

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 51

Lv.1

Zara POV

It felt awkward, cold, and lonely in the den alone, and I was pretty relieved when I woke to Rhen coming down the steps. I slept with my diary inside my pillowcase and the photo tucked inside my bra for safekeeping. It wasn't like it could get any more crumpled.

"Zara," Rhen speaks softly, making me blink up at the high ceiling before turning my head to see him place a mug of steaming coffee on the side of the small drop-off into the den. Clothes hung over one arm as he moved to hang them on the back of a chair.

"Get changed. We leave soon. Thane ironed your clothes this morning, so you just need to get dressed. We have an important meeting this morning and can't be late," Rhen says before slipping out of the basement. I walk to the side and haul myself out.

I could hear their voices upstairs as I changed into the black slacks and a black button-up long-sleeved blouse. I try to pull the top near my neck together, the zip stopping and creating a deep V when I can't squeeze it close enough.

I was showing way too much bust in this top, hardly respectable work attire, yet Thane chose it, and I wondered if he realized. Groaning, I looked at my other top, which was all wrinkled and creased and smelled heavily of my scent.

Clutching the top piece closed, I grabbed my coffee where Rhen left it and almost groaned at the taste. I swear I could feel it warm my bones and awaken my soul from its dormant, numb state. I was about to walk up the steps when I remembered my diary tucked inside the pillowcase.

Sighing, I rush back and retrieve it. I dreaded it but knew I needed to get rid of it. So I figured I would dispose of it at work. I would tear out the pages and shred them, and put them in the loading dock bins. It wasn't worth the risk, and I recognize how foolish I was to keep it. Yet I liked writing, and some of the small doodlings I drew of people inside were the only way to remember their faces.

Time was something I despised. It's amazing how memories remain, yet their faces eventually leave us, just like their touch and smell, and your memories remain vivid, but their faces slip away, the small features you can no longer picture, or if you can, something about else about them is missing. Sometimes I would draw just so I could keep their faces, so I never forgot. But now! had to throw it away. This diary held far too many secrets, far too many answers.

Tucking it under my arm, I climb the stairs with my coffee and wonder if Raidon had a hairbrush I could borrow. My hair looked like a bird's nest. I doubted Thane, Leon, and Rhen would own one. They had no need to brush their hair with their's cropped short. Raidon had long, thick locks I was envious of and the eyes lashes to match them.

The door opens before I have a chance to grip the handle, and Thane nearly walks into me as he goes to storm down the steps. He was in an obvious rush to leave. Clearly, I was taking more time than he believed necessary.

He stops and glances me over before growling when his eyes go to my messy hair before moving to the top that I was almost spilling out of.

His eyes linger longer than necessary before he shakes his head. "You're not wearing that," he growls.

"Well, duh, but I wasn't walking up here shirtless," I tell him.

"I wouldn't have minded," Leon purrs, waving from the island bench where he was eating toast. I roll my eyes at him when Thane walks off down the hall, muttering about my attitude, and I look for Raidon, but he is nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Raidon?" I ask, and Rhen answers.

"Getting dressed upstairs," I nod, and Rhen turns around, mug in hand, as he sips his coffee, watching me over the cup's rim. He takes a mouthful before speaking.

"Last door on the right upstairs," Rhen says, pointing to the roof. I swallow nervously. Was I allowed up there?

"Hurry up. We can't be late, so finish getting ready," Rhen says. I nod, sculling the rest of my coffee and setting the mug in the sink before moving toward the stairs. I pass Thane rummaging in the linen cupboard.

"Where are you going?" Thane asks, and I stop one foot on the stairs.

"To see if Raidon has a hairbrush. The one in the bathroom downstairs was gone," I tell him, and he nods, waving me off and returning to whatever he is doing.

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Walking upstairs, I find doors lined on both sides of the first hall. Walking to the end, I find the door Rhen spoke of. It was the last door before it turned to another hallway that opened up to the landing that overlooked the living room. I knocked on the door, not wanting to walk in while he was getting dressed.

When I get no answer, I twist the handle and open the door to find Raidon sitting on the edge of a massive bed, pulling his black leather shoes on. The enormous bed covered an entire wall, and I gaped at it.

Did they all share a bed? I tried picturing them all in it and couldn't; I knew they were mates, but Thane appeared the sort that liked his privacy.

Raidon looks up as he ties his laces. "Everything okay?" he asks, moving to do the other.

"Can I borrow your hairbrush?" I ask him, not wanting to step into the room. He points to a door, which I see is a bathroom. "Can I point to the door."

He nods, and I quickly rush into the bathroom and find his hairbrush in the holder. I grab it and start ripping it through my hair.

"So you all share a room?" I call out to him.

stands, he walks toward the bathroom and stares at me in the mirror.

"Thane's letting you go to work like that?" he asks, his eyes on my breasts in the mirror.

"No, of course not," Thane says, coming up behind him and answering before I can say anything.

"Try this one." Thane says, handing me another blouse, but this one was made of stretching fabric that was clingy. I take it from him, waiting for them to step out, but they don't.

"Put it on, Zara. What are you doing?" Thane growls, snapping me out of my head. Okay, then, clearly, they are watching me change. I quickly unzip the blouse and tug it off, and Thane takes it while I pull the other one on. This one fits like a second skin, but at least I was covered.

"Better and fix your hair," Thane snaps, about to leave, when he stops looking Raidon over. He clicks his tongue.

"Where is your tie?" he demands.

"Come on, I am wearing the damn suit. I don't need the strangulation device, too." Raidon says, but Thane shakes his head, moving toward the walk-in wardrobe beside

the bathroom and coming back out. Thane presses his lips in a line before clicking his fingers at Raidon when he just stands there.

“No,” Raidon growls when Thane wraps the tie around his neck before using it to jerk him closer. “Behave, I am not in the mood,” Thane growls, pecking his lips, and Raidon rolls his eyes while Thane fixes his tie before walking out.

“Do your hair in the car. We are going to be late,” Raidon says, grabbing my hand when he spots me watching them. He leads me downstairs and to the garage. I climb into the back seat with Raidon and Leon jammed between them both and rubbing shoulders with them.

“What time will he arrive?” Leon asks, glancing at his phone screen.

“At 10 AM. We need to find the pack files,” Thane says, navigating his way through the streets.

“You have a meeting today?” I ask them, wondering who with that Thane was so irritable.

“Yes, and you will behave, no throwing yourself at his damn feet Zara, and keep your damn pheromones in check. I do not feel like fighting this asshole because of your Omega instincts.” Thane states, and I blink, forgetting to take my suppressants. Thane’s eyes go to mine in the mirror. Just as Leon sniffs me and licks his lips.

“She didn’t” Thane growls.

“Yep, she forgot,” Leon declares, snitching on me.

“Fuck, we will be damn late,” Thane snarls about to rip the car around.

“I will be fine. I have been around you lot for days. I should have some resistance, right?” I ask

“Are you sure?” I nod when Rhen reminds him we have some descenter at the office, anyway.

“I mean it Zara, you act like a.”

“Omega?” Rhen cuts him off. Sure, piece of cake. I will just switch my DNA; not an issue! Asshole, I thought to myself.

“Not a problem. I hate Alphas,” I say without thinking. It was an off-hand comment when I froze. Stupid word vomit. I declare hate alphas while sitting in a car full of them. Smart move. Leon chuckles and nudges me.

“You really are trying to earn those brownie points today,” he taunts.

“I didn’t mean,” I shake my head and don’t bother finishing defending myself. It would be pointless.

“Is that your way of saying you like us?” Raidon chuckles. “Are we the exception?” he laughs.

“No, now you’re putting words in my mouth. You four are tolerable, barely!” I tell him. “Besides, if I can control myself around Thane, I will be fine. No alpha in this city is as potent as him.” I say, rummaging through my handbag for my name tag.

“He’s not from the city. He is from the Obsidian pack, an alpha of alphas, so stick close and don’t tick him off,” Thane says, and I almost throw up at his words.

“Obsidian pack?” I squeak without meaning to.

“You’ll be fine. We won’t let him hurt you. He’s in our territory, anyway. He wouldn’t dare,” Thane growls, thinking my fear for the alpha was because of his reputation and not because I also have that alpha’s serum in my veins.

Thane’s should be stronger since I had his last, and I have been around him, but how would I handle being between two alphas or alphas my body is wired to? Thane was hard enough and his pack.

When another thing dawns on me. This alpha would have met my sister, my identical twin sister, minus the scarring.

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Thane parks in the underground parking lot, and everyone hops out of the car while I try to come up with an excuse for me to leave for the hour of the meeting. Yet I knew there was no way out of it once Thane had gripped my elbow and tugged me toward the elevator with the others.

“Maybe it would be best if I weren’t here.” Thane glances at me. “You know, with me being an Omega. I wouldn’t want to make anyone uncomfortable,” I tell them as the elevator goes up.

“None of us will have time to run you home. It will be fine.” Thane says while jamming the button a few extra times as if it would make the metal box we were crammed in go faster. I prayed it got stuck halfway up, and he would have to cancel the meeting. But

we all know my luck is non-existent, so of course, it moved directly to our floor without incident.

The doors open, and I see Leila frantically typing away on her phone, leaning on my desk. She looks up and tosses her arms in the air,

“Hell, not one of you could answer your phone,” she hisses. Thane growls at her. Leila narrows her eyes at him, holds a finger to her lips, and points to the conference room. Thane looks toward it before pulling his phone from his pocket, and I glance at the clock. It was only a little before ten.

“He got in early,” Leila hisses, and I take a step back, only to bump into Rhen. He grunts when my heel steps on his toes, his hand gripping my elbow.

“Fuck, how long?” Thane hisses at her.

“Been here half an hour already, said he had to head back earlier than expected,” Leila says. Thane curses, turning to look at us. His eyes fell on me, and my panic was making me sweat profusely, and sweat meant pheromones. Thane grips my arms.

“What has got into you? Pull yourself together and go grab Obsidian pack files. He holds one of our biggest contracts. We lose this deal, and we will lose other contracts. You need to pull yourself together,” he snarls, and I gulp.

“Rhen, Raidon with me. Leon, watch over Zara,” he says. Rhen and Raidon follow him down the corridor to the conference room, disappearing inside.

“Well, call if you need me, but I have to go let the technician in on level 2,” Leila says, heading for the elevator just as Leon grabbed my hand. He tugged me to my desk and pulled my chair out before dumping me in it.

Shaking myself, I breathe through my mouth, trying to ignore all the heady alpha dominant scents, hoping it would ease how uncomfortable I felt. I switch my computer on and log in. I immediately start looking for files, sending them to Thane’s tablet, which I hear beeping a few moments later. Checking the emails quickly, Leon leans in closer, sniffing me.

“Fuck Zara, are you sick?” he asks, touching my head. All I could smell was my pheromones; if that Alpha walked out, I would be screwed. He would know an Omega was here. I could hear them talking, yet I focused on the computer when Leon swept my hair over my shoulder.

“Damn, you smell good,” he groans behind me. When it occurred to me, he could probably dampen my scent.

“Feed on me,” I tell him, grabbing his tie and jerking him closer. Leon shrieks, clearly not expecting the damn invite, but he could leech on me if it meant killing my damn pheromones.

“What? You actually want me to?” he asks, shocked, and I turn in my seat and glare at him.

“Fucking feed on me; I do not want to send that prick into a rut over my damn scent,” I growl at him. Leon tilts his head to the side, observing my face.

“I’m not supposed to without Raidon or one of them with me,” Leon says, though his eyes darkened, turning a deep crimson, and I could tell he wanted to.

“Here, spray some descenter on,” he says, opening the drawer in my desk and dousing me in it. He chokes and coughs on it, and so do I. Yet it only dampened my scent, didn’t rid me of it. I was gone and in full flight or fight mode, and I could do neither to escape the situation.

“Ah, Thane wants us to bring coffee in,” Leon says, dropping the can into the drawer. I don’t move as he walks down toward the kitchenette.

“Zara! I don’t know how to work the coffee machine!” Leon hisses, waving me over. I nibble my lip, glancing at the door, knowing that meant passing the glass windows that looked into that room. Looking at my desk desperately, I grab my folder off the desk and use it as a shield, pretending I am reading it.

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Chapter 52

Lv.1

Yeah, real smooth, not obvious at all that I am hiding. Leon passes me mugs while I get a tray and start the machine. I busily make the coffees and set them on the tray before giving the tray to him. Leon stares at me funny before he laughs.

“Seriously, you’re not scared of Thane, but that fool?” Leon chuckles, moves toward the conference room, and slips inside. I peek out the door, waiting for the Alpha to turn his head away as Leon slips into the room. When he does, I dart for the elevator. Yet! don’t escape Thane’s eyes.

I would take Thane’s fury for it later. As I dart past, Thane looks up, and my eyes widen when I hear him excuse himself. I ran for the fire exit, knowing the elevator would take too long. My hands hit the door, and I was almost free when Thane’s hand wrapped around my arm.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he growls.

“I knew you would run,” he snarled, shoving me toward the conference room.

I turn, needing to leave, only to smack into his chest, and he grips my arms. “Fucking settle down, you fuck this up, and there will be consequences,”

“Please, I will go sit with Leila. Just don’t make me go in there. I don’t want to be up here with that Alpha,” I plead, and he looks at me when I hear his voice behind me. Every muscle in my body tenses as his scent reaches me, and I hold my breath. Why, why do the stupid serums affect us like this?

“Thane, is everything alright?” I cringe at his deep voice before I hear him sniff the air, and I swallow.

“Everything is fine. Just having issues with the Omega. You know how they get,” Thane answers, looking past me.

“I’m surprised you have one here after everything with Harlow,” Mr. Bowman says just as Thane turns me toward the conference room and to face the imposing figure standing by the door. I gulp my eyes, running over the monster responsible for killing my sister. He wore a grey tailored suit and was clean-shaven and bulky. He smiled before blinking, and the smile slipped off his face.

“Yeah, things change, I guess,” Thane says, nudging me forward. However, the Alpha’s eyes were locked on mine, and mine were on his.

“Zara, this is Alpha Jake Bowman from the Obsidian pack. Jake, this Zara, she is a secretary here,” he looks between Thane and me.

“You found her,” Mr Bowman whispers, and I only just catch his words, and my heart nearly stops.

“Pardon?” Thane asks, and the Alpha shakes his head.

“I said you found one, and Omega. I meant,” he corrects himself. He holds his hand out to me. I take a step back toward Thane and grip his wrist. The Alpha ignores my action and grabs my hand.

“Zara, such a pretty name. I knew someone by that name once,” he said, his grip tightening on my hand. He jerks me toward him and out of Thane’s grip.

“Fuck, you smell just like her too,” he groans, burying his face in my neck before sweeping it over my shoulder. He groans lewdly, pulling me flush against him and all I could do was hold my breath.

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Lv.1

"Yes, I am sorry about that, Alpha. She forgot to take her suppressants this morning," Thane says, placing his hand on my shoulder and forcing his face away from my neck.

"Sorry, sorry, where are my manners?" the Alpha says, staring at my unmarked neck as he takes a step back.

"Shall we continue the meeting?" he says as I waited for him to out me, yet it never came. Thane leads me into the conference room.

"Such pretty little things, Omegas. I would know I have gone through plenty of them." Alpha Jake states, watching me as Thane leads me to his side of the table.

I was on autopilot. I couldn't think, speak or do anything, just stare in horror as my instincts told me to flee or fall at their feet. They go about their business. However, the Alpha's eyes kept darting toward me. I barely paid attention to what they said until I heard my name mentioned.

"I'm sure she won't mind, would you, Zara? And she is no good to you, Thane," Alpha Jake says, and I blink, wondering what I missed.

"No," Thane growls.

"Well, you didn't even ask her. I will extend the contract's lengths by five years," the Alpha offers, and my eyes widen.

"Zara isn't for sale? Nor would I allow it, even if she agreed." Thane says.

"Everyone is for sale for the right price, Thane. You know this," Jake says, staring at me, and Rhen's jaw clenches.

"What do you say, Zara? Want to help your boss out, and you will be rewarded," Jake says, and the way he says my name, it was almost taunting. He knew exactly what was, and he knew Thane did not know. I gulp and shake my head.

"No, thank you. I already have an Alpha." I tell him, my voice coming barely above a whisper as I look at Thane, begging him with my eyes not to disagree with me.

"Now, don't be rash. I just want to see if you're compatible with my pack. I bet you are, and you bare no mark yet." Jake then turns his gaze to Thane.

“How much for her?” he asks when I say nothing. My heart beats like a drum in my chest, and I clutch Thane’s pant leg under the desk. He looks down at my hand on his thigh before looking at the Alpha.

“She’s not for sale, Jake. She is ours,” Thane states coldly.

“She bears no mark on her neck to stake your claim on her;” Jake retorts. Thane growls, jerking me out of my seat and onto his lap. My eyes widen when his hand grips the back of my neck. Horror washes through me. He wouldn’t dare mark me in front of someone, would he? Not that I wouldn’t mind wearing his mark, but that is something supposed to be personal, not flaunted to teach someone who is in control.

Yet instead of his teeth sinking into my neck, his lips cover mine. His lips part, tongue sweeping across my bottom lip, wanting access, his calling thrums from his chest, and I submit immediately under it. My hands gripped his shirt as his tongue delved between my lips, tasting every inch of my mouth, and I moaned at his taste.

Thane deepens the kiss, and sparks flood everywhere, making my skin tingle when he pulls away, leaving me breathless and biting my bottom lip. The moment he does, his calling drops, and my reality shatters around me, and I blink. Embarrassed, I was about to climb off him when his hand gripped mine again, holding it on my thigh, his other hand on my waist as he tugged me closer on his lap.

“Do I need to make myself clearer? Or do you want to watch me fuck her, Alpha, so you can hear her scream who she belongs to?” Thane challenges.

Alpha Jake presses his lips in a line and glances at the contracts on the table while my face heats at Thane’s words.

“Don’t be foolish. You can’t even breed with her, Thane, unless you want her to be your equal. I will double the contract prices, the length, and whatever else you want. Name your price, Thane,” I see Rhen suck in a breath when he doesn’t back down, and Raidon looks at Thane. Thane doesn’t acknowledge them, just stares at the Alpha across from him when I feel his hand covering mine squeeze gently.

“My omega is not for sale,” Thane growls. Alpha Jake goes to open his mouth to say something when Thane speaks over him.

“Ask again. I will tell you where you can shove our contracts and our treaty, Alpha Jake. Just remember whose territory you are in. Remember who you are talking to,” Thane says, his voice ice cold.

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Chapter 53

I swallowed, waiting to see what he would say, and I noticed Rhen push his chair out a bit, and Raidon turned in his chair before stretching his arm along the table and drumming his fingers on the table beside Alpha Jake. Jake glances at Rhen and Raidon when I feel Leon's hands slip onto my shoulders, and he squeezes them, making me glance up at him.

Their auras in the room and the testosterone were overwhelming when I felt Thane's thumb rub over the back of my hand as if he was trying to soothe the instincts that were telling me to bow at their damn feet. Which was becoming an actual possibility if they didn't drop their dangerous auras.

Jake laughs, putting his hands up in surrender. "Fine, fine. I didn't mean to offend you, Thane. I didn't realize you were serious about this one," Jake says though it was clear he was not happy about it.

"Now, shall we sign contracts, or do you need me to escort you out?" Thane asks.

"I'll grab a pen, shall I?" Jake says, reaching for one from the cup in the center of the table.

"Leon, take Zara for a drink," Thane says, looking at him. I waste no time getting to my feet and off Thane's lap. I take Leon's hand. Thane nods at us, and Jake watches us leave. I don't realize how shallow my breathing is until I step out of that damn room feeling like a weight lifted off my chest.

"Are you okay? He can be a dick, but usually he knows better than to challenge Thane," Leon says, steering me toward the kitchenette. My hands shake as I grab a glass from the rack, filling it with water from the tap. I gulp the water down, thirstily needing the cool liquid to soothe the desert that sucked all the moisture from my mouth.

"Hey," Leon purrs, stepping closer and pressing his chest against my back.

"Geez, Zara, you're bloody shaking," Leon murmurs, wrapping his arms around me, and he purrs. It wasn't as potent as his mate's powerful calling, but it helped calm my nerves as I leaned into him.

Leon waits for me to calm down and feel more under control when the doors open up. Thane, Raidon, and Rhen step out with the Alpha, and they seem all buddy-buddy again. As Alpha Jake passes the kitchenette, Leon's arms tighten around my waist, however, I tense.

"I'll catch you later, Leon," Alpha Jake says, nodding to him before his eyes go to me. I don't miss the odd glint to them that chilled me to the bone.

“And I’m sure I’ll see you again real soon, Zara,” he says, drawing my name out longer than necessary.

“It was lovely to meet you,” I tell him, my voice sounding robotic to my own ears. He says nothing, his eyes watching me when Thane claps a hand on his shoulder, steering him toward the elevator.

“Fuck, he is a dick” Leon growls against my neck as he buries his face in my hair. He didn’t snitch, yet that did not make me more at ease. No, it made me even more worried for some reason.

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Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Raidon watches Leon and clears his throat awkwardly, and at first, I didn’t understand until I heard Rhen arguing with Thane by the elevator. The worry I had about Jake was short-lived, knowing I now had to deal with an angry Alpha.

“It’s not her fault,” Rhen growls, and Leon jumps away from me. Raidon peers down the hall toward the small lobby before his eyes dart to me nervously.

“She tried to leave and has no trouble controlling herself around us. She is bloody lucky she didn’t send him into a rut!” Thane roared. I blinked, and my stomach sank. Was everything in there for the sake of Jake challenging him?

His fury was written all over his face when he suddenly appeared in the doorway to the kitchenette. “If you pull that shit again, L... will hand you over to the authorities,” Thane snarled at me, and I took a step back. I swallowed down the sickening feeling that was clogging my throat.

“Fucking Omega’s! You and your stupid fucking hormones making you act like a-”

“Enough, Thane. Don’t get your shit with Harlow and Jake mixed up with Zara. She was fucking scared of him not throwing herself at him,” Raidon snapped at him and his hand moved quickly to grip his arm when he went to step into the room. Instinctively, 1 step back from the fuming Alpha, Leon’s chest brushed up against my back, and Thane’s eyes glared daggers at him when his arm slipped around my waist...

“Get back to work!” he growls at us before storming off. Yet I was still stuck on what Raidon meant by his strange words. That was the first time I had met Jake, and I hated

the man. He was responsible for killing my sister so how could he think I was throwing myself at him?

“He’ll calm down. Obsidian Pack Alpha always sets him off. Don’t take it personally,” Leon murmurs behind me before squeezing my arms and following after Raidon. Rhen sighs, wandering off also, leaving me alone in the kitchenette now more shaken than ever. Especially, now knowing I had to go home with Thane while he is like this at the end of the day. I chew my lip as I turn back to the coffee machine to stop it from quivering.

He just abused me for something I have no control over, and yet my stupid omega instincts were telling me to go in there and beg at his feet for his forgiveness.

One thing I was becoming aware of was how my instincts were becoming harder to ignore, and I don’t think my suppressants would work at all soon, even if I had them.

The serum I now officially knew was very active and alive in my system still. I was acclimating to Thane and his pack, even if I didn’t want to. Their constant presence only proved how impossible it would be to hide who I am from them, and now I was debating whether to tell them the truth.

But what if it angered them? I needed to leave anyway, but I may not have that chance if Thane kills me. But what if he forgave me for running and listened? What if I could stay? And I wanted to stay here. I could have a pack, something I never wanted but found myself suddenly wanting. I wanted them, and it was becoming harder to ignore. Unfortunately, I am not even sure if I could bring myself to leave, yet staying was becoming dangerous.

I had just finished making more coffee for everyone. Walking from each of their offices, I stopped at Thane’s and knocked. My mug and his shook on the tiny tray. Somehow, I couldn’t stop the fear from wrapping around me, yet I wasn’t sure if I was scared of having to leave or afraid of wanting to stay. Maybe both, maybe neither at all. All lines were officially blurred, and no path seemed correct.

“Come in,” I heard him call out, and I sucked in a deep breath. My hands were sweating as I fought every instinct to run in and beg, or run away. Slipping inside, Thane was typing away at his laptop but sat back when I placed his coffee cup beside him. He sighed, watching me, and I turned to leave when his hand gripped my wrist, making every muscle in my body tense.

He leaned across, grabbing the tray from my hand and setting it down as he swiveled in his chair, pulling me to stand between his legs. “I’m sorry, Zara, I didn’t mean to take my anger out on you,” he murmurs.

"It's fine," I tell him. What else could I say? He makes it perfectly clear the only reason I am here is that his mates seem to want me around. Thane sighs, letting my wrist go, and I swiftly grab the tray and my coffee heading for the door and away from him.

"I know you're not the same as Harlow," he says as I reach the door. I stop because only if he knew I was Harlow, yet I turn to face him to see if he says anything else.

"You're not her, I know that. Just Jake, we have a past revolving around Harlow, and seeing him try to take you reminded me of when he did the same with her," he told me, reaching for his mug. He sips his coffee, and I watch him, wondering what information I could get from him. Maybe I could change his mind.

"You hate her because you believe she killed your mother?" I asked, and he swallows, nods his head, looking toward the window.

"But you never found her, so what if she didn't do it?"

"She did. I know she did," Thane said with unwavering certainty. I was about to drop the subject, seeing I was not going to get anywhere with this conversation when the door opened. Raidon stepped inside with a clip-lock bag with some tubes in it and a needle before I could.

"Leila dropped this off," Raidon says before smiling at me.

"Ah, finally. Stay, Zara. I need you here for this anyway," Thane says, and I watch Raidon go over to the desk. He motions to the chaise, and I sit on it, dread pooling in my stomach. And Thane unplugs his laptop and brings it over before sitting beside me.

"Raidon is going to take your blood so I can send it off, and you can help me fill out this paperwork to submit for a birth certificate to register you with our pack," Thane says, logging into some online portal for the council. My heart beats erratically when Raidon comes over with the needle toward me.

"Should he be doing that? Maybe a proper doctor," I worry. "My mother used to be a pathologist. She taught me a few things, and taking blood is one of them," He chuckles, pulling on some gloves..

"So, what is your last name?" Thane asks. I blink, having been put on the spot.

"And your real one, please," Thane says.

"Perry," I lie, it was my grandmother's maiden name, and I knew he wasn't going to get a hit with Zara Perry."

"Date of birth and hospital?" he asks. I rattle off my actual date of birth and the hospital I was born at, not seeing how that would hurt when the last name was wrong.

"I thought we had to wait until after we received the birth certificate before we could do the blood test." I tell them.

"Mum's handling it, Dad owns a surgery down on the main street, so this we can do. Mum and Dad will handle it for us," Raidon says while I hiss at the sharp jab. I watched the vial fill with my blood, and my fear perfumed the room at that information. I thought I could push it out a couple of weeks with this birth certificate, a week at the very least.

Raidon sniffs the air subtly, but I notice. "What's wrong? You got some disease you didn't tell us about?" he chuckles.

"No, just worried what my levels will come back as," I lie. I wasn't worried about that. I was worried about his father putting my blood up against the database and figuring out who I was.

"By the smell of you, your level is high, not that it matters," Raidon says, and Thane growls beside me. Raidon shrugs at him, unperturbed by him.

"Because of Harlow?" I state.

"Yes, she had the last of my serum in her veins; I couldn't mate you even if I wanted to. I won't risk that," Thane states when Raidon asks a question that had me holding my breath, wondering about Thane's reaction.

"Do you want kids?" Raidon asked abruptly. I swallowed, glancing at Thane, but he wasn't even looking at him or seemed bothered by the question.

"I haven't really thought about children," I answer.

"Well, just because Thane can't knot you doesn't mean we can't. Just something to think about," Raidon says.

"Isn't that the point of the serum?" I asked.

"Yes, but I can't give you my serum. I have none left."

"But the Alpha of Alpha's is supposed to produce the first heir," I tell him.

"As I said, I can't. Doesn't mean they can't," Thane says.

"And you would allow that?" I asked, a little shocked. In most Alpha packs only the primary Alpha-produced children. Though in a regular pack, it wasn't unheard of for the Omega to produce multiple kids to multiple members of the pack. And depending on who they mated with decided on what the child was. Omega's mating with each other created Omegas. Finding a male Omega was rarer than finding a female one.

“Yes, of course. Our pack isn’t like most Alpha packs. I may be the primary Alpha, but I don’t share those views entirely, not

anymore anyway.” Thane says, staring up at Raidon.

“I’d love any child my mates produced, It would still be my child.” Thane answers.

I swallow nervously. They still wanted kids despite me not being able to give Thane one? Well, I could. They just didn’t know that, and I wasn’t willing to test out the theory of if his serum worked completely. In all Alpha Packs, serum was used because the main Alpha grows in power and size when the other Alphas submit and he marks them. Omega’s are fragile but sturdy against Alpha’s, but, and Alpha of Alphas could kill an omega, which is why the serum was created giving Omegas some Alpha DNA. Though most normal Alpha’s still gave it to Omegas to force a bond where one wasn’t, or to hold more control over their Omega, it was barbaric but how things had always been done.

Yet if Thane gave me his serum after marking his mates, I would technically be stronger than them except Thane, and a liability to the pack. Or so most Alpha of Alphas believe,

Omegas could mate with Alpha’s or any pack member, really, yet we are primarily born for Alpha’s because only Omegas can produce an Alpha child and take an Alpha knot.

Whereas Alpha females can’t produce children with another Alpha, no one other than an Omega can handle an Alpha’s knot. Yet, Beta’s could mate with each other or even Alpha females to produce more Beta’s and sometimes, oddly, an Omega which was extremely rare,

Where Omegas could produce female Omega’s with all types. The entire thing was crazy and confusing. This was another reason I never gave thought to children. I didn’t want to risk having a girl because I knew there was a chance she would inherit my DNA and not the father.

Raidon places a cotton ball on my arm as he slips the needle out. “How long will that take?” I ask him.

“A couple of days,” Raidon shrugs.

“Okay, well, this is all sent off. Says it can take up to two weeks,” Thane says, screenshotting the receipt number on his desktop.

“So, about the children—”Raidon says, but Thane cuts him off.

“You’re making her nervous. Let her get used to the thought of having a pack before we start harassing her for babies,” Thane says, and Raidon nods.

“Sorry, I was getting ahead of myself.”

"No, you're worried that I will change my mind and you'll lose your chance to have kids," Thane says, closing his laptop and looking up at Raidon

"I'm not changing my mind. I know how much you three want this," Thane tells him. Yet that didn't sound like he was fully on board with having an omega. More like he was doing it for them only. Which only makes my stomach sink, knowing it would cause a rift in their pack.

"We can talk about it more later," Thane says, dismissing us. Great chat, I thought, quickly escaping. Heading to my desk, I rummage through the drawer, spraying more descenter on before pulling the diary out when Raidon wanders over.

"What are you doing now?" He asks, and I point to my computer.

"Do you want to come with me to drop this off? You can meet both my parents," he says, holding up the baggy containing my blood in a vial.