

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 80

Alpha's Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 80

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 80 – Harlow POV

A Week Later

I had been down here now for a week. I was going stir-crazy. There was no TV down here, no window low enough for me to look out of, only the bed and the bathroom. A few storage boxes at the far back, I had rummaged through them and only managed to find some paperwork and a red pen along with an old lamp shade.

On day two, I tried the windows, yet I couldn't get them to unlock. I thought about smashing them but knew they would hear and I wasn't sure punching it was a good idea. I would probably only end up hurting myself. So instead, I did what I did every day, showered and slept.

Ate when I would hear the door open up before Thane or the housekeeper would set food on the top step. I tried waiting by the door a couple of times, but the times were so random that I would end up with a sore back and have to leave the steps. Only to miss the brief chance I had each day. It made me wonder if there was a hidden camera on the stairs I couldn't see.

Sometime later, I would guess around lunchtime; I heard the door open before I heard my food be set on the step and Thane's scent wafted to me. My belly rumbled hungrily, and I forced myself up before stopping by the documents I found and had been doodling on. Glancing at the steps, I wondered if he was in the kitchen still. Retrieving my red pen that was running out of ink, I scribbled on a piece of paper.

Can I have a TV?

I glanced at my handwriting before climbing the steps to retrieve the sandwich left there. It was the same thing every day, and I was getting sick of eating ham and tomato sandwiches for lunch. Sick of eating soup and bread for dinner. Mostly I hated the porridge of a morning that I always tipped down the toilet. I couldn't stand the smell of it.

Climbing the steps, I look at the gap beneath the door and slide paper through, pinched between my fingers. I wiggle it, hoping someone is in the kitchen and sees it. A few seconds later, it was plucked from my fingers, and I gasped excitedly that someone was there. A few seconds later, it was slid back under the door.

“No!” Thane snaps at me from the other

side of the door, and my stomach sinks. It was so quiet down here, lonely. Fighting back the tears, I use the pen to write something else.

A book?

I slid the paper under the door again, and it didn't take long before it was plucked from my fingers. Only I get no answer this time. Instead, I get the front page of the daily newspaper pushed under the door. I stare at it. Emotion chokes me that he would deny something so minuscule. What does it matter if I read? Yet I had one page of a newspaper that was taken up mainly by a black and white photo.

I try to peer under the door's gap, thinking maybe the rest just didn't fit through, but all I see is only the tiles that lead into the kitchen. With a sigh, I grab my sandwich and walk back down the stairs with my half a page of reading material.

He could have at least given me the comic section or maybe a horoscope page. Instead, I got some crap on a new building development that was being built across the other side of the city, yet the page ended before I could find out the juicy details of where exactly. Not that it mattered, it wasn't like I would ever get to check it out anyway.

As the day passed, I slipped deeper into my head, deeper into the depression that came with it. Only the door's opening and footsteps on the stairs made me shoot upright from inside the Den.

Thane walked down the stairs with a tray in his hand. I stood up to convince him to let me upstairs. Yet the moment I climb out of the Den, he commands me.

“Remain where you are until I leave,” he orders as he sets down the tray on the tiny table that I found was attached to the floor. I know because I tried to move it closer to a window. The command washes over me, making every muscle tense and freezing me on the spot.

Once he sets the tray down, I hear more footsteps on the stairs. I glance up to see Rhen glaring at me while carrying a load of washing. He sets it on the counter beside the washing machine and loads it in. Neither of them said anything to me, which kind of bugged me. A conversation with someone other than the bizarre inner monologue running in my head would be nice.

Once they have loaded the washing machine, they both leave, and I feel his command go with him. However, I find when Imalamu wanavar to the tray that

when I make my way over to the tray; that it has two books on it.

I picked both up, looking at them. Was he just being cruel? Was he taunting me, knowing it would be pointless to read these. Both of them were pregnancy books and what to expect after the baby is born. But by Thane's claims, I would never get to hold it, so what use were these to me if not to taunt me?

Setting them down, I looked in the bowl. My soup was almost cold, and I begrudgingly mopped every bit up with a piece of bread. When I am done, I once again shower.

I hope they run out of hot water upstairs with all my showering, or his water bill is high. F**ck him. Once I hopped out though I was once again bored with nothing to do, I moved toward the small table and

picked up the books glancing over them.

Reading over the back of one of the books, the washing machine does its little jingle, telling me the load was finished. I suppose it was something to do. Boredom would be the death of me if I didn't die by Thane's hand first.

So I take the washing out and dump it in the dryer. Maybe if I help, he will get me different books or maybe give me the TVI asked for. Even prisoners are allowed a TV in jail, it's not like I asked for anything to extravagant.

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Chapter 81

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 81 – Two weeks Later.

Thane and Rhen would come down at dinner time every two days and chuck their washing in the washing machine. Thane would always command me not to move until they both left but other than that one sentence, I was never granted more in the way of conversation. I was beginning to forget what my own voice sounded like.

Yet every two days, I get to dry and fold it. It is incredible how such a silly task would become the highlight of my day those days. It was something to cure the boredom, if only momentarily.

Yet today, when Thane came back down to retrieve it, I peered over the side of my Den. I didn't bother moving, knowing he

would command me to remain still if I did. It seemed pointless and was just unnecessary pain.

He moved toward the basket of folded clothes tucking it under his arm. Only when he turns around, he doesn't head for the stairs. He stops at the edge of the Den.

I stared at him, wondering what he wanted, when he reached into his jacket pocket. He then tosses something on the cushioned floor. I stared at it, not daring to move toward it in case it was some sort of trick.

"Rhen linked it to his card," is all he says before he walks off and up the stairs. I only move to retrieve the device when I hear the door shut and lock in place—a kindle. I stared at the device, and tears pr***ked my eyes. I was crying over the

stupid device; I couldn't even tell you if they were happy or sad tears. I was just crying for something so stupid. So basic. It wasn't a TV, but it was something. I always loved reading, but one, I could never really afford books, two, they were a bitch to carry while on the run.

Raidon POV

Leon needed blood, he had gone two weeks with only feeding on us, and his hunger was burning out of control. I already checked with my mother, who said while not ideal, it wouldn't hurt our baby to feed on her, though it would weaken her physically because were babies weren't like human babies, they were more durable, yet the mother wasn't.

Omegas, especially since she was carrying an Alpha baby, it would be more draining on her, the baby growing far bigger than most in the short time werewolf pregnancy's last. Werewolf pregnancy only lasts 16 weeks, and Harlow should roughly be six weeks along now, so any day now, she would begin to show.

"Who is the extra plate for?" Thane asks, pointing to the dinner plate on the bench. This is why I insisted on cooking tonight. Thane rarely lets someone in the kitchen to cook dinner. He likes cooking. So I am not shocked he was instantly suspicious when I asked him.

"It's for Harlow," Thane taps the bowl he just prepared full of minestrone soup, I kept trying to tell him she needed more than that, but for some reason, he was using food as a punishment since he couldn't punish her the way he does us.

"I am taking Leon down there. He needs blood," I tell him.

"No! What if he loses control and kills her?"

"What if he does lose control, Thane, and goes down there while we are sleeping and kills her?" I argue. She isn't human, and we have more blood pumping in our systems

than a human, and my mother would never risk her grandchild if she thought it would kill Harlow or the baby. Thane thinks for a second before he sighs.

“And your mother said it is okay?” I nod; he just couldn’t feed off her too long. And Harlow would feel weak and dizzy from it.

Thane presses his lips in a line. “Once a week and no more than that, Leon,”

Thane tells him.

Leon nodded, and it was like watching someone go through drug withdrawals.

For a week, he was okay with just our blood, then he started to get antsy, but now he is irritable, erratic, and constantly needs to feed on us.

“I mean it, Leon, you can’t be feeding on her every day like you were before,”

Thane warns him. But I had another question that no one had addressed yet. What are we going to do with Leon if Thane kills her? Also, the baby? A baby needs its mother. And I honestly don’t believe I could rip it out of her arms.

“Go before I change my mind,” Thane snaps at us, and I sn**tch the plate of food off the bench and head for the Den.

Walking down the steps, the room is awfully silent, depressingly so, but damn, was her scent potent locked in here. Leon growls behind me, and as I get halfway down, I find her sitting amongst the

cushions with the Kindle Rhen gave her in her hands. She lifts her head before her eyes widen as she gets to her feet. Only when she does, do I feel Thane’s oppressive aura directly behind me.

“Remain where you are,” he orders her, and I glance over my shoulder and glare at him as he follows us down the steps; I was hoping to ask if she was okay, to speak with her just so I could hear her voice again. With Thane behind me though, I knew that wouldn’t be happening

She watches us approach, and Thane takes the plate from me, setting it on the table along with the bowl of soup. If he is giving her a choice, surely she would pick the steak and vegetables over the same soup he fed her every damn night.

Yet when Leon jumps into the Den, the

little excitement she had dies instantly when she recognizes why we are down here. If I could, I would sleep down here, yet Thane’s punishments lately have been brutal when we have attempted to sneak down or try to speak with her.

He even commanded us not to use the open mindlink and also banned us from mind-linking her. Rhen hardly came out of his room, barely spoke to us, just sat in his room stewing in his anger and sadness. He stopped coming to work a week ago, and the place was barely holding together without him. Only since he had been gone did I genuinely realize he runs that place more than Thane.

She opens her mouth, but no sound comes out, realizing she couldn't even beg; her shoulders drop as she falls on her butt. Leon tries to speak to her and coax her to look at him, but she refuses,

just offers him her neck and stares at the bathroom door.

She knows we aren't here to free her but use her. And that made my stomach sink. Leon stares at her for a few seconds before he rises to his feet. I look at him

and watch as he climbs out of the Den.

"Leon?" I ask him, but he shakes his head, climbing the stairs two at a time.

"I'm not feeding on her when she doesn't want me to," he snaps at us before I hear the door slam. Harlow stares after him, but it is Thane that breaks the silence.

"Next time you won't refuse him unless you want me to hire a f**king Omega feeder for him?" Thane snarls at her before storming out. A whimper escapes her, and I even thought that was a low blow. Playing on her instincts.

"Shh, I made you dinner," I told her, hoping she would reply. She can speak if spoken to. She can say yes and no. Maybe not hold an actual conversation, but she can answer, yet she offers me silence before rolling over and laying on her side.