

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 1

1. Prologue

TWO YEARS AGO...

LIAM

Another blood moon, another mating ball, another goddamn reminder that I had a mate, yet she wasn't mine. How the hell do you come to terms with that?

Dad was adamant that I come to this mating ball as we were off from the Alpha training regime for a week. No one really knew that I had found my mate already and I intended to keep it that way. What kind of Alpha has to share his mate? What Alpha would accept that? I couldn't.

That night was still raw in my mind, I won't ever forget that both Damon and I wished each other luck before stepping into the hall, hoping that we would find our mate.

The Blood Moon occurred twice a year and it was only on this night where one could find their mate if they were at age. I still remember walking in, seeking out the woman I had loved for years. Praying that she was my mate and she was.

My heart raced when I had laid eyes on her, in that sexy black dress, only for my best friend to also claim her as his. 'Mate.' We had both said in unison, I couldn't handle it so I had turned and left.

I sucked in a sharp breath, glaring at the glittering lights, unable to ignore the smell of expensive fragrances, wine and food hung in the air, laced with a hint of sex and sweat. It all made me sick.

I didn't want to be here; I wasn't meant to be here. It just brought back the painful memories of that night. I downed my twentieth-odd glass of vodka.

It wasn't enough, I needed something stronger. Fuck this.

I had shown my face, I wasn't going to stick around any longer. I pushed through the crowds, not caring for anyone here. Right now I felt like I was in a place I didn't belong. I grabbed a glass of wine from a passing waiter, feeling detached.

The flashbacks of that night and the familiar pain in my chest returned with renewed vengeance. I hated the entire fucked up situation. Overnight, I lost the woman I loved and my best friend. Wallowing in self-pity wasn't going to change shit though. It was what it was, I made this decision.

I felt relieved when I stepped out into the bitter cold. It was raining, and the moon was hidden behind a layer of thick clouds.

Sounds of snickering and swearing made me glance up to see a group of young werewolves gathered in the corner popping some pills. They tensed when they saw me, I knew they knew who I was.

"H-hey Alpha..." One of them muttered, shoving something into his back pocket. I walked over, grabbing two of the bottles of alcohol from their stash.

"Give me a couple." I said.

They looked surprised at that.

"Umm you sure? You will get super..." He trailed off the moment my eyes flashed a dark magnetic blue and he quickly took the packet out of his pocket.

I could sense their fear and nervousness, but right now I didn't care what they were up to, I just needed a fucking break from my own head.

"One or Two?" The teen asked.

"Make it three."

They exchanged looks, and I held my glass out. He dropped three in, I turned and walked off, watching the pills fizz in my glass. Taking a deep breath, I knocked it down in one go, enjoying the exhilarating rush that travelled through me as I tossed my glass to the ground. The sound of it shattering was pleasant in my ears.

I bit the cap off one of the cheap bottles of beer and downed it, not caring that half of it splashed all over me.

Memories of long ago seeped into my mind like a poison spreading through every vein in my body, unable to shut them out.

'Mates... You're my mate... Liam... Please man don't do this... Don't hurt her... Give her a chance... Liam the moon goddess paired you three for a reason... Don't tell me what I should or shouldn't do!... Liam please...'

My eyes blazed and I threw the bottles to the ground. Shards of glass hit my face but it didn't bother me. My chest was heaving with anger. Unable to ignore the voices in my head I frowned, walking without any aim towards the woods, the voices only getting louder in my mind.

No, it wasn't my fault, I gave her a chance... That night, after talking to Kia, I thought I'd give it one shot... One fucking shot to talk to her... Because in the end, I'd fucking loved her since I first started noticing the opposite sex.

But I couldn't get through the mind link, I thought she might have fallen asleep, so I left her three messages... I confessed my love for her. She was all I fucking wanted. Was it that fucking much to ask for?

Those three messages had been read, but she didn't bother replying, so what was the point?

Clearly, I wasn't fucking enough.

My vision swayed as the drugs took effect, it felt good. The pain in my chest had eased and I felt like I was floating. Wouldn't it be ideal to stay like this forever?

Was that the sound of water?

I kept walking, the floor becoming uneven, the rain began pouring down faster and my tux was fully drenched. I took my jacket off, staring up at the sky as rain poured down on me.

Where was my reprieve?

That was when I saw her, sitting against a tree staring up at the moon that was masked. My heartbeat like a thousand drums, my head ringing and the distant vague thought of whether this was real or not crept into my mind.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she gulped down some beer. Her black and pink bob looked longer, and she looked even smaller than I remembered, her hand shaking as she tossed the empty bottle aside and grabbed another.

Raven.

Was this real? Was she really here? That didn't make sense... This pack was at least a thirty-minute run from The Dark River Pack wasn't it?

It's a dream... A perfect hallucination.

I stepped closer; her delicious scent hit my nose, only adding to the high that I felt. She suddenly froze, staring up at me, looking shocked before she clambered to her feet.

"Raven?" I whispered.

Was it really her or had I imagined her up? She looked even more beautiful than I remembered... There was something in those unique coloured eyes of hers. Something that called me to her.

I closed the gap between us. Was that her heart thudding wildly?

She opened her mouth to speak, and I felt the fear knot in the pit of my stomach. Don't reject me, fuck don't do it... A fucking nightmare that I woke up to so fucking often. I reached over, placing a finger on her lips, shaking my head, my vision blurring.

I don't care if this was a dream or if I was mistaking someone else for her... I needed it, needed her.

She tugged my hand away.

“... with you? ... ok?”

What was she saying? I wasn't sure. All I could focus on were those wet, plump lips of hers that moved silently.

This was a dream that wasn't going to happen in reality. I brushed her soaking hair off her forehead, cupping her face.

“You're beautiful.” I whispered.

Before she could even reply, I leant down, pressing my lips to hers in a passionate kiss that sent sparks rushing through me. The sweet taste of her mouth mixed with alcohol was perfect. Goddess, she tasted perfect.

Yeah, those pills worked... This felt good... A soft whimper escaped her as I relished in the pleasure that wrapped around me like a blanket.

Fuck, this felt so good.

The moment she began to kiss me back, her intoxicating scent enveloping me, all control I had was gone. I wrapped my arms around her tightly, kissing her like there was no tomorrow, and maybe there wasn't.

Whatever this was... would be gone...

A soft tantalising moan left her lips and I groaned. Fuck, fuck, she tasted so good. Everything darkened for a moment and I staggered but held on to her tightly, pinning her against the nearest tree.

She gasped when her back hit the bark and I took the chance to plunge my tongue into her mouth, but that just caused her to free herself and move her head away.

My stomach knotted and I realised this was it... she was denying me once more.

Her heart was pounding but... I forced myself to look into her face, was that rain or tears?

I ran my hand over her body, grabbing her breast wanting to kiss her again when she tensed, suddenly grabbing hold of my hand and moving them off of her. The pain of rejection fucking stung, my mate did not want me.

"You're not yourself. Listen to me." She whispered, cupping my face.

Sympathy and sadness shone in her eyes, and I frowned. I didn't need sympathy. I hated pity.

It's not Raven... Fuck there's no way she could even be here... It's just the effect of the pills...

I jerked away from her, stumbling slightly. She moved towards me, but I raised my hand.

"Don't come near me, I don't fucking need you." I hissed.

It hurt so fucking much. I turned away, ready to walk when she grabbed hold of my shirt from behind. My eyes flashed and I pulled free.

"I said leave me the fuck alone!" I growled, shoving her off roughly.

I heard a thud making me pause, turning back to her. In my dark haze, I looked at the woman I had knocked to the ground. Yeah, my mind was playing tricks on me... She couldn't be Raven, no matter how much I thought it was.

I turned away, forcing myself to shift before breaking into an unsteady run and vanishing into darkness...