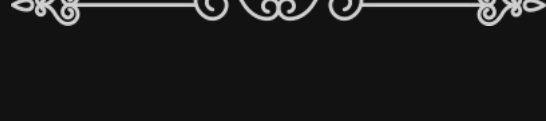


Mine – The Alpha's Possession by Kylie

Chapter 53



"Baby,Stay with me.We're gonna get you home.Right now."

Jackson says picking me up off the ground.

And Eric was still laughing at the end of the hall.He glared at Eric and Vincent, who was just standing there looking at me.

His own flesh and blood, who was bleeding to death right before his very eyes.

"Kill them."

Jackson demanded.

And all of the wolves turned their attention to Eric and Jackson.And that's when Eric stopped laughing.He knew that this was no longer a game.

The game was up.

Jackson walked out of the castle when we both heard the wolves growl and then Eric and Vincent started screaming and we could hear clothing being torn and flesh being ripped apart, and I knew that Eric and Vincent were dead the second the screaming stopped.

When we got outside the castle Damon and Wyatt both looked at Jackson with complete concern for me who was practically lifeless in Jackson's arms.

And he didn't say anything.

He just got to the path that we used to get to the castle and he ran down it in human form, which is faster than a normal human, and ran across the clearing with wolves leading him, right beside him and running behind him.

They were protecting us until we got to the hole in the shield and once we got there, there was already a car waiting for us.

Jackson put me in the backseat and he got in the backseat as well and rested my head on his lap and ordered the driver to go as fast as he can.

Get to the pack hospital.

He kept talking to me the whole way and he was stroking my face while he was holding one of his shirts to the wound on my stomach to try and control the bleeding.

It was helping slightly, but I wasn't even strong enough to shift.

Because if I could shift, then it would heal the wound a lot faster than in human form.

But that wasn't an option for me.

The driver sped the whole way to the pack hospital and when we got there everyone was waiting for us.

Jackson carried me inside and he put me on the gurney and they wheeled me into a room.

They needed to do a few tests, and assess the damage before talking to Jackson.

They were asking me questions but I was in an out of consciousness and they couldn't get too much out of me while I was in that room.

And I saw the doctor race out of the room before I completely lost consciousness.

I was standing in a burnt down village.

At first I thought it was the village in Morda, but the more I looked around I realised that it wasn't Morda.I saw the packhouse.

It was a shell of what it should be.

A huge battle had taken place and we had lost, obviously.

I walked into the packhouse and the whole place was trashed.

The furniture was all destroyed and there were parts of the building missing and I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

It was something out of a nightmare.

I heard something down the hall so I headed towards the office and I saw Jackson inside the office.

He was alone.He was the first person I had seen in the whole pack.

I didn't know where anyone else was.

But I walked into the room and he was pouring himself a glass of alcohol.He looked like a wreck.His clothes were in disarray, his hair was messy, he hadn't showered for a while and he looked like he had been drinking for a while.

There were several empty alcohol bottles on the desk and I walked into the room but he didn't see me.

He couldn't see me.

Even when I called his name, he didn't hear me.

He just kept staring at something on his desk.I saw a tear falling from his face, so I walked over to the desk.He was staring at a funeral program.

My photo was on the cover of it.

It was his worst nightmare come real.

He was going to reject me to stop from feeling the pain of losing his mate like this, but I talked him out of it.

I made him accept me and now he was here, grieving my death.

What had I done? I was the reason he was like this.

I looked out the window and there was no one to be seen.

Every building in the pack was closed and it looked like the houses had been abandoned.

The newspaper on the desk said March 2025.

But the date on my funeral program said October 2024.

He had been like this for four months.

And the whole pack had obviously left.

The Alpha was in no shape to lead, and they left.

I did this to him.I slowly opened my eyes and I realised I was in a dark room and there was a constant beeping noise that was so annoying that I wanted it to shut up.I looked around briefly and saw that I was in a hospital room.

And Jackson was sitting in the chair right next to me.

Staring off into space.

He looked a wreck in real life too.

Unshaven, crinkled, dirty clothes.

So I slowly raised my hand and put it on top of his hand that was resting on the side of my bed.

That snapped him out of his daze and he looked at me in shock and surprise and happiness.

He got up from the chair immediately and leaned over me and kissed me.

"I thought I was going to lose you." He says kissing me again.

"What happened?" I asked.

"You were stabbed. In Morda." He says.

And then the memories started flooding back to me.

"The soldier. You killed him." I say remembering what happened.

And I felt my stomach where I had been stabbed. But I didn't feel anything.

There wasn't any pain.

There wasn't anything.

I lifted my shirt to have a look and there was nothing there.

No wound at all.

"How long have I been here?" I asked confused.

"You've been unconscious for two days." He says.

"I'm too weak to heal that fast." I say.

And he smiled at me.

"The doctor did some tests when you were first bought in. We knew that you couldn't shift because you were too weak but they needed to make sure that there was nothing else in your system that could be passed to me." He says.

"You healed me." I say.

And he nodded his head.

"I shifted in the emergency room and I licked the wounds. They healed immediately, but you had already lost way too much blood. So, that's why it took you so long to heal."

He explains while still leaning over me. I reached up with both of my arms to wrap them around his neck and I pulled him down to me so I could kiss him on the lips.

"I'm so sorry." I whispered.

"You did what you thought was right. And it was right. You needed to get them out of there. I see that now." He says.

"You're worst nightmare almost came true because I insisted on going. That's what I'm sorry for." I say.

And he stared me in the eye.

"I still have no intention of rejecting you.But I am wrapping you in cotton wool from now on.And you are never leaving the packhouse again." He says.

"I have absolutely no doubt about that.So, when the hell can I get out of here?" I asked.

"I have to go and get the doctor.I think she just wants to check you out to make sure that you're alright to leave." He says.

So, Jackson went to find the doctor and when she came into the room she wanted to check my vitals and everything to make sure that I was alright.

"Alright.You can go home now.But you need to take it extremely easy for the next day or two." The doctor says.

And Jackson scoffed, which made both of us look at him.

"Yeah.That's not going to happen." Jackson says.

But I rolled my eyes at him.

As soon as the doctor left, Jackson handed me a bag with clothes in it and I got changed and we were able to leave and Jackson looked relieved to be leaving the hospital. I just thought he was being silly.

But I guess, he was awake the whole time he was in the hospital and he never left my side.

He would have felt it a lot more than me.

So he would be glad to be getting out of there and going home.

We got in the car that was waiting outside the entrance for us and Jackson got in the driver's seat and we started heading towards the packhouse.

"No more dangerous missions Taylor.I mean it, you need to promise me." Jackson says seriously without looking at me.

"You know that I can't promise that.But I will try.I don't want to go on any dangerous missions.Do you think I liked getting stabbed?" I asked.

"Taylor.Please just promise me." He says.

"Alright.I promise that I'll try." I say.

And he looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

"That's the best that I can do.You know that.I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow.If we get attacked, I'm not sitting in a goddamn shelter." I say.

And he let out a breath and nodded his head.

He knew that I wasn't going to sit back if the pack was in trouble.