

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 6

Zara POV

Something was going on upstairs, and four terrifying-looking men in suits had come in. I watched them move to the VIP level while the other two sat in one booth by the door. Alphas, all of them, yet one of them smelled a little odd. Almost as if he was more than a werewolf. I could feel their hungry leering gazes watching me as I poured a drink for one customer. I kind of wished I washed the dishes. Their staring had me on edge.

And it wasn't worth the wedgie these tiny little shorts were giving me, and I was fighting the need to tug the skin-tight shorts from my butt. How Brianna wore skimpy stuff like this daily was beyond me. I was freezing, my nipples poking through the thin crop top I had on, my midriff exposed. I might as well be naked for the coverage it gave me.

Brianna, I noticed, was talking animatedly with the man, trying to draw his attention. He leaned on the railing, watching everyone below. His black suit looked like it was a part of him. The four of them were intimidating, and the way they walked in like they owned the place and from the loud banging from upstairs behind the owner's office door told me they were dangerous, yet I couldn't place them yet there was some thing familiar about the one that rushed past first in a blur of pure alpha fury. This city talks, and I could tell whoever they were instilled fear in the customers who kept nervously glancing at them.

I stared at the one talking to Brianna. She appeared nervous suddenly, and he turned to speak to her. The man was enormous, and I lost sight of her as he turned his body, blocking my view of my friend. The aura radiating off him was potent, and I could feel it from here, making me shudder as I turned to serve the next customer. Pouring the drink, I glanced back up to check if Brianna was alright when his glowing silver impenetrable eyes locked on mine. I quickly glanced away, returning to clean glasses, when the other two in the far booth suddenly got up and headed upstairs.

I watched them slip into the VIP section before I heard arguing break out between Brianna and Talon before she stormed off, and Talon gripped the banister and made eye contact with me. He lifts his finger in a come here motion, and my brows furrow, but I set the glass down on the bar before walking out from behind it. I climb the staircase and move toward him.

"Everything okay?" I asked the huge burly looking man, his hair shaved short, and he looked more like a thug than a businessman. Talon sighs and glances down the hall where Brianna disappeared.

"You needed to make money, right, to cover your rent?" he says, and I instantly become wary.

"I will give you \$1000 dollars," he grips my shoulders and turns me toward the VIP section. He points to a closed off room. "If you go in there and entertain the four men waiting in there,"

"What?" I choked out, glancing over my shoulder at him. His eyes darken, an angry look gracing his face. "How bad do you need the money?" he retorts. Badly but not badly enough to fuck four men!

"What do I have to do?" I asked.

"Whatever they ask,"

"Well, that is not an answer. I am not fucking them, Tal,"

"I think the youngest one just wants to play with you a bit." What the fuck was that supposed to mean? Play with me. There are plenty of definitions of play, sordid and not sordid, like play cards, or I shudder at the thought that came to mind.

"I think I will pass, maybe one of the other girls," I start to say as I step away when he grips both my arms, leading me toward the curtained off area,

"You don't have to fuck them, just see what they want," he says,

"I don't have to sleep with them?" I asked, my heart beating in my chest like a drum.

"Not unless you want to. Better tip," He chuckles, and I scoff. I was not about to sell off my virginity for a shitty thousand dollars.

"Who are they?" I ask him.

"That doesn't concern you, but they asked for you, so," he shrugs. Well, it isn't like they would recognize me. I have a mask on. Maybe they just want me to dance or something. That wouldn't be so bad, and maybe the money would be enough to tide Martha over until I got my first paycheck.

*They won't hurt you. One of them is my cousin, okay? And you don't have to do anything you don't want to, just go in there, and when you come out, I will give you the money," Talon says, and I chew my lip.

Martha would kill me if I came home empty-handed, and I only had two hours before I needed to have something for her. Fine, let's get this over with, I thought. I nodded, wondering if I was making a mistake. I was definitely making a mistake, but bills, rent, I needed to do this.

"Good girl," Tal says, slapping my butt and making me jump. He nudges me toward the curtain, and I open it, stepping inside and instantly regret it as I recognized one of the

men instantly. It was the man I ran into earlier. What were the chances of having another run-in with him today? I wanted to flee when I was overwhelmed with Alpha scent!

OY

Not even my suppressants that had started to wear off could save me from the Alpha dominant auras and scent that threatened to overwhelm my mind and control. Their scents wash over me, my pheromones going haywire, and I instantly wanted to run back out as I ran my eyes over the four men that were way more intimidating in person than from afar. I gulped, turning to leave, only to smack into the chest of an other that stood off to the side. Only he moved so quickly, cutting off my exit, and I stumbled backward.

Only to bump into another one, his breath on my neck sent a shiver up my spine as his scent enveloped me, and he ran his nose across my shoulder and up my neck, stopping below my ear, a deep rumbling purr awakes my senses I usually try to keep locked away, and I leaned back against him when I feel sharp points press against my skin making my eyes fly open and gasp left my lips. I shove him back, looking for an escape, when I am yanked onto the lap of one man, his hands grabbing and holding me in place.

“Please, I have changed my mind. I want to leave,” I murmured as I panicked. Too many scents, and felt out of control. I should have doubled my suppressants this morning, I thought when the man’s voice purred below my ear while gentle fingers swept my hair over one shoulder.

“He won’t hurt you. He just wants to have a taste,” he purred at me when I felt fangs pierce my neck. A moan escapes me as his saliva fills me with endorphins, and my body turns to putty in his hands, his tongue lapping at my neck as he tugs me closer, his grip like iron, when he rips his teeth from my neck and growls,