

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 95

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 95 – Harlow POV

A week Later.

Leon and I had just returned home from an ultrasound appointment and were walking through the door when his phone started ringing. He answers it as I walk into the house only to find Thane is home and sitting at the counter reading a newspaper. He sets it down as I make my way to the fridge, and I can hear Leon arguing with somebody on the phone in the foyer.

“How did your ultrasound go?” Thane asks, and I glance at him over my shoulder. We hardly spoke, and I preferred it that way. It was easier to just stay away from him than deal with moodiness.

“Harlow?” he says, and I continue to ignore him, instead grabbing a bottle of water and moving toward the foyer to find out what Leon was so upset over. As I pass Thane, however, he reaches out and grips my wrist, stopping me. I jerk my hand from his grip and glare at him.

“Can you answer me, please? All you do is ignore me,” Thane sighs, wiping a hand down his face, then scratches the back of his neck.

“You can’t just ignore me. You are pregnant with our child. We have to at least co-parent,” “Our daughter has three other fathers; I don’t have to do shit with you,” I tell him, about to turn away from him when he stops me again, making me growl at him. For a month, I was locked in that damn den, and he just expected me to forget that. Not even a f****king apology?

“Fine, just go,” he says, just as Leon walks out. He grabs a bottle of coke from the fridge.

“Everything alright?” Thane asks him.

“No, I need to go see Talon. He is having issues with one of his vendors,”

“I can go,” Thane says, standing up, but Leon shakes his head.

“No, stay. I will deal with it. Watch Harlow for me,” Leon says, and I sputter.

“Why can’t I come?” I ask him, not wanting to be stuck at home with Thane. “Because his vendor is a vampire, and neither of you is getting close to him,” “Well, Thane can go,” I tell him, pointing at Thane.

“Nope, his blood is just as addictive as yours; I’ll handle it,” Leon says, pecking my cheek and walking off. “Leon,” I shriek in panic, rushing after him.

“Harlow! Enough, it isn’t safe. He’s your mate too. He won’t do anything; he hasn’t, has he?” Leon asks, and I look at Thane beside me. I swallow nervously. It would be the first time I was left at home with him alone.

“I will call Rhen and tell him to head home, okay?” Leon says, cupping my face in his hands. He presses his lips against mine, and I sigh.

“No, I’ll be fine. Just go,” I tell him, and he looks at Thane, who nods to him before he turns on his heel and leaves.

Dread fills my stomach as I turn to find Thane watching me; he says nothing as I wander into the living room and flick the TV on. I watched the midday drama when he walked out and sat on the couch across from me with his newspaper. I tried my best to ignore him, but his presence had me on edge. Although, I was curious as to why he was home early.

“How come you aren’t at work?” I ask him, and he briefly lifts his head to glance at me.

“Because I rang to find out what time your ultrasound finished, so I—————could find out what was happening with your pregnancy and our daughter,” he says simply, and I roll my eyes.

“She is fine, and I am sure Leon would have told you later. You didn’t have to come home early,” I tell him.

“No, he wouldn’t have. None of them tell me anything regarding you,” I scoff, and he sets the paper down, looking at me.

“Our mates barely speak to me, Harlow, and they won’t until you start,”

Shaking my head, I turn my attention back to the TV “I have nothing to say to you, nothing nice anyway,”

“Your anger I can handle. Your silence is driving me insane,” he mutters, opening his newspaper.

“Wow, it must be so damn hard not having your mates speak to you. It sucks, doesn’t it? Try being mute, too; that will really drive you crazy. Silence is one thing, being mute? Having your voice stolen from you for so long that you forget what your own voice sounds like, you start believing you never had one in the first place,” I tell him. Saying those words out loud made them truly sink in.

Thane said nothing, but I could feel his gaze as he watched me. Feel the guilt writhing through him. We sit in awkward silence for what felt like an eternity when he finally spoke.

“Harlow..I..I know..” Turning my head, I look at him, watching him struggle with whatever he is trying to say when he stops for a second. “I know what,”

“No, you don’t know, you don’t know because you grew up with the privilege of being born an Alpha, you always had a voice, a choice, and when I finally found mine, you took it, proving it was never mine, to begin with,” I tell him.

“You think because I am an Alpha, I had it easy? I have had responsibility shoved on my damn shoulders from the moment I could walk,” he snaps at me.

“And what responsibility was that, Thane? The pressure of knowing you will have everything handed to you on a silver platter because of your DNA. That you will be able to pick and choose every aspect of your life, decide which Omega you will destroy, so you can raise the next Alpha a*sh*le?” I scoff.

“I have spent every damn second of my life training and being brought up in my parent’s image, raised with the responsibility of knowing I would be the one everyone turns to protect them, keep them safe. I thought you killed my mother. What did you expect me to do, Harlow? Just forgive you and move on?”

“Yes, because I didn’t f*****king do it?»

“And you lied to us, all of us!” he screams at me.

“I lied because, from the moment I met you, all I heard was how much you f*****king hate Omegas. How much you wanted to kill the woman you believed killed your mother! Was I supposed to add that to my f*****king resume? Assumed killer of Mrs. Keller! I lied because I had no other choice, and you proved that because the moment you found out, you locked me in the den without letting me explain.” I retort.

Thane tosses his newspaper on the coffee table. “You should have come to us instead of running for two years!”

“I was f***king scared! I was barely eighteen, Thane, barely a f***king adult. I watched someone get murdered, thought my sister was dead, and I would end up exactly like her. I didn’t want to be an Omega. I hated what I was, and I was convinced I had killed my sister for two years because she had taken my place. She took my place because I was petrified of what being an Omega was, only to be told she was dead, and I was being shipped off as a damn breeder to a f*****king pack I didn’t know,” I scream at him.

“You should have come to us. You could have rung or gone back to the sanctuary or—” he clutches his hair in frustration. “I know you must have been scared. It is why I sent my mother to get you. We didn’t want to scare you,”

“Your mother was the one who bid on me,” Thane lifts his head and looks at me.

“You didn’t want me to begin with. You wanted Tara,” Thane blinks at me. “Who told you that? Did Jake tell you that?” he asks, and I look away.

“I never loved Tara. Tara, she was “You didn’t love me either. How could you? You didn’t know me. I was just a purchase, like buying a damn car.”

“We would have taken care of you, grown to love you Harlow, and you us,”

“See, now that’s the difference Thane; I would have been forced to love you, forced to mate you, accept you. That choice was never mine; it was always yours,”

“It wasn’t mine either! You said it yourself. My mother bid on you; I wasn’t shopping for a f***king Omega. But it was also my responsibility to keep my pack together, to keep the city in check. All that was expected of you was that you stand by us, nothing more and nothing less, spit out some kids, that’s it,” he snaps, and I blink at him.

“So simple, right?” I ask him, folding my arms across my chest and shaking my head.

“No, that is not... It came out wrong,” he shakes his head and growls. “We would have looked after you,”

“I didn’t need looking after; I needed freedom. I wanted a life outside the one expected of me!”

“But you’re an Omega!” he screams.

“Exactly! And not by choice, by——blood. You think growing up and being told you will run a city, a pack is hard?” Thane looks at me, folding his arms across his chest.

“All that is expected of you is lying on your back! Do that and get everything handed to you,” Thane snaps.

“Really, you want to compare the differences, Thane? Is that what you want?” he tosses his arms up in the air.

“Fine, you want to play this game, shoot, go for it!” he says. We were so far off the original topic of him apologizing now; I might as well toss that out the window. Fine, he wants to play who had it harder! Let’s f***king play then. I pressed my lips in a line, furious, so furious my hands began shaking as I stifled the urge to shift. I couldn’t believe that he thought all that was expected was for us lay there and spit kids out.

“Well?” Thane says expectantly.

“Your mother was an Omega,” I tell him.

“Obviously!” he growls.

“Do you even know what Omegas are taught?” I ask him.

“Well, obviously not. I went to an all-Alpha school,”

“Private school,” I tell him.

“And so did you. That is what the sanctuaries are for. Parents can choose to either use public schools, home school, or private sanctuaries. We are the same on that front,” Thane tells me, and I laugh.

“No, we are not; I spent my childhood on the run with my parents, Thane. My mother didn’t want us to have the same upbringing she did. Zara and I were lucky to live in the same house for more than a month before the authorities came for us. We were practically raised in my parent’s car,” “And that was her choice,” he says, and I shake my head, not because he was wrong, but because he thought she had a choice.

“Yes, it was; Zara and I hated her for it. We wanted to live somewhere where we didn’t have to run, where we could grow up and make friends, where we could have our own rooms, belongings, a life,” “You can’t blame me for your upbringing,” Thane says. I shake my head, holding up my hand.

“I’m not done, and I am not blaming you, but your line of thinking is the line of thinking every Alpha has. Zara and I hated our parents for that until we figured out why. We were chucked into the sanctuary right after they died. Became wards of the sanctuary. And the first thing they taught us was how to please an Alpha. On our first day there, we weren’t taught math or science. We were taught how to pleasure an Alpha.” I tell him.

“Sex education, everyone is taught that,” Thane says, and I chuckle.

“We thought it was a sex education class too. Turns out, every class was like that, how to sit, how to speak when with an Alpha, how to obey, even how to suck d****k. Normal classes ended at the age of twelve. No more art, no more English, or whatever the f****k you got taught. It was all about how to pleasure an Alpha. Taught about the serums, told how we would die if we couldn’t take their knot. Taught the laws surrounding our ownership, taught how we aren’t people, we are belongings, that’s what they teach you in the sanctuary.” Thane opened his mouth, no doubt to dispute what I said, but I cut him off.

“Then we are given a choice, rotation or pack life, they were the two choices we are given, that’s it. Now imagine growing up hating your parents for running, only to learn

they were running because it was the only chance we stood at a normal life. Omegas are raised to be used and abused, nothing more and nothing less. We're expected to obey, look pretty, open our damn legs, and accept any d****k forced on us. Sure, they tell us it would be a lavish lifestyle, and we wouldn't have to work unless we chose rotation. Told that we would be adored by our packs if we chose one or if we were sold to one. But all I saw was that my future depended on well I could f****k!"

Thane appears to think for a second, his brows pinching together before he leans back to look at me. "My mother never told me that," "Why would she? She was raised to obey too, raised to be an Alpha's wh****re," I tell him, getting to my feet.

"Harlow," Thane says when I move to leave, I was over this argument already. Stopping, I stare at the ceiling for a second. Digging in my back pocket, I pull out the ultrasound picture and hand it to him. Thane takes it, brushing his thumb over the image.

"Your mother told me you were a good man, that you would look after me," I tell him, and he looks up at me.

"For our daughter's sake, I hope that's true. Because if she is born Omega, I hope you see more than dollar signs on her head. I hope you value her more than you do me. Value her enough to look past her DNA. If she is born Omega, her fate is in your hands, just like mine is," I tell him, walking out of the living room and up the stairs.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 96

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 96 – Once I was back in Leon's room, I shut the door, and I didn't intend to speak with Thane until he pulled his head out of his a***s. Yet, in true Thane form, he never likes to be on the tail end of a losing argument because he busted the door down within minutes of me climbing into bed.

A squeak leaves me as the door bangs against the dresser, making the mirror on the top rattle.

"You don't get to yell and scream at me and then run from me," he was furious, but the feeling through the bond told me not at me as he moved closer to the bed. I shuffle upright, knowing all too well how unpredictable his mood swings are.

"I wasn't going to hurt you, for f****k sake, Harlow. Stop flinching; I have never beat you,"

"No, only locked me in a damn den and ordered me around and used your damn aura on me," I snap at him while my hand slips down beside the bed and the wall where I

kept the wolfsbane spray that Rhen gave me. My fingers wrap around the can, my finger on the trigger.

“I can’t take what I did back, but you can stop throwing it in my face every chance you get,” he growls, and his eyes turn onyx as his canines protrude. My eyes widen in horror as flashbacks of him chasing me down and charging at me flood the forefront of my mind. Thane reaches for me, and I shriek, unleashing the can on him only to have the nozzle around the wrong way instead, drenching and blinding myself.

I choke, gasping for air as I inhale it. My eyes and skin burned as if I was doused in acid, and I dropped the can and clawed at my face.

“F****k!” I hear Thane swear as I blindly reach for the blanket needing to remove the substance burning me. Hands move under my legs and a***s as I flail and cough on the liquid.

“Don’t swallow it,” Thane panics when I feel cold water blast me from the ensuite’s shower. My feet slip on the floor, yet his arm under my belly holds me steady.

“Hang on,” Thane says, scrubbing my face with soap while I spit torrents of water out, so I don’t swallow any. The soap made my eyes burn worse, and I could hear the mindlink going off, and Thane was trying to reply to them, yet all I could focus on was the burning of my skin.

Eventually, the pain eases off, and I blink, staring at the black tiled wall, my vision returning, yet blood coated the floor from it, eating my skin away when something is shoved in my mouth. I choked as his metallic-tasting blood warmed my mouth.

“Swallow it. It’s my blood,” Thane urges, and I grab his wrist. Swallowing it down, his blood never worked as quick as marking would or Leon’s blood, but I could feel my skin healing slowly the more I drank it.

“Did you swallow any?” Thane asks, and I shake my head, pulling away from his bleeding wrist. I hated that I couldn’t shift.

Everything takes longer to heal than it would if I could.

“I wasn’t going to hurt you. Geez, Harlow,” Thane says before sticking his hand inside my shirt. I grip his wrist, my nails digging in; he hisses and growls behind me as his hand slips into my bra.

He steals the serum that I always kept on me, and I snatch it off him. “I wasn’t taking it, but use it,” he whispers, and I peer up at him over my shoulder. Thane adjusts the shower temperature, turning the heat up.

“I’m pregnant, Thane; it will affect our daughter,”

“And our daughter has four fathers

and a stubborn a*s mother to keep her in line. Use it. She will be born Alpha. It will enhance my DNA in your system to override yours to ensure it,” Thane tells me.

I look at the vial. “There is no way in this world I would let our daughter be sold off even if she chose that life,” Thane growls.

“Omegas are rare, Thane, we are almost extinct,”

“F*****k the rest of the world; I don’t care about them. I only care about you and our daughter you’re carrying,” he tells me.

“It changes nothing, though; the entire Omega system is wrong. That was my point. Not that I hate being Omega. Well, I do. But I see why we are necessary to Alphas,”

“Well, what do you want then? I can’t win with you. You wanted space; I gave you that; you wanted me to sign you over to Leon. I did that. I sleep in the den because you told me to! I don’t know how else to make what I did up to you!” he growls.

“You could apologize properly! Let’s start with that!” I snap at him.

“I did apologize!”

“No, you acknowledged you were wrong. Big difference,”

“That’s the same thing,” he says, and I turn around to face him.

“Are you being serious right now?” I ask him. Thane blinks at me before reaching for my shirt and peeling it off while I scramble to try to keep it. Thane tosses it out the shower door, ignoring me, slapping his hands away as he undoes my bra and the button on my jeans.

“Thane!” I snap at him as he undoes the zip. “I’m helping you,” he retorts, jerking his hands away. I growl at him, removing my own damn pants while he rids himself of his shirt.

“Fine, I am sorry,” he says like a sulking child being forced to apologize to a sibling.

I press my lips in a line and shake my head. “Just get out!” I tell him, turning sideways to turn the heat up more.

Alphas Possession by Jessicahall Chapter 97

Read Alphas Possession by Jessica Hall Chapter 97 – “I apologized, didn’t I. You said apologize. What do you want me to do, get on my damn hands and knees and beg you to forgive me?”

Well, that wouldn’t hurt,” I snapped back at him sarcastically, and he suddenly dropped to his knees. I blink at him as he stares at my huge belly. Any lower, and he would disappear under it like my damn vagina I haven’t seen in two weeks.

Thane stares at my stomach and the stretch marks that now laced my skin. As if seeing how huge I was now really made him see exactly what my body contained. Ten little fingers, ten little toes, and one beating heart that he helped make. The feelings through bond told me he wanted to touch it, feel her move, and his apology was long forgotten, mesmerized as he watched my belly ripple as she moved inside me.

His hands move to my hips before running up and across my belly. He rests his hands on the sides of my belly, and her movement stops for a second before it feels like she rolls, my belly moving in a wave beneath his hands, and he smiles, glancing up at me.

Thane leans forward on his knees, pressing his lips against my belly before resting his ear against it. He exhales, and I brush my fingers through his hair, only he turns his face into my palm, kissing it.

“Don’t cut me out of her life, Harlow,” Thane whispers.

“I never was cutting you from her life, only mine.”

“I don’t want to be cut from yours either.”

“Then prove to me it’s worth keeping you in it; I am sick and tired of living up to everyone else’s expectations when no one bothered to try to live up to mine,” I tell him, and he looks up at me.

“And what do you expect of us?”

“I expect you to listen, to stand behind me because the only damn thing that ever has is my shadow. And I am tired of running; I am tired of fighting to be heard and to be seen as anything but an Omega. I expect you to let me be Harlow, expect you to let me make my own decisions. That is all I expect of you,”

“You want to make all the decisions?” he asks, and I sigh before shaking my head.

“Not all. I just want to be included in them, especially when it comes to me; I am sick of being told to sit, and obey, to be seen and not heard. You own this city. You have the

power to change things, not just for me, but for her," I tell him, running my hands over my belly.

"We are not objects; we bleed and hurt like everyone else. But we were taught never to show it because we were taught to expect.

I don't want her to grow up knowing her worth is dependent on her Omega score. I want our daughter to grow up with a voice and her fathers in her corner when she uses it because that's where I'll be."

"And she won't have to worry about that. You have the serum,"

"And if she is born Alpha, Thane? Then what? Problem solved, right? She will grow up with the same mindset you have, that Omegas are beneath her, that I am," I tell him.

"I don't get what it is you're asking of me?"

"I don't want to be your Omega, Thane. I also don't want to be an Alpha. No titles, I want family, everyone equal, everyone heard, everyone loved. I want this city to be safe for her no matter her status, "You want me to change the laws everyone has lived by since forever?"

"No, you can change them in this city, but in the world, that takes time. Make the city a safe haven that you do have the power to do. You're the ranking Alpha here; you have a say in what laws are made because you helped make them in this city,"

"What's the point of changing the laws here if they won't change everywhere else, Harlow? It will just cause an uproar," "Exactly, it would be setting an example and a foundation for change. That is what your mother wanted, I have spent the last few weeks reading up on everything your mother did, and you know what she lacked?"

"Her Alphas, Omegas are seen as property, yet your fathers never fought for their so-called property when she took on the councils? When she tried to open the very same facility, you are building across the city in her honor."

"No, she was equal to them. They gave her their serum,"

"Equal in the sense she couldn't be commanded by them. That is all the serum does. If she was really their equal, she wouldn't have needed that serum because they would never have attempted to command her in the first place. So my guess is the reason they gave her the serum was the same reason you gave me yours.

Because they f****ked up and needed to earn her trust. And if that is the case, then it is the same reason I haven't taken it; I shouldn't have to. I want to be equal to you because you see me as equal, not on the false pretense of being equal under a serum I shouldn't need if you loved me,"

"That's why you haven't taken it, not just because of our daughter?" he asks.

"I needed to know I could trust you. The serum stops you from commanding me. It doesn't stop you from controlling me, though.

There is nothing stopping you from dragging me back down to that den; the only difference would be you couldn't command me down there. You'd have to drag me.

"So that's all you want?"

"And I want that begging and pleading apology you offered; I am enjoying seeing you on your knees. You may beg for my forgiveness now," I laugh. Thane raises an eyebrow at me.

"I've never had to beg before," he mumbles.

"Well, it will be a humbling experience for you then, so hop to it; I'm waiting," I chuckle, smiling down at him.

"I feel like I am getting the short stick here. I'm the only one being forced to do anything. If I am going to humiliate myself, I want to know what I am going to get out of it," he says, rubbing my thighs.

"A family if you keep your word," I tell him.

"And if I don't keep my word?"

"Then you better get used to being on your knees because you'll have a lot of begging to do," Thane laughs and kisses my belly.