

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 87

Alpha's Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 87

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 87 – Harlow POV

I wished for this day to wake up from the nightmare where she no longer existed. My other half, a bond between sisters is the most sacred, but as twins, we were one and the same, identical yet individual. We were more than blood. We were two halves of a whole.

For years I thought she was dead; I grieved her, missed her, and wished more than anything to trade places with her believing all this time that she was dead because I was too weak and scared to go with the pack that I was originally sold to.

She sacrificed herself for me, and that is guilt no sibling wants to live with. I thought that I had lost the other half of my soul. That was her. But she was here all along.

"How are you here?" I murmured, unwilling to let her go just in case she vanished, and I woke up back in the den to find I had dreamt it all. That my mind had finally broken and conjured this all up just so I wouldn't be alone anymore.

Zara looks at Jake. "They knew I hadn't bloomed, they waited, and our scores were the same, Harlow, "she tells me when I hear a crying noise making me look up at the ceiling.

"I will get him," "You already have a baby; I have a niece or nephew?" I ask her, watching the man move off the couch and toward the door.

"Yes, a nephew, his name is Mason. He is one year old," she says, looking down at her belly, and she lets my hands go; she rubs her hands over her growing bump.

"Would have had two by now, but our daughter was stillborn," she murmurs, looking at Jake as if in apology "It isn't your fault,"

"We all know it is," she whispers, her eyes turning glassy. "I should have listened," she murmurs, and he crouches next to her. "I shouldn't have told you; I knew you would have wanted to come with us," he tells her before leaning down and pressing his lips to her belly. Confusion washed over me as I listened to them speak.

"She would have been almost two;

I named her after you," Zara tells me, sniffing. I could hear the agony in her voice. "She was so beautiful. She was perfect," Zara says, staring off vacantly, and I swallow as she stares off into space. Now I understood why Jake didn't want to mention anything to her when he saw me at Tal's.

She was different from what I remember, broken in ways I couldn't imagine. And I would have added to that torment had I not come back with him. I wondered if I would have been the same had Thane managed to take my daughter from me. It is also why so many Omegas on the rotation are a little unhinged. It's also why there are strict laws prohibiting Alphas from cutting the mother off.

They had visitation to their children and got to remain with their child for the first year, kind of a way to wean them off of them in a way. It's also why there were limits on how long an Omega remained in rotation, how many offspring an Omega could produce while in rotation, and why so many ended up in psych wards or heavily medicated.

It is also why so many turned into Omega feeders, the high from Vampire bites are addictive and sedative like a drug, a way of self medicating. And to think that would have probably been my future had I not escaped.

Hearing the door open behind me, the three men from the train station walk in, and I turn to watch as they filter into the room, rushing over to her.

"What's wrong, Love?" The tall, dark-haired one asks, cupping her face. She doesn't react, just stares off vacantly as if she were looking through him. He brushes his thumbs down her face, and she appears to snap out of whatever nightmare trance she was in. She shakes her head.

"Travis!" she breathes, patting his face, and he leans down, kissing her forehead.

"That's right, love, I'm right here," he tells her, and my heart breaks for her. To see her in such a way was so different from the bubbly girl that was my sister.

"Sams got you something," he tells her, and a blonde man behind me holds up a bag watching her worriedly.

"Trifle?" she asks, her mood instantly shifting when the man that left to tend to their son before he returns.

"I got him back down. He wanted his plushie," the man tells her, climbing back on the oversized couch and laying behind her. He tugs her back to lean against him.

"I will get you a bowl and spoon," Jake tells her before he clears his throat. I glance at him, and he nods for me to follow him. With a quick nod, I tell my sister I will be back before following him through the massive house. Everything was ridiculously white; I

thought Thane was a clean freak, yet he had nothing on how my sister lived with her mates.

I follow him to a huge kitchen and Sam follows behind me. He sets the bag on the island benchtop and moves toward the cupboards. Retrieving bowls and setting them down on the counter.

“My sister, she is different,” I tell him, and Sam stares at me, but Jake nods his head.

“Yes, she hasn’t been the same since the accident,” Jake tells me.

“What accident?” I ask him.

“We got a lead after you went missing about six months after your car was found, just outside Thane’s territory. We went searching for you. Zara demanded to come,”

My brows furrowed as I tried to remember where I was. I had stayed in a town just outside the city for a few months as I lay low.”

Town of Ryde?” I ask him, and he nods.

“Yes, anyway, we tracked you to the town limits, but Zara was sure she could smell your scent by the river at the back of it. That was when the storms happened as she approached the river edge.

The ground gave way, and she fell in and was washed down the rapids. She got banged up pretty badly. By the time we reached her, she had washed onto the bank. She was full term with our daughter. She survived, but our daughter didn’t,” “And she blames herself for that?” I ask him.

“We told her to wait here, that we would search and find you. She insisted on coming,” Sam tells me, dishing out the chocolate trifle into two bowls. He slides one across to me, making sure to be careful not to touch me in any way.

“It was an accident. After that, we never told her when we had sightings of you. Zara also hasn’t left the house since. She has terrible anxiety and agoraphobia.” Jake tells me, and I chew my lip.

“She has gotten worse since falling pregnant with the twins, identical girls this time,” Jake tells me.

I follow my sister’s mates back to the living room, having already forgotten my way. She holds her hands out for the bowl in Sam’s hand, and I sit on the floor as Jake and Sam also climb on the lounge. She may be my sister, but I knew better than to get too close to her mates or to make myself at home in another Omegas house. We are territorial by nature, and even though she knew it was me, I didn’t want to make her feel distressed.

Zara had so many questions, asking where I had been and what I had been up to. What my mates were like, yet I couldn't bring myself to tell her any of the bad things, instead giving her vague answers, not wanting to upset her in any way. Yet her eyes trailed over the cuts that scared my skin despite having almost fully healed. However, she never pushed for more information, seeing I was uncomfortable with answering.

Hours after arriving here, though, and watching how her mates were with her, it made my bond tug and yearn for my mates, so I asked where I could sleep, sadness bleeding into me that I would never have the same thing she had so I excused myself and Jake showed me to a guest room on the opposite side of the house.

"I'm sorry, we have to put you over here. She sleepwalks sometimes, and she isn't lucid when she does. If she picked up your scent, it might overwhelm her, and we don't want her to attack you," Jake tells me. I nodded my head in understanding. There was too much risk, given I am an Omega in another Omega's house, yet the quietness of this part of the house was even quieter than the den back home.

I borrowed some of Zara's clothes and used the shower. Staring down at my bump as I washed with the citrus-smelling soap. I suddenly felt more lonely than I did in the den. Especially after seeing how doting my sister's mates were with her, treating her like she was glass they needed to bubble wrap, loving her while mine could barely look at me and didn't want me. That stung. Even climbing in the huge soft bed, it felt cold, the scents all wrong, and I struggled to sleep in this unfamiliar place.

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Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 88 – Harlow POV

Four days Later

I thought coming here and finding my sister that rest would come easy, that I would find my place here after a day or two, yet I craved my den even though I despised being held prisoner in it, it was going to send me mad, yet being here was much the same. I had no place, not here, not even with my sister.

Zara was my home for so long that I thought waking up the following morning I would find that home again with her, but all I found was just the opposite. It was far from that reality I once found safety in.

Now I had no home, and what I craved for home was toxic. What my instincts told me to go back to was unhealthy, yet still I craved that familiarity because sitting here watching my sister with her mates, getting the support and love she always craved and wanted within a pack, something I never had, made me feel even more lonely. I was like the third wheel, or ninth in her case.

Eight mates, I was still trying to wrap my head around the fact she had so many, yet at this point I would take any one of mine, even if it was Thane's overbearing a*s, just to feel like I had someone, because this place wasn't mine and never would be, this was not my home and she was no longer my safe place.

So far from the reality we once shared and now all I see was the distance between us, how far removed we were from each other now. We were twins, connected in the most sacred and pure of ways but she had suffered a great loss, she was no longer the girl I remembered and neither was I.

Gone were the two girls joined at the hip, polar opposites, yet one in the same. Now I was Harlow, an identity I just got back and I wasn't even sure who she was anymore. And Zara was traumatized, stuck on the loss of her daughter, stuck in a past I couldn't relate to because I wasn't there for her when she needed me.

I no longer knew how to bring her back from the brink and she didn't know how to bring me back from the coldness seeping into me, we had become identical strangers. Our wants and needs changed over those couple of years. Only now had I realized I learned to live without her, learned to be on my own, only now did I truly realize how alone that was.

No one in my corner, no one to watch my back and I suddenly found myself walking a path never deemed for me, One that wasn't either of ours and that reliance on one's self, now had me recognizing the trauma that it had caused me.

She left a bad place and found a home, I left a bad place and found loneliness, found emptiness. Zara now carried children that would grow up loved and safe, with support and stability while I carried a child that would have only me. I would get no support and once again I found myself in that familiar helpless place of being on my own.

For a second I let myself believe that I had one and that was in that dreaded den he kept me in, that miserable place made me comfortable in my misery yet it was mine or supposed to be and I lost that too.

I was starting from scratch again when I never had scratch to begin with. Fallen from the heavens of what a pack meant and back down the rabbit hole trying to crawl my way back to that sense of hope a pack offered. And that clarity smashed into me heavily when Jake came to sit with me on the huge verandah of a place I would never find home in.

"I made you hot chocolate," he says, passing me the mug and handing me the blanket draped over his arm.

"Thanks," I tell him, accepting the warmth the hot chocolate offered and the blanket he gave me while making sure no part of him touched me. I felt contagious, like a plague infected me. Everyone was so careful to keep their distance and I suddenly missed touch, suddenly missed the pack that never wanted me because they were the one thing that were mine yet I was denied that too.

"We are worried about Zara," Jake finally says after moments of stretched silence. I nodded my head, knowing it was coming.

I knew being here was disrupting her, having her so close disrupted me too. Omegas were never meant to be sister wives, which to me is funny given we were sisters, yet my presence now made her uneasy, just as Sarah around my mates made me.

Zara had sleep walked into my room the other night, my scent when I went to the kitchen sent her on the hunt and it was only moments before she attacked me that her senses came back to her and she noticed who I was to her. But for those few tense seconds as she entered my room I feared for my life, because hers was one I could not take from her when I just got her back.

"I will find somewhere in town to stay," I tell him, looking out at the rolling hills that surround this place. It was a slice of heaven out here, yet not even heaven would have me in this wide space.

Jake nods and his hand reaches for mine before he pulls it back. I smile at him knowing it must be hard and an adjustment having two Omegas under one roof.

"We have a guest house at the back of the property if you prefer that, and it is close enough that you can come over to see her when you like, we usually stay there when Zara puts us in the doghouse," Jake chuckles.

I nod my head and he rises to his feet. Zara is making breakfast. Although, I should warn you she can't cook for sh*t, just smile and bare it, don't insult her, she thinks she is a masterchef, and rarely cooks," he laughs.

"Thanks, I will be in a few minutes," I tell him and he goes to walk off before pausing. He reaches into his pocket and hands me his phone. "Rhen tried calling, your mates are worried about you, you should give them a call and let them know you're okay,"

"But Thane,"

"Thane won't get past my borders without me knowing, you can ring them, Harlow,"

"But if he comes here," I panic,, worried about my sister's state of mind.

“You can’t avoid them forever, and honestly I am surprised Thane hasn’t come here already, I know he watches his mates phones. Rhen, Raidon and Leon have been blowing mine up, trying to reach you.”

“You’re not worried about Thane?” I ask him. Jake shrugs.

“Yes and No. Yes because I have his Omega, and I know what I would do if someone took mine. No because I know he won’t hurt you not while you’re carrying his child. Thane has always wanted children, he just didn’t know it,” he tells me.

“You used to be close to Thane?” I ask him. He sighs.

“We have a strained relationship, but Hana, his mother, she was my godmother, Thane and I grew up around each other, always competitive though, we never had a brotherly relationship. But Hana, I loved that woman as if she was my mother too.”

“But how does that prove he wants children,” “Because it was Hana that bought you from the Auction, Thane never bid, it was his mother, he didn’t know until he won. Hana was playing with his money, she was the one that sent in his serum,” he laughs.

“That’s why she picked me up?” “Yes, same as I sent my mother to get Zara, it’s better that way. Omegas are flighty and sometimes need a reassuring face, what better one than another Omega. Someone who has been in their olan. ”

place,” “Hana was in a facility?” I ask him and he nods. “Yes, with my mother and Elaine, they grew up in that place together,” Jake tells me and my brows furrow.

“When I found out Zara wasn’t you, she told me what happened. We faked her death hoping to bring you here and help you find a pack. But when I found out it was Thane, I knew you would be in safe hands, that Hana would look after you, but then she was killed and you went missing.” Jake sighs and runs his finger

through his dark hair.

“My pack helped with the investigations but we got nowhere, it was almost like it was some cover up,” “But Mr. Black gave your money back?” I asked him and he nodded. I kind of felt guilty, because I did suspect it was the Obsidian pack for years, I just had no proof. He must have read that thought on my face because he chuckled.

“You thought we were behind it?” he says, shaking his head. “The money we gave to Omega aid, Thane’s mother was a humanitarian in a sense. Hana tried to have the rotations banned.

The money I got back for Zara went to her charity to help Omegas get back on their feet once pulled from the rotation system. Thane is building a sanctuary in the city in mothers honor.

That was always her dream, yet he only just bought the land for it recently. I saw something in the paper about it a couple weeks ago saying that he finally purchased the land and received the council approval for the go ahead," my brows furrowed remembering the newspaper article he gave me on a new development.

I never did find out what it was for, and I never saw his name on it either, but it made me wonder if that was what it was for.

"And you thought I was guilty of killing her," I tell him and he shrugs but nods his head.

"Yes and no, some things didn't add up for me. Or Thane. Yet he was so blinded by his anger he put a bounty on you when he couldn't locate you," Now that surprised me, although it wasn't overly shocking either.

"You contained his last serum, for the grandchild his mother always wanted. His mother pestered him constantly for an Omega, for you. Thane gave her his serum to shut her up, Hana told my mother it was like pulling teeth from him, but that she would show him what it meant to have a complete pack, a real one with an Omega that would love him and his mates once he claimed them and they submitted to him,"

"But you said he wanted kids?" That didn't sound like he wanted any to me. Jake nods his head.

"He just didn't know he did, until he saw how happy his mother was and how happy his pack was. They officially submitted to Thane when he won the bid, they knew once Hana placed the winning bid that they could officially become a pack. After Tara she-," (Tara?" "Yes, my half sister, she was my father's first child, her mother was a rotation Omega.

Her name was Tara, she used all Thane's serum, but she was taking birth control, I tried to tell Thane not to take her as his Omega, that she only just wanted his money after my family disowned her, yet he loved her, or thought he did. But Rhen refused to submit, I think he knew something was off about her. Thane believed after she fell pregnant that he would come around to her."

"Rhen finally accepted her but Tara nearly took everything from Thane, Rhen was the one that pointed out that the money was going missing," my stomach drops knowing I wasn't meant to be theirs, that they originally intended to take Jake's sister. It also made me wonder where she was and I found myself asking.

"Is Tara—" Jake waves me off.

"You don't need to worry about Tara, she is dead. She got herself mixed up in some underworld issues back in the city with the vamps, she became one of their feeders and well we know how personal feeders end up," he tells me and I swallow.

“Thane caught her cheating, then discovered she had been slowly taking money from his father’s business. Thane confronted her, and she ran off with her pimp. They lost nearly everything and at first they didn’t notice. She was their secretary, that is how it all started, Thane felt obligated to help her since Hana was my godmother, she then weaseled her way through them by letting Leon feed on her.” he tells me and I wondered if that was how his blood addiction took over.

“Leon became addicted to her omega (Chor....!!!!...blood, f***ked him up pretty badly, he ended up in rehab after she died. It is also why Thane and I have a very unhealthy business relationship. I think he thinks I blame him, but I knew my sister and that was why I tried to warn him,” Jake tells me with a heavy sigh.

“Ring your mates, Harlow,” he tells me pointing to the phone. “If Thane comes and you don’t want to go, we’ll deal with it when the situation arises,” he tells me before wandering back into the house and leaving me with more questions than answers.

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Chapter 89

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 89 – Thane POV

Every morning I awoke to find myself in the den, savoring the last remnants of her scent. The past four days I had spent living alone, working alone, and just being on my own. Not one of them would take my calls, I did however notice numerous calls going to Alpha Jake’s phone. I could feel their anxiousness and the way they craved her. Which was the same way I did.

I pushed them too far, and in turn, pushed her to leave us. Yet locked in my depression I couldn’t bring myself to face them. Felt their disappointment in me, crushed parts I refused for so long to allow to be broken. Or so I thought because now I realized they were never whole, to begin with. Some facade of which I thought was whole. But I was just kidding myself, hiding behind my guilt, behind my anger. My mother would be cursing my name for what I have done. I knew I should have gone with her, I shouldn’t have let her go on her own and that is a mistake I will have to live with for the rest of my life.

Climbing the stairs from the den, I moved toward the kitchen counter where I had left my phone hoping by some miracle they had called, or I would find a message saying she had returned to us. We had lost so much, but this time it wasn’t someone else that took from my mates, it was me and that guilt killed me the most.

Staring down at the screen I see no messages or missed calls and sigh. Dialing Raidon's number the phone rings out. Setting it down I filled the jug before I pushed the button down on the kettle. Just as I reach for my phone to try again; a message comes through from him.

Raidon: She is safe

Three words and the relief they caused me was immense.

Me: You spoke with her? I send in return.

This was the first contact I had with any of them and I didn't want to risk ringing and having him not answer.

Raidon: Yes, but you need to leave her alone, Thane. I know you are watching our calls and I know you know where she is.

Me Come home Tell her to ring me then.

Raidon It's not home without her.

That is all he replies, it angers me and I set the phone down, Knowing better than to reply while angry Raidon is hot-headed and it is why we clash the most, I would get nowhere with him by arguing But he was right, I knew she was with Jake, I also knew as much as we don't get along, he knows better than to hurt her

Our families are all connected. We may not see eye to eye, but there are some boundaries he will push, like at work when he was pestering me about Harlow. Yet ultimately he knows better than to cross me Alphas are competitive by nature, he does it for the challenge but we both know who would win that one despite him having more mates than me.

Technically he should be stronger, yet I was one thing he isn't. I was Alpha of Alpha born. My mother was never just my father's mate but their equal, my mate's submission only enhanced that ten-fold.

Making my coffee the phone vibrates on the counter and I glance at it before reaching for it.

Raidon: She wants to come home but she is too scared to I stare at the screen pondering on what to reply. Yet every time I see Harlow that blistering anger returns. All I see is her drenched in my mother's blood, see Tara and the way she manipulated us all until we were too blind to see the possibilities she took from us. I never loved Tara, I thought I did. Zara, I fell in love with only to learn she was Harlow, and just like Tara she lied. She manipulated us into believing she was someone else and I wanted to punish her for it. Instead, I see punished all of US.

Me: Then tell her to come home.

Raidon: And what is she coming home to, Thane? She believes you want to kill her, or believes you want to put her in rotation.

I sighed now regretting the words I told her. Not even I would be cruel enough to go through with it, nor would I subject my mates or myself to a broken mate bond by rejecting her. Or deprive my own daughter of a mother. I needed her to fear me because her fear made my anger for her somehow seem plausible.

A minute or so passes when my phone vibrates again, only this time it is a picture message. One of Harlow and her twin. The caption attached read. Her sister is alive, Jake faked her death.

My brows furrowed in confusion as I thought back to everything I knew, how was her sister alive? Why would Jake lie about that? But that explains why he never joined the auctions again. Not once had I seen his name listed in the monthly listings. I assumed he found an Omega within his city or one on rotation, and that's why he was pestering me about Harlow. He had tried to cover his scent but I smelt the underlying hidden scent of an Omega on him. That's why it angered me so much when he asked about her. That and her fear of him when he came to work that day.

Raidon: That is why he wanted her, Thane. Not for her, but for her sister.

Me You believe him? I asked.

Raidon I believe our mate, she is safe, but she wants to come home and I am not going to get her if you are going to lock her in that den or plan on hurting her after our daughter is born.

I swallow trying to wrap my head around this piece of information, it did explain Jake's unrelenting help after my mother died. I thought it was for his mother but now I questioned those intentions.

Raidon: Thane, are you going to give me an answer? What will you do if she comes back?

Me I don't know

I answer honestly, knowing he would feel any deception. I didn't know, yet without her, my pack would fall apart. Without her, I would go f****king insane with constant worry.

Yet would she even come back? I knew I would drag her back kicking and screaming if needed but they would hate me more for it. Getting dressed, I move about the house, ignoring my housekeeper's vacuuming before grabbing my keys off the dresser.

Picking them up, I spot the old photo of my parents. Guilt gnaws at me, seeing their once happy faces. Guilt for letting her go alone that day.

Yet the longer I stared the more I felt her eyes scolding me, and the more I felt the disapproval I knew she would feel over this situation. Growling, I stalk out of my room, intent to go to Elaine's and speak with them.

Their nervous energy and unease bit at me as I drove down my street, I needed to see them. Speak with them and convince them to come home. Driving across town I am distracted as headed toward Elaine's new house where they were.

So distracted by my thoughts I hadn't realized I was leaving the city until I saw the sign saying so. Cursing, I pulled over stopping on the side of the road about to rip a U-turn and head back yet that tugging feeling inside and the longing from the bond had me gripping the steering wheel.

My knuckles pressed tight beneath my skin and before I realized what was happening or I could stop it. I was having a panic attack.

I felt like I was dying, that my heart would stop at any second, as sweat beaded and rolled down my neck when my phone started ringing. My mates panic bleeding into me, enforcing my own. Solidifying it in place and I found myself frozen staring at the screen's dash of their names popping up. I was losing my damn mind, losing myself in grief, anger, and guilt.

Never in my life had I suffered a panic attack, yet my life was so chaotic and falling apart. The very seams I had been trying to hold together tossed me blindly into the new experience. Names kept popping up as Raidon, Leon and Elaine tried calling me. I knew they could feel it and knew it would be a foreign feeling for them from me. Yet my hands were locked on the steering wheel as I tried to break the course of the adrenaline pumping through my veins. I could hear them in my head trying to talk to me, hear the mind link open yet I was muted, stunned, and embarrassed by what was happening. I felt weak, yet just as it would feel like it was easing another surge would rush through me.

The Bluetooth speaker started ringing again, a private number popped up while they kept telling me to answer their calls, telling me to pick up and calm down. With great force, my finger slides over the button on the steering wheel.

"Thane? "You're scaring everyone, please speak,"

The moment I heard her voice I broke. The panic attack broke and was replaced with the grief of what I lost I lost the family I created, I tried to hurt her, and yet here she was calling me despite fearing me. Whether it was because she cared or she was calling for them or because they asked her to, I didn't care. Just relieved and destroyed at the same time hearing her voice.

You're okay, Thane. I'm right here," she tells me as I press my head against the steering wheel. Sucking in a huge lung full of air feeling as if my lungs had compressed.

"Breathe, Thane, it will pass. Just listen to my voice, and breathe," she says and I nod, focusing on her voice as she said while I cried stupidly into my steering wheel. I felt ridiculous, I didn't even cry at my parent's funeral. I didn't cry when Tara turned up dead. I never cried, I always saw it as weakness, and here I was crying over Harlow leaving us, crying over the shame I felt knowing I let my mother down.

Crying over the woman I wanted nothing more than to protect but hurt beyond belief because I was too stubborn to see what was right in front of my face. She wasn't capable of hurting anyone. I blamed her so I didn't have to blame myself for not going with my mother that day to get her. Rhen was right, I blamed her because I needed to believe I hadn't wasted the past couple of years hating the one woman I now loved.

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Chapter 90

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– Harlow hung up the moment she heard Rhen's voice as he opened my door when they located me where I was still parked on the side of the road. Rhen said nothing as he peered down at me and I rested my head back on the headrest. "You got her to ring me." I breathe and I close my eyes.

"No, but she was on the phone with Leon when we felt you freak out," So she rang on her own accord not because she was asked to? I swallowed and nodded my head.

"You're not driving like that, climb over to the passenger seat," Rhen said pushing on my arm to move. Sighing, I relent and do as he tells me, quickly moving to the other seat as he climbs into the car.

"Are we going home?" I ask him.

"Is that where you want me to drop you?" he asks and I turn my head to look at him.

"Are you all coming home?" I ask him and he purses his lips but says nothing.

"I want to go wherever you are all going," I tell him. He nods once and we follow Raidon back to his parent's new place.

The Hamptons looking home was vast, and everything Elaine had always wanted, it was also out of the city and surrounded by forest. Rhen pulls into the garage and shuts the car off before climbing out. Elaine stood by the door staring at the cars as she worried her lip between her teeth. Even here! found no comfort, even surrounded by my mates. When I don't climb out of the car, Raidon opens my door looking at me expectantly,

"Come on, Mum made lunch," he tells me. And I nod once before he steps aside. I followed him through the house with neutral tones and high ceilings, it resembled a show home and I knew Elaine was very house proud, as she always had been.

"Are you staying the night dear?" she asked me as I stepped into the huge gallery-style kitchen that overlooked the living room with its open rooms and sweeping polished floors.

I looked at Raidon, it was his mother's house, not mine and I wasn't sure I was welcome despite her asking as I took a seat on the couch. Leon comes in moments later and watches me closely as he moves toward the living area. I wanted to feel anger at him for draining me, for knocking me out yet! felt nothing but numb, desensitized to the anger I felt before.

He stops in front of me as if asking the question of my forgiveness. Yet it was me who should be asking for theirs. When he doesn't move to sit, I reach for him, gripping his wrist and tugging him to sit. He sighs leaning against me, yet I could feel his burning hunger, the need to feed from his Alpha. So strong as it was Harlow.

"Yes, ma he is staying the night," Raidon answers and I didn't realize how much I was hoping he would say yes until the words spilled from his lips. Elaine smiles fondly at her son, we were always close, and after a while I found myself relaxing in her new home.

The night was long as my mates settled into the routine they had for the past few days here. Raidon's father went to bed early having rounds at the local hospital that was understaffed right now, and he was called in for the early hour's shift.

Elaine sat on the armchair across from us going through boxes of paperwork she needed to sort out. Rhen going over her finances from his laptop beside her, she hands him a folder and he accepts it, flicking through the pages for something he needed for her taxes.

Turning my attention back to the TV, I leave them be, before Rhen packs up his laptop, having finished doing whatever it was she asked of him. I watch as he stretches and yawns.

"It's finished, I just need to send it in tomorrow," he tells her before rising to his feet. He leans down pecking her cheek.

"I'm going to head to bed," he tells her and she nods, going back to her task at hand of sorting through the office paperwork she had. Leon and Raidon are quick to follow after him and Leon stops behind Elaine looking at me expectantly I sigh. I was much too wired for sleep yet the way he watched me I knew he was asking for me to follow.

"I think I will do the same," I tell Elaine, getting to my feet as she pulls out some journal; looking it over with a confused expression. I lean down pecking her cheek and as she opens it.

"Night son," she tells me, picking up whatever fell from between its pages and landed on the floor by her feet.

I followed Raidon and the others to a room upstairs where they had pushed two queen beds together. It felt awkward almost as if waiting for permission to rest with them.

Yet as they climbed into bed I found myself following and within moments of my head hitting the pillow my eyes closed as their familiar scents surrounded me. Feeling the bed dip I went to roll when I felt the sharp pierce of Leon's fangs as they sunk deep into my neck.

Turning my head so he had better access, my fingers found their way into his hair as I caressed his scalp, his tongue lapping hungrily at me, enticing a moan from my lips as I pulled him on top of me, His hard c***k dug into my stomach as he moved against me before pulling his fangs from my neck.

My blood dribbled down from his lips as he pulled back, his tongue poking out to lick it up as I held him in place.

Raidon groaned beside Rhen feeling Leon's sudden arousal and mine as I relished his weight atop of me, the feel him in my arms as he peered down at me. Gripping the back of his neck, I drew him

closer and he groaned as his lips moved against mine just as demanding as his fangs were embedded in my neck. My tongue sweeps across his lips, and his lips part granting me access as tugged at his boxers.

Yet before I could relish in the desire coursing through me, the door burst open and the light was flicked on Leon lurched to the side, as Elaine's scent wafted to us, and I sat up rubbing my eyes against the brightness of the light

"Geez mum, knock next time," Raidon growls at her as he too sits up. Startled, peered toward the door where Elaine stood white as a ghost. Alarm coursed through me seeing her so frightened and I tossed the blanket back.

"Mum?" Raidon asked her as Rhen groaned at the lights.

"I made a mistake," she whispers and my brows scrunch together in confusion. Her skin is clammy as she steps into our room with the journal I saw her with before I left the living room. Her hand shook as she clutched it, the journal gripped so tight her knuckles were pressed white beneath her skin.

"Mum?" Raidon asks, but it was me she moved toward.

"I'm sorry, oh god, I'm so sorry," she pleaded as tears began to steadily stream down her face.

"Sorry for what?" I ask her, completely confused by whatever had spooked her so much. The look on her face was as broken as the one she wore when she learned of my mother, one of immense grief and fear. Elaine wore that same look as she handed me the journal.

"She didn't do it, she didn't kill, Hana," she murmured before her legs gave out from under her. Her knees hit the floor hard and Raidon rushed to her side, gripping her under the arms and hauling her to her feet.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded as I flicked open the journal wondering what she was talking about. The first page is chocked with old photos, a photo of Harlow and Zara, and photos of them with their parents. Yet it was turning the next page that had me startled beyond comprehension. It was a drawing of my mother, so precise, so exact it was as if I was staring at her in real life.

"Harlow, son. She didn't do it, she didn't do it." Elaine sobbed into her son's shoulder just as the door burst open again and his father came in search of his upset mate.

"Oh she'll never forgive me for what I have done," Elaine wailed as I flicked through the pages to find a drawing of the car that she supposedly ran off the road before finding her writing scrawled on the pages telling a different story of the one I knew.

One where my mother told her to run, yet the most shocking thing of all, her drawings one of the people I least expected to see, it was the lead investigator of the case, labeled above his head was murderer. I stared down at her neat handwriting, the wheels turning in my head as I saw everything from a perspective other than the one I was told.

The way she described my mother it was clear she felt safe in her presence not threatened. In the journal I learned so much, tales of her fight, she spoke of her shame, and the blame she felt for her sister, her fear as she learned of my mother's passing, worried they were still hunting her as they did through the forest for hours while she lay inside a hollowed log for three days, too scared to move and covering her scent in thick mud.

Everything proving her innocence lay within the pages, along with everything we didn't know and the pictures drawn by her hand of the men she feared from that day. My heart raced as I turned each page before I looked up to see Elaine frightened.

She flinches as I stand as if she thought I would strike her for the blame she felt. Yet the moment I stood, the book fell to the bed, lost from her grip as I rushed toward the bathroom.

I barely made it as I threw up the contents of my stomach, sickened by my actions, sickened at what I had done to a woman just as innocent as she claimed she was. My stomach twisted at the deep pit forming as I realized just how truly I had f***ked up. The evidence is right there. Now I had no way of making excuses for the things I had done. No way of making it up to her or correcting the wrongs made.

All I could think was what have I done, what have I done to the woman I loved, she would never forgive me but I sure would try to make it up to her, if she would have me.

Thane POV

Every morning I awoke to find myself in the den, savoring the last remnants of her scent. The past four days I had spent living alone, working alone, and just being on my own. Not one of them would take my calls, I did however notice numerous calls going to Alpha Jake's phone. I could feel their anxiousness and the way they craved her. Which was the same way I did.

I pushed them too far, and in turn, pushed her to leave us. Yet locked in my depression I couldn't bring myself to face them. Felt their disappointment in me, crushed parts I refused for so long to allow to be broken.

Or so I thought because now I realized they were never whole, to begin with. Some facade of which I thought was whole. But I was just kidding myself, hiding behind my guilt, behind my anger.

My mother would be cursing my name for what I have done. I knew I should have gone with her, I shouldn't have let her go on her own and that is a mistake I will have to live with for the rest of my life.

Climbing the stairs from the den, I moved toward the kitchen counter where I had left my phone hoping by some miracle they had called, or I would find a message saying she had returned to us. We had lost so much, but this time it wasn't someone else that took from my mates, it was me and that guilt killed me the most.

Staring down at the screen I see no messages or missed calls and sigh. Dialing Raidon's number the phone rings out. Setting it down I filled the jug before I pushed the button down on the kettle. Just as I reach for my phone to try again; a message comes through from him.

Raidon: She is safe Three words and the relief they caused me was immense.

Me: You spoke with her? I send in return.

This was the first contact I had with any of them and I didn't want to risk ringing and having him not

answer

Raidon: Yes, but you need to leave her alone, Thane. I know you are watching our calls and I know you know where she is.

Me Come home Tell her to ring me then.

Raidon It's not home without her

That is all he replies, it angers me and I set the phone down, Knowing better than to reply while angry Raidon is hot-headed and it is why we clash the most, I would get nowhere with him by arguing But he was right, I knew she was with Jake, I also knew as much as we don't get along, he knows better than to hurt her

Our families are all connected. We may not see eye to eye, but there are some boundaries he will push, like at work when he was pestering me about Harlow. Yet ultimately he knows better than to cross me Alphas are competitive by nature, he does it for the challenge but we both know who would win that one despite him having more mates than me.

Technically he should be stronger, yet I was one thing he isn't. I was Alpha of Alpha born. My mother was never just my father's mate but their equal, my mate's submission only enhanced that ten-fold.

Making my coffee the phone vibrates on the counter and I glance at it before reaching for it.

Raidon: She wants to come home but she is too scared to

I stare at the screen pondering on what to reply. Yet every time I see Harlow that blistering anger returns. All I see is her drenched in my mother's blood, see Tara and the way she manipulated us all until we were too blind to see the possibilities she took from us. I never loved Tara, I thought I did. Zara, I fell in love with only to learn she was Harlow, and just like Tara she lied. She manipulated us into believing she was someone else and I wanted to punish her for it. Instead, I see punished all of US.

Me: Then tell her to come home.

Raidon: And what is she coming home to, Thane? She believes you want to kill her, or believes you want to put her in rotation.

I sighed now regretting the words I told her. Not even I would be cruel enough to go through with it, nor would I subject my mates or myself to a broken mate bond by rejecting her. Or deprive my own daughter of a mother. I needed her to fear me because her fear made my anger for her somehow seem plausible.

A minute or so passes when my phone vibrates again, only this time it is a picture message. One of Harlow and her twin. The caption attached read. Her sister is alive, Jake faked her death.

My brows furrowed in confusion as I thought back to everything I knew, how was her sister alive? Why would Jake lie about that? But that explains why he never joined the auctions again. Not once had I seen his name listed in the monthly listings.

I assumed he found an Omega within his city or one on rotation, and that's why he was pestering me about Harlow. He had tried to cover his scent but I smelt the underlying hidden scent of an Omega on him. That's why it angered me so much when he asked about her. That and her fear of him when he came to work that day.

Raidon: That is why he wanted her, Thane. Not for her, but for her sister.

Me You believe him? I asked.

Raidon I believe our mate, she is safe, but she wants to come home and I am not going to get her if you are going to lock her in that den or plan on hurting her after our daughter is born.

I swallow trying to wrap my head around this piece of information, it did explain Jake's unrelenting help after my mother died. I thought it was for his mother but now I questioned those intentions.

Raidon: Thane, are you going to give me an answer? What will you do if she comes back?

Me I don't know I answer honestly, knowing he would feel any deception. I didn't know, yet without her, my pack would fall apart. Without her, I would go f***king insane with constant worry. Yet would she even come back? I knew I would drag her back kicking and screaming if needed but they would hate me more for it.

Getting dressed, I move about the house, ignoring my housekeeper's vacuuming before grabbing my keys off the dresser. Picking them up, I spot the old photo of my parents. Guilt gnaws at me, seeing their once happy faces. Guilt for letting her go alone that day.

Yet the longer I stared the more I felt her eyes scolding me, and the more I felt the disapproval I knew she would feel over this situation. Growling, I stalk out of my room, intent to go to Elaine's and speak with them.

Their nervous energy and unease bit at me as I drove down my street, I needed to see them. Speak with them and convince them to come home. Driving across town I am distracted as headed toward Elaine's new house where they were.

So distracted by my thoughts I hadn't realized I was leaving the city until I saw the sign saying so. Cursing, I pulled over stopping on the side of the road about to rip a U-turn and head back yet that tugging feeling inside and the longing from the bond had me gripping the steering wheel.

My knuckles pressed tight beneath my skin and before I realized what was happening or I could stop it. I was having a panic attack.

I felt like I was dying, that my heart would stop at any second, as sweat beaded and rolled down my neck when my phone started ringing. My mates panic bleeding into me, enforcing my own. Solidifying it in place and I found myself frozen staring at the screen's dash of their names popping up. I was losing my damn mind, losing myself in grief, anger, and guilt.

Never in my life had I suffered a panic attack, yet my life was so chaotic and falling apart. The very seams I had been trying to hold together tossed me blindly into the new experience. Names kept popping up as Raidon, Leon and Elaine tried calling me.

I knew they could feel it and knew it would be a foreign feeling for them from me. Yet my hands were locked on the steering wheel as I tried to break the course of the adrenaline pumping through my veins.

I could hear them in my head trying to talk to me, hear the mind link open yet I was muted, stunned, and embarrassed by what was happening. I felt weak, yet just as it would feel like it was easing another surge would rush through me.

The Bluetooth speaker started ringing again, a private number popped up while they kept telling me to answer their calls, telling me to pick up and calm down. With great force, my finger slides over the button on the steering wheel.

"Thane?"

"You're scaring everyone, please speak," The moment I heard her voice I broke. The panic attack broke and was replaced with the grief of what I lost I lost the family I created, I tried to hurt her, and yet here she was calling me despite fearing me.

Whether it was because she cared or she was calling for them or because they asked her to, I didn't care. Just relieved and destroyed at the same time hearing her voice.

You're okay, Thane. I'm right here," she tells me as I press my head against the steering wheel. Sucking in a huge lung full of air feeling as if my lungs had compressed.

"Breathe, Thane, it will pass. Just listen to my voice, and breathe," she says and I nod, focusing on

her voice as she said while I cried stupidly into my steering wheel. I felt ridiculous, I didn't even cry at my parent's funeral. I didn't cry when Tara turned up dead. I never cried, I always saw it as weakness, and here I was crying over Harlow leaving us, crying over the shame I felt knowing I let my mother down.

Crying over the woman I wanted nothing more than to protect but hurt beyond belief because I was too stubborn to see what was right in front of my face. She wasn't capable of hurting anyone.

I blamed her so I didn't have to blame myself for not going with my mother that day to get her. Rhen was right, I blamed her because I needed to believe I hadn't wasted the past couple of years hating the one woman I now loved.