I'll help you," he growls, staring worriedly at Leon. The moment I stepped down onto the cushioned floor, Zara shifted. Her breathing changed, yet she was just as delirious as Leon was drunk as she rubbed her face across his chest like a cat marking its territory.

I gripped her ankle, and she froze, turning to look at my hand before her eyes went to mine, and I saw she was completely crazed with heat, yet seeing her like this I couldn't take advantage of her state. No matter how good she smelt, I would be no better than the other alphas in that laneway. Zara purrs, crawling over to me before she pounced, tackling me and shoving me on my back. The air leaves my lungs in a short wheeze.

"Raidon!" I wheeze out before he stomped down the steps and dropped into the cushioned space. He hauled her away and started purring, clutching her squirming body to his chest.

"How do you want to do this?" Raidon asked while she continued to lick any exposed skin she could. Building a heat inside of me that I knew I couldn't give in to, not while she was like this.

"Hold her while I try to feed them to her," I tell him, popping them from the flimsy thin film.

"How many?" I asked. Raidon blinked at me.

"Three?" he says. I look at her, having no clue, also wondering how long before they take effect. Raidon pins her while I pry her mouth open, only for her to chomp down on my finger. I jerked my hand back, thankful that wasn't my dick. My finger was bleeding, and Raidon snickered before pinching her nose. "Hurry up," he growled as she thrashed in his arms. "Fuck no, you do it," I tell him, and he glared at me.

"She is a tiny Omega; it can't have hurt that bad," Easy for him to say. She didn't bite his finger nearly clean off. "Give them here," Thane snapped, making me jump, and I looked up to find him standing on the ledge to the den. He kicks his shoes off before dropping down onto the blue and black cushioned bed; he holds his hand out for the pill packet before squatting beside me. His calling was powerful as he purred, calling her to him, and Raidon let her go. Zara launched herself at him, crashing into Thane's chest.

He caught her effortlessly before popping the suppressants into his mouth; Zara crazed, clawed, and licked his chest, ripping his clothes to shreds as she tried to scent him. Yet Raidon and I stood frozen, waiting for him to tear her apart. He hated Omega's, he hated Zara, yet looking at him, he was caressing her, being gentle and patient with her as she clawed at him.

"Shh, Zara," he purrs as she tries to get to his neck, her instincts wanting to claim him, and Thane drops his neck, pulling her onto his lap before gripping her chin and kissing her, his fingers gripping the back of her neck forcing the pills down her throat. Yet his eyes went to mine as he glared at me. He was livid, yet I was relieved he came back.

His aura alone was enough to settle the urges rolling through me. Zara moaned as Thane fed her the pills in his kiss, and I looked away. Unable to watch the two of them kissing.

When he is finished, he starts purring, his potent calling sucking her into a blissful sleep, and her breathing evens out when he scooped her up. I watched as he walked across the enormous space and laid her next to Leon before he tucked her in.

"Keep her hydrated and warm," Thane said before leaving us with her again. So maybe his instincts toward Omegas weren't dead after all.

"She needs your skin contact!" he growled from the top of the stairs before leaving us alone with her. I glanced at Raidon, who was already crawling over to her and Leon, his own calling slipping out and keeping her sedated.

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Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 39 Thane Pov

Something about her scent bothered me as I left my mates with her. I wanted to go back in there with them. To wrap my body around hers with my mates even though I hated her. There was just something about the little Omega that called to me. I couldn't go back in there

I did, there would be no escaping the feeling that she was making me feel. Feelings that I had tried to deny while in there before running from the place. It had been years since I set foot in that Den, yet seeing her heat-ravaged body; it killed me leaving her there.

The way it had made my blood burn as her hands moved over my chest. Ripping at my clothes. Trying to pull my clothes from my body so that she could reach my skin. Her fingers scrabbled at my shoulders, gripping me tight like I was a drug that she needed.

I tried to forget how her tongue had felt, licking up the side of my neck before moving lower and licking the hard ridges of my chest and abdomen. The thick scent of her arousal bloomed in the air, making my mouth water to taste her. To tease her, to ease the burning haze, the Omega felt.

It had been too much for me, testing my control more than I liked. I had wanted to take Zara in our den, and bind her hands down so that I could pull the pleasure from her until she cried out for me. Begging me for more of what I alone could give her.

The way her body had felt in my lap, the heat of her pussy seeping through the fabric of my slacks, nearly sent me insane. Her slick heat coating my erection, fuck... I had wanted to unzip my slacks to slip into that heat. To bury myself deep into her pussy and feel her body clamp down around my cock.

Her skin had been so soft beneath my palms. So soft and so markable, her ass would have looked perfect with my handprint staining her flesh red. With my fingerprints littering her body, showing the world that she was mine. That she was ours and no one else's.

I wanted to fuck her, wanted her to claim me. But not like this. I wanted her to be there with me, not lost in this haze. Therefore, I had to leave and get out of here before I gave myself over to instinct. Because I knew I didn't really want that, it was her heat making me feel that way. I despised Omegas.

Snatching keys, I headed to my car; I needed a distraction, and work seemed like the best place for it, away from her, from my mates who I knew were fighting the same baser instincts I was. If I lost control, I knew they would too.

Driving to work, I white-knuckled the steering wheel and wound the window down. The fresh air helped, relieving the assault her scent had tainted me in. Yet the longer I drove, the more things made little sense. The urge to keep and claim her made no sense. She wasn't ours, Harlow was, and she was not our Harlow. Harlow was our light in the darkest tunnel, and she betrayed us. And for that reason, I don't think taking another Omega would ever be safe. My hatred for them burned hotter than any bond could.

Harlow was dead, that much we were certain of, yet why did I feel the urge to claim her? Why did her scent feel familiar yet not?

We hardly knew anything about Zara, yet seeing my mates struggle the way they did it made

me certain of one thing, I had not only been denying myself but them, Alphas needed Omegas.

I thought our little pack could survive without one, yet now I was wondering if maybe claiming another Omega wouldn't be our downfall as it was when Harlow ran and got herself killed. Yet I wasn't sure if I could trust another Omega after Harlow ran and killed my mother.

So I found myself at a crossroads. Could I keep denying my mates of something it was clear they wished they had? I hated Omegas, yet Zara made me crave keeping her. My mind was at war with what I knew would happen and the urge to claim her for my pack.

The garage was dark as I pulled in. I sat in the car for a bit, unable to pull myself out from behind the steering wheel and head inside. It wasn't until the security guard tapped on my back window that I realized I was still sitting in the confines of my car. "Sorry, Marco," I told him, shaking my thoughts away. "Are you alright, boss?" he asked, and I sighed.

"Yeah. You may knock off if you wish. I will be here anyway," I tell him, and he gives me a strange look. He glanced in the back of my car before looking around the garage for my mates or their cars.

"Are you sure you are alright?" he asked again. I usually had at least one or two of my mates with me. They were like an attachment to me, and I hated being away from them, and they were the same.

"Go home," I tell him while opening my door and heading for the elevator. I went to my floor and spent a good few hours tidying up the place before sitting behind my desk when I noticed Zara's file sitting on my desk. I pick it up, flicking through the pages that held little to no information, when I find her address. I dialed the landlord's number listed but got no answer. Drumming my fingers on the desk, I sighed before growling. That little Omega was playing on my damn mind still.

With a growl, I rose from behind my desk, snatching the first page from her file and grabbing my keys. I caught the elevator to the garage before hopping in my car and punching the address into my Navman.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 40

This rundown apartment building had never crossed my path in all my years of living in this city. After I had pulled up to the front of the apartment building, I double checked the address. Surely this was not the correct place? It looked as if it was one busted window from being declared condemned.

What Omega would live here? They were territorial creatures and knew the value of their dens, yet when I peered around this place, she seemed to live in a dump and I found it hard to believe she lived here.

Even so, the address was the right one. Climbing out of my car, I locked it before walking over to the door and looking at the different buzzers. I looked for hers when I saw one saying management. When I pressed the buzzer, a woman's voice screeched back at me before I could

react.

"Who is it?" she snapped before coughing.

"I'm looking for the owner or manager," I answered.

"For fuck's sake." She said in a snarling tone before hitting the buzzer to let me inside. As I yanked the door open and stepped inside the room, my nose wrinkled in disgust at the foul stench emanating from the place.

The wallpaper was peeling, and the lights flickered when I heard a door creak. A woman emerged from the shadows with a bat in her hand and a scowl on her face. She walked toward me, not looking impressed about having a late-night visitor.

"And what the fuck are you looking for me for?" she snarled before she stopped. She glanced me over before propping her bat on her shoulder.

"I think you're on the wrong side of the city, alpha," she says.

"I am here looking for someone, actually. Her name is Zara. Her address is listed here," the woman groans. "She isn't here," she snapped, clearly annoyed I had pulled her from bed to ask about her.

"I know that she works for me, and I am trying to find any information I can on her. I was wondering if I could look through her apartment?"

"She doesn't live anymore. I evicted her a few weeks ago, but all her crap is up there still; I haven't found a new tenant yet," the woman tells me, and my brows furrow.

"Do you know where she moved to, then?" I asked her, and the woman rolled her eyes.

"Last I heard was one of my other tenants saw her sleeping behind the old plaza at central," she shrugged before stomping up the steps.

"You tossed an amega out when she had nowhere else to go, in the middle of winter and in a city," I asked, outraged. It was dangerous being homeless here, more so if you're an omega. I didn't believe this place was safe enough for an Omega, let alone her living on the streets.

“Hey, don’t be judging me. I got bills to pay, and Zara owed me over four thousand dollars in rent and utilities,” she snapped, stopping by a door that looked at busted as the rest of this god –awful place.

“Besides, I am sure she could have stayed with that Tal. He was always offering her a damn job. The girl was too shy to take him up on it,” the woman curses, and I wondered if she was talking about the same Tal. I knew one person who went by that name, Leon’s cousin.

“Tal?” I asked curiously.

“You know the stripper’s joint? She worked there on and off. Went by the name Z.” I blinked at that. Zara was Z? She worked for Tal! I tried to wrap my mind around that information. I didn’t know if I was furious at Zara over that information or Tal or the fact I had a whore working for me.

But hang on, I still remember that cloying scent, and it made me gasp because ZI knew was a virgin and if Z was Zara? Well, that would explain the allure we had to her. Now it made sense why we all went into a rut over her. She was a virgin. That had to be it.

“I thought that was where she would have gone. Zara and Bree were pretty close. Bree lived next door to her for a bit. They must have had a falling out,” the woman told me, pushing the door open. As I stepped into the room, I saw nothing but a shabby couch in the room’s corner.

“This is it?” I asked, walking through the place. I glanced over my shoulder at the woman, who looked bored. She shrugged, and I moved into a small bedroom that was next to the living room. That was just as empty. This is where she lived?

Walking out, I stopped in front of the woman. “What is your name?”

“Martha,” she told me, and I nodded, glancing around one last time. I couldn’t picture anyone living here, let alone an Omega; it made me itchy just standing in this dilapidated place.

“How long have you known Zara?” I questioned her, and she watched me for a second as if she

g whether on not to answer. Finally, she sighed and rubbed her eyes as if tired. It was pretty late now, and I knew I had woken her because she was wearing blue pajamas and a grey, fluffy robe and sock. That and the hair rollers were a dead giveaway. She didn’t look like the sort of woman that paraded around with rollers in her hair.

“Couple years. I found her out front, asleep on my doorstep. She was barefoot, drenched in blood, and starving. I felt bad for her. She looked as if she was running from something. The girl was scared of her own shadow. I gave her a place to stay until

she got a job. She was quiet, stuck herself, a good tenant, but once she lost her job, I couldn't keep her here. As I said, I have bills to pay, and she wasn't helping with them. I am not heartless. I tried to help, but you can only help so much." She told me, and I nodded, though she gave me much to think about.

As I was leaving, I stopped by the door when Martha called out to me. Turning around, I faced the woman. "Is Zara in some sort of trouble?" she asked.

"What makes you think that?" I asked her.

"Well, for one, no one has ever come here looking for her besides Bree and Tal. And if you are her employer, why didn't you just her?" Martha questioned.

"Because she lied, her ID is fake, and her last place of employment burned to the ground," Martha nods her head, looking at the wall above my head.

"Yeah, I don't know where she got that shitty ID, but I hope she didn't pay for it," Martha chuckled.

"You knew it was fake?" I asked her, and the older woman nodded her head.

"Blind Freddy could see it was a fake, but yes, I knew it was a fake and the fact she gave me a different last name,"

"What do you mean?" I ask, turning and giving her my full attention. "I asked for her ID. She gave a different last name to what was on it: Harly or Harlette. I can't remember the name exactly. I just remember it was different. A couple of weeks later, I saw on her ID the name was different." 3

"Did she ever tell you where she came from?"

"Nope, and I never asked. Zara needed help; I helped. Even helped her get the job at the firm she worked at. I try not to get to know my tenants. Most never stay long," she said before turning down the corridor and walking off.