

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 45

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“But you, I will deal with now,” I tell her, toeing off my shoes and shrugging my jacket off. I kick my shoes aside and toss my jacket on Leon’s lap before dropping into the den. Her eyes widen as I stalk toward her.

Fuck, she smells divine. My eyes flicker, and she shrieks, scrambling backward. Stalking over to her naked retreating form, I bend down and wrap my arm around her waist, ripping her off the floor base. Zara squeals and thrashes, but I ignore her before walking to the cushioned corner.

“I didn’t touch them, I swear,” she panics as I sit down.

“I didn’t, I fucking didn’t, you have to believe me,” I rip her onto my lap. She thrashes, but one growl makes her still. Her breathing was harsh, and I could feel her body trembling.

“Stay.” I command, letting her go. She doesn’t move, stuck under my command. I unbutton my shirt, tugging it off over my head and setting it aside. Placing my hand on her stomach, I force her back, so her back is flush against my chest. Zara moans at the relief, yet I am more shocked by the tingling sensation moving over my skin.

“I swear, Thane, I never did anything with your mates,” she pleads.

“That’s what I am fucking angry about, Zara, or should I call you Z?” I snarl, and I feel every muscle in her body tense.

Zara POV

That’s what I am fucking angry about, Zara, or should I call you Z?” Thane snarls, and my blood runs cold. He knows I am the girl from Tal’s club. His aura presses down on me with his anger. What else does he know?

“Z? Rhen asks, and he looks at Raidon, who looks away guiltily. I knew Leon and Raidon knew, but they promised they wouldn’t tell Thane.

“Hmm, Zara here is Z. We will talk about that later, for now we take care of her heat,” Thane says, moving his legs under mine before lifting his knees and hooking my legs over his. I try to climb off him. No fucking way! Thane presses his hand on my stomach and his teeth to my shoulder in warning.

“I gave you my mates, and you will use them to abate your heat, or I will hand you over to the council you never registered with, Zara.” Thane snarls, and I swallow. No way I

could pay those fines, and I sure as hell refuse to become a breeder. My heart raced in my chest and I shook my head vigorously. They would bloody hurt me, they hate me and I sure didn't want to lose my virginity to men who would rather kill me than fuck me.

Raidon steps closer and I try to close my legs, but Thane pulls them wider apart. "Try it, Zara and I will fold you like origami, tie you down and let them run a train on you," Thane warns.

Tears burn my eyes, and I shake my head when Raidon falls on his knees between our legs. Thane's hand moves to my hair and his fingers brush the back of my neck, making me shiver as he sweeps it over one shoulder before bunching it in his fist. Thane tugs my head back, forcing me to meet his gaze, which is surprisingly softer than I expected. His nose skims across my cheek to my ear.

"This isn't a punishment. That will come later. But your heat won't stop until someone knots you," Thane purrs before nipping at my ear.

"My mates won't hurt you, Zara. We are aware you're a virgin," Thane growls, the sound almost a groan. "We can smell your innocence," he groans as he flicks my ear with his tongue.

Hands run across my thighs and I gasp as the tingling sensation rushed straight to the apex of my legs. Thane lets my hair go and I find that the hands belong to Raidon. His hands move to my hips and my heart beats like a drum against my ribcage. Thane lowers his legs slightly, letting Raidon drag me down his legs and closer to him.

Thane grips my chin, tilting my face up to his. His lips capture mine, his tongue forcibly delving between my lips and I stealing my breath at the same time Raidon's lips latch around my nipple.

Sparks move everywhere, and slick drenches my thighs while primal desire courses through my veins, setting my veins on fire as my heat awakens like a live wire writhing through my body. Raidon growls, his teeth grazing over my hardened nipple before he bites it. A whiny moan leaves my lips, and Thane pulls away

"Fuck!" Thane curses and I could feel the massive bulge beneath me digging into the middle of my back. Raidon lips travel south, nipping and sucking my heated flesh, each soft touch making the pain lessen and I give in. I couldn't take much more of this incessant throb, and despite them hating me, they were being strangely gentle

Raidon eyes watch my face as he drops onto his elbows between my legs before his hot mouth covered my pussy and my eyes rolled into the back of my head at the sensation. He sucked my lower lips into his mouth, his tongue delving between my folds as he licked every inch of me. My back arches at the intense feeling his skillful tongue brought forth.

When another two set of lips captured nipples and licked at each breast. My eyes flew open to find Leon had been released from his restraints and had one nipple in his mouth while Rhen had seized the other

“Shh, Leon won’t hurt you, he just wants to taste you.” Thane says purrs, his calling slipping out and forcing my body to relax despite the slight fear of having Leon’s fangs so close to my neck Yet their hot mouths everywhere was a sensory overload as I took in the different sensations, every part of me buzzing.

Raidon growls, plunging his tongue inside me before fattening it and dragging across my heated flesh and earning a moan. I writhe, caught in heavenly bliss at their hands when Raidon’s fingers brush against my entrance and he sits back on his knees, his fingers prod around my entrance when he forces his finger inside me.

I squirm at the intrusion, but Thane’s hand presses harder on stomach and his voice next to my ear calms me “He’ll go

slow.” Thane whispers, and my eyes dart to Raidon’s. He winks at me and smiles deviously, his eyes going to his hand between my legs as he slowly withdraws his finger before adding another and I feel my inner walls stretch around them before clenching

“Good girl,” Raidon purrs while gripping my knee and pushing my leg out wider. Leon purrs, lifting his head from my breast to watch Raidon fuck me with his fingers. He curls them inside me before scissoring them and stretching me wider. He withdraws them slowly before plunging them inside me again and making me cry out at the pleasurable feel.

“So wet, so pretty,” Leon purrs before leaning down and dipping his face between my thighs. He sucks my clit into his mouth, and my walls clench around Raidon’s fingers while Leon tastes me. My hips rock against his face as his tongue swirls around my clit and I explode on his tongue; my vision turns white as my inner walls and clit pulsate as I come undone.

Leon keeps up his pleasurable torture while Raidon continues to fuck me with his fingers while I ride out the waves of pleasure rolling through me. As the feeling recedes, it leaves me feeling boneless and breathless. Leon laps at my juices and Raidon’s fingers. When Leon sits up, Rhen grips his face and tugs him across me. Rhen kisses him hard and my walls clench at the sight of them as Rhen tastes me on his mate’s lips.

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Raidon squeezes my thighs, making me glance at him and pulling my attention away from the sight above me, but Raidon was looking at Rhen who lets Leon go before licking his lips.

“You have more control than I do. I don’t want to hurt her,” Raidon tells him, yet I was momentarily distracted by how close Leon was getting to my neck again and the sharp points of his fangs grazing my skin.

“Leon!” Thane warns, as I squirm away on Thane’s lap. “I won’t let him drain you,” Thane whispers behind me when Rhen leans over, gripping his hair and tugging his head back.

“Gentle, if you act like a savage. I’ll put you back in the chair,” Rhen warns him before letting him go. Leon’s eyes go to mine before traveling down my body. My skin heats under his hungered gaze.

I sigh, turning my neck and offering it to him. I was far too exhausted to fight him, anyway. Besides, his bites weren’t painful, more like swimming in ecstasy. Yet instead of sinking his teeth into me, he just breaks the flesh, letting my blood flow down my chest. He plays with my blood, smearing it over my breast, then dips his head. His lips followed the trail as he licked at my flesh and ignited my heat again. God, this is torture.

Rhen stands and swaps places with Raidon. I watch as he steps in front of me. My eyes go to the huge bulge between his legs. His hard cock was straining against the fabric of his boxers. I knew what to expect when he shoved them down his legs, and the hard thing that came out of his boxers sprang free. Yet it still scared the heck out of me.

A pearl of pre-cum was on the head. That huge thing was going to be inside of me soon. I wondered if it would hurt, but after the way they had all been gentle with me, I couldn’t imagine that it would bring me anything other than pure pleasure.

I watched him grip his cock and roll a condom on before moving his fist up and down a few times while his eyes moved over my body.

I could see a hint of something playful in his eye. My walls clench as I watch him stroke himself from base to tip.

Rhen kneels, looming over me and watching my face. His eyes then look down his body to where his cock was inches away from my pussy. I felt how my pussy twitched with the need for him. It was frightening to have my body control over me like that, but there was something very liberating about it too, something primal and commanding, making me yearn for him.

I held my breath, aware that it was about to happen at any moment. When Rhen surprised me by leaning over me. He kissed my cheek.

“Relax, okay?” He whispers.

I nodded, unable to form a reply.

"I'll do it slowly... And you can ask me to go even slower if you need me to." Then says before looking to Thane behind me.

"She'll be fine; she is built for this." Thane says when I feel his chin drop onto my shoulder, watching as Rhen positions himself.

I nodded, surprised a little by how gentle he was being. He positioned himself at my entrance. When the tip of his cock first touched my opening, I felt a shudder move up through my body, and I held my breath.

"Breathe, Zara." Thane purred just as Leon sucked on my nipple, making me moan softly and the tension eases slightly. Rhen started to push forward. The tip of his cock pushed against my core, wet with Raidon's saliva and my own juices. His cock stretched me open as it searched for a way inside.

Slowly, he pushed forward. And, slowly, I opened up for him. I felt it, every bit that I stretched out for him. There was brief pain, but I still felt nervous as the tip of his cock slipped inside.

I felt his shaft slip inside me, inch after inch when he met resistance as I tensed. Every little movement that he made sent shudders of pleasure through me. My body had never felt that sensitive before, and it was overwhelming.

I tried to relax, though, as I had been told to do, and let my body take the lead. I was doing something that my body had been designed for, something entirely natural for Omegas, and I felt aware of that the whole time. My body knew what to do, even if I didn't. That was something I needed to trust, and when I felt a kind of euphoria wash over me, I felt the heat already receding.

Rhen grips my hips. "This will sting," he says, and I bite my lip. His grip tightens before he thrusts the rest of the way. Our pelvises flush, and I gasped, choking on my breath as pain stole it.

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"Breathe, Zara," Raidon purrs, gripping my chin and nibbling on my bottom lip. Thane licks my neck and his thrumming calling slips out and my muscles go heavy as he forces me to relax and breathe.

I let myself focus on the feeling of having his cock deep inside me, the way that my insides convulsed around it, and how good it felt to feel full. I think he was waiting for me to get used to the sensation, to let him know if I was in any pain.

Rhen rocked his hips back and forth gently. He started out so slowly, then eventually picked up the pace and went a little harder. I moaned louder and cried out with pleasure. The sounds leaving me had him moving harder and faster and my back arched, my fingers digging into Thane's leg, yet he never complained. With every little increase in pace, I felt it like my body was tensing and quivering with pleasure and I wanted more, so much more.

I reached down between us and moved my fingers over my clit. Rhen smiles, watching my fingers. "Are you going to cum for me?" He asked, "That's it, Zara." Rhen purred.

I rubbed at myself for a few moments, but it didn't take much. Before I knew it, I cried out, shuddering in orgasmic pleasure. I saw stars as I shuddered and moaned. Still, he kept thrusting in and out of me while Leon licked and nipped at my neck, Raidon squeezed my breast, and Thane kept me under his calling, I came undone, hard, my fingers and his cock pushing me through wave after wave of pleasure.

When I felt his knot expand, pressing against my entrance. Rhen pumped his hips those last few times. He groaned as my walls clenched around him, pulsating with my orgasm. When he plows into me with a loud moan, my inside stretch to accommodate him, and I squirm before feeling his cock twitch and pulsate inside me as we become entwined. He slowed down a little to a rocking motion, letting me recover before dropping his weight on top of me.

My body shudders and jolts with aftershocks of my orgasm, and my heat instantly died down, and my body was alive in ways it had never been before, yet I was exhausted after hours of heat, and I felt my eyelids closing on their own when Rhen slips his arm behind my back pulling my chest flush against his as he rolls beside Thane pulling me with him. He kisses my temple, positioning me on top of him. Rhen's chest heaves against mine as we try to catch our breaths.

"Sleep Zara," Rhen murmurs next to my ear, and I feel Thane move beside us. He sweeps my hair from my face.

"Yes, Zara, sleep. Because tomorrow you have questions to answer, and you will answer them, one way or another," Thane says, brushing his lips against mine briefly.

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LV1

Thane POV

I watch as Rhen runs his fingers up her spine while waiting for his knot to go down so he can pull out of her. "You're wearing protection?" I ask him, and he glares at me, which startles me.

"Yes, Thane," he says, looking down at her. The way he spoke my name was cold, and I tilted my head, watching him, yet he didn't lift his head to meet my gaze. Instead, he buries his face in her neck.

Her scent was growing weaker, the heat abated, and I observed as Raidon placed a blanket over her when goosebumps prickled her skin; he lay beside her, and Rhen rolled on his side, crushing her petite body between them to keep her warm. Leon had moved away from her and was sitting on the edge of the pitted den, his chin resting on his hand as he watched them.

"We can't keep her," I tell them, feeling their longing for an Omega loud and clear. They wanted her; they wanted to keep her.

"Do you not feel any kind of pull toward her?" Raidon asks, yet he stares at Rhen, not me. I swallowed. I felt the strange sparks got when I touched her. They were the same as I got from my mates. But she isn't our mate.

"It doesn't matter what I feel towards her, no Omegas," I tell them, and Rhen growls, and I could feel his sadness. It was natural for us to want Omegas, yet I knew it was the desire of her heat that was making us feel off about her. Leon snarls, getting to his feet, and I try to grab his arm as he passes by me, but he pulls away.

"You need to get over Harlow. She isn't coming back, but yet you insist on punishing us for it," Leon snarls before stomping up the steps and leaving the den. I sigh and turn back to my mates.

"She can stay until we find her a place to stay, but that's it," I tell them.

"Leon's right, Thane; it is time you got over Harlow. We want an Omega, and I know you think it's because she is in heat and it is fucking with us, but packs need Omegas," Rhen says, sweeping her hair from her face.

"Not our pack," I growl.

"It's no longer just your decision," Raidon says, challenging me. I look at him to see if he truly wants to fight over this. They never challenged my decisions, yet I could tell they were willing to for her.

"We don't even know her," I growl. "She is an Omega. What does it matter what her past says about her? They are rare enough, and I know we could convince her" Rhen says.

“She hates us,” I snap at him.

“Yes, because you’re a dick to her. She knows she needs an alpha. With us she would have four, she would be safe and looked after. Who wouldn’t want that?” Raidon asks.

“Harlow didn’t,” I snarl at him before leaving. She wasn’t ours. We all agreed that no Omega would join our pack after Harlow. How is it possible that they would change their minds after a couple of weeks of being around her? I head to my room, passing Leon’s, which was beside mine. The door was open, so I pop my head in, finding him sitting on the floor beside his bed with a blood bag in his hands.

“Get out,” he snaps, lifting his gaze to mine.

“Leon, we have talked about this.”

“No, you talked about it. We never agreed, you agreed for us, and we just accepted it.” he growls at me. No, we had all agreed, or so I thought. Was I in denial and just assumed they agreed with the decision? They definitely never spoke differently about the choice. Yet acceptance and agreement were too different things.

“Leon, 1”

“I said get out,” Leon growls, and my brows raise at his tone. I pressed my lips in a line. Leon was the youngest of our pack and the most challenging when it came to keeping him in line, and he loved pressing my buttons, so I would punish him.

Yet this wasn’t a playful, cheeky side of him. He was angry, and he didn’t want me near. I swallow and nod, leaving him be and

walking out. I close his door behind me and move toward my bedroom. Sitting in my room, it suddenly felt cold and lonely in here.

After a few minutes, the silence became deafening, and feeling how upset and hurt my mates were was agony, so I got dressed and headed to work. Once again, I don’t remember the drive and only became aware of my surroundings when I saw the security car pass me where I was parked in the underground parking lot. He would be getting ready to close up the building.

I see his security car stop behind my car and I climb out, wondering what he wanted.

“What’s up?” I ask him.

“I was actually about to ring you. We found something while doing the rounds in the loading docks,” he says, and my brows furrow in confusion

“Hop in; I will take you around back. We also checked the footage for the docks and found something you might want to see,” my security guard tells me. I sigh, retrieving my phone and keys from my car before locking it up.

I climb into his car, and he starts driving slowly, checking the doors as we go and switching the elevators off. He then drives out to the loading docks up the side of the building. He parks inside the roller doors, and I see another of my security guards looking behind shelving with a torch in the loft upstairs.

“We found a can of descenter in the bin, which we thought was odd since no Omegas work here except your secretary,” he tells us.

“It might be my secretary’s. I had her pick up dry cleaning from the docks for me a few days ago,” I tell him.

“Well, we thought the same thing and checked the cameras...” he pauses, and I look at him over the top of the car as I climb out.

“She has been sneaking in after closing. We also found a den,” he tells me. I follow him to the storage room.

“We have been looking for her, but no sign of her tonight and she hasn’t snuck in for a couple of days. Do you want me to ring the police?” he asks, and I shake my head, and he follows me inside the storage room. I could just make out her scent, and probably only because I spent the night with her, so I was accustomed to it.

“No, I will handle it,” I tell him.

“Are you sure? I checked the logs. She never showed up for work today or yesterday,” he tells me, and I growl.

“Yes, because she was at my house,” I tell him, stopping next to a shelf. I sniff the air and look between the shelves to notice a makeshift den.

“Help me, move this aside,” I tell him, and we drag it out so both of us can fit in the tight space. I found one blanket and some clothes she had used to make her den, also a backpack. I rummage through it, finding a diary and her wallet. Opening it, it was empty besides some train and bus tickets. Her fake ID was also in there, and 5 cents.

I chuck it back in the bag before rummaging through the blankets and clothes and finding an empty noodle cup and an unopened can of baked beans. Sighing, I start packing it away and stuffing everything in the bag when I pick up her diary. It was well worn when my security officer cleared his throat.

“Boss, I think we need to notify someone. An Omega can’t live on the streets,” he says, and I glance at him over my shoulder. I watch as his nostrils flare at her scent in this

area as he picks up the blanket and sniffs it. I snatch it off him, stuffing it in the bag with her diary

“You do, and I will fire you. No one is to know about this.” I tell him.

“But what about her situation? I don’t mind taking her in, my alpha wouldn’t-” I freeze, and an involuntary threatening growl escapes me, and he bumps into the shelving.

“I told you she was at my house. You will not touch my fucking Omega,” I growl, rising to my feet. He holds his hands up in surrender.

“I didn’t mean... I didn’t realize you meant she was yours,” he stammers, and I realize what I said. Fuck!

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Lv.1

Zara POV

I don’t know how long I slept, but when I woke up, it was to Raidon and Rhen talking softly beside me. I was toasty warm pressed between their bodies, and I didn’t want to move, knowing now that my heat had abated. I would be sent home, well, back to the storage lockers.

Yet I couldn’t stay here either, and dread pooled in my belly as Thane’s words came back to me. He knew I was the girl from the strip club, and I knew he would fire me. One thing I had come to learn after spending weeks with them at work. Was that image. was everything, and Thane hated nothing more than bad press.

“Wonder what time he will be home,” I hear Raidon murmur, and my eyes flutter open to see Rhen’s tattooed chest. I wanted to trace my fingers over the patterns that were etched into his skin but held back. Tingles spread across every inch of me that was touching them.

“No idea, but when he does, I will try to talk to him again,” Rhen answers.

“Talk, don’t fight with him, Rhen. He will say no just to prove he can,’ Raidon replies. I wondered what they were talking about, but the urge to pee was strong, and I felt sticky from slick and desperately wanted to shower. –

Raidon’s hand resting on my hip wasn’t helping that situation, especially with my stupid omega instincts and hormones running rampant, it made me want to press closer to him and I knew I needed to escape as instinct started to kick in. I knew if I didn’t move, I

would be crawling on top of him soon. Their scents were overwhelming me. Yawning, I stretch. My back ached, and Raidon's hand moved to my stomach.

"You're awake. We have been waiting for you to wake up," Raidon purred, kissing my shoulder, I looked up to find Rhen staring down at me.

I turn my gaze away, my face flaming with embarrassment. Now, what? Do I thank them for stopping my heat? Give him a pat on the back for taking my VCard or handshake as if this was some bizarre business transaction? I suddenly found myself unsure of what to do now. I felt awkward.

I was nothing more than their secretary and some strange Omega they fucked. Sitting up between them, I tuck the surrounding blanket around my naked body; my eyes scan the room for Leon and Thane. But it was just us down here, and I let out a breath. Turning back to look at them, I find them both watching me. I gulp suddenly, wanting to flee from their hungry gazes.

I rub my eyes and look at the bathroom. I chewed my lip, trying to decide what to say, yet I came up with nothing when Rhen spoke. "You can use the bathroom. You don't have to ask," he says.

I nod my head. "Thanks and um'. you didn't have to stay down here. You could have left me here," I tell them awkwardly. Man, why was this so awkward? I would have rather woken up alone, yet that thought also bothered me, but at least it wouldn't have been so uncomfortable.

"I'll grab you a towel and clothes," Raidon says, sitting up. Yet he surprises me by pressing his lips to my cheek before standing and walking to the side. He uses his arms to pull himself out of the den. Getting up, I follow and am about to climb out when I feel hands grip my hips and lift me out before Rhen follows me to the bathroom. I was suddenly feeling extremely self-conscious. I could feel his eyes watching me as I stepped inside the tiled room.

Stopping at the door, I turn to Rhen, who seemed amused about something. What? I had no idea, but it made me even more awkward as his lips curved at the edges.

"Am I in trouble? I mean...is Thane going to fire me?" I ask.

I needed this job and the money to pay Martha what I owed her and get my shitty apartment back. If he fires me, I may be forced to take up the Job Talon offered, but whoring myself out didn't sound very appealing.

"I don't think so, but he is angry for not telling him about working for Tal,"

"He would have fired me if he knew," I tell him, looking at the floor.

“Maybe, maybe not-“I raise an eyebrow at him, and he chuckles.

“Yeah, he would have fired you. Go shower, Zara. Raidon will bring you some clothes,” he says, and I walk into the huge bathroom.

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I make my way over to the shower when I hear the door creak before calling out to Rhen.

“Rhen?” he opens the door and looks at me.

“Thanks,” I tell him and he smirks.

“Anytime,” he chuckles, closing it, and I shake my head. Well, I addressed the elephant in the room, so hopefully, it won’t be so awkward when I hop out, and I can sneak off before Thane returns home.

The hot water was welcomed as I used the desensitizing soap and scrubbed my skin raw. My insides hurt. Between my legs was extra sensitive and uncomfortable, but not overly painful. While washing my hair, I hear the door creak open. I was expecting Raidon to walk in, but it was Thane.

He sets a towel and some clothes next to the sink. “Once you are finished, get dressed and meet us in the dining room,” he says before turning and walking out.

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I dressed quickly in the clothes set out on the sink before making my way to the door. I peered out, finding the den empty. There were no windows down here, and I knew that there was no escape from his wrath when I climbed those steps to the door. Dread pooled low in my stomach as my feet silently moved across the floor, only to creak as I set my weight on the first step. The sound was loud in the quiet room, and I suddenly didn’t want to leave the minimal safety it offered.

Yet I knew if I didn’t go up there, chances were Thane would rip me out of his den and house by my hair. Sucking in a breath, I twist the handle and open the door to the smell of Chinese food filling the air. My belly growls hungrily, but I ignore it, calculating my chances of running to the door without them noticing, which means running past the dining room.

Recognizing how stupid that thought was, I closed the door and moved toward the dining room. Better to get it over with. Just rip the bandaid off, as they say. I wondered

briefly how long it would take to walk into the city or to Tal's to see if I could maybe work.

As I walked into the dining room, they sat at the dining table talking. While Thane watched them. Leon was beaming happily about something, while Thane's glare was murderous when his gaze turned to me.

"Sit, Zara," Thane says, pointing to the chair at the end of the table furthest from everyone. That was fine by me. It meant I was closer to the front door if I had to get up and run from here. Quick escape. Yet his words had them all turn their attention in my direction. I swallowed, my heart pounding in my chest as I sat at the end. All of them had plates in front of them untouched when Rhen got up, placing one in front of me before retaking his seat. They felt miles away, and instead of dinner, it reminded me of one of the conference meetings.

"Thank you," I tell Rhen, only for him to wink at me. My brows furrow knowing Thane could see his strange gesture. I fiddle with my fingers under the table, wondering what is going on when they all start eating and chatting. Yet Thane hardly spoke, just sat at the other end observing his mates while I pushed food around on my plate. My appetite suddenly went away as I waited for the other shoe to drop and his rage to be unleashed. The man was impenetrable. His rage I could usually see. However, now he just sat staring around at everyone while eating and listening but not showing interest.

His quiet, indifferent expression only made me more nervous. Yet the others appeared as if this was ordinary behavior for him. He wasn't even using his aura, and I wanted to run. I found this version of him worse because I didn't know what to expect next. His rage, I expected. The silence was eerie and cold.

Yet even after they all finished eating, they remained at the table. Leon went and got a bottle of wine, pouring everyone a glass before sitting back down. I can't even remember the last time I ate at an actual dinner table, maybe before my parents died. Even at the sanctuary, we lined up for our trays and took them back to our rooms before setting them outside our bedroom doors. Did they eat like this every night?

I wondered how long they sat here. My ass was going numb, and my foot was asleep, yet still, they sat. My food was cold when finally Thane spoke, and silence befell the entire room.

"You'll remain here. You can have the den and can carpool with us to work daily," Thane says before sipping his wine.

"No, my apartment is fine," I lie..

"The apartment you were evicted from?" Thane says, and I chew on my lip, trying to find a way out of the lie I told.

“Don’t lie to me. I detest liars. I know you’re homeless, Zara,” Thane says, setting the wineglass down. He looks at my plate before looking up at me. “Eat.”

“I’m not hungry, I...” Raidon clears his throat loudly, and I glance at him, only for him to nod at my plate in some silent message I couldn’t understand. Looking at Rhen, he appeared to do the same.

“If you give me my handbag, I will just go, and I will see you at work” yet as I rose out of my seat, the look Thane gave me made me sit back down. He presses his lips in a line.

“No one leaves the table until the last person finishes eating, so eat.” He says. I looked around the table to see if he was joking. By the looks on their faces, this was the law in his household. My hands tremble as I pick up the fork, the metal rattling against the plate as I try to scoop up some rice. I felt like throwing up as they watched me.

Oncel put the forkful in my mouth, Raidon’s and Rhen’s shoulders relaxed, and they turned their attention back to Thane. So do until I see him lean down beside the table. I nearly drop my fork on the table when he drops my bag from the storage room on the table in front of him.

“Now, as I was saying, you will remain here, Zara. It wasn’t a question or a request,” Thane states.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 50

(Lv.1

I swallowed the bile that threatened to creep up my throat and spill onto the plate in front of me. My eyes were glued to the bag on the table that contained every belonging I had left in this world and also the diary that contained the only photo I have of my twin sister. A diary filled with my darkest secrets, the only one I hadn’t lost over the years.

“The key you had cut?” Thane says, and I blink at him. The key? Who gives a fuck about a key? He held my entire world in that bag.

“Where did you get that?” I blurt, though I knew, and it was a dumb question, yet the only one my mind could conjure at this exact moment. My brain turned to mush and threatened to melt out my damn ears as I tried to come up with something, anything that would dig me out of the crater that opened up at my feet and sucked me in. Thane growls, annoyed, and starts ripping stuff out of the bag. I shriek, lurching onto the table, and I snatch the bag from him.

My heart thudded against my chest when Thane leaned forward, plucking the bag effortlessly from my grip, my fingers desperately clinging to the fabric of the handle. I

didn't know if I would throw up or pass out. Either way, with how my heart was beating, I was dangerously at risk of a heart attack.

"What the fuck, Zara?" Thane bellowed as he glared down at me. It was only then that I realized everyone was standing, and I noticed the fork embedded between my thumb and index finger webbing. Staring down, the plates and cutlery were on the ground, the table a mess, and my hand was bleeding as I tried to figure out how I had stabbed myself with a fork.

Still, I felt nothing except dread and panic, no pain. Nothing. I pull the fork out, drop it on the table, and look up. Thane looked at the bag he was holding. I was an idiot. I should have remained calm because now he was looking at the bag as if it contained a bomb or something dangerous.

Making me realize my mistake. He had stuffed it full of everything but never really looked in it. He rips everything out of it, and my eyes widen in horror when I see the diary spill onto the table. My hands snatch it before he does, and he growls, his aura slipping out with the weight of a damn elephant, and I was the peanut beneath its foot about to be crushed to smithereens as it stamps its foot.

"Hand it over," Thane snarls. Yet my death grip and panic refused as he tried to pry it from my fingers. His command was excruciating, and I would rather his command kill me than hand it over. Either way, I would be dead if he opened it. Dead if he doesn't

"Zara!" he bellows. Yanking it out of my hands. He snarls, wiping it on his pants where my blood had spilled onto the cover. The moment his aura dropped, I lunged at him, tackling him. Only he was quicker and swatted me away quickly.

Raidon grips my arm before I hit the ground. But Thane was furious. Fuck my job. I couldn't care less. All I cared about was that diary and that photo. That one photo was all we had that we took in one of those photo booths in a shopping center, the one time we snuck out of that horrible place.

"We try to help you, and you carry on like this?" he snarls, his teeth turning to sharp points as his canines extended. Seeing his face half morphed into a monster was terrifying. He looked demonic, his black eyes so dark they looked like bottomless pits straight to hell.

"Please," I begged, my eyes on the diary, and he looked at it in his hand.

"I didn't read it, but by the look on your face, I probably should," he snaps, gripping it in both hands, about to open it. I step forward, about to snatch it, when Raidon yanks me back.

“Are you insane?” he growls as Thane opens it, the photo falling out from between the pages, and his eyes look down at it. He moves to pick it up, and I shake out of Raidon’s grip. My knee lifts as Thane bends down to pick it up and connects with his face, hard.

I honestly hadn’t meant to do that, but the sickening crunch was loud. I heard them gasp when Thane clutched his face and roared. He drops the diary, and I snatch it and the photo bolting out of the place while Rhen, Leon, and Raidon stand stunned.

I caught a glimpse of them as I slid on the tiles into the hall before careening into the wall. My feet grabbed traction, and I ran for the doors, my hand twisted on the handle. I yanked it, but it was locked. I fumbled with the locking system when I heard the table get upended.

The bang made the door rattle as I finally got it open and ripped it wide, only for his hands to wrap around my hair and pull me back, my feet yanked out from under me, and I hit the ground hard, staring up at Thane whose feet were now on either side of my head.

I blinked up at him, and he snatched the diary from my hands, only for it to be ripped out of his, and Rhen backed away from him, his back hitting the open door.

“Calm down, Thane,” Rhen murmurs.

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Chapter 50

Lv.1

“Give me the damn thing.’ Thane says, holding his hands out when Rhen’s eyes dart to mine as I sit up..

“She has a right to privacy.”

“Not in my house. She doesn’t,” Thane says, his voice ice cold. Rhen swallows and looks down at me, and I shake my head and plead with him not to give it to him.

“Choose Rhen, her or me,” Thane snarls, and Rhen sighs, handing him the diary.

“Sorry, Zara, he’s my mate,” Rhen says, and I see Raidon had a hold of Rhen’s shoulder as if he was about to pull him away, worried Thane would attack him. Leon stood in the doorway to the dining room, looking at everyone, horrified.

“Thane, please. It isn’t yours,” I murmur in a last-ditch effort when he growls.

“You attacked me over this!” he roared, and I flinched and dropped my gaze to the floor.

“We know nothing about you. Your landlord knew nothing about you! Talon and Bree, also nothing. What are you hiding? Are the answers in here?” he says, and I look up only for him to crouch down beside me. He shakes the diary at me. I blink back tears, knowing if he opened that, I wouldn’t just be a supposed dead girl but a real one. How stupid of me to put my thought where they could be read.

“Answer me, give us something, Zara. If not, I will read it,” he growls, gripping my chin. His fingers dig into my cheeks.

“What are you running from?” he asks.

“Everyone,” I whisper. His brows furrow before going to the photo in my hands.

“What is that?” he asks, letting my face go. I look down at the back of the photo clutched in my hand, now crumpled.

“A photo,” I answer. The Omega facility had no photos. We were underage, and it wasn’t allowed without our permission or parent signing off on it because being Omega was rare and the risks of such photos being leaked could result in us being kidnapped. There is enough attacks on facilities. No way would they risk photos circulating, it put staff at risk and us.

It also helped with anonymous bidders too. They couldn’t be picky about who they bid by judging our looks. Only our numbers mattered. Yet still, one photo leaked of me which was the grainy footage from the restaurant. So it wouldn’t hurt for him to see it unless he knew Harlow was a twin.

“Of who?” Thane snatches it from me and turns it over. Zara and I were thirteen in it. —

“You’re a twin?” he asked, clearly shocked by that information, and I nodded when he handed it to Rhen. He looks at the diary in his hand.

“Where is she now?”

“Dead,” I tell him, and he bites the inside of his cheek. “I’m sorry,” he whispers, and he holds his hand out for the photo. Rhen gives it to him, and he passes it back to me.

“And this?” Thane asks, holding the diary up.

“I give this to you; then you need to give me something, Zara. Are you running from the authorities?” I stare at him.

“Yes,” I admit.

“For what? Robbery, murder, not registering? If I let you stay with us, I need assurance you aren’t a risk to my mates. Were you

“No, no. I just didn’t want to join a pack. I never registered, and I have no ID.”

letting out a breath. I wasn’t going to correct him and tell him I was also running from him and the Obsidian Pack.

Thane hands me the diary back, and I hesitantly take it. “I’ll fix your fines. Have you got a birth certificate?” I shake my head

“Fine, we will order you one tomorrow at work, then register you.”

“You can’t register me. I have no pack links,” I tell him. Once registered, every Alpha in the city will be aware of my existence, and I will be bloody hounded relentlessly, all because of my DNA, and I would be forced to hand it over to the council, so they have my numbers.

Thane curses and looks over his shoulder before he drops his head, his shoulders slumping. Thane then presses his lips in a line and rises to his feet.

“I’ll register you with mine,” he says before turning on his heel and heading for the stairs.

“And I want the master key you had cut!” he says, leaving no room for argument, not that I would need it on the run.

Because registering me still didn’t help me. My DNA was in the system, and once crossed over, they would find out, yet he would have to wait for my birth certificate before doing that. Another thing I couldn’t order. Yet I could give him some fake name and buy myself a few days to escape the city. Either way, by the end of the week, he would figure out who I was one way or another, and now I had just signed my death warrant..

Looking up, Leon was almost bouncing on his heels, and Raidon sent me a wink, a smirk on his lips. “We get to keep her,” Leon nearly squeals with excitement.

“Appears so,” Rhen says, smiling down at me. I gulped. Harlow destroyed them last time, and now I was about to do it again when they figured out me, and her, are one and the same.