

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 91

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 91 – Harlow POV

Three days Later

I spoke with my mates daily except Thane and I refused to speak about him and they appeared to listen. Besides that day he had a panic attack for whatever reason. I hadn't spoken to him, although he had tried to speak to me. I ignored his messages, not ready to delve into the arguments I was constantly waiting for.

It helped the loneliness of being in this guest house by myself, however, this place still didn't feel like home, and I knew it never would. No matter how much I tried to settle in here, the longer I spent here the more unsettled I became. Hearing my phone I recently bought, ring. I got up from the small sofa I was sitting on reading. Walking over to it, I notice it is a private number.

Pressing answer I put the phone to my ear only to see movement out the small window in the kitchenette. Jake was walking down the path that was lined with hedges from the house toward the guest house.

"Hello?" I murmur into the phone while turning toward the door to unlock it for Jake. I flick the lock on the screen door and push it open for him when Thane's voice on the other end makes me jump.

"I didn't think you would answer," he says and I immediately hang up, heart racing in my chest at the sound of his voice. The phone immediately starts ringing as Jake steps into the small place.

"Hey Jake," I tell him, glancing at the phone screen when he suddenly becomes nervous, he scratches the back of his neck and I wondered if the guest house was still making Zara antsy.

"I need to head into town, but I need to take my mates with me in case things get messy. Can you sit with Zara until we get back?" he asks and I smile. I was about to head up there to see her and was excited to spend time with her by herself. She was never alone, she constantly had one of her mates with her, that realization suddenly worried me.

"Is everything alright?" I ask him.

"It will be, I'll sort it out," he tells me not offering anything more than that.

“Okay, I will just grab my charger, my phone is nearly dead,” I tell him and he nods waiting by the door for me.

I follow him along the path back to the main house and we enter through the back of the house. Upon entering I find Zara’s mates in loose-fitting clothes as if they were expecting to shift, that just made me more nervous for some reason. Mainly because I knew whatever was going on must be serious if all of them were going. Zara I find is asleep on the couch. Completely unaware of what was going on, the moment I entered the room she picked up my scent and her eyes flew open.

She smiles sleepily, “Sis, you came up?” she says yawning before rubbing her eyes. When she opens them she stares at her mates who were getting ready to leave.

“Where are all of you going?” she asks them and her eyes suddenly glaze over and I knew she was mind-linking one of them just as Sam passed me Mason who was eating a toffee apple.

“Aunty Haha,” He squeals and I kiss his sticky cheek. My name was too much of a mouthful for him so I was now called Aunty Haha. I found his nickname cute. He offers me some of his toffee apple and I take a bite of the sticky goodness, making exaggerated chomping noises as I make my way over to Zara whose eyes flick to me nervously.

After everyone left, Zara put on Mason’s favorite movie and I told her I would make popcorn when he kept complaining he needed it. Zara’s feet were ridiculously swollen and she looked like she was in pain. Ligament pain from her huge belly made her uncomfortable and even the prenatal belly belt wasn’t offering her any relief. Walking into the kitchen, I put the popcorn in the microwave and wait, listening to the popping noise as the paper bag expands. I was only gone for a few minutes when I heard Zara’s blood curdling scream as she screamed out to Mason..

The sound made my heart lurch in my chest as I raced out to find Zara no longer in the living room.

“Zara?” I screamed out, looking for her while rushing through the place only to find her at the back of the house. She was in a full-blown panic attack standing by the glass sliding doors that lead onto the patio, trying to breathe and scream out for her son.

“Zara?” I stuttered and she couldn’t even speak, just kept pointing out the door as she tried to breathe. I peered out to find Mason had walked out back to his small sandpit. Completely oblivious to his mother freaking out behind him.

“It’s fine, I will get him,” I tell her, stepping out and wandering over to him, I pick him up and he giggles while I nearly toss my back out as I scooped him up and he kicked his legs.

"He's fine Zara, see. Perfectly fine," I tell her as she clutches her chest, her breathing slowing as she peered warily out the door, one hand clutching her stomach. She was as pale as a ghost and her eyes glazed over and I knew one of her mates must be mind-linking her feeling her terror.

Mason continues to kick, wanting to go back to his sandpit and I set him down. Zara whimpered, making my eyes dart to her and I knew she feared leaving the house. I just didn't think it was this extreme. What if no one was here and the house caught on fire or Mason escaped her, it worried me how bad her mental health was, it was heartbreaking to see and sad to know she never leaves the place.

"I'm right here," I tell her before grabbing one of the patio chairs and placing it inside the door. "Sit, I won't let anything happen to him," I tell her, wanting her to sit down. It was one thing picking up Mason, I don't think I would have enough strength to lift her if she fainted.

I sit out the back watching Mason and Zara sits just inside the door watching us. "You never come outside?" I ask her and she shakes her head.

"Why?" I ask her but I don't think even she knew truly what scared her. Her hands smooth over her giant belly and she looks at her son guiltily.

"I..I can't," is all she says.

"What about the patio?" I ask her and she shakes her head looking like she may run off at the mere thought.

"Do you miss it?"

"It's not safe," she says and I look at her son who for the past half an hour had been trying to get her to come to look at his sandcastle.

"What if I hold your hand?" I ask her, but still she refuses.

"Mummy," Mason calls pointing at his castle, Zara cranes her neck to look but he is too far for her to see.

"Pass me your phone, I will take a photo," I tell her and she stands to retrieve it from her back pocket. As she hands the phone to me, I grip her hands and hold her there. Her eyes widen, and she shakes her head.

"Harlow I can't," she rushes out. Still, I don't let her hands go.

"Yes, you can," I told her but she was still stuck in her own head. Mason calls for her, excited to see his mother standing by the door.

“Just a few seconds,” I tell her. She closes her eyes and shakes her head, her fingers digging into my wrists.

“Do you trust me?” I ask her.

“Always,” she whispers.

“Then keep your eyes closed,” I tell her and I see her swallow.

“Remember when we went to the theme park?” I ask her and her lips tug up in the corners.

“Yes, mum didn’t want to get on the rollercoaster,” she laughs and I take a step back. Her lips part but her feet slide across and over the small lip of the door frame.

“But we couldn’t get on it without an adult,” I chuckle.

“And dad refused more chicken than her, he wouldn’t let go of the railing when she tried to force him to go with us,” she laughs and I take another step..

“I still remember his squeal when mum tried to pry his fingers off the railing,” Zara laughs. I glance over my shoulder at Mason.

“So mum went and she screamed the entire way,” I laughed remembering her ear-piercing screams between us, her death grip on our hands to the point I thought my fingers would never work again, the way she prayed to some god about not dying and confessing her love for him if he let her survive.

“She threw up on dad when she got off, she was so green and dad had to walk around with no shirt on for the rest of the day” Zara laughs.

“Dad was so sunburnt,” I chuckle remembering that day as if it were yesterday, a day not long before we lost them.

“Yeah, then she got back on it again at the end with us,” I tell her and she smiles nodding her head.

“I miss them,” Zara says and I nod my head and give her hands a squeeze as we inch closer to the sand pit.

“Do you ever wonder why we survived and they didn’t?” she asks.

“Every day,” I whisper and she nods. “Me too,” “They would have loved Mason,” I told her.

“And Little Lowe,” Zara says. Zara shudders as the breeze rushes over her skin and she tenses, we were still a few meters away but she was outside. “I can’t Harlow,” “You are already here,” I tell her and her eyes open darting to mine. “And just look at how excited Mason is,” I tell her and her lip quivers as her eyes dart past me to her son.

Mason moves closer before rushing toward her and grasping her legs and I let her go as she brushes her fingers through his hair. I retrieve the chair from inside the door and bring it over. She may not move any further from where she is but it was something, she left the house. No matter how small of a step that was, she at least took it.

I waited with Zara until Sam returned home. The shock on his face when he saw her sitting on the back patio watching Mason made me giggle, he looked

stunned before shaking himself as if it was the most normal thing in the world to see her outside the house. He didn’t make a big deal out of it which I was glad, instead coming over to peck her cheek and I got up from my seat offering it to him before retrieving my phone from inside. I needed to lay down and didn’t feel like being a third wheel.

Walking back down the pathway to the guest house I was excited to sit down. The moment I entered, I instantly fell onto the couch only to groan as my phone started ringing. I pulled it from my back pocket seeing the private number cut across the screen just as the screen door opened to the place and Jake stepped inside.

“I’m sorry Harlow, I couldn’t stop him from passing the border, I did ask him to wait, and Raidon came with him” My stomach sinks as the phone continues to vibrate in my hand and I sit up.

“Pardon?” Jake sighs and glances back at the front door.

“Thane is here, it’s why we went into the city, I thought you had been talking with your mates, he says otherwise,” he asks and I swallow guiltily.

“I have, I have just been ignoring Thane,” I admit breathing out. The phone rings again. Holding it up, I glance at it before pressing my lips in a line and answering it.

“Please, don’t hang up,” Thane’s voice says on the other end “You need to leave, Thane,” I tell him and hurt pangs through the bond, but f***k him, he hurt me too and I wasn’t going to feel bad for not wanting to see him.

Jake points toward the main house and I nod knowing he was just coming down here to warn me.

“Harlow, I am not leaving. I did not drive all this way only to leave without seeing you,” Thane tells me. I stared at Jake who was waiting for me to tell him to leave.” Just pull over, she has gone silent,” I hear Thane tell Raidon while I growl annoyed.

"I'm in the guest house out back," I tell Thane, hanging up on him.

"Wait," I call out to Jake. He stops and looks at me.

"You're not going to make me go back with him are you?"

"No, of course not. Say the word Harlow and I will get a hold of the council here, worst case scenario we have tranquilizers to sedate him. Raidon will take him back home. You aren't alone here, and Sam is already on the roof with his gun ready. Thane also knows this, so scream and he will find a dart in his a****s. Sam won't miss that I can assure you," Jake tells me and I follow Jake to the door where he points to the roof and I find Sam up top.

He waves to me and I nod once to him only to see Zara's other mates wandering around this side of the property which they usually didn't do.

"Fine," I breathe, feeling a little safer, knowing they were loitering and it would be good to see Raidon. Walking back inside, I grab my jacket. Since the sun had started going down the temperature had dropped significantly. A shudder runs up my spine as I hear their car pull around to the side of the guest house.

Fear coursed through me, wondering if Thane would come barging in and drag me out kicking and screaming. Yet Thane didn't even enter, Raidon was the one to open the door making me spin to face it before all fear left as his scent wafted to me. My bond tugged painfully at his presence and my feet moved at their own accord as my body smashed into his.

"Ah I missed you," Raidon growled as he grabbed me. My legs locked around his waist, my nose buried in his neck, devouring his scent. A scent that I found intoxicating and soothing. His fingers tangle in my hair as he kisses the side of my face yet I could feel the tension in him, that underlying worry he felt for Thane. Raidon chuckles, his hands caressing up the sides of my bulging stomach.

"You look good, better," he murmurs when I realize I crushed my bump against him and dropped my legs to stand. Embarrassment floods me at how I tossed myself at him.

"Rhen and Leon?"

"At home, this was kind of a spontaneous idea. One minute I was driving to work with him when he pulled onto the highway, saying he wanted to see you," he tells me scratching the back of his neck.

"I know you don't want to see him, but he won't hurt you. Jake's mates would shoot the moment he moved, Thane agreed to those conditions,"

"I'm not going back," I tell him, and Raidon purses his lips before he sighs.

“Just hear him out,” “I have done nothing but listen and hear him out, it’s me he doesn’t hear, Raidon,” I tell him, stepping away from him.

“He’ll listen this time,” I shake my head.

“He wasn’t the only one that didn’t believe me, none of you did,” “We didn’t keep you prisoner though,” Raidon says.

“But not one of you stopped him from doing it either,” I tell him.

“Just- He won’t leave Harlow, I am not asking you to forgive him but he won’t leave unless you go out there. He will damn well camp outside your door,” “Then tell him to pitch a f****king tent and happy camping,” I tell Raidon, turning back to the kitchen.

“I’m not really the camping type,” Thane says, making me spin around and so does Raidon to find Thane standing inside the door with his hands in his pockets.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 92

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 92 – My heart sputters frantically in my chest. My eyes instantly looked for another exit, yet found none. Thane pulls his hands from his pockets.

“I won’t hurt you,” he said, and I could feel the guilt emanating from him loud and clear. But he felt guilt when he had me locked down in that den, but it didn’t stop him from doing it. I wasn’t foolish enough to go running back to it on some false promise of him having a change of heart. He still believes I killed his mother, still believes I ran from them. And I did stab him. Surely he hasn’t forgiven that.

“Just hear me out, I can’t make things right if you don’t let me speak to you,” he tries to reason, I was far from reasoning at this point.

“No!” I tell him my voice is more of a savage growl, warning him to back off. Even I was shocked by the ferociousness of it. I wasn’t going back to that den, and I would die before I allowed him to take our daughter from me.

“I get that you’re angry-“My eyebrow raised at his words. Angry would not describe the feeling I held for this man.

“I never wanted this life. I never wanted to be used as an object for someone else’s pleasure or a necessity for breeding heirs for Alphas. Certainly not having my voice taken away or my choices, not being commanded to do things against my will, or being constantly called a wh***re because I was born an omega, which was outside of my control. I was treated worse than an abused dog for weeks.” I spat at him.

My words tasted like venom on my tongue. Fury, like never before, wrapped around my limbs, and I had to fight the urge to shift, knowing it would hurt our child. Raidon glances at me nervously as fur spreads across my arms, and I shut my eyes, trying to control my anger, knowing shifting was dangerous.

“Harlow, you need to calm down,” Thane says, and my eyes snap open, my vision changing as my anger rises; my canines slip free, jabbing into my bottom lip as I try to anchor myself and not give into the urge to rip into him, an instinct so unnatural and purely controlled by my anger at seeing him. But if he thinks I would roll over and be his little bi**ch he was mistaken.

“Calm down? I should calm down? I’ve been forced to eat when I wasn’t hungry, held prisoner. Forced to eat the same food as punishment and deprived of basic human rights. Then threatened to take my daughter from me and leave me with the choice of death or being wh***ed out in rotation.”

“I will not go back to endure that again. I would rather die fighting to ensure my daughter never has to go through the hell you all put me through.” I scream at him, pointing an accusing finger at him, only to realize my nails have turned to claws.

Raidon steps closer, and I snarl at him, when his calling slips out, I would not be sedated especially by them. Raidon backs up closer to Thane, and I don’t miss how Jake’s mates step closer outside the windows.

“We know you didn’t do it; I know you didn’t kill my mother, Harlow, “What do you want, a pat on the back, forgiveness? You won’t get that from me, not after what you did. I told you I was innocent, and still, you refused to believe me,” I tell him, and Raidon hesitantly steps closer, and my eyes dart to him.

“Don’t!” I warn him when he reaches for me. Calm down, pull yourself together. I thought, trying to calm the blistering hot anger coursing through me that seeing him brought forth.

“I’m glad you all finally realized I was telling the truth from the beginning, although it is a little too late to repair the damage done.”

“It’s not too late, Harlow. We can fix this,” Thane says moving when a growl tears out behind him, he freezes growling back at them.

“I never want to see the lot of you ever again, and there is nothing further to discuss. So leave and never come looking for MY daughter and me. Your next visit might not be so welcoming.” I tell them. Raidon swallows, glancing at Thane while I glared at him.

“Harlow, you don’t mean that,” Raidon says, and I turn my face to look at him.

"I am not letting you take my daughter. How do I know this isn't some ploy to get me to come home?" I ask him.

"It's not," Thane says, and my eyes move back to him as he steps inside further.

"I scream. Sam won't miss," I tell him.

"I am not here to hurt you or drag you back; I want you to come back willingly on your own terms," "My terms are get the f***k out. I am not going anywhere with you knowing you'll just command whatever you want from me," I tell him, taking a step back. "So leave," I swallow, hearing my words resonate back at me, knowing he could just order me. Jake and his mates would be none the wiser if he did, if I was suddenly volunteering to go back with him. My heart races faster.

"Thane, let's just go," Raidon says, stepping in front of him. Thane watched me for a second, and I suddenly found myself caught like a deer in headlights waiting for what he would say. Thane glances over his shoulder to where Zara's mates are now on the path beside the cabin before looking back at me.

"I'll give you my serum," he says finally.

"I already have your serum," "My new serum, Harlow. I won't be able to command you. We will be equal," he says, pushing his hand into his pocket. He pulls a vial out, holding it up to show me. The silver and red liquid swirling through it glistened.

"I can't take that while pregnant, and how do I know it isn't one of theirs?"

"It's not. That is my blood and my venom," he says, holding it out to me with the vial pinched between his fingers.

"Take it. You'll be able to tell by opening it," he says, and I hesitantly step forward before snatching it and stepping back.

—

I unscrew the cap and sniff it, finding Thane's potent scent, and not just his scent, but all their scents mixed with his, proving this is his new serum, one that would make me equal to him. I looked at Raidon, who was watching me, and I could feel his shock at what Thane gave me.

"I can ask my mother-". "Your mother is not coming near me," I tell him, and he swallows but nods once. She was just as bad as Thane, maybe worse because she was also Omega and pushing him to kill me.

"Come home," Thane says, but I shake my head.

"You have that vial. Use it. It won't hurt you or our daughter; it will just strengthen you and her. I already checked," Thane says.

"I'm not coming home," "Then at least come back to the city. You can choose where you stay. F**k, I will give you the house and stay at a hotel until you trust me," "No, I don't trust you," I tell him.

"And how do you expect me to earn it back if you don't give me a chance to," Thane argues.

"You want me to trust you? Then leave, let me come back on my own; I am not getting in a car with you," I tell him, not trusting him not to lock me in the trunk and force me back into the den.

"Then go back with Raidon; I will find my own way back," Thane says, looking at Raidon.

"I can run him home," Jake says behind Thane, who glances at him and nods.

"You take that he has no power over you," Jake tells me, nodding to the vial in my hand. I stare at it.

"It makes me un-commandable. It Jake," Jake sighs and nods his head.

This Chapter Is Provided by Alaniniz.com, Visit Alaniniz.com for more Chapters and fast update..

"I'll give you whatever you want; just come home," Thane tells me.

"Will you void the Omega contract?" I ask him and Thane swallows, folding his arms across his chest.

"This stops me from being commanded, but you own me by council laws; I have no say if you chuck me in rotation, or take our daughter,"

"I do that. You're fair game for any Alpha, Harlow. I can't do that; it would put you at risk," Thane tells me. I shake my head, I would rather take my chances.

"Pick one of them then, I can't remove the contract I have with the sanctuary or the council, but I can change the ownership title over," Thane says, and my eyes dart to his "Pick, Harlow. I am not leaving unless you are coming back to the city," Thane says, and Jake growls at him.

"I won't force her, so stand down, Jake. Sam may not miss, but I will kill you long before he picks his shot," Thane warns him confidently, without glancing at the Alpha at his back.

“Harlow, please,” Raidon whispers.

“I’m not leaving until that contract title is changed,” I tell Raidon.

“I can do it online. Jake just needs to lend me a computer,” My eyes darted to Jake, who nodded his head, confirming, what he said, “Fine, sign me over to Leon then,” I tell him. Thane nods, but I don’t miss the pang, of hurt from Raidon at not choosing him. Leon was the only one that believed me; he attacked Thane for me while they would have let him drag me back to the den.

“Pack your bags then,” Thane says, turning toward Jake, who steps aside.

“I’m not leaving until I see the title change,” I call out to him and Thane stops, nods once.

“Anything else?” he asks. I think for a second “Yeah, I’m taking your room. You get the f*****g den,” I tell him. He presses his lips in a line but nods once before following Jake.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 93

Alpha’s Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 93

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 93 – Thane handed me the title before we left, proving it was in Leon’s name. Jake also rang and double-checked for me to make sure the title change was paid and transferred.

I was solely relying on Leon not to f****k me over now, and that kind of scared of me.

Yet when it came time to leave, I felt bad making Jake drive Thane to the city, knowing that he would be hours away from Zara while she was so far along.

Staring out the window, I watched the scenery go by; one part of me was relieved, just their scents alone calmed the deep void that bond caused, yet another was intent on making them pay for what they had done.

So the entire drive, I didn’t speak despite them trying to get me to.

The only person I wanted to see was Leon, yet at the same time, I knew staying with Zara would have only caused more stress.

I hated that the mate bond had such a strong pull on our instincts that it made me depressed without them.

Loving and hating someone, what a confusing cl****terf***k that was.

Along the way, I must have dozed off, getting actual sleep.

Something I hadn't had in what felt like forever.

It was someone opening my door that I was leaning on that woke me, and their hands caught me as I toppled out.

My eyes flew open as sparks rushed over me, and for a few seconds, I thought I had dreamt it all.

I turned and kicked blindly.

My heart was racing in my chest, and I was pretty sure I pulled something twisting the way I did so quickly.

"F****k!" Rhen groaned, dropping to his knees as I clutched my chest in panic.

The snarl that left me echoed in the car as I slid back across the seat to find Raid on helping him up.

Movement out of the corner of my eye has my head turning as Thane walks around the front of the car.

"Leave her, just back off," Thane tells them when Raid on moves to try to placate me with his calling.

Yet their calling didn't hold the same effect; I saw it for what it was.

Drugging and addictive, a sedative I didn't want, no matter how quickly it would soothe everything away.

I would rather panic and pain.

It meant I was still fighting, still keeping the tether of my will in my grasp.

"We won't touch you.

We were just letting you know we were home," Thane says from beside the door.

He made no move toward me.

"Where is Leon?"

"He'll be here soon.

He went to get dinner," Rhen coughed, rubbing his manhood I just kicked.

"I'll wait here for him," I tell them, not willing to move from my spot while he wasn't here.

"Harlow, it is freezing out here," Thane tells me.

"I said I will wait for Leon.

Now get away from me," I tell him.

"Fine, I am going," he tells me, then turns on his heel and walks through the door leading to the foyer.

"You lot as well," I snap at them when Rhen and Raid on linger.

"Can we get your bags from the trunk, at least?" Rhen asks, and I peer out the back window before quickly nodding.

Once they were gone, I reached for my handbag, snatching it up and rummaging through it for the vial.

I hadn't taken it.

I could, and I think Thane believes I have, yet it would make our daughter just as strong, and with teenage years that could be a disaster.

Finding it, I placed it inside my bra.

Plus, if Thane did command me, call me stupid, but I wanted to know, being at his level, I wouldn't feel it, and I needed to know I could trust him.

One command, I was out of here and not coming back.

Twenty minutes passed before Leon finally arrived, the garage door lifting as he pulled in beside Thane's car.

He rushed past, and I could feel his excitement bubbling within him, through the bond, knowing I was back.

"Leon?" I murmur as he reaches the door.

He freezes, his entire body going tense before he turns around.

A silly grin splits onto my face.

Gosh, how I missed him, the bag of Chinese food forgotten as he dropped it.

Moving with his hybrid speed before crushing me in a hug as gently as possible.

“Finally,” he groans into my hair, and I wrap my legs around his waist as he presses me against the car’s door.

“Did they do anything? I wanted to come, but they had already left.

We can stay at the hotel, or maybe we can go,” I cut him off, pressing my lips against his and tugging him closer.

He only takes seconds to get over his shock before kissing me back, his hands trailing down my sides

as he caresses the sides of my belly and hips.

1 “I guess I am cooking then,” Thane says, making us pull apart, Leon growls at him, and Thane raises

an eyebrow at him before he looks at me.

“What do you want for dinner?” he asks.

“I will cook myself, I am not eating anything you make,” I snap at him, and he stares up at the ceiling.

I know he hated anyone in the kitchen, but I wouldn’t put it past him to put something in it, and I sure as shit wasn’t eating porridge or whatever he decided to make.

He may say I have a choice, but choices were limited with Thane.

“Very well,” he says, walking off.

Leon turns his face back to me, a smirk on his lips.

“So what are you cooking? He rarely lets anyone cook,” Leon tells me.

“I can make two-minute noodles, or the potatoes you make like gravy?” I ask him.

Shit, I should have thought that through.

I can’t cook for shit.

There was no need in the Omega facility, and noodle cups were pretty much it in our rooms.

“Sounds interesting.

Can’t say I have eaten two-minute noodles.

Are you sure you don’t want him to cook?” Leon says, trying not to hurt my feelings.

I wasn’t Zara.

I know I can’t cook.

My kitchen skills involve coffee, microwave food, and sometimes unburnt meat, but then it is pretty much raw.

I couldn’t win.

1 “Nope, I am cooking or boiling water,” I told him.

“I don’t think we even have noodles, but we can check,” he tells me, gripping my a****s and hoisting me higher as he moves inside.

“I can walk, and I know I am heavy,” “Hybrid, and I want to hold you, so shh,” he hisses at me, and I roll my eyes at him.

There were no two-minute noodles, and I was trying to work out the measurements in this recipe.

I googled it.

It was one of those four-ingredient recipes, which is a lie.

Since when aren’t condiments an ingredient? “Are you sure it says that much salt?” Leon asks.

I looked at the recipe again while clutching the spoon and salt, hovering it over the pot.

That glance made the salt bag tip over and I poured a heap into the pot.

A shriek leaves me, tossing the bag aside before dropping my spoon inside the pot.

I was making some strange version of Pumpkin soup that I couldn’t pronounce.

Why not call it what it is? Pumpkin soup, it seemed to be all it contained.

It looked nice in the picture, though it smelled a little funky.

“I can order Pizza?” Leon offers as I stir the pot.

Man, I hate to be the one to wash all these dishes.

“I just spent all that time peeling that thing and working out this ridiculous stove.

You’re eating it,” I snapped at him, becoming flustered as I fished for the spoon before giving up.

“I’m sure it will be tasty,” Leon lies, and I narrow my eyes at him.

“You know I can feel you, right? I can tell you’re lying,” I tell him, pointing the finger at him.

“I will love it because you made it,” he tells me, and I shake my head before turning back to stir.

“Okay, I think I need to put cream in it.

Well, that is what it says,” I tell Leon, and he hops off the counter to fetch it.

I pour in the measurement of cream, yet it does not look like pumpkin soup.

And why is it so lumpy? “Argh, it is sticking to the bottom,” I tell Leon while using the ladle to try to break up the pumpkin, only to find the spoon I dropped in it.

“Are you sure you weren’t supposed to pour some of the water out?” Leon asks, peering into the pot.

“It’ll do; I am hungry,” I tell him, retrieving some bowls.

I pour it in just as Rhen and Raid on walk out.

“Thane is out there on the verge of having a tantrum over his kitchen,” Raid on chuckles before he stops.

“Nope, he will definitely cry when sees the state of his kitchen,” Rhen says, looking at the mess.

“What are you making?” Radion asks as I pour the lumpy soup into the bowls.

It looks nothing like the picture at all.

Well, I never claimed to be Master chef.

I push the bowl toward him, and he smiles awkwardly.

“Looks interesting,” Raidon comments; he accepts the bowl with an awkward smile which kind a looked more like a grimace.

“I should probably take Thane’s out for him.

He would die if he saw the kitchen in this state,” Rhen tells me before snatching his bowl off the counter and moving toward the dining room.

“That was quick,” I heard Thane say, grabbing a spoon.

I picked up some of my soup, and I obliterated every taste bud with that one spoonful.

It sprayed out like a fountain, coating Leon leaning against the other side of the counter, who was yet to take a bite.

“So much salt,” I choke, racing to the sink and putting my mouth under the facet, gulping the water down.

“I’ll order Pizza,” Leon winks at me, and I grab my bowl pouring the contents out before wandering to

the dining room when I hear whispers.

Popping my head around the corner, I see Rhen sniffing his.

No f****king way would I eat even another spoonful of that over salted sh****t.

I should have let Thane cook.

“Eat it.

She made it.

You’ll eat it.

I don’t care if she served you dog food; you’re eating it.” Thane hisses at them, and I duck back around the corner, trying to stifle my giggle.

Leon raises an eyebrow at me, and he shows me the pizza options.

“Should I tell them you’re ordering Pizza?” “Nah, let them suffer,” he says, and I elbow him.

“Suffer deliciously,” he quickly says, and I roll my eyes.

“You didn’t even try it,” “Pretty sure I did when you spat it all over me,” he says, placing his phone down after ordering.

He helps me clean up the kitchen.

My stomach rumbled when curiosity got the better of him, and he decided to try some from the pot as I stacked the dishwasher.

He blanches, and I look at him, watching him swallow down my shame as if he was swallowing a golf ball.

“It is an acquired taste,” he heaves.

“And I don’t think the pumpkin was cooked long enough.

It is still hard,” he adds as he retches into the sink.

I was halfway through rinsing the pots when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it,” Leon sings out, rushing toward the door just as Thane Wanders out.

I move aside, watching as he rinses his bowl before stacking it in the dishwasher.

Rhen follows not long after him, sweat-coated his brow, and he looks a little green when Leon returns with Pizza.

Rhen blinks at him.

“What is that?” Rhen growls at him.

“Dinner,” Leon says, and I press my lips in a line trying not to laugh that they ate the sh**t I served them before rushing off after Leon to the living room.

“Dining room,” Thane calls out.

“Nope,” I called out, not wanting to sit at the table with them.

Raid on groans as he follows us out with Rhen, and I can hear Thane cursing about us eating in the living room and not at a table.

Leon and I share a pizza, yet the others don’t touch any.

“Are you going to eat?” I ask them while eyeballing the garlic bread before snatching it off the coffee table.

"I am oddly overfull," Rhen says.

"My stomach can't handle any more; I mean, I'm full," Raidon says, groaning and turning on his side on the three-seater when Thane comes out, and I could feel his anger at the mess on the coffee table.

He says nothing and instead sits on the couch beside Rhen to watch the movie I put on.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 94

Alpha's Possession by Jessica Hall

Chapter 94

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 94 – Thane POV

Harlow refused to be alone with any of us, except Leon. It didn't matter where he went, even for only a few seconds to drop the pizza boxes in the bin she followed. Refusing to be alone with us. I tried not to let it get to me, tried to remind myself that she felt safest with him, but it didn't help my jealousy or our mates as we watched her with him.

Yet none of us said anything to her about it, we just let her be. No matter how much it killed me watching them, I didn't push her. By the time the movie ended, she had fallen asleep and Leon went to move not having realized she had fallen asleep on him, so engrossed in the movie that I

couldn't even remember the name of. I was too absorbed by the fact she was here, that I spent the entire time watching her, while festering in my jealousy.

Raidon however, moved before I could and gripped his shoulder as he went to stand. He points to Harlow making Leon look down where her head was in lap.

"Wake her and take her with you. She will freak out if she wakes to you gone," I tell him.

"I want to shower, I am covered in her soup, it's sticky," he whispers, tugging on his shirt that was splattered in orange gunk.

Yeah, that was not an enjoyable meal, I couldn't wait until she forgave us, if she ever did. Because I was never letting her cook again. Her cooking is atrocious, steaming hot garbage would have been preferable, who the heck uses water in pumpkin soup and then doesn't drain that starchy water out. Just the mere thought of it had me wanting to upturn my stomach.

Raidon nearly did and that man gags on nothing, not even d***k so that is say something. Leon carefully slips out from under her. "I'll be quick," he murmurs and Rhen growls at him, knowing his idea of quick and ours were completely different.

"Leon!" Rhen snaps at him in a hushed voice.

"I'll be five minutes," he hisses back at him. Raidon and Rhen look at me and I roll my eyes at them, knowing they wanted me to leave in case she did wake up. Just to lessen the damage.

"I will go clean or something," I tell them, too wired to go down to the den to sleep. Getting up, I move to the kitchen and grab a cloth.

I had already cleaned the kitchen but figured a second go over would ensure the stench of burnt food and residue was gone. Leon saying he would be five minutes was a hit and miss.

He had a tendency to forget the concept of time so we all knew his idea of five minutes and five minutes were two separate things. It was also why we always told him he had appointments an hour before they started, guaranteed he would always be late, tell him an hour before and he may just show up on time.

Raidon comes out to me about ten minutes later muttering about Leon taking his time when Rhen wanders out too.

"Where are you sleeping?" Rhen yawns.

"Where she said I could, the Den," I tell them and Raidon bristles.

"Yeah, I didn't think you would though," Raidon says.

"I'll manage," I tell him, not wanting to admit I had been sleeping down there anyway, unable to bear not having her scent around. Although not a speck of it lingered down there now.

"Leon?" We all hear from the living room. All our heads snap toward the hall and I drop the hand towel on the bench wandering down the hall to let her know he was showering when she rushed out of the room. Harlow stops in her tracks when she spots me.

"He's showering, he'll be back down soon," I tell her and she nods her head. Eyes darting to the staircase when Rhen and Raidon come out of the kitchen behind me. I listen to her heart rate pick up and I curse them coming up behind me. The racing of her heart as I came to her was bad enough when I saw every muscle in her body tense and I knew she was about to run for the stairs.

In a blink of an eye she does and I reach for her seeing the panic on her face and I curse knowing it was because I was standing near the basement door. She runs for the steps missing the top one as I go to grab her only to trip on the second. My heart damn near stopped in my chest as I watched her throw her hands out to brace herself.

My hand fists the back of her shirt, ripping her back before she hits them.

Harlow screams the most blood curdling scream I had ever heard, the sound visceral and made my stomach sink wondering if I hurt her.

“You’re-Arggh” she bites my arm as it wraps around her chest holding her steady before she tosses her head back catching me on the chin. I shake my head as pain rutchottes along my jaw and my arm tightens around her chest under her breasts when something hits the floor at my feet.

“Shh, stop, I am not going to hurt you,” I tell her before flooding her with my calling. Raidon leans down, picking it up, it was the vial of my serum. He holds it up and I take it from him as his eyes dart back to Rhen. She hadn’t taken it, why wouldn’t she take it?

She melts against me, leaning back as she is forced to surrender to my calling just as pounding footsteps sound on the floor above. Leon comes rushing out in a panic, sliding into the wall and nearly down the stairs. I pocket the vial and sigh, feeling his blatant fear through the bond.

My other hand smooths over her belly as I rub it before scooping her legs out from under her. I tuck her to my chest and walk up the steps to Leon’s room. Leon glares at me but says nothing as he opens his door.

“I swear Thane, I will f***king kill you if you hurt her,” he growls at me and I glare at him.

“She tripped, I grabbed her and she freaked out,” I tell him, setting her on the bed. The moment my calling released her she snapped out of her daze and shuffled away from me as I fished the vial out of my pocket. I hold it out to her, her eyes widen as she feels her bra which must have been where she had it.

She stares at me worriedly before leaning forward hesitantly. “Take it, it’s yours,” I tell her and she quickly snatches it moving closer to the wall.

“Goodnight, Harlow,” I tell her before rising and walking out of the room and back down the stairs. Yet the bond had me wanting to run back to her and beg at her feet for forgiveness, shaking that urge of knowing I would probably just scare her more I walked down to the den.