

# Mine – The Alpha's Possession by Kylie

Chapter 43



## CHAPTER 43

### TWO MONTHS LATER

I had been stuck in this dungeon for two months now. I had no human contact except Stefan or Eric who came to bring me food. They wouldn't even let servants do that. They didn't want anyone to know that I was still alive.

And one day when Stefan walked into the room with a tray of food I was still wearing that same dress that was getting torn by now and pretty dirty and raggy looking. But that didn't really matter to me. I was leaning on the window looking out at the Kingdom and Stefan placed the food on the floor. He had two guards standing behind him.

"Taylor. You need to eat." Stefan says picking up this morning's tray with the food still untouched.

"Why do you care?" I asked.

"I do care. I am so sorry about all of this." He says.

"Kiss my ass prick." I say still refusing to look at him. I was looking out into the forest and Stefan didn't say anything else. He only took the tray and left the with guards.

I turned around after they were gone and I walked over to the wooden door. And I knew how easily I could smash that door in my human form, let alone in my wolf form. But now wasn't the time. I needed to find out what the hell I was dealing with first. And how the hell to get home. I knew how to get to the portal but I needed to build up my own powers before I could open the portal.

And I would need to fight my way out of the castle. I knew that I would need to fight my way out of the castle. There was no doubt about that. Eric would have guards everywhere along this tower in case I tried to escape. I'm guessing they've never had a werewolf prisoner before. He wouldn't be taking any chances. He's not that stupid.

I walked back over to the other side of the room and I slid down onto the ground and I sat there with my knees against my chest. I had gotten all of the crying out of my system, and I wasn't upset anymore. I was angry. I was to the point where I was constantly fighting with Ava. I needed to try and keep her in check until we were ready to get the hell out of here. And we weren't ready yet.

Layla and Damon were both dead because of me. And I needed to make sure that no one else died because of me. I wasn't going to be responsible for any more innocent lives being lost because of me. I couldn't live with myself if that happened.

I needed to find a way out and I needed to do it on my own and not involve anyone else. This was completely up to me. I knew that there was a lot that I needed to work on. When I was positive that no one was near my cell then I was practicing on my powers in my cell. And I was getting stronger each day. But I was limited to what I was able to do while I was in the cell. I didn't want to bring the whole tower crashing down. That wouldn't be too good for anyone involved.

I thought a lot about Vincent. And how he thought that I was dead. How he would have had my funeral about two months ago. How he is probably still mourning his only child but moving on as the King because that's what he needed to do. And probably considering Stefan to be his successor. I know that I should be more pissed off about that then I was, but I didn't care anymore. I just didn't want to be here. I wanted to go home. And how Eric was getting past the King all the time was beyond me. How Vincent didn't know that anything was going on, it didn't make sense to me.

But this whole world didn't make sense to

I knew that I needed to make sure that I stayed strong and I didn't give in to them. They wanted to break me. But they don't know me. I am the most stubborn bitch they will ever meet. They will never break me. That was a promise that I made to myself a long time ago, and I wasn't going to break it.

I watched the sunset that afternoon from my same spot in the cell and the full moon came out and the stars and Ava started scratching at my head begging to be let out. She hadn't been out in months, and the full moon was always the worst. That was our most powerful night. When a wolf could use the moon to recharge and it would give them strength. More than usual. And poor Ava was stuck in this cell.

She started fighting me for control and she was trying to take it away from me so that she could come out and go for a run.

But I had to fight her more than ever right now. It got to the point where I was lying on the ground in pain trying to regain control back from her.

My canines would come out and I would force them back in. Fur would start sprouting on my arms and my claws.

started to extend, but I needed to do everything I could to get them to stop and to get them back in. I then felt arms.

around me, and a cold washer on my head which made things a lot easier for 1

It took a couple of hours but I finally got Ava to settle down and I sat on the floor

in the arms of the person that helped me while he was still holding the washer to my head. 1

"How did you get past the guards?" I asked.

"They heard you screaming and I told them the truth. Your wolf was coming out and I knew how to stop them." Stefan says.

"Thank you." I say still trying to catch my breath.

"Full moons are a real bitch, aren't they?

" He asked.

"Yeah. Always have been. She needs to get out." I say.

"I know. But we need to find a way to get you out of here first and back home."

Stefan says wiping my head with the washer.

"Did you bring anything else tonight? It might take my mind off of things." I say. So he reached into his shirt and pulled out some books that I could read.

"I need to get them back before your father is back in his office tomorrow." Stefan says. So I grabbed the book on top and it was a ledger of everyone that lives in this realm. From the first person to arrive, to the last person to arrive. And I was the last person to arrive. And the ones that have died and the ones that were banished.

"It's the same as the others. Vincent was the first to arrive here 12 years ago and he created the place before anyone else arrived." I say.

"Yeah. That's what I believed too. Until I found this." He says handing me a book. And I looked at the strange ancient cover on the front of it.

"The Fae World. 1300AD." I say.

"Yeah. It's some pretty interesting reading." Stefan says looking at me with a really pissed off look on his face. So I opened the book and I started reading through it.

"Oh my god. This is what Jackson meant when I was talking to him. He said that this wasn't a realm." I say.

"I don't think it is either. I've done a little more research into it and Vincent has these fae's on the books. I've never heard of them before so I dug into them."

Stefan says showing me a piece of paper with some names written on them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Some of the most powerful shunned fae's in the world. Who specialize in cloaking spells." He says. And I stared at him for a moment trying to piece everything together.

"Are you telling me that we're still on Earth?" I asked.

"I think so. And I don't know how many other people know about this." He says.

"Holy shit. That's how I was able to get reception from Jackson." I say.

"Yeah. But the cloak obviously interferes with the reception. You told me that it was real staticky." He says.

"Yeah. It was." I say.

"Well, now we know why. Once we find a way to get you out of here, then we will. I promise." He says.

"I know. Thank you, Stefan. How's Layla and Damon?" I asked. 4

"Their good. They've set up the outcasts again further away. I haven't gone back because I don't want dad to think that I am aiding them again." Stefan says.

"Yeah. I get that. As long as their alright." I say.

"Their perfectly okay. Don't worry about them. We need to worry about you." He says.

Stefan stayed for a while so I could read through the books and then he needed to leave before the guards got suspicious. And I was left in the cell alone, by myself with nothing but my thoughts. So I lied down on the cold floor, where I didn't even have a mattress and I closed my eyes. But I didn't get to go to sleep.

Because my phone started vibrating in my corset again.

I pulled it out and looked at it and Jackson's name was on the screen. And I hesitated before I answered it.

"Jackson. I told you to stop calling." I say.

"And I told you that I would never stop. As long as I can get through then I will." He says.

"You need to move on. I can't leave." I say.

"You keep saying that. But you never tell me why." He says.

"Because I can't. There's nothing that you can do to help me." I say.

"You're in trouble. I already know that. Tell me what kind of trouble you are in. How bad is it?" He asked.

"It's bad. I'm surprised I'm still alive." I say.

"What?" He asked shocked. And I just laughed it off dryly.

"Don't pay any attention to me. I'm just having a bad day. I have to get some sleep. The sun will be up soon." I say.

"Please don't hang up on me. Taylor, please talk to me." He begs.

"Goodbye Jackson. Don't call me again." I say. And I hung up the phone.