

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 7

“Omega,” he groaned lewdly when I found myself tossed onto the floor. My backside hit the floor hard. It took everything not to cry out. He just shoved me as if he thought I was diseased and contagious. My omega instincts took over, wanting to please the Alphas and beg for forgiveness, but I squashed that down quickly, yet the sting of rejection was like a slap in the face. Stupid Omega instincts and Alpha pheromones were messing with my head.

I touched my fingers to my neck when I felt the trickle of warm blood run down it. Hybrid? I thought to myself. I glanced at the men to find them glaring at me, and the two of them growled, making me flinch. What did I do? I wondered.

I swallowed when the biggest of them stood. If looks could kill, I would be dust. His murderous growl was thunderous when I came face to face with the man I spilt coffee on earlier. Shock hit me. I thought he seemed familiar, and I was glad for the mask obscuring half my face. Yet he did a ward glance as he stormed out, making tears brim in confusion. I hated that instinct made me helpless against Alphas. I should have taken extra suppressants, but I needed maximum tips tonight, and nothing drives Alphas crazier than natural Omega pheromones.

However, now all I wanted to do was crawl back into my little den in my shitty apartment and curl into a ball. It was stupid that strangers I did not know could reject and toss me away so easily, and it had this effect on me all because I was born with genes I despised.

Wiping my tears, I regather myself, wiping the tears of humiliation and rejection off my face, when Brianna walks in. She notices me and is quick to rush over to me. She grips my arms.

“I’m okay, just stupid instincts,” I tell her, and she nods sadly. She was Beta blood, and she used it to her advantage. She didn’t crumble and fall at the feet of Alphas. Brianna wasn’t the lowest on the food chain. I wished I had the confidence she had and could easily slip into the stereotypical Omega stuff, despite her not being one. Yet, here I was, an Omega, and failed miserably at it.

Yet I hated being Omega, hated that Alphas held such control over us just because we were made for Alphas. Omega’s we the only ones that could take their knots. I must be an oddity. I despised what I was, yet Brianna would kill to be an Omega, while I’d kill to be Beta. At least then, I wouldn’t have to reform or put up with baser instincts I hate.

“Come on, let’s get you cleaned up,” I shake my head. I wanted to go home, and I was about to tell her as much when Tal raced into the room. He sighs. “You didn’t take your

suppressants, did you?" he says, and I shake my head. "I didn't take my nighttime ones," I admit. He curses under his breath.

"That explains... the allure they had toward you, without knowing," He sniffs me, and I fight the urge to cringe.

"They called on you?" he murmurs, and I shake my head.

"Your scent is ridiculously strong, I could barely notice it before, but now," He pauses.

"You smell." He groans. "Fuck, you smell good," he groans, his words coming out in a snarl as his eyes flicker. He shakes himself, and Brianna puts herself between us. He blinks a couple of times before snapping himself out of it.

"Yeah, your scent is a little too strong, but a promise is a promise," he says, handing over some cash.

"Who were they?" I asked him, taking the cash.

"You know we don't speak of our clients, just like you girls, don't give them your real names and keep your masks on. It's for everyone's safety." Brianna quickly takes the cash from me, counting it.

"Brianna gives them her name," I tell him,

"Yes, but she does the behind curtain entertainment," Tal says, and Brianna glares at him.

"You should have told them no, Tal," Brianna growls at him, and Tal sighs. I would have given most of it back if I didn't owe Martha so much since I barely did anything, but I was kind of desperate for the cash

right now so I could keep a roof over my head. Hopefully, it will be enough until I start this new job tomorrow and hopefully start bringing in a paycheck each month,

"Well, your scent, as intoxicating as it is right now since you aren't into the extra services, Zara, I suggest you head home before you scent all over this place," Tal says, and he was right. I needed to get home before my scent became dangerously strong. An unmated Omega did not want to be caught on the streets late at night while smelling like a drug to damn Alphas.

I quickly get changed and grab my handbag and pull my hoodie over my head. Just as I was leaving, Tal called out from behind the bar. "Good luck tomorrow, Z," he says, nodding to me, and I smile, slipping out of the club,

Getting home, I was exhausted as I trudged up the steps, only to stop when I saw Mike changing the locks to my doors, Martha leaned on the wall next to him and pushed off it

“You got my money?” she demanded, and I dig through my pockets, staring at Mike’s back. I hand it to her and she counts it.

“There is only \$1000 here, Zara! Where is the rest of it?”

“I just need more time,” I plead, looking at my apartment door.

“No, you have had enough. You were warned, Zara. I’m sorry I am not running a charity,” Martha says, and I almost choke on fear.

“I will get you more. I start a new job tomorrow,” I tell her, rummaging through my bag to show her my employee card. Martha shakes her head.

“Martha, please, it is the middle of winter,”

“Lock it up, Mike,” Martha says, glancing over her shoulder. “Martha!” I beg. Martha looks at me sadly but shakes her head. I look at the door desperately.

*Please, just tonight,” I beg, but once again, she shakes her head.

*Well.... can I at least get my suppressants and some clothes? It’s freezing out there, and I can’t go to work like this?”

“The answer is no, Zara. I won’t be taken advantage of,”

“Taken advantage of is what I will become if I don’t get my suppressants, please, Martha,” I tell her, throwing myself at her. She wrinkles her nose and pushes me back.

“Fuck, Zara. You almost smell like you’re in damn heat,” she snarls, but that just proved she wasn’t human, something I had suspected in the past.

“Please, I will leave. Just let me grab a few things and shower first. I can’t go out there like this,” I beg her, and she looks at Mike. Martha sighs and nods to Mike to unlock the door.

“You have an hour, or I am sending Mike up to drag you out. Don’t be here when he returns,” Martha warns, and I swallow but nod,

I race inside my apartment, closing the door before falling apart. Now, what would I do? I can’t stay with Brianna. She lives with Tal, and, well, Tal would expect me to earn my keep in ways that involved my body, something I wasn’t giving up, especially to no damn Alpha.

