

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 41

Zara POV

Every fiber of my being burned and ached with heat, yet the lust-filled haze lifted gradually, and I was finally able to take in my surroundings. The last thing I remember was seeing Thane standing over me. Yet stretching out like a cat, I yawned, my body ached, and the fever was still there, my scent was potent, and I was still in the throes of heat.

However, that wasn't what made me stiffen. It was the warm body pressed against my front and back as I moved. Their heat made my eyes fly open, and I sat up startled, glancing around my surroundings to find Raidon crammed against my back and Leon tugging me closer as he slept. Horror washed over me as I looked down at my bosses.

Oh, please tell me I didn't fuck them? My eyes trailed over their clothed bodies before noticing how very damn naked I was. I was as naked as the day I was born. Reaching over, I snatched a pillow, trying to cover up some of my nudity. I was near tempted to strip Leon of his shirt just to cover up, yet the thought of waking him also made me cringe.

I swallowed my throat, feeling scratchy and raw, as I looked around, trying to figure out where I was. I wasn't back at the shitty apartment I was evicted from, and I wasn't behind the dumpster at the plaza where I had been living. Or the loading docks at work. Yet, by their overwhelming scents in the room, I had to be at their mansion. However, I don't remember noticing a room like this one.

When I managed to move out from between the two bodies that were pressed against me, pain washed over me, and I fought the urge to drop back between them so that I could keep their skin pressed against mine. I wasn't naïve. I knew Omegas needed alphas to lessen their heat, yet I wasn't about to snuggle with my bosses for it, especially these assholes who despised me like I actually did kill Thane's mother and his pet guinea pig when he was a boy. His hate for omegas was unwarranted and unfathomable to me.

Yet as I glanced down at Leon, he instantly rolled toward his mate, and I stepped backward over Raidon, avoiding Leon's rolling body only to step on someone, their grunt and quick movement made me lose my footing and I stumbled backward before landing on another person.

"Fuck" Rhen wheezed, as I crashed on top of him. I quickly scrambled off, backing away, waiting for his attack, only to realize he was clutching his family jewels, which I must have stood on.

Yet as he glared at me, I yelped, scrambling for cushions to cover my nakedness. “Kind of pointless, don’t you think?| have seen you naked already. he groans, rubbing his crotch and sitting up. He looked over at his sleeping mates, and I glanced around, wondering where Thane was. Usually, where one is, they all are, yet I couldn’t see him in the vast room anywhere.

“Where am I?” I stammered, moving closer to the outer edge of what appeared to be an enormous bed set into the floor.

“Our Den,” Rhen says before moving his hand above his head and tugging his shirt off. He tosses it to me, and I quickly pull it on, turning as I do so, giving him only the sight of my ass.

This was embarrassing, damn embarrassing, and I reeked of them and them me. “What happened. We didn’t... um My eyes dart to Raidon, who was in his briefs, and Leon was still fully dressed.

“No, and you would have felt if we did,” Rhen answered my question, I couldn’t finish with a shake of his head. I let out a breath of relief That definitely would have made the workplace awkward. Thane definitely would have fired me if I fucked one of his mates. Well, technically our mates they just weren’t aware of what or who I was supposed to be to them. Turning, I move to the ledge and am about to climb out, when Rhen speaks again.

“Where are you going?”

“Home,” I answered. Though I would hardly call the loading docks home, my makeshift little den behind the shelves definitely wasn’t as comfy as this place. However, with me climbing out I thought that was pretty self-explanatory with me trying to escape.

“Get back in bed. You’re still in heat,” he growls.

“I’m good. I feel okay. I tell him, climbing out, having to dig my feet into the walls to haul myself out yet every instinct was telling me to go back to them, telling me I needed them, yet I couldn’t have them, they weren’t mine, Thane made that abundantly clear Besides, I needed my job more than I needed an Alpha so I wouldn’t risk being fired by giving into temptation

## Chapter 41

“Get back in the den!” Rhen commands and my body feels the jolt of his command instantly, making me freeze.

“The moment you step out those doors, you will have a target on you. Until your heat abates. You will remain here,” Rhen snarls while I try to fight off his command when I

feel his hand grip the back of his shirt. The air leaves my lungs in a whoosh as I am ripped backward, falling onto the soft, cushioned bed with a soft thump.

“Thane said you are to stay here until your heat is over. Therefore, you remain here,” Rhen snaps at me glaring down at me. I swallowed, so Thane knew I was here. I am sure he is plotting murder already. That is probably where he is digging my grave.

Rolling over, Rhen steps away from me and I look at Raidon. Who is stirring, and I knew he would wake soon. I can't stay here. It is one thing tolerating them at work. I didn't want to spend more time than necessary around them that came with far too many risks. Like them figuring out who I am. Them commanding me. Or me becoming Leon's personal juice box or dead. Yeah, the alternatives sounded really fucking appealing.

“Where is Thane?” I asked nervously, and Rhen growled.

“He left because you're here,” he tells me, climbing out of the den, his words made me feel like an intruder and the harsh tone made my stomach sink.

“Wait here,” he says, storming off and up the stairs, his feet sounded louder in the quiet room, yet when the door opened, I welcomed the draft. Goosebumps raised on my flesh and their scents clouding my mind eased a little, although not much before another wave of heat rushed through me.

## **Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 42**

Rhen POV

I wasn't sure what bothered me most as I went to fetch her some water, the fact she trod on my balls or that she tried to sneak off like a one-night stand while we were sleeping. Walking into the kitchen, I grabbed some bottles of water, knowing I probably should have restocked the bar fridge down there earlier before making my way to the linen cupboard and grabbing some fresh towels. Tania also brought some discenting soap, which wouldn't abate her heat but might help me think a little clearer if she didn't smell like my own personal lusting sin.

I grabbed the bag from the counter with all the supplies she bought when I feel the mind link, and Thane's voice flitted through my head.

“You're awake?” he states. I roll my eyes. Of course, he felt me wake up, he always does. Nothing escapes that man when it comes to us.

“Where is Zara?” he asks.

“In the den,” I answer warily. He wasn’t going to make me kick her out, was he? That thought bothered me more than it should. She wouldn’t be safe out there. Her heat may have abated for now, but it will return. We gave her suppressants, but that wouldn’t stop the heat while in it. Just give her some reprieve until her cycle ends, which could take days.

Although we intended to keep pumping her full of suppressants, or the other alternative was to fuck her and knot her, neither Raidon nor I were comfortable with that, even with Thane saying we could. It felt wrong. Mates are a pack, and she wasn’t part of our pack, and Thane had no intentions of making her pack or joining us. Therefore we would fight the urge to mate her.

“Good, keep her there and let me know when her heat finishes, and I will come home,” he tells me, and my brows furrow.

“You’re not returning?”

“No, I am looking into something, but while she is lucid, see what you can find out about her,” Thane tells me before cutting the link before I could question him further.

Thane was acting strange, and I searched the bond before realizing he was blocking it, making me wonder what it was he was up to. Or was he trying not to let us know how badly it affected him knowing we were here with her? He should know us better than to believe we would be unfaithful. Sure, we all played around from time to time but never behind each other’s backs, and we were always together when we did so. Sharing had never been an issue with any of us. So it kind of stung that he thought we would go behind his back even with his permission.

Grabbing some towels, I rummaged through the storage boxes at the bottom, pulling out some pajamas for her that were originally bought for Harlow. Not like she would use them. I don’t even know why Thane kept them. It wasn’t like she was coming back. I shake my head before turning back to the basement door. As I walk down the stairs, the door swings shut behind me, and I notice Zara sitting on the ledge of the drop off into the den pit.

Zara shivered while rubbing her arms that were covered in goosebumps, yet she was also drenched in sweat as another violent wave of heat coursed through her. Yet she wasn’t crazed with the suppressant keeping her lucid, though I could tell she was uncomfortable, and my shirt was drenched with sweat as she fought her instincts to go to them.

Zara looks over her shoulder at me, and I notice her face is flushed, her cheeks a deep rouge.

“Are you okay?” her brows furrow at my question, and she nods, her eyes going to the bottled water in my arms. Walking over to her, I pass her one, and she takes it before struggling with the cap. Her hands shook that badly.

Setting everything down beside her, I twist the cap before helping her hold it to her lips. She chokes and sputters on it as she gulps it down thirstily.

“Slow, or you will make yourself sick,” I warn her. She gasps, sucking in a breath when I pull it back, realizing she is going to choke herself. She was gulping it that fast, having drained half the bottle already.

“Go lay between them. Their skin contact will help,”

“I’m fine,” she lies, and I shake my head before taking the rest of the water bottles to the mini-fridge and setting them inside. When I am done, I move toward the paneled wall, feeling her eyes watching me. I pushed on one panel, which was actually a door, to reveal the bathroom.

## Chapter 42

“Zara,” I call over my shoulder before looking at her. “Come,” I tell her, and she hesitantly gets up. She wanders over to me, curious yet also wary. I noticed how she stiffened when she stopped beside me and swayed on her feet as she got a whiff of my scent.

“Do you want to shower, or there is a spa bath in there?” I tell her, nudging her in so she could look around. She steps in and quickly glances around, and I hold the towels and soap out to her.

“There are more toiletries under the sink,” I tell her, and she glances at it.

“Thank you,” she murmurs, yet she looks on the verge of passing out. I touch her face, and she flinches before leaning into my touch when she realizes it offered some relief. Her skin was burning hot, yet she was shivering as if she had a fever.

“Try to be quick. You really should be in the den.” her eyes dart over my shoulder, and I catch the first glimpse of her animalistic side since she woke. Her hazel eyes burned brighter, almost turning a deep green, turning fluorescent briefly before she shook her head, regaining her senses. She nods before shutting the door.

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 43

### Thane POV

For hours I have waited at the strip club for Talon to return. He was pissing me off. He knew I was waiting and was deliberately dawdling and wasting my damn time. Yet as

Brianna walked on in, I knew he wouldn't be too far behind her. Brianna spots me instantly and runs. They had spent the last few days out of the country, but I rang as soon as I found out his plane had landed this morning and told him to come to see me. When he didn't show up, I came looking for him.

The moment he steps into the seedy place, he sighs. "If you're here about the money, can we do this in my office? My patrons don't need to witness this," he groans. I wave him to go, and he trudges toward the steps. I follow and climb the steps behind him to his office. He immediately walks to the safe and opens it.

"I'm not here about that," I growl, and he seems taken aback and stands, kicking the safe door shut and spinning the handle

"You're not here about the debt?" he asks warily as he makes his way to his desk. I fall onto the couch, watching him. Scrubbing a hand down my face, I rub my eyes. I needed sleep and hadn't slept a wink. It was impossible; I was used to being curled up with one of my mates. The couch at work did not offer that.

"No, I am here about Z or Zara, whatever you want to call her," I tell him, and he swallows and leans back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest.

"What about her? You know if the girls request their identity to be kept secret, we abide by their wishes," he states. I raise my hand; he quiets immediately; I should beat him senseless, for giving me the runaround all damn day. He knows better than to push me.

"I know the rules you have set out for this place. I don't care for them. Do you have any idea how bad this could damage my company's reputation if they knew I hired a hooker?"

"Zara isn't a hooker. She mainly cleaned dishes. The first time she took on clients was you lot when you demanded her," Tal defends. I click my tongue, finding that hard to believe she had no intentions of whoring herself out. But then again, she is a virgin

"What do you know about her?" I ask him, turning my attention back to him. Tal gets up and moves toward his bar area. He pours us both a drink before handing me the glass. I sip mine, waiting for him to say something. But he only shrugs.

"Not much. She is quiet, and I am pretty sure her only friend is Bree."

"She never mentioned family or anyone?" Tal shakes his head, and I groan. I was no closer to figuring out who she was.

"So you didn't know she was homeless, I gather?" Tal shakes his head.

"No, I have been to her apartment; Bree lived next door to her. That's how they met," Tal quickly says. I shake my head

"I spoke with the owner. She kicked her out a couple of weeks ago. The owner thought she was staying with a friend until one of her other tenants told her she was on the streets, sleeping behind the old plaza." I tell him.

"A homeless Omega?" Talon laughs, yeah, it wasn't heard of much. We certainly didn't get many homeless Omegas in the city. Most were cherished possessions of their alphas or made good money doing rotations, which was basically just being breeders, jumping from pack to pack, spitting out kids before moving on to the next.

"Wait, you're being serious?" Tal asked. I clicked my tongue, annoyed that he didn't realize one of his workers was in such dire straights. Yet again, she pulled the wool over my eyes too. Yet a homeless Omega in this city was dangerous

"Fuck, I had no idea. Had I known, I would have organized something or told the council," he exclaims.

"That's another thing I wanted to see you about. Zara never registered, and her ID was fake," I tell him and his brows furrowed.

"They're forcing her into rotation?" he asks, and I glare at him with a growl.

"No, because I covered it up by telling the council my pack is claiming her," I snap at him.

"Oh well, that's great news. No harm done then," he shrugs.

## Chapter 43

"You know I won't have an Omega in my pack. That is why I am here. I need to find out who she is because it is clear to me that Zara is running from someone," I snap at him.

"She was Bree's friend. I did her a favor. Honestly, Thane, if she is hiding something, I am not aware of what it is. Besides giving her shifts, I didn't have much to do with her outside this place."

"So, what do you suggest I do with her? I can't keep her," I tell him.

"Why can't you? Because of Harlow? Do you know why Leon comes here so often, not because he wants to feed on my workers but because he is hoping you fucking find one you like? Your pack needs an Omega,' Tal snaps.

"What use is an Omega to us? She would be useless to us." I retort.



“She wouldn’t be useless. Sure she can’t take your knot, but does that matter? There is more to Omegas than being a piece of ass,” Talon says. I knew he was right, but it still irked me; we were so close to having an Omega, a family. Yet Harlow blew that right out the window.

## Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 44

I could never fully claim an Omega. That is why Alpha Packs give them serum. A normal pack wouldn’t need the serum, though most still give it anyway to forge a stronger bond. However, Alpha Packs do need the serum.

Only the top Alpha can claim the Omega and make her pack, yet becoming an Alpha of Alphas makes that way harder. There are so many benefits to Alpha packs, the primary Alpha becomes stronger and bigger, our auras more potent, and our wolves twice to three times the size of an average alpha

But with that, our knots are a lot bigger, and most end with killing an Omega. Hence the serum, it gives some of our blood and DNA to them, strengthens them and acclimates them to us. Kind of like a tailored suit, yet not even that is guaranteed. And giving an Omega the serum after taking our pack would mean they hold the same rank as the Alpha of Alphas. And that would cause disorder and trample in any form order within the ranks.

“Would it be such a bad thing, Thane? Zara is a good girl. She is quiet, submissive, and not to mention gorgeous. Would it be so bad that she can’t give you an heir or take your knot? It’s not like you knot your mates, anyway? What difference would it be?” Tal asks.

“Submissive? She is a pain in my ass,” I snarl.

“But your mates like her, don’t they? Or you wouldn’t be here whining to me but at home with them and her,” Talon says.

“We don’t even know her, or her real name, for one. God knows who she truly is?” I snap at him.

“Maybe earn her trust, and she will tell you. Just something to think about” Tal says, and I sigh, yet I was still untrusting of her. Something was off, and I planned to get to the bottom of it.

Talon tells me he has to get to work and check in with his workers, and I wave him off. For a while, I sat there to ponder. Tal’s words had me worried. Did my pack really think we were lacking without an Omega? Trapped in my thoughts, Raidon opens the mind link.



“Can you please come home?” he whines at me. I blink and sit up.

“What wrong?” I ask while stretching. My back was killing. Tal really needed to get comfier seating.

“Nothing, but her heat is getting worse. Leon is struggling, and her scent...” He groans, and I can feel all their discomfort

“I told you to go ahead and do as you please,” I growl.

“As if we would without you here, and not only that, she isn’t exactly being compliant. She even slapped Leon for trying to touch her and kicked me in the damn balls.” he snarls.

“She attacked both of you?”

“Yes, we have been feeding her suppressant like they’re tictacs. She is fighting her own instincts, and Rhen looks like he is moments away from strangling her.” I growl, appalled she would reject them. It kind of irritated me. Why would she reject them? Nothing is wrong with my mates; it pissed me off that she thought she was too good for them.

“I’m on my way home” | growl, cutting the link. Getting up, I walk out of the office, furious with her. I gave her my damn mates, for fuck’s sake, and she throws it back in my face.

I don’t even remember the drive home or getting out of my car. And I only returned to my senses when I climbed out, and her intoxicating scent hit me like a slap in the face. Slamming my car door, I could hear them arguing with her.

“Raidon, just grab her. We need to get her into the damn bath before she overheats.” Rhen snaps when I hear her growl before Raidon hisses.

“Command her, damn it,” Raidon growls.

“She is in enough pain, asshole. Just grab her,” Rhen replies.

Having heard enough, I stormed through the place, heading for the den. The room falls silent as soon as I toss the door open. I walk down the steps, my footsteps sounding loud as I trudge down them. When they come into view. I find Zara huddled in a ball, her knees pressed to her chest and she is panting, she was completely naked and I could see claw marks down her body as if she clawed at herself to try to abate the excruciating heat rolling through her in waves. Her face was flushed and bright red, her skin glistened with her sweat, and her pheromones had me instantly hard.

Noticing me, she looks up and almost looks relieved. "Finally, can you please ask them to let me go or leave?" she pleads, her voice coming out breathless. Raidon glares at her while Rhen scratches the back of his neck awkwardly, and

## Chapter 44

he moves toward her, yet her eyes track him like he is prey.

Glancing around, I spot Leon chained to a chair, blood-drenched the front of him, and I could tell it was fresh, so I knew he attacked her recently, he awkwardly wiggles his fingers at me, but I pin him with my glare until he whimpers and looks at the ground.

"You, I will deal with later," I growl at him. Turning back to the den, I turn my attention to Zara. She shrinks under my gaze; I know she can feel my aura, and I force it on her harder, pressing against her. Yet, in heat, most Omegas would be throwing themselves at any alpha's feet, but here she was fighting instinct and rejecting my mates as if something was wrong with them.

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