

Mine – The Alpha's Possession by Kylie

Chapter 69

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Andrew was standing over me with a gun in his hand readying to put a silver bullet in my head and I was lying there looking up at him. I wasn't feeling scared, I was feeling more angry and pissed off because we let this man into our pack and gave him everything that he needed.

"You son of a bitch. We believed you and let you in here." I say trying to back away from him while clutching my shoulder that was bleeding profusely.

I had a lot of things going through my head at the moment. And I wasn't sure what I was going to do about it. I didn't know how I was going to get out of this. I kept moving backwards on the ground, through the snow away from him. I was backing up towards the house but I was nowhere near the door and he had a maniacal smile on his face, like he had completed some fantastic plan that he had in place or something.

Once I reached the packhouse I leaned up against the wall and he approached me even closer and he stood right in front of me. He leaned down in front of me and got as close to me as possible.

"I never knew killing Jackson Cooper's mate would be so simple." He laughs in my face.

"I never said that this was going to be simple." I say.

And he looked me in the eye and saw that I wasn't faking it.

But then he saw my eyes change color.

Which meant that my wolf was coming forward, which shouldn't happen if I had silver in me.

He pulled his head back when he saw that happening to me and that's when I took the opportunity to kick his legs out from behind him.

Silver hurt like hell, but it didn't slow me down like all other werewolves.

And I got to my feet and he jumped to his feet immediately as well.

My canines protruded and my claws extended and fur started sprouting on my skin and I let out a really loud howl for the whole pack to hear.

And that's when he realized that I was in trouble.

And then he started looking around.

Waiting for the patrols.

But I wasn't waiting for the patrols.

I jumped on him and when I tackled him to the ground the gun went off again and I ripped my teeth into his neck and ripped it out in one quick move.

I then rolled off of him and my whole body went back to normal. I still had that bullet wound in my shoulder, plus another one in my stomach.

Jackson came running out the backdoor in his shorts and warriors came running from all directions.

At first Jackson was as shocked as anything before he picked me up in his arms.

And he saw that it was Andrew that attacked me.

"Silver." Jackson says.

And he saw me grabbing my stomach and blood pouring through my fingers.

"Holy shit. Andrew."

Ethan says shocked looking at his dead body on the ground.

I could feel the blood draining from my body and I was getting weaker and weaker.

"Taylor. Taylor, stay with me baby. Ethan, you get back to the meeting hall and make sure they're all still there. And put them under 24 hour guard. They are never allowed to leave."

Jackson demanded.

"Yes Alpha." Ethan says running off in the other direction and Jackson starts running towards the hospital with me in his arms.

I knew that he was running as fast as possible because we were there within a couple of minutes and the doctor and nurses were already waiting for me.

Jackson wouldn't be able to heal me by shifting and licking my wounds, because there was silver in them.

So he placed me on the gurney and he stayed in the room while the doctor and nurses got to work.

The doctor had to extract the bullets in the emergency room and I was lucky that they didn't hit any organs, which they discovered after some x-rays.

So they hung some blood to restore what I had lost and they stitched me up and moved me to a room on my own.

I was unconscious for a little while but when J was moved to a room Jackson was right beside me the whole time.

When the doctor and the nurses left, Jackson sat down on the bed next to me and held my hand having trouble looking at me.

"What were you doing outside?" He asked softly.

"I couldn't sleep. So I went outside to have a smoke." I say.

"Nightmare?" He asked.

And I didn't have to say anything. He already knew what I was feeling, and I didn't want him to feel guilty.

But he knew that that's exactly why I went downstairs.

He didn't ask me the details of the nightmare, I don't think he really wanted to know, because I could feel his guilt already.

Because of what I saw the day before with him.

And I didn't want to do that to him again.

He'd suffered enough and I was realizing that it wasn't his fault at all that he had changed the way that he did.

I grabbed his hand in both of my hands and moved them over to my chest, above my bullet wound so that he couldn't hurt my wound.

It wasn't long before Wyatt knocked on the door and Jackson told him to come in.

"Luna. How are you feeling?" Wyatt asked.

"Like I've been shot with silver bullets." I say.

"Well, that would make sense." He says.

"What's up?"

Jackson interrupted like he wasn't in the mood for small talk.

"We have secured all the newcomers. They have been told about Andrew and what he did and they are not allowed to leave the meeting hall without being investigated." Wyatt explained.

"Good. I'll investigate them myself. I'll put them under Alpha command to get the truth out of them. So, keep them locked up until I'm ready to get there." Jackson orders.

"Yes, Alpha." Wyatt says and he leaves the room.

I know that Jackson didn't want to talk about much at all but since I had put his arm up on my chest I could feel him relax a little bit and he rested his forehead on my shoulder.

He was getting a little more comfortable around me now.

I wasn't blaming him for anything, and if he was picking up any feelings like I was blaming him then I wasn't meaning to.

We stayed there in a comfortable silence for a long time and I could tell that Jackson was kicking people out of his head.

They were trying to mind link him but he wasn't paying attention to them.

And the doctor came in to see how I was going while I was hooked up to the IV to flush the silver out of my system.

She had to take a blood sample and put a rush on it to see if there was any silver left in my system.

Jackson stayed quiet through it all and I could tell that the doctor was getting nervous treating me while he was watching her every move.

Especially since he wasn't saying anything. He was staring at everything she was doing.

I felt sorry for the doctor but there was nothing I could do about him.

He felt like this was his fault, but really it was my fault. I told him that they were okay to come in. I could sense that they were okay to come in.

But obviously I was wrong.

Andrew was evil and he was lying to us.

How did I not pick up on that? Maybe the others are innocent and that's what I was picking up on.

Because there's no way I would have been that wrong if they were all lying to us and they are all going to betray us.

I had so many things going through my head right now and I laid my head back and closed my eyes and tried to relax.

Which must have worked, because I ended up falling asleep.

But the same thing happened again.

The same dream.

I woke up flailing my arms and legs and Jackson was standing over me trying to get me to calm down and when I first saw his face I started panicking even more.

Which I didn't mean to.

But when I realized that it was just a dream and everything was alright, I was able to settle down and my breathing started going back to normal.

But the look on Jackson's face was something that I would never forget.

"I better get to the meeting hall. There's a lot of work to do there. I'll send some people over to guard your room." He says backing away from my bed.

"Jackson. Wait." I say.

But he didn't stop as he headed for the door and left the room.

I saw him walk down the hallway through the windows of my room and he took off pretty quickly and didn't look back.

"Fuck." I said to myself as I laid back down.