

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 4

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2 years Later

My landlord's voice in the stairwell made my stomach drop as she spoke to the handyman about the damn light fixtures that didn't work. I cringe, tugging my blazer higher to cover my neck and part of my face. Praying she doesn't notice me. The rent was four months late. I tried to sneak past Martha by holding my ratty-looking handbag higher to cover my face, but I don't go unmissed when I am forced to squeeze past her as I hastily try to escape.

"Zara!" she shrieks as I try to escape her wrath. I pause and slowly turn to face her. Her reddish, greying hair was pulled up in a bun on her head, and two hair picks were stuck through it with snakeheads on them. Martha steps around the handyman standing on a ladder while pulling apart the old light fitting above high up on the wall.

"Where is my rent money? You promised to have it last week," she screeched, and I internally groaned. Martha was a tough old woman, and she looked the part with her denim jacket, black boots, and dark blue skinny leg jeans on. No one messed with Martha here.

She would kick your ass and toss you to the curb, and I had seen her beat a group of vandals that got past the crumbling lobby. Martha whipped their asses real good and broke a skateboard over one of their heads. Safe to say, they didn't return. It secretly made me wonder if she wasn't human. She struck fear in everyone, but she was also quite understanding and lovely, too. As long as you're not four months behind in rent like I am.

"I will have it. I just need a little—" I try to tell her.

"No, it has been four months. You have until the end of the day, 6 PM, missy," she says, clicking her fingers at me before pointing her index finger at me. "6 PM," I nodded my head and gulped.

Martha was usually nice, however. I had surpassed the tipping point of her generosity. Sure, the place was a dump, but it was cheap, but I couldn't even afford cheap at this point. I couldn't even sell anything because the place I rented came fully furnished, and I had little in the way of possessions.

"I have a job interview today. Soon, I will have it." I pleaded my case to her.

"Soon isn't good enough. I have bills to pay." I rummage through my pockets and pull out my last hundred dollars, besides some loose change floating around in the bottom

of my handbag. Brianna had introduced me to her boss at the local strip club she worked at. Talon let me wash dishes occasionally, so I had enough money to buy some groceries and money to get around the city while I hunted for a job. Martha snatches it, shaking it in the air at me.

“I am sick of the crumbs; I mean it, Zara. 6 PM or I will have Mike change the locks,” she says, pointing to Mike. He hangs his head and smiles sadly. The dude was creepy as fuck and mute, but he always came running when something needed to be fixed.

“I’ll have something for you this afternoon,” I tell her.

“No, you will have all of it. You owe me nearly four thousand in rent plus utilities. I was nice enough to let you stay here with your fake ID and your shitty backstory, which I don’t for one second believe,” she snaps, turning away from me and dismissing me.

Shit! Martha figured me out. I wondered briefly how long she had known and if she saw straight through it from the start and gave me the benefit of the doubt. God, I hope the company I was interviewing at didn’t look too closely at me. They may question why I don’t have the scar. Or why I was using a dead girl’s ID. Though I always explained it away with my expert contour skills, ha I couldn’t contour to save my life. They don’t need to know that, though.

Technically, she is my twin. We just aren’t 100% identical, similar, but not identical. Twins are one and the same, so not like it was exactly fake. It was my dead sister’s. Not like she was going to use it. And I can’t risk the Omega facility finding me. No one is looking for a dead girl! But I would worry about that later. I had a job interview and needed to get to the city center and twenty minutes to get there or I would be late.

I raced across town for the interview and just made it with three minutes to spare. The skyscraper was intimidating as I gazed up at the massive building. I was shocked when I got a call back to be interviewed. They must be desperate because just stepping into the foyer, I felt way out of my element. It was at some tech company, and they were looking for a receptionist.

Walking in, I followed signs to the elevator, finding the correct floor. A woman instantly approached me the second I stepped out through the elevator doors. Her little black dress was tight, showing her curves and ample cleavage. Her blonde wavy hair was tied in a ponytail high on her head, and porcelain-perfect skin and bright red lipstick on. She was beautiful. Her heels clicked on the marble floors as she made her way over to me. She sniffed the air as she stopped next to me.

“You must be Zara. I’m Leila. We talked on the phone,” she says, holding out her hand to me. I gulp, noticing the blood-red ring around her eyes. This woman was a vampire. I take her icy hand, and she squeezes it gently.

“Yes, I am. Have you been waiting long?” I asked her. That didn’t look good, that she was waiting in the foyer for me. Was I late? I glanced at the huge gold clock above the shiny elevator doors that I could see my reflection in.

“No, I am conducting the interview, if you’ll follow me,” she says, turning and briskly walking away toward a set of double doors.

I stumbled after the woman. However, Leila was definitely a vampire. Although, I was confused as I caught up to her, and she started talking about the position.

“Thane wanted to conduct the interview himself, but he and his mates had to leave on short notice for a meeting downstairs, so I was tasked with the interview. So I am sorry about the short notice, but you can meet them tomorrow when you start, the other two girls well, let’s just say they would not do, you know how Betas are, they don’t take orders well, and those two all they could talk about was Thane and Rhen —” she says, shaking her head and I stopped walking.

“Wait, I thought this was a receptionist’s job. The ad said, foyer receptionist?” I asked.

“Thane didn’t want the media knowing he killed another personal secretary.” My eyes widen, and I mouthed what the fuck to myself. Thane, I’m assuming he was the boss? Why did she keep saying that name? And wait, did she say he killed his last secretary?

Leila kept talking, not noticing me on the verge of having a panic attack. “Yet when I saw you are of Omega blood, I knew you would be perfect and controllable,” she said. Which I knew she meant easily commanded and submissive by nature. What the fuck did I apply for? She took me to the top floor and showed me around.

“Don’t you want to interview me? I have references,” I rummage through my handbag, but her hand falls on my arm.

“No, need. I have a strange feeling you are exactly what they are looking for, and need.” she says with a soft giggle, while her eyes were roaming over me from head to toe, licking her lips. I fought the urge not to step away from her hungered gaze.

It was near impossible to find a job in this city, especially one that didn’t risk your life, and since the company I worked for went broke after the vamps killed the manager and set the place alight, I have been up struggle street since. There were hardly any jobs, and the jobs available required tossing any scrap of dignity out the window and being prepared to do things I wasn’t sure I was comfortable doing.

The interview went for an hour, and by the time I left her, she assured me the position was definitely mine. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. The last thing I wanted to be was trapped with four alphas. They could literally destroy me, command anything of me. I shake that thought away. I couldn’t be picky. A job was a job, and this was the largest

tech company in the city, so if I could survive here even a year, that would look good on my resume.

But now I had something else to worry about. I couldn't go back to my apartment empty-handed, and I was starving, so I did something I thought I would never do. I rang Brianna in the elevator; she was my only friend in the city. In fact, she was the only person I knew here on a personal level, and only because I helped her out one day when she got locked out of her apartment next door to mine; she had since moved, but we kept in contact. I was seriously debating asking if they needed someone for one night on the floors; I shuddered at the thought of being half-naked with leering horny gazes.

But I also had no choice with Martha breathing down my neck about the rent. Briana said that is where the money is. In fact, so did her boss. Martha left me no choice, and the salary was paid monthly, so I needed money to tide me over because the pocket change in the bottom of my handbag jiggling around as I walked would not pay the rent or feed me until then.

Yet selling my body didn't sound that appealing either, considering I was still a virgin, which was rare for an omega. Usually, packs claimed us or us them, but I had been using suppressants for years. My scent was faint, though my ID clearly stated what I was, and there was no way I was going to go screaming that from the rooftops. I didn't want to be some Alphas bitch.

I laughed bitterly because I was now literally four Alphas coffee bitch; I was already dreading this job, and it hadn't started yet. But Leila said they were all mates, which was odd. Usually, a pack comprised one Alpha, not four and an Omega, yet she said it was just four men. I was planning on walking over to the club. It would take me a good half an hour to walk there. I hoped Tal would just let me work behind the bar for the night because I sure as hell didn't want to get on stage with Brianna.

So I was stuck in my thoughts when the elevator opened and I stepped out, thinking it was the ground floor only to smack into a hard chest. Burning hot liquid tipped all over me and I hissed as I bounced off the person and fell on my ass.

A thunderous growl rang loudly through the air and I yelped when hands reached down and gripped my arms tightly. Sparks and warmth slipped up my arms, yet the pressure of his tight grip was bone-crushing as the man ripped me to my feet and shook me.

"Fucking whore, you ruined my fucking suit." the man snarled. I trembled under his rage-filled silver gaze when he shoves me backward. My back hits the closed elevator doors to find I had run directly into the path of an Alpha. His tailored suit was drenched in hot coffee, and instinctively I reached out to try to help clean up the mess.

“Fucking useless, Omega,” he sneered as I rushed to get tissues from the nearby foyer desk. I try to pat his shirt dry when his hand locks around my wrist and the crushing pain steals the air from my lungs, his fingers bruising instantly.

“I’m sorry, so sorry I didn’t see you,” I stammered as heat crawled through me, and I cursed at myself. His aura was potent and powerful despite taking my morning suppressants, slick wet between my thighs. Stupid fucking Omega genes! I cursed to myself, cursed being an Omega.

“Don’t fucking touch me,” he sneered, shoving me backward. His jaw clicked as he clenched his teeth. The look he gave me seared through me. My neck prickled and my cheeks flamed as people stared and I dropped my gaze. Tears burned my eyes at the embarrassment of being scolded.

“Now get out of my face,” he growled, shoving me toward the elevator. I did gladly, anything to get away from the intimidating Alpha.

I wondered who the man was, and hopefully, I never run into him again. I left the place shaken to my core, but after leaving the giant building, I felt myself relax, the tension slowly leaving with every meter I put between myself and the massive skysrise building.