

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 5

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Rhen

"I'm starving," Leon groaned as we stepped into the strip club, his blue eyes looking hungrily at the barely clad half-naked girls on the stage. The red ring around his irises glowed brightly, confirming his hunger even more. His bloodlust was insatiable, and since he was the only hybrid out of us. Thane liked to bring him here, sure he could feed on us, but like Leon said, eating the same thing daily is boring, so we didn't mind if he indulged.

Hell, we all did. We may be mates, but we still had urges and didn't mind sharing a woman now and then. It was one business that owed Thane money. Talon was really pushing past Thane's limits. Of course, as we stepped into the dimly lit place. Brianna, one girl that worked here, rushed over when she spotted us, glancing nervously to the office upstairs.

Talon knew Raidon liked her, and Raidon was a sucker for big boobs. And she was not lacking in that department, her beaded bra barely covering her nipples, and Raidon had grabbed her the moment she came over to bury his face in them with a growl. Thane, however, had one goal in mind as he pushed past her, heading for the office.

"He isn't in," Brianna shrieked, escaping Raidon and chasing after Thane, and I moved to follow them up the spiraling staircase to the VIP section. Thane turned once he reached the top and stormed off toward Talon's office, and kicked the door in. Talon would be dead by now if he wasn't Leon's cousin. I sighed and leaned on the banister overlooking the bottom floor, listening to the grunts, and the beating Talon was copping from Thane. Brianna was chewing her nail nervously, glancing at the door every once in a while, petrified for her sleezy boss, while my eyes roamed the floor. Something smelled exceptionally sweet here tonight.

The pheromones that were pumped through this place always made the sickly air sweet, but this was different. The smell was purer when my eyes locked on the girl behind the bar pouring drinks.

"New girl?" I asked Brianna, and she glanced over the banister to where I pointed.

"Um.. no, she sometimes works here," Brianna said before her eyes darted to the office when a loud bang was heard and the frosted glass windows rattled behind us, followed by a garbled grunt.

Sniffing the air, I couldn't sense what the girl was. The mask covering her eyes covered most of her face, except for her plump lips and little nose, but her scent instantly awoke

my senses above the pungent scents in this vile place. I glance around the room below to find Raidon and Leon sitting in the booth, their eyes locked on the girl as she serves someone. She flinches when the man tries to grab her wrist; the girl pulling away just in time.

“She is a virgin?” I ask, finally picking up why she smelled so sweet.

“She isn’t one of the working girls,” Brianna answers before rubbing her face where the mask was itching. The door opens behind me before Thane comes out and drops a hand on my shoulder. And has a wad of cash that he must have taken from Talon’s safe.

Gargled grunts sounded behind me, and I looked at my mate as he peered over the banister to see what captured my attention. No doubt he could feel Leon’s hunger through the bond, and Raidon’s suddenly piqued interest. Thane rolls his sleeves to his elbows and leans on the banister while observing the floor below.

“New girl?” he asks, and Brianna quickly recites the same thing she told me about her.

“Leon and Raidon want her,” Thane says, nodding toward the booth they were in.

“Oh, she doesn’t work the floor. She sometimes cleans dishes,” Brianna butts in quickly.

“Werewolf?” Thane asks her, and Brianna nods.

“She smells odd,” Thane muses.

“It’s just the pheromones,” Brianna blurts, and I pull away from the banister to stare at her, her eyes were locked on the girl with what appeared to be worry. “Is she one of your friends? You don’t seem very keen on us going near her,” I ask, raising an eyebrow at her. Brianna presses her lips together.

“What’s her name?” Thane asks.

“Z. You know we don’t give out real names here. Defeats the purpose of the masks.” Brianna says, and I raise an eyebrow at her. I knew her real name.

“I’m different,” Brianna defends quickly. Yeah, she was; Brianna had her side tricks. She was one of Leon’s favorites to feed on, and they were friendly, but it still irked me that she refused to tell us the girl’s name.

“She is a sweet girl. Z isn’t like the rest of us here,” sweet? She didn’t look sweet. In her little hot shorts, soft curves, and large bust, she looked like sin. Turning back to the railing, I watched her. There was something else about her. I just couldn’t put my finger on it when Talon walked out of his office. He leans over the railing, fixing his suit jacket,

dabbing his bleeding nose with a tissue before using a fresh handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face.

“That girl,” Thane says, pointing at the woman.

“Z, and she is not working the floor,” Talon says in a shaky voice.

“Leon wants her?” Thane answers, but I was curious if he did too. He had never shown an interest in the girls here before. He mainly liked watching us destroy them and never asked for a specific one.

“She doesn’t work the floor,” Talon repeats.

“She does tonight. Make it happen,” Thane says, leaving no room for argument and heading toward the VIP section.

Brianna makes a strangled noise, and Talon moves to stop Thane with a hand on his arm.

“The girl has never worked the floor. Brianna will be happy to assist you.” Talon tried to tell Thane.

“They don’t want Brianna. Get the girl, Talon,” Thane says, dismissing him. Brianna glances down at the floor where she was, and I turn to look at Raidon and Leon, who are watching her like he is struggling to remain in their seat.

I nodded toward the VIP section, and they instantly got out of their seats and headed upstairs while I followed Thane. We step into the curtained-off booth, and Thane takes a seat with a sigh. The others come in moments later.

“Leon,” Thane says, his eyes lifting to our youngest mate. Leon smiles seductively and saunters over to him before Thane grips his wrist and jerks Leon onto his lap. Thane grips his face between his huge hands, and the tiny points of Leon’s fangs slip past his upper lip. Thane observes him briefly, searching his eyes and the bond I could feel him tugging on. It made me curious, and Thane’s following words made me wonder if I was right about him being interested in the girl downstairs.

“You won’t kill her,” Thane growls, his tone cold and commanding. Raidon falls into the booth beside Thane and chucks his arm over the back of the seat behind him.

“He’ll behave,” Raidon says, leaning into Thane and whispering to him. Thane growls but raises an eyebrow at Leon, wanting to hear it from him. Leon groans and pouts.

“Fine—” his words stop as the curtain is drawn back, and the girl from downstairs steps inside the booth. Leon’s entire body tensed, and the girl froze like a deer in headlights.

She swallowed and looked like she was about to run back out. Her plump lips part as if she is about to say something before she turns swiftly.

I caught the movement as she second-guessed coming in here, and I was behind her instantly, blocking her exit. Her petite body hits my chest before she stumbles backward, only to bump into Leon, who jumped off Thane's lap. The girl freezes, stunned, as he trails his nose across her shoulder and up neck before his hand moves to her hip, and he purrs.

Her eyes flutter shut, and I tilt my head, observing her reaction. Most would have run at that sound, yet it was like it almost subdued her before her eyes flew open, as if she realized the strange reaction she had to Leon. Only Omegas had that reaction to alphas, yet Leon wasn't a full werewolf. He was a hybrid.

My eyes flick to Thane and Raidon behind them, both watching her almost as if hypnotized by her, and I had never seen Thane interested in any of the girls here before, yet the straining of his pant as he moved uncomfortably told me he wanted to fuck her at the very least.

Leon purrs and runs his tongue up her neck to behind her ear before pressing his fangs against her neck. The girl shudders and whines. Still, she reacted by turning to putty in his hands. I sniff the air. But besides her sweet virginal scent, she smelled like a regular wolf. The moment his fangs pricked her skin, she jolted, shoving him away, and her heart rate picked up as she looked around at us, trying to find an escape, but Raidon moved to catch her wrist and yanked her onto his lap.

"Please, I have changed my mind. I want to leave," she whispered, and Raidon lifted his hand to her face and brushed his thumb over her jaw while Thane watched him toy with her, her pulse thumped in her neck, and Leon groaned, sweeping her light brown hair over her shoulder.

"He won't hurt you. Leon just wants to have a little taste," Raidon purred, and this time, Thane observed the same reaction I did. He watched her with avid curiosity as her breathing hitched, and she turned languidly in his arms, melting backward against Leon, when he sank his fangs into her neck from behind.

She gasped, trying to pull off Raidon's lap. She was caged in, and Raidon palms her breast through the thin crop top she wore. His thumb circled around her nipple when Leon's arm snaked around her torso, tugging her closer as he fed on her. He groaned, and arousal smashed into me through the bond when he pulled his fangs from her neck and groaned loudly.

"Omega!" he purred, licking his lips, and my lips parted, my eyes darting to Thane, who snarled and shoved her off Raidon's lap. The snarl that left him made my stomach drop as he stood abruptly. Raidon growled at the girl who clutched her neck, trying to stem

the bleeding. No wonder she was such a fucking whore! Just like the rest of the fucking gold-digging Omegas.

All omegas are. Despite her being a virgin, we all knew why she came in here. The last Omega nearly tore our business out from under us and destroyed our bond, yet it explained the allure toward her. Thane snarls, storming out of the room. The girl sat on the floor, still clutching her bleeding throat. She looked like she was on the verge of tears.

We wouldn't fall for her little Omega tricks. We saw through it. Gripping Leon's shirt, I ripped him out of the room and followed my mates.