

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 82

Alpha's Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 82

Chapter 82

Four weeks Later.

I was finally showing, though I suspect I should be much larger than I am now. I didn't bother to get up when I heard the door open as someone set my food down on the step. I hadn't seen anyone other than Thane for a few days now. I know they all had a huge fight,

ending with Thane smashing the place up when he refused to let them down here.

I also heard the housekeeper talking to the gardener while I sat on the step the next day, eating my lunch. She asked him if they should ring Thane to let him know Rhen packed up a bag and left the house.

And I hadn't heard from or seen him since. The house was awfully quiet, and I heard Raidon arguing on the phone with who I thought was his mother. He told her she needed to stop ringing Thane and that she was making things worse. Raidon and Thane got into a huge fight which resulted in him leaving, but I think he came back because Thane refused to let Leon leave, saying he was dangerous since he wasn't feeding and refused the Omega feeder and refused to feed on me.

However, when Raidon returned, they only fought, and when Thane came down that night to do the washing, he had a split lip and a bruised cheek which made me wonder what condition Raidon was in.

But this morning I heard Rhen's voice as he returned, I was yet to lay eyes on him. Nor did I care to; I didn't care for much anymore at all. I ignored the stink of the porridge and toast on the steps. My appetite was entirely gone, and I was too exhausted to climb the stairs.

When lunchtime came around, I heard Thane curse before swapping the trays over. I remember opening my eyes at the noise before closing them again. Nothing enticed me. out of bed all day. I couldn't care less. What was the point of waking to stare at the roof and ceiling all day?

The Kindle kept constantly glitching because there was hardly any reception down here for the internet, so I quickly gave up on that. I had read both baby books back to front and was sure I could recite each page word for word if I tried because I had read them so much.

The lights turning on hours later had me yawning and squinting. I was about to go turn them off when I heard footsteps. Sitting up, I see Thane coming down the stairs. I wondered if it was the washing day. I thought it was tomorrow.

“You have slept all day,” he says, stopping at the side of the pitted den.

I say nothing. What else could I possibly be doing? Sure I will go for a short stroll to the stairs and back. Yeah, I would pass on that.

“You should eat. Maybe read. You can’t spend your entire day asleep; you haven’t even drank anything today,” he says. My brows furrow, and I peer over my shoulder at him. He points at the busted light under the stairs.

“I can see you down here; that isn’t a light. Now get up. You need to eat or fix your den?” he says. And what use would that be? I couldn’t even bother doing that. Yet reading those baby books, Omegas went through some bizarre nesting stage where they will destroy every part of their den only to rebuild it. Well, I, for one, couldn’t be bothered.

Snuggling under the blanket and burying my head under a pillow. Thane growls and wanders off back upstairs, and I go back to sleep. I heard him set dinner on the step. Still, I remained in bed even when he returned to pick up the full plate.

It wasn’t until the following day I woke to hands touching me. I jolted to find Leon staring at me, his hands on my belly. I must have been deep asleep because I didn’t hear him coming in. I could see Thane doing laundry behind him.

Seeing it was only Leon and I knew he wouldn’t hurt me, I rolled back over on my side. His hands are warm as he rubs the sides of my growing belly, sparks rushing across my skin. The tiniest of movements prodded his hand, making him giddy beside me as he tried to feel for it again.

“Does it feel strange?” Leon asks me. I shrug, kind of used to it now, though it felt odd; I was trying not to get attached to it. It was never going to be mine.

“Thane, come and feel” Leon says, his words stopping abruptly as he instantly regretted speaking the words as he glanced down at me. Obviously, realizing I would not want his hands on me.

“Never mind, sorry.” Leon whispers.

“Come on, Leon. You saw her, and I am done here,”

“Maybe she can come up for a while?” Leon says, but I shove his hand off me. I already knew the answer to that, so why would he ask?

“Leon now,” Leon’s eyes darken, turning a deep crimson red as his fangs protruded and face twisted in anger where he knelt beside me.

“This is bullshit, Thane. You don’t get to decide for all of us,” Leon spits at him.

“Yes, I do. That is why I am Alpha. Now get out before I make you,” Thane snaps at him. I swallowed, recognizing that deadly tone in his voice. He meant every word of what he spoke. Not wanting to see Leon hurt, I rolled over and away from him.

“Rhen is right. You don’t deserve to be Alpha, not anymore,” Leon snarls as he gets up and climbs out of the den. He stomps up the steps, and I feel Thane’s deadly aura and know Leon was in for it when Thane got up there. However, I pay no attention tuning my surroundings out as I go back to sleep.

The sound of the washing machine woke me a short time later, and his scent before the sparks rushed over my skin. I thought it was Leon with him who was touching me, yet when I opened my eyes, it was Thane hovering over me.

His hand was on my belly. “You need to eat, if not for you, for this baby,” he tells me before sighing, and I could tell he wants to feel the same thing Leon felt earlier. Yet he was touching the wrong spot as his brows pinched together. Rolling my eyes, I grab his hand, and he freezes as I move it to the right place and press down on his hand.

He chuffs. “You need to eat, Harlow. Don’t punish this baby for your mistakes,” he says and I reach for my pillow. Thane growls and rises to his feet.

“You have an ultrasound next week,” he tells me. I turn my head to look at him. That meant I would get to leave this place.

“Eat, please. I’ll make you whatever you want?” Thane says before climbing out of my den. He climbs the stairs as the wheels turn in my head on ways I could work this to my advantage. Yet I was mostly excited at fresh air and light, real light. He leaves and shuts the door, wondering if he meant what he said about me being able to pick my own food. Testing that theory, I climbed out, searching for my pen, and had to tear a piece of the cardboard box off to write on.

I scribbled on it; I had been craving pancakes and Allen’s lolly snakes. And that pasta thing he made once, but I don’t know what it was called. So I wrote pasta spirals with the white sauce. Climbing the stairs, I stuff it under the door hearing someone pick it up.

I tried to peer under the gap, wondering if I would get anything off it. I knew better than to get my hopes up. It was probably some trick to make me get up. Sniffing myself, I smelt terrible, so I wandered down the stairs and headed to the shower. It took me half an hour before I got all the knots out.

Hearing the door open on the stairs, I stepped out in my towel to see Thane carrying a tray down. Sniffing the air, my mouth watered. He set the tray on the table before turning to pull the stuff out of the dryer.

Before I realized it, I followed my nose to him to find what I had asked for on the tray. I inhaled my food, not even caring that I was eating pancakes and pasta simultaneously. To me, it tasted good. Better than the crap he's been making me eat. Thane raises an

eyebrow at me and goes to grab the basket off the table when I finish. Yet when his hand moved toward my empty plate, I realized he was about to take it. I snatch the bag of lollies off it.

"I was going to leave them; I wasn't taking them from you," he says at the savage snarl that I didn't expect to leave me. I clutch my lollies to my chest, intending to savor and ration them in case he doesn't give me anymore. I had a wicked sweet tooth lately, and I never got anything sweet other than the dreaded green apples he had added to my breakfast, although they were more sour than sweet.

I take my lollies, hiding them in my den but not before stealing a blue one. Covered in sauce and pancake syrup, I nestled back under my blankets naked, bit the snake's head, and sighed. For once, the cravings would not drive me mad all night.

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5 Weeks Later.

My life became nothing but repetition, and I was growing extremely bored and angry with Thane's sick and twisted games. This week, I did have an ultrasound. The Doctor had come here to the Den. That was my breaking point, and I lost all hope that Thane was going to come to his senses and let me out of here.

He told me last week, I was having an ultrasound. I was so excited to be leaving the Den; I was almost bouncing on my feet as I waited by the stairs for him to come to get me. Only when the door opened did I realize he was bringing the ultrasound to me.

The Doctor used a portable device, and I tried to tune out what he spoke about with Thane. No longer caring. This was not my baby; I was merely its incubator. He made that much clear.

“Have you booked her in for regular midwife appointments?” the Doctor had asked him. I pretended not to listen, instead staring at the screen full of moving limbs. A stupid smile on my face as I watched my growing bump from a new angle. One that made the movement inside of me more real.

“No, she will be birthing at home; Raidon’s parents will help with the delivery.” Thane told him, and my head turned to look at him.

He expected me to give birth in the Den? And beside a woman who hated me just as much as he does? What about pain relief, or what if something goes wrong?

“Oh, well, she is in competent hands then. Do you want to know the gender?” he asks Thane, and he nods his head. The Doctor moves the device around, pressing harder and making me want to pee before he declares. “It’s a Girl,” Doc tells him, beaming happily. Thane huffs excitedly, and I don’t miss the ghost of a smile on his lips. However, I am surprised he was excited because it is a girl. Most Alphas want boys to carry on the name.

“Okay, since you have her birth plan sorted, what about afterward? Harlow will need her Six-week check-up, or will Elaine handle that too?”

“*We are* unsure yet. If not, the rotation facility may handle it,” Thane tells him. The Doctor’s *brows furrowed* in confusion and my head turned in horror to stare at him.

“Mr. Keller?” he asks, glancing down at my mate’s mark on my neck. It didn’t go unmissed how the Doctor never once addressed or asked me. This was typical with Omegas; the doctors always answered their Alpha, not them. This was hierarchy at its finest.

“Once the baby is born, we will be rejecting her, and she can either go into rotation or face the consequences for her actions,” Thane says, looking at me pointedly. I suddenly didn’t know which option was worse-death or being forced into rotation.

“Her actions?” Doc asks, glancing down at me as if I am some crazed criminal suddenly.

“That is none of your concern, Doc. Pack business, I am free to do as I please with my Omega,” Thane says while I just blink at how insensitive he was being. I am the mother of his child, and those were the only two options I was being offered.

I shake the memory away, my arms wrapping instinctively around my belly. I had listened to them arguing and fighting all week. Rhen and Thane fought constantly. I listened to their footsteps above me. And now I listened to that breaking silence that came with them being at work. I spent the vast majority of the day sleeping. Yet when I woke up after lunch to the sound of the door opening, I sat up. Walking to the stairs, I find my sandwich and fruit and turn away, not bothering to climb the steps.

Thane was no longer forcing me to eat the same things daily. Raidon, I knew, convinced him I needed more than what he was feeding me and a larger variety of foods. Yet I couldn't be bothered climbing the stairs to eat the bland, tasteless crap he served me today. I would lose my mind if I had to eat one more damn apple. Any fruit other than apples, I was sick of apples.

Wandering over to the window, I tried to peek out it. I tried in vain to open it after dragging a chair over to it. With one last heave, I growl, become angry, and punch it. To my astonishment, it broke. I stare at my bleeding hand for a second before looking at the fractured glass. Adrenaline pumps through me at the thought of escape, and I punch it again. I don't even feel it when it cuts my hand, but I feel the breeze outside as the window breaks.

Now I just need to find a way to climb up high enough to try to squeeze through it. It would be a tight fit, extremely tight, and I hoped I didn't get stuck. I definitely wasn't coming out unscathed, but my freedom was right on the other side of the busted window.

Looking around, I found whatever I could to make myself as high as possible; hitting the window was one thing, but having the strength to lift myself through it was impossible. With blood dripping everywhere, I stacked cushions and boxes on top of the chair; I got that little bit closer until finally, I was daring enough to try to climb up on it. I was still shocked that I had broken it

I had been trying to smash, break, and open it for weeks. Nothing I did worked, yet a moment of pure frustration did. Maybe the window felt sorry for me and my pathetic attempts to open it.

Trying to balance on the stack of crap I piled on the chair, I have to turn my head sideways to fit it through the tight gap. Gripping the sides of the window frame, I pull myself through. The glass dug into my hands as I tried to heave my body through. I hiss in pain as glass shards stuck in the frame slice through my back. Yet as I hung from the window, my head, arms, and chest outside in the cool afternoon breeze, I had another issue: how do I get my stomach through? My skin was tight, and my belly was bulging already

Kicking my legs, I manage to twist on my side and grip the top of the tiny window frame; glass tears through my sides and hip. As I force myself through the window, I peer down, ensuring I didn't cut anything vital.

My skin was slippery as I brushed my hands over my legs and hips to brush off any remaining glass, my skin slick with the warmth of my blood. Yet my belly was unscathed. Glancing around, I could hear the mower man doing the lawns on the other side of the house.

I couldn't run down the long driveway; I would be too exposed and spotted. And in my state, someone would definitely ring authorities who would only drag me back here.

So instead, I step out past the wall and peek around the corner to stop dead in my tracks when I find Thane standing on the grass, looking extremely angry with his arms folded. I pivot to run in the opposite direction, only to find Rhen walking up from the other side of the mansion. Raidon walks out behind him.

I was so sure they were at work. "Harlow." Leon breathes, coming up behind Thane, his disappointment loud and clear through the bond. But what did he expect me to do? What were the chances of breaking the window when they were due home?

Yet I couldn't have waited. They would have noticed the broken window instantly, which made me wonder if he was watching the camera when I broke it—Thane waves for me to come to him. I shake my head, and he growls as I give a wistful glance at the forest edge.

"Think about it, Harlow, you can't speak unless asked a question. You have no money, no place to go, and no way to get there even if you did," Thane tells me. Tears burned my eyes at his words, knowing he was right.

"I should make you go back in the same way you got out," Thane tells me, and I press my lips in a line glancing over my shoulder at the broken window. Glass was shattered on the

grass.

"So what will it be?" Thane asks. Instead of answering, I walk back to the window. Rhen's shriek of panic and Thane's fear rattled through the bond as I moved toward the window

and bent down. Going back in would be worse than crawling out. Hands grab my hips as I bend down, yet I wasn't about to go in the way I came out.

No, I wanted the massive shard of glass I noticed. My fingers wrap around it just as I am yanked backward by Thane. I struggle in his grip as he snarls, turning me around. Aiming for his chest, I stabbed him.

I stare at the glass protruding from him in shock as blood began to soak his shirt

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The force sliced my hands ten times worse from the grip I had as I stabbed at his chest but missed the glass going through his shoulder near below his collarbone.

Thane grunts, and my eyes widen at what I did. I can't believe I stabbed him. Thane's grip tightens as he looks at the glass protruding from him. I intended to stab him, but I still can't believe I actually had the guts to do it. To hurt another person, yet the anger I felt dissipated instantly with the horror of what I did. Thane growls furiously as the entire front of his shirt turns bright red as he yanks the glass out and my anger turns to horror as his face twists in fury and his canines protrude frighteningly fast.

I could hear a menacing growl off to the side of me. Before I could even turn to see who made such a savage sound I barely caught a glimpse of Leon as blurred past me and tackled Thane to the ground. Leon hits him, making Thane's head snap back with the force and I could tell through the bond Thane was startled by the sudden attack.

I was startled because attacking your Alpha was suicide, Leon would be lucky not to get killed and I think the only reason Thane would take such a disrespect is because they were mates with a fully forged bond.

Yet being mates doesn't stop Leon raining blow after blow down on him. Raidon and Rhen stood shocked by Leon's actions before they finally reacted. Leon's fangs protruded from his mouth, and he ripped Thane's head to the side and tore into his neck. Thane's attempts to throw him off grew weaker and weaker until eventually he fell slack and his command over me also dropped abruptly making me wonder if he was dead or if he was just weakened enough it broke its hold?

Time seemed to stand still as I saw Thane's eyelids flutter with one last feeble attempt to push Leon off. He laid there limply. Did he just kill Thane? Yet the steady beat of his heart, I knew he was still alive when Leon sat back on his heels and wiped his hand across his mouth, smearing blood all over his face. Seconds later someone grabbed my arm, the feral snarl that left Leon's lips had them jerk away from me. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw it was Rhen.

"Let her go," Leon said, his voice ice cold, and it chilled me to the bone.

“Leon?” Raidon spoke, his voice barely a whisper. “What have you done?” he asks, looking down at Thane at Leon’s feet.

“I can’t watch him treat her like that anymore,” Leon tells him before he places his hand in his pocket and fishes out a set of keys.

“Go!” Leon says, tossing them to me. I catch them staring at his car keys. My heart is beating rapidly in my chest. What am I to do with these?

“...I can’t drive,” I stuttered out. Leon tilts his head to the side to look at me before looking at Rhen and back at me.

“You can’t drive?” Leon asks.

“Well, no shit, she ran a car off the road when she tried to escape last time,” Rhen growls behind me, making me jump away from him.

Raidon looked between us all, yet my eyes were on Thane, who was passed out on the grass, bleeding profusely.

“She can’t be here when he wakes up,” Leon says, looking down at Thane and confirming my thoughts that he would be alright. The tension and fear through the bond were loud and clear. However, I couldn’t decide if they were fearful for themselves or me. We all knew there would be hell to pay when he woke up.

Rhen grabs my arm. “We haven’t got much time,” he says, shoving me toward the house.

“Rhen!” Leon snapped at him, rising to his feet, and I glanced at him, realizing he was willing to attack all his mates if needed. Rhen stops and looks over at him.

“What are you doing?” Leon asks as Raidon moves closer to Rhen, his steps calculating as he looks Rhen over, and I swallow, knowing if they attack each other, I would be caught in the middle. Instinctively my hands moved to protect my belly as I tried to step away from him.

“Getting her out of here,” Rhen tells him. –

“Wherever you take her, he will find her. He will order you to tell him,” Raidon tells him.

“Which is why I am dropping her into the city,” Rhen tells him before looking back down at me.

“We can’t come with you. We have been his mates too long, Harlow. Our bond is fully forged. The bond would lead him straight to you,” he tells me, and I nod, but that doesn’t stop the sick feeling in my stomach at the thought of being on my own.

“We haven’t got much time,” Raidon says, rŭshing ahead of us. Rhen leads me toward the garage door, and I see they must have just pulled up as I escaped. Their doors were still open, and Rhen pushed me toward the door leading into the house. My feet falter, and I come to a stop.

“You can’t leave covered in blood and half naked.” I shake my head, knowing the prison this place is. “We aren’t, Thane,” Rhen whispers behind me, nudging me forward.

Hesitantly, I step inside the place to find Raidon ripping through the linen closet, and Rhen runs up the stairs. Raidon drops a bag on the ground before tossing me some clothes and filling the bag. I slipped the clothes off I was wearing that got ruined when Leon rushed past me in a blur as I stood in the hallway. He returns moments later with a wet cloth and descenter.

He scrubs the blood off with the wet cloth, and the descenter stings the cuts covering me that were slowly healing. “Taxi will be here in five minutes,” Rhen says before dropping a heap of cash he retrieved from somewhere in the bag as Raidon nods and zips it up.

“If you run out,” Raidon says, pulling his wallet from his back pocket. He pulls a card out and hands it to me.

“Withdraw what you can and get the hell out of wherever you are. Thane will be watching our cards.”

“I don’t know the Pin,” I tell him.

“It’s your birthday, your real birthday, not the one on your shitty fake ID,” Rhen says behind me. “We all use the same pin,” he says.

“I need someone’s phone,” I tell them, knowing they would have Alpha Jake’s phone number. It was the only place I could think of, knowing Tal’s or Bree’s would be the first place he looked.

“I will toss it when I am done with it,” Rhen growls. I had a feeling he knew what I wanted it for but handed over his phone anyway. Yet I had a feeling Thane would hesitate stepping into an other’s territory so easily. That would cause issues, and there were sanctions in place. Unless ap proved by the pack Alpha, it was forbidden.

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Thane may own this city, but he doesn’t own Clairview City. That was Jake’s territory and, at the moment, the only place I would consider safe despite my condition. I just hoped he was gen uine about what he said because I am not letting him hurt my baby.

“Get rid of the phone, quickly, take whatever numbers you need and get rid of it,” Rhen tells me. Hearing the intercom for the front gate, we all look at the door, and Leon hits the buzzer to let him in. Raidon grabs my bag and moves toward the front door. My heart beat faster, knowing I was getting out here and being set free. That thought was just as scary as remaining here!

It is incredible how one had the ability to be comfortable in their own misery and suddenly leaving here for the unknown scared me more than Thane. Yet I wasn't going to lay down and die or let him rip my daughter from me, so I sucked in a breath and moved toward the door.

Raidon opens the trunk and tosses the bag in; I move toward the back door, and Leon opens it. The driver, although startled, says nothing as I move to climb into the backseat when Leon grabs me. His lips crash against mine.

“Take care of our daughter,” he whispers when he pulls back. “When we can we will come for you, when it's safe,”

“Find a way to contact us so we know you're okay.” Raidon tells me.

“But Thane,”

“We will handle Thane. Until then, it isn't safe for you here,” Rhen tells me. I chew my lip before hopping into the car. Rhen shuts the door, and the driver pulls away.

“Where to Ma'am?”

“The train station,” I answered him, pulling Rhen's phone out and unlocking it with my birth date. I scroll through the contacts pulling up Alpha Jake's number. My hands shook as I hit the call button and lifted the phone to my ear. The phone rang a few times before finally, he answered.

“Rhen?” Jake answered, and it sounded like he was somewhere busy by all the noise in the background.

“No, Alpha Jake, it's Harlow,” I told him while my heart beat rose, and I felt sick to my stomach at what I was about to do; I was willing to run to another Alpha for help.

“Harlow?” he says in a hushed tone.

“I need your help,” I tell him.

“Where are you?” he asks, and I let out a breath.

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Alpha Jake told me to catch a train and he would come pick me up from Clareview City station because it would take hours for him to drive here. He said he would come pick me up but after I explained I needed to leave now, he looked up the train time tables. With my bag clutched tightly on my lap and over one shoulder I sat in the very last carriage where the security guard was. He watched me curiously but said nothing about me being there.

My eyes stung from tiredness, yet the fear of the unknown kept me awake and alert. Each stop the train made had me staring worriedly out the window. My brain conjured up that Thane would be at the next stop to retrieve me and drag me home. Yet once I had been on the train for an hour I relaxed slightly when the security cleared his throat. My eyes snapped open and I hadn't realized I had closed them.

In his hand he held a wrapped sandwich, offering it to me. "Eat, you look pale," he says, his eyes roaming over my face and down my arms. I thanked him and took it but his eyes darted to my hands where blood had stained beneath my fingernails. Only then did his aura slip out and I realized he had Alpha genes. That suddenly made me nervous yet he moved back to his side of the carriage and sat down before heating his dinner.

I looked at the egg sandwich wrapped in clear film, the carton looked untampered with so I opened it. My stomach growled hungrily and I polished it off in four bites only for the security guard to chuckle. My face heats with embarrassment but he shakes his head and rises to his feet before handing me the other half of his. I shake my head.

"Take it, I can get more from the other carriage," he tells me and I thank him. He sits back down only rising from his seat at each stop to watch the passengers. He wandered off a few times to check tickets but returned retaking his seat. Halfway there I groan wondering how many stops before I would get there.

"You can sleep, I won't let anyone near you," the security guard tells me and I chew my lip. He had been nice the entire way and not creepy yet he was still an Alpha and I was an Omega.

Yet as the train slowly made its way my eyes grew heavier and heavier as I fought to remain awake when I felt something soft ripping me from my sleep. My eyes fly open to find the security guard placing his jacket over me and glancing at my ticket.

"I will wake you up before," he says with a nod and sets my ticket back in the side pocket of my bag. I watched him move back to seat. "Sorry, instinct to protect. You're an Omega, and your descenter isn't working because you're-" He points at my belly.

Yet those instincts were clearly dead in Thane, just the thought of him twists my stomach and makes my heart beat faster. Sleep takes me moments later, suddenly feeling a little reassured.

"Ma'am?" his deep voice says, shaking my shoulder and I jump glancing around in panic.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you, your stop is next," he says pointing toward the window and I see we are leaving another station, I nod checking I have everything and minutes later we pull up at ClaireView city. I step off the train nervously looking for Alpha Jake when I am suddenly closed in on by three huge men. I turn back to run to the train when I hear Jake's voice.

"Don't be frightened Harlow, it's just my mates," One of the men stepped aside and I spotted him. I step away from the dark haired man who had a crooked lip from a scar running through it from his nose.

For some reason my mind instantly went to I fucked up and stepped into a trap. Yet none of the three men touched me, in fact they were very careful not to which I thought was odd because the platform was crowded and there wasn't much room, instead they just crowded around Jake and I as we left the platform and walked out to the parking lot.

"Was the train bad?" Jake asks and it felt strange trying to make small talk with someone I didn't know. We stop beside matching Black SUV's and the three men climb in one when Alpha Jake opens the trunk on the other car. I take my bag from my shoulder feeling a little nervous about getting in the car with him. Yet when I pass him the bag he jerks his hand back when my fingers touch his.

The bag falls and hits the ground. He quickly bent down to retrieve it, giving me an apologetic smile and motions toward the car. I shake the strange action off yet when he climbs in I wondered if maybe he had a cleanliness issue as he santized his hands with sanitiser from the glove compartment.

"Sorry, Omegas well you know?' he says and my brows scrunch together. He starts the car, the other following closely behind as we make our way towards the outskirts.

"So how many mates have you got?" I asked nervously.

"Eight," he says simply yet I was horrified.

Eight mates! I shake the thought away. I would die if I had eight Thanases in my life, one was enough. Just as we leave to go to a back road I grow nervous when the phone

rings through the bluetooth. Jake holds a finger to his lips and points to the screen on the dash. Bub pops up on his stereo display. He answers it by pressing a button on his steering wheel and my world stops at the sound of her voice. A voice I would recognize in a crowded room, A voice I wished I could hear again.

“What’s up, Love,” Jake answers.

“Where are you?” she demands.

“Almost home, I have a surprise for you,” Jake tells her.

“What sort of surprise. Ooh, is it a trifle?” Jake laughs.

“Something better,”

“What is better than trifle?” she asks. “Now I want chocolate trifle! Why did you mention trifle,” she demands, sounding very much like a pouting Omega.

“I will send Travis back to get you trifle,”

“Wait, Travis is with you, have you seen Donnie and Sam?” she asks.

“They’re behind me, but if I don’t get off the phone I can’t ask them to turn around to get your trifle,”

“Malteser one,” she says.

“Yes, okay, I will see you soon,” he tells her. “Don’t forget the trifle,” she tells him before hanging up and I blink at the screen before seeing the cars lights behind us flash as they turn around heading back into the city.

“She bloody loves anything with chocolate,” Jake laughs and I stare at him.

“You weren’t lying, she is really alive?” | gasp choking on air. I couldn’t believe it. All this time I thought she was dead.

“I would not lie to you. Everything I told you was the truth,” Alpha Jake tells me as we pull up at some extravagant mansion. Lit up like a christmas tree.

“But the other Omegas, the ones that died?”

“Were originally pack members of my former pack before I stepped down and gave it to my brother and created an Alpha Pack. Those Omegas got themselves in trouble and were forced into rotation and then auctioned. I brought them back to the city, changed their identities, and returned them to their families, packs are family, still are even after you leave one,” Jake tells me.

“Then why would you buy an Omega if you had some here?”

“Same as any Alpha of Alpha’s does, we need to find one with strong genes to take our knot,” he says.

“So they aren’t dead?”

“What, No! You shouldn’t believe what you read in the media. Alpha Packs are always painted poorly. Especially those like Thane and me. We are constantly in the media,” Jake tells me as he pulls up the front.

I suddenly understood why he freaked out when I accidentally touched him, why the others

“What sort of surprise. Ooh, is it a trifle?” Jake laughs.

“Something better,”

“What is better than trifle?” she asks. “Now I want chocolate trifle! Why did you mention trifle,” she demands, sounding very much like a pouting Omega.

“I will send Travis back to get you trifle,”

“Wait, Travis is with you, have you seen Donnie and Sam?” she asks.

“They’re behind me, but if I don’t get off the phone I can’t ask them to turn around to get your trifle,”

“Malteser one,” she says.

“Yes, okay, I will see you soon,” he tells her. “Don’t forget the trifle,” she tells him before hanging up and I blink at the screen before seeing the cars lights behind us flash as they turn around heading back into the city.

“She bloody loves anything with chocolate,” Jake laughs and I stare at him.

“You weren’t lying, she is really alive?” I gasp choking on air. I couldn’t believe it. All this time I thought she was dead.

“I would not lie to you. Everything I told you was the truth,” Alpha Jake tells me as we pull up at some extravagant mansion. Lit up like a christmas tree.

“But the other Omegas, the ones that died?”

“Were originally pack members of my former pack before I stepped down and gave it to my brother and created an Alpha Pack. Those Omegas got themselves in trouble and

were forced into rotation and then auctioned. I brought them back to the city, changed their identities, and returned them to their families, packs are family, still are even after you leave one,” Jake tells me.

“Then why would you buy an Omega if you had some here?”

“Same as any Alpha of Alpha’s does, we need to find one with strong genes to take our knot,” he says.

“So they aren’t dead?”

“What, No! You shouldn’t believe what you read in the media. Alpha Packs are always painted poorly. Especially those like Thane and me. We are constantly in the media,” Jake tells me as he pulls up out the front.

I suddenly understood why he freaked out when I accidentally touched him, why the others

didn’t get too close. Not because they were grossed out by me, but out of respect for Zara. For my sister knowing it would send her crazy if they came home stinking of another Omega.

Yet despite that, it didn’t stop the feral snarl that left her as he stepped through the door in front of me. I heard a struggle and Jake rushed toward her ripping his jacket off which would smell like me from the car.

Another man comes down the stairs opposite the foyer and stares at me as I step inside looking around to find Zara savagely tearing at Jake’s clothes as she scents him.

“Calm down, it’s your surprise,” Jake tells her when her hand whips out, slapping him. A man on the sofa beside her chuckles as Jake rubs his jaw.

“You dare come here smelling of some whore!” she roared at him and I heard Jake sigh loudly.

“That whore is your sister,” Jake tells her, stepping aside and motioning toward me. She blinks at me. “Harlow!” she whispers and her eyes turn glassy as her lips quivers. She moves to stand and Jake, the two men on the sofa with her move to help her and I see why; she was massively pregnant and she looked frail as hell.

“Steady, Love,” the man beside her says and I could hear the panic in his voice and I moved quickly toward her so she wouldn’t try to come to me. Her fingers reach out for me and I clutch them when she breaks down, turning to a sobbing mess as she falls back onto the sofa.

"It's really *you*, you're really here, I thought you were dead" she breathes. I smile sadly, tears streaming down my face as the sight of her. She was the same as I remember yet so different. I help her sit down.

"You're pregnant," I gasp. Her eyes went to my pod belly which was nothing compared to the size of hers.

"And so are you? You have a pack?" she asks, staring at my belly confused before looking at

Jake. My mind was reeling. I had so many questions and I could tell she had the same.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 86

Alpha's Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 86

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 86 – Rhen POV

We had to sedate Thane the moment he came to because she hadn't even left the driveway when Raidon tackled him as he chased after her. If she were still here, I know he would have killed her; he had completely forgotten she was pregnant with our child and couldn't see past his anger.

"I can feel him waking up," Raidon groaned as we watched him stir on the bed. Leon sat beside him, and his blood boiled; I could feel it through the bond. His temper hadn't dampened in the slightest; Leon's anger was worrisome given his hunger. I didn't trust him not to take another bite of him.

We didn't bother tying him to the bed or cuffing him, he could order us to remove them anyway, so it would be pointless. Our only chance was to reason with him. Getting up, I pulled the blanket back to check his chest had fully healed, and thankfully it had completely closed now, and all that was left was a faint scar.

When I went to tug it back up, his hand moved with speed that made me jump as he gripped my wrist when Raidon growled at him as his claws slipped free from his fingertips, grazing my skin.

"Where is she?" Thane snarls, ignoring him; he sits up, leaning against the headboard before glaring at Leon.

"You nearly f**king drained me," he snarled, baring his canines at him.

“And you were going to hurt her,” Leon retorted in a venomous cold tone. Thane swallowed, and he let me go.

“You sent her back to the hotel?” Thane asks, and I glance at Raidon nervously, but it is Leon that answers him.

“We have no idea where she went. We let her go,”

“You what?” he said, tossing the blanket back and getting to his feet. Raidon shoves me aside and steps in front of him, standing toe to toe with him. My heart beats faster at the clear challenge.

“You dare challenge me,” Thane says as his entire body trembles in rage. “I should have weeks ago,” Raidon tells him.

“Stand down!” Thane tells him.

“Make me,” Thane growls and pushes him aside, only for Raidon to grab him and slam him against the wall. Leon gets up, standing on the bed as Raidon holds him there. But we all knew who would win if Thane decided to take him up on the challenge, Thane was our Alpha, and he was for a reason.

He was the strongest of us before we submitted to him, and now he had our blood in his veins and marked us; he was far more than just an Alpha. The man was lethal.

Although Raidon knew this, he didn’t seem to care when it came to Harlow and Thane recognizing that he would have to seriously hurt him to make him submit, relaxing in his hold.

“I am not your enemy; I am your f**king mate,” Thane snaps at him. I watch as Raidon leans closer so their chests are almost touching. “And so is she,” he snarls before shoving off him.

Raidon steps back from him but not far enough that Thane would get past him easily if he tried. “So we just let her go, let her run with our daughter?” he says before cursing under his breath.

“She wouldn’t have to run if you could control that damn temper of yours,” I tell him.

“Temper? She killed my mother!”

“I don’t think she did; remember, Thane, you have a lot of enemies. It was no secret that your mother was leaving to pick up our Omega.

It was plastered on the front page of every paper that we were caught bidding in the Omega Auctions,” Leon tells him. He had a point about that, it was plastered everywhere, but no one knew whether or not we won the Auction.

“You need to bring her back, and now!”

Thane roars.

“We can’t. We don’t know where she went!” Leon says slowly, emphasizing every word. Yet I had a vague idea of where she went.

“F**k! You know she won’t come back, right?” He says, kicking the chair beside him. It flies across the room and into the dresser, narrowly missing Raidon.

“Calm down. She will come back,” I tell him, and he scoffs. “She will; we have marked her. The bond will pull her back here, but if you can’t control yourself, she will only run again,” I tell him.

“As if I would give her a third chance at running from me again,” he snaps, and Raidon growls at him.

“When it comes to Harlow, that is no longer your decision,” Leon says,

jumping off the bed beside me.

“Excuse me,” “You f**ked everything up. You are the reason she tried to run,” “And you let her!” Thane screams at him.

“Because she is not a piece of f**king property to be owned!” “Well, she sure f**king cost me enough!” Thane says, and Raidon punches him. His head whips to the side at the force, and I move quickly, knowing Thane would come up swinging. And I was right, his fist just pulling up off my face at the last second as I forced myself between them.

“Everyone needs to calm down,” “No, he needs to leave before I f**king kill him,” Thane growls in a warning, and I swallow. The heat of Raidon seeps into

my back a moment more before he storms off, “Where are you going?” Leon asks him.

“To my parents,” Raidon replies, slamming the bedroom door behind him. I rub my temples at the mess our lives have become when Leon clicks his tongue, making me look over at him.

“If you want Raidon gone, then I am going too,” Leon tells him, and Thane growls, watching him leave.

“Idiots want to believe her lies,” Thane snarls, and I press my lips in a line.

“Even if she did it, Thane. Would you really kill the mother of our child or put her in rotation,” I ask him. His answer was quick, and I could feel he meant every word.

“Yes, because she doesn’t deserve to be a mother after killing mine,” he tells me, and my eyebrows raise before I nod.

“I was hoping for a different answer, but you truly are blinded with hate for something we aren’t even sure she did,” I tell him.

“We have video evidence!”

“From grainy footage where we can’t make out the faces, even you said it was strange that there was no footage of them exiting the restaurant from that camera footage,” “It’s her car, the number plates matched the traffic on the cam leading there,” I shake my head.

There was so much that didn’t make sense about that day. Why it took so long to notice her body in a parking lot? How the tire marks didn’t line up where the car was found indicated.

Hana’s car being run off the road, not Harlow running someone off the road, yet every report was the same, saying Harlow was at fault.

Also, how the authorities refused to let us handle it, even the private investigator said things didn’t add up, yet he couldn’t find anything that didn’t say she did it.

All evidence pointed to Harlow, yet why would she kill Thane’s mother? She could have just taken the keys and ran, and Hana probably would have let her.

She was non-confrontational; Hana wouldn’t have put up a fight. She would have just let her go and called us.

I just can’t picture Harlow cutting her throat so badly that her head was barely attached to her body. Harlow looked shocked that she stabbed Thane when she did it. She looked horrified at what she had done.

“I can’t believe you are questioning me on this when all evidence shows she did it, ” Thane hisses at me before clutching his hair in frustration.

“You want someone to blame, you need justice for your mother, but that doesn’t mean it was Harlow, think Thane. She was willing to let you command her to ask what you wanted to know,”

“Now, why would she agree to that if she was guilty?”

“Because she knows I wouldn’t. She knows I hate commanding you,”

“Yet you had no issue commanding her down in the den or at work. Yeah, Thane, it really looks like she would know that,” I tell him, turning on my heel and moving toward the door.

“Rhen? Wait, you’re not leaving too?”

“We’ll be at Elaine’s. She needs help unpacking anyway. She hasn’t had a chance with working so much,”

“But you’re coming back here,” he asks, sounding almost desperate.

“Not while you can’t see past your fear of being wrong,”

“Being wrong?”

“Yes, Thane. Being wrong, that is why you didn’t command her, because if she was proven innocent, all that anger you harbored for her for years would have turned to guilt knowing you were hating the one person you should have been loving instead,” I tell him before walking out and leaving him on his own.