

Read Novel Mine - The Alpha's Possession Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

"What's going on?" I asked as my voice croaked a little.

"Let's go and sit down." Mom says taking me into the kitchen. So, we went back into the kitchen and my father was sitting at the table with a beer in his hand and the Alpha also had a beer. But he wasn't doing much talking while my mother made a coffee for me and herself.

"What about me? This is my house?" Victoria asked.

"What about you?" I snapped out without realizing it. And then I clamped my lips shut as I looked at Alpha Jackson.

"You look good. Did you just come from training?" Mom asked changing the subject.

"I hear the head trainer Ethan is a really good guy. He has trained some great warriors here." Mom's mate Isaac says. I tried to stop myself from blushing but I think it came through a little bit.

"She's got the hots for him. That's why she goes every night."

Victoria snickered in the background.

"Jealous?" I asked.

"I've told you not to talk to Victoria like that." Thomas snapped at me. And mom looked over at Thomas in shock and surprise. She had to physically close her mouth because she couldn't do it on her own.

"She's the one that started it." Mom snapped back. Hell yeah. I forgot what it was like to have people on my side. Mom would always be on my side.

But then I realized that Alpha Jackson was still sitting at the table staring at me but hadn't said a word. So I actually turned to look at him staring directly at him to try to prove I wasn't scared.

"So, you wanted to talk to me." I say.

"People have told me that you moved here a year ago. Just after Lucas took control of your pack. Is that true?" Jackson asked.

"Yes." I say.

"The longest damn year of my life." Victoria muttered and I gave her a sideways glare. It hasn't exactly been a picnic for me either, witch.

"Do you want me to staple your fucking mouth shut? Because I'll do it." I snapped at her. And she looked at my father but this time he didn't say anything.

"What was your relationship like with Lucas?" He asked.

"I never had a relationship with Lucas. We knew each other as kids because our mothers were friends. But when I was old enough to have the option to go to his house or stay home by myself then I would stay home by myself." I explained.

"Your mother did say that you two would spend time together as kids. But that stopped when you got older." Jackson says.

"It's because I didn't like him." I say.

"He escaped custody." Jackson says.

"I know." I say looking down but then looking back up at him. And his eyes widened and got even more intense when I realized that everyone's eyes were on me. Obviously, no one had told me that he escaped custody.

"How do you know that?" Jackson asked leaning forward on the table.

"Because he showed up here last night." I admitted looking down at the table unable to meet his gaze. It was scaring me. I wasn't going to die because of Lucas.

"Taylor." Mom warned me taking a step closer to me.

"It's alright Mom. I have nothing to hide. I never helped Lucas and I told him to leave the second he got here. I didn't want him to get me killed as well as himself." I explained looking her right in the eye.

"Did he leave?" Jackson asked.

"No. I found him in a cave this morning while I was jogging. I told him to get off of pack territory before the patrols found him. I wasn't going to take responsibility for him being here." I say as I started fiddling with the loose piece of linoleum on the kitchen table.

"Do you know where he went?" Jackson asked.

"I told him about an abandoned warehouse outside the border. Northeast. In no-man's land. I think that's where he's gone." I say. And Jackson's eyes glazed over while he mind linked his warriors to tell them about it. But he didn't move from the table.

He finished his beer but he still didn't move so my father quickly got up to get him another beer which he gladly accepted. And his eyes were still fixed on me.

"Everyone leave." Jackson orders. And everyone quickly went from the room and I got up from the table as well but he grabbed me around the waist to stop me.

"Except for you." Jackson says.

"Well, you said everyone." I say slumping back down into my chair. I heard everyone leave the house.

"You say that he just showed up here last night? Where's he been for the last two months?" Jackson asked opening the beer that my father had handed to him.

"I don't know. I didn't ask. But he looked like crap. Like he'd been living in the woods or something." I say.

"Okay. And why would he come to you?" Jackson asked.

"He claimed that he didn't have anyone else to go to. I knew that was a lie straight away. That's why I told him to piss off." I say.

"Why did you think he was lying?" Jackson says.

"Because after his dad died his mother went back to her original pack. He could have gone there. He was always a momma's boy. There's no way he wouldn't have gone crying to his mother." I say adamant that I was sure that's where he would have gone.

"We already had his mother in custody. Evidence showed that she was telling him what to do while he was trying to gain other pack's before I took his pack." Jackson says.

"Oh shit." I say looking shocked and I started wondering why the hell he didn't tell me that.

"Are you scared? Your heart rate just went up a little." He says amused.

"Of course I'm scared that he won't be there. But I am telling you the truth, that's where I told him to go. If he went somewhere else, then that was his choice." I say looking him straight in the eye.

"You looked me in the eye when you said that." He pointed out.

"Yeah. So?" I asked.

"No one ever looks me in the eye. Even when they are telling me the truth." He says a little amused.

As terrifying as Alpha Jackson was, sitting across the table from me, staring at me with such an intense stare, I couldn't help but keep stealing little peaks at him. He had a scar down the right side of his face, that made him look scarier, but to me it also enhanced his looks with his shoulder length curly brown hair and brown goatee. I have to admit, he was very handsome.

But his personality and demeanour made me wonder if he had all these girls' back home waiting for him or if he was just too scary for any of them to approach.

When Jackson finished that beer he went to the fridge to get another one out. And that's when I noticed that the fridge was stocked full of beer and the padlock was left unlocked for him. I didn't realize that my dad and Victoria drank so much. But I guess it made a little sense now. If their drinking increased lately then that's why she's been such a bitch to me.

When he sat back down I saw him looking around the dimly lit kitchen because the lights were off and the only light coming in was from the hallway and the living room.

" Why are there locks on all the cabinets?" He asked while looking around.

" Victoria doesn't want me stealing their food while their not looking." I admit with a shrug like it was no big deal.

" What?" He asked confused.

" She doesn't want me eating their food." I repeat.

" What do you eat?" He asked.

" Whatever I can buy for myself with the money I earn from work. I've got a mini fridge and stuff up in my room that I bought for myself. I've got a little kitchenette set up in there so I can make coffees.." I explained.

" They really make you live like that? They're meant to be taking care of you. You're 17." He says. His eyes going black before returning to their beautiful forest green colour.

" I know. But those were the rules the second I got here. I had to take care of myself completely. That's why I got that job." I say. And I saw him shaking his head. He didn't look happy. He actually looked a little pissed as he looked at all the locks on the cupboards again.

I then saw his eyes glaze over and I could tell that he was mind linking with his warriors.

" Well, it's your lucky day. They found Lucas." He says focusing back on me.

"What are you going to do with him now?" I asked.

" I don't know. But you are going to go upstairs and starts packing.

" He demanded as he stood up and looked down on me.

" What?" I asked.

" You're going to go upstairs and start packing. You're coming back home with us." He says.

" What if I don't want to?" I asked.

" Why the hell would you want to stay here with all of this?" He asked gesturing to the kitchen cabinets.

" Maybe I have friends here that I don't want to leave. A job that I like." I say.

" I don't care. You're coming home with us. Go upstairs and pack. I'll be waiting out the front." He says heading for the front door but he turned back to look at me and watched me walk down the hallway to my room before he went out the front.

So, I closed the door and I grabbed a suitcase out and started frantically throwing things into it on my bed. But I then stopped and I grabbed my savings box and I took all that money out and put it in my bag and I opened my window. I looked outside to make sure that none of Jackson's people were there and I climbed out of the window as quietly as possible and I ran in the opposite direction from the house so that they didn't see me.

I kept running until I was sure that they were long behind me and I got to a house and I stared at it for a few moments before I walked up to the front door and I knocked on it.