

# Mine – The Alpha's Possession by Kylie

Chapter 42



## CHAPTER 42

When I finally woke up, my head was pounding like I had been hit over the head with something massive and heavy, but I started remembering back to the events of the day. I wasn't hit with anything; I was drugged with something.

But I couldn't imagine what it was.

When I slowly started to get up I realized that the ground under me was really hard and cold and I looked around quickly and noticed that I wasn't in my bedroom or anything like that. I was in a dungeon. I saw a small window so, I got to my feet, and I walked over and I was right up the top of the castle. I was in one of the dungeons that they have in the points of the castle, and no one would be able to hear me screaming from up here. I knew that I was in real trouble now.

The lock on the door started to rattle and the wooden door opened and Eric walked inside.

"If you had just listened to me when I told you not to mess with me then you wouldn't be in this position." He says walking into the room with three guards after him.

"What the hell did you drug me with?" I asked.

"It was just a little wolfsbane." He smirked at me.

"Bullshit." I say.

"Excuse me." He says not smirking anymore and looking at me cautiously.

"Wolfsbane doesn't affect me. You know that and do so 1. So, what the hell did you drug me with?" I asked.

"Just something that our private little chemist came up with." He says walking around the very small room that I was in.

"You mean, a witch." I say. And he turned to look at me with odd curiosity on his face.

"Wow. You really are smarter than what people give you credit for." He says.

"Yeah. I guess I am. So, what's your plan now? Does Vincent know where I am?" I asked.

"Well, he knows that the outcasts had a village not too far from here and that you were caught with them. And not fighting them off or demanding that they leave." Eric says.

"Stop dragging it out asshole. What did you tell Vincent?" I asked.

"I told him that you were killed in the attack. Because you couldn't keep your big fat nose out of the fight." He says.

"Bullshit." I say not wanting to believe him.

"Oh, it's true. Vincent thinks that you're dead." He says.

"And what about Stefan? Is he locked up too? Or is he pretending like nothing. happened? Or did you actually kill your own son? Just like you cast out your other son?" I asked looking at him.

"I was wondering how well you got to know Damon." He says.

I know him well enough after a couple of days." I say.

"Well, that's really good to know. But their village was destroyed. I don't know where the rest of them ran off to. But we got enough of the suckers that they won't be a problem again." Eric says looking really pleased with himself.

"You prick. You killed innocent people?" I asked.

"They weren't innocent." He says.

"Yes, they were. They were only outcasts. because you made up horrible lies about them when they found out the truth. about you. When they found out that you and Vincent have been lying to everyone in the realm." I growled at him. And that got his attention and his guards attention. I guess they forgot for a

moment that I am a werewolf. And I'm guessing that the drugs they gave me, only knocked me out. They didn't keep my werewolf dormant. Because Ava was clawing in my head wanting to get out. She was desperate to. She needed to get. out and rip this man to pieces.

I was trying to contain her without Eric knowing how much of an internal struggle I was having with her right now.

I couldn't let her out. Not until the time. was right. And I just knew that right now was not the right time.

Eric then nodded at the door and the guards' parted ways and Stefan walked

He looked completely fine and unharmed.

"As you can see, my son is perfectly alright." Eric says. And I could see that Stefan wasn't making eye contact with

"What the hell have you done?" I asked glaring at him. Even if he did refuse to look at me.

"I'm sorry Taylor. I did what I had to." Stefan says, still not looking at me.

"You backstabbing son of a bitch. You set us up. And you set up your own fucking brother. How the hell can you even look at yourself in the mirror?" I asked him.

"He looks at himself just fine in the mirror. Because Stefan was at the village to try and protect the Princess but he failed in his attempt. The King has recognised Stefan's brave attempts and I have a feeling that Stefan will be appointed the next King. After all, the King no longer has an heir." Eric announces triumphantly.

"You know that you won't get away with this. I'll make damn sure that you don't." I say.

"How? You're locked up in a dungeon? How the hell are you going to warn your father?" He asked.

"I already told you not to underestimate me. I will get the hell out of here. And you both will regret fucking with me." I glared at them.

"Good luck with that." Eric says as they started walking out the door. But Eric stopped and turned back to look at me. He was going to say something but ended up just smirking at me before leaving and the guards locked the door behind me.

I looked out the window again and it was way too far to the ground and there were no vines to climb down from here. Even if I shifted, my wolf wouldn't make it down.

that far. We were at least 2000 feet above

any balcony.

I turned around and slid down the wall and sat on the floor with my knees against my chest and I wrapped my arms.

around my knees trying to think of what the hell to do. Vincent was in the same castle as me somewhere, thinking that I am dead.

I started thinking about the village that was destroyed. I guess my plans of not getting anyone hurt didn't happen. I couldn't believe that he would do that to those innocent people just to get back at

Just to get rid of me. He was even more evil than my stepmother that I was forced to live with for a year. And now I was stuck in a dungeon with nothing to do but think about everyone that I hurt. And of course, Jackson's face popped into my head.

I shouldn't be surprised that I started thinking about him. I was thinking about him more and more lately. I think it was really starting to get to me that he wasn't here. That we were so far away from each other. And now that I am alone in a dungeon, and he wasn't my knight in shining armour. That's all I really wanted.

I sat there and started looking at my palm and I started thinking about how I used it against that warrior. So I started flicking my hand at the wall and I wasn't even trying that hard. It felt like I was giving up when I flicked my hand at the wall and energy blasted out of my hand and left a little hole in the bricks on the wall. It would have been a lot bigger if I put more effort into it.

I suddenly jumped when I felt something vibrating in my corset, so I reached down and I pulled out my phone. It was ringing so I answered it and the static wasn't so bad this time.

"Jackson. Is that really you?" I asked.

"Yeah. I've been trying to get you for days.

He said, sounding almost excited.

"I'm sorry Jackson." I say.

"Sorry. Sorry for what?" He asked sounding confused.

"For leaving. For not acting the way that I did after I turned 18. For not rejecting you first. For making us both go through hell for nothing. I'm just sorry for everything.

"I say.

"Alright. What's wrong? What's happened?" He asked concerned.

"Why does something have to be wrong?" I asked.

"Because I know you. You would never apologize unless you thought we would never see each other again." He says panicking a little.

"Don't worry about me. You know that I can handle myself. I just know that I needed to say that I'm sorry." I say.

"Taylor. What's happened?" He asked.

"I honestly don't know. I don't know what the hell is going on around here, but a lot of people just got hurt or killed because of me." I say.

"I'm sure it wasn't your fault. You would never let anyone get hurt. Or put them in danger on purpose." He says trying to calm me down. But I couldn't help the tears that were starting to well up in my eyes and I felt them slipping down my cheeks.

"Jackson. I can't talk to you. Just do the right thing and move on. You deserve. someone better than me. I'm not worth it.

I'm sorry. I really do love you, but you have to move on." I say.

"I'm not going anywhere." Jackson declared.

"Bye Jackson." I say with more tears running down my face. I could practically feel my heart breaking in half and it was the most gut-wrenching pain I had ever felt in my life.

"Taylor. Don't hang up." Jackson shouted over the phone. But I hung up and I put my head on my knees and cried like a baby where I was sitting.

I had screwed up so much without even realizing it. Jackson really did deserve better than me. He needed someone that actually knew what the hell they were doing. If I can't be a princess here then how can I be a Luna in his pack. I'm not a leader. I just cause chaos and problems for everyone that I am near.