

Mine – The Alpha's Possession by Kylie

Chapter 80



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I shifted back while I was sitting next to my mother, almost hysterical.

Tears poured down my cheeks and I felt someone wrap a towel around me and Isaac lifted my mother's body up and we carried her to the hospital in town.

As soon as I got there a nurse gave me some scrubs to put on and Isaac was shown somewhere else with my mother's body and I went to Jackson's room.

I sat on the chair next to his bed and I grabbed his hand and I put my head down, resting on his hand and started crying uncontrollably. I then felt something touch me on the back of the head, so I lifted it up and Jackson was looking back at me. He was awake.

And he was looking straight at me.

So I got up from the chair and hugged him, and he wrapped his arms around me.

"Taylor. You're scaring me." Jackson says.

"The hunters were here." I sobbed out.

And I heard him growl in his chest.

"They're all dead." I say.

And he pulled my face back so he could look at me.

"You took care of them?" He asked.

And I nodded my head.

"Me and the warriors. We took care of them. But...but...mom." I sobbed.

"What about your mother?" He asked.

"She showed up. It's a long story... Jackson, she's dead." I sobbed with more tears spilling from my eyes.

And I could tell that he didn't know what to say to me after that. He pulled me back into his embrace.

Whatever we were fighting about, was now long forgotten.

Jackson laid down while I was leaning over him and he was hugging me. He was rubbing my hair and trying everything he could to comfort me.

My mind was all over the place.

How was I meant to feel about this? She was the only parent that I have ever really had. I know that she had her faults, but I didn't want her dead for them.

We were back on good terms. We were okay again.

Our relationship was okay again, and now she's gone.

Jackson slid over on the bed and he pulled me onto the bed so that I was lying next to him crying into his chest.

Nothing else mattered to me right now. I needed to be here and I needed to be here with him.

He did everything to comfort me, but there was very little he could do to stop the ache that I was feeling in my chest right now. It wasn't too much longer when the door opened but I didn't look up to see who it was.

"Get out." Jackson says.

"I just wanted to come and say that I am really sorry about your mother Taylor." Elias says.

But I didn't say anything back. I still had tears running down my face but I was also in a bit of shock. I couldn't keep a straight thought in my head.

"I told you to get out." Jackson says.

And I heard the door close again.

And Elias was gone.

Jackson lifted his head and I heard a light rumble from his chest, but I didn't pay any attention to it.

I was too consumed with my own thoughts and feelings.

The doctor came in not long after that and told Jackson that the wolfsbane was completely out of his system now and that he was able to go home if he wanted.

So Jackson got up and he got dressed into the clothes that his brother dropped off for him and then he helped me up from the bed.

He put his arm around me and he was helping me out of the hospital and we walked out the front.

There were a lot of people gathered out there and I saw them all stop what they were doing when they saw Jackson and me coming out of the hospital.

I didn't know if they were looking at me or at Jackson. But I stood there looking at them for a little while before Jackson leaned down to whisper in my ear.

"They've never seen me with a mate before. They didn't think I was capable of being kind to anyone." Jackson says.

And I just nodded my head.

"Taylor."

Someone said pushing through the crowd and I saw that it was Isaac. So I let go of Jackson and I walked over to him and hugged him.

"I'm sorry dad. I know that this is hard on you too." I say.

"She was my everything." He says.

"I know. Come back to the packhouse with us. We're staying there the night before we go back home." I say.

But he shook his head. I could tell that it was never going to happen.

"No. I'm just going to go home. They're bringing your mother's body back to our pack tomorrow." He says.

"Alright. I'll make sure that we accompany it." I say.

And he smiled at me and pushed my hair behind my ears.

"I knew that I could count on you. I'll see you later." He says turning and leaving.

I think he just wanted to get the hell out of here as soon as possible. He needed to get out of here. His mate was basically murdered by her own father.

At least, a man that worked for her father. And even though I killed that bastard, he was right.

There would be someone to replace him immediately.

We didn't have time to let our guard down.

And we didn't have time to be at peace. We needed to make sure that we were prepared for the next commander of the Hunters.

Jackson took me back to the packhouse. It was small.

A lot smaller than what we live in at the moment.

Only two stories and just looked like a farmhouse house.

A really nice farmhouse.

But it looked more like a home than a huge packhouse that was typical of a werewolf pack.

And it doesn't look like it had been lived in for a while.

A long while.

"Is this your home?" I asked.

"Yeah. It's only called the packhouse because it's the Alpha's house. But it was my house before I went to your pack." He says.

And I looked around the place with my eyes.

"It's really nice. I like it." I say.

"I thought you would. Come on. You need to get some rest." He said taking me by the hand and we headed upstairs.

We had a shower and got dressed into one of Jackson's shirts that looked more like a dress and then we got into bed and Jackson pulled me close to him. His chest was pressed against my back.

I knew that he wasn't tired.

He was just waiting for me to go to sleep.

But that wasn't going to happen.

There was too much going on in my head. I couldn't think of anything but my mother lying there in the middle of the road.

And the look on Isaac's face.

I'd never seen anything like that before.

The more I thought about it, I was going between emotions.

Pure sadness and absolute hatred.

Those bastard hunters.

And what's worse was that my mother knew who he was. She came here to stop him from attacking me. She came here to protect me.

To save me from him.

Was it my fault that she was dead? Because I didn't know who I was dealing with. She knew who he was, but I just treated them like typical human hunters that I'd heard about growing up.

I had no idea who he really was.

Or what he was capable of.

And I knew that I wasn't going to let that happen again.

I finally sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed.

Jackson sat up behind me and he was just rubbing my back.

I knew that he could feel my emotions, but he didn't say anything about it. I didn't look at him, I sat there for a couple of minutes before I got up. I went to the kitchen to get a drink and then I sat in the living room at the table with the laptop and Jackson came downstairs

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"That prick said that he would be replaced immediately. I assume that they already had someone lined up to take his place. I need to find out everything about him. I underestimated them once, and now my mother is dead. I am not going to let that happen again." I say.

"What are you talking about? What are you going to do?" He asked.

"I'm not going to wait for them to attack again. I'm taking the fight to them. And I am going to kill them all." I say.