

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 10

10. Trying My Best

Damon

I said it, the reason behind the guilt that had been fucking consuming me since she returned... I needed to tell her anyway.

Her porcelain doll-like face stayed in its perfect mask, yet I could feel her pain, hear her racing heart and see the way her fingers trembled ever so slightly on that donut.

Her eyes, which were so fucking unique and perfect, looked at me, but there was no hatred there.

Dammit I fucking hurt her... I'm fucking sorry, Raven.

"Raven?" I whispered closing the gap between us, but she suddenly snapped out of it, despite her erratic heartbeat.

"Thanks for telling me. Do you have anything else to say?" She asked with a blank face.

I frowned, slightly concerned. Shit, I didn't know what to say... Fuck it.

I stepped closer, pulling her tightly into my arms. I didn't care if the donut went everywhere, I just needed to tell her I'm fucking sorry. Her fresh floral scent and the beating of her heart soothed me. That emptiness I felt inside seemed to lift and I inhaled her scent for a split second before she pulled

away roughly.

"Don't touch me without my permission." She growled. "Now get out."

I fucking felt like shit, but it was a little late for that. If anything, I needed to fix things with her, with Liam...

"Sure, I'll leave, but I am sorry Raven." I said softly, reaching, for her face only for her to move away from my touch.

"Out." She said icily.

I looked into her gorgeous face; her pouty lips with that cupid's bow... Her slender frame, with those small round breasts of hers and curved hips. She was fucking perfect...

I turned away, wishing things could have been different.

There was one more visit I needed to make tonight, and I wanted to get it over with.

I left her room, shutting the door behind me, walking down the stairs to see Raven's dad just step inside.

"Oh hey, Mr Jacobs." I said, giving the man a smile.

He gave me a small smile.

"Damon, it's nice to see you here, catching up?"

"Yeah," I replied, with a small smile.

He nodded in approval.

"What's that?" He asked, looking at the jam on my T-shirt.

I smirked,

"Raven being Raven." I said.

He shook his head chuckling.

"She never changes."

"It's what's great about her." I said giving her mom a small

wave,

I glanced back up the stairs, but she hadn't followed.

Well, can I blame her? I had fucking hurt her...

I left the Jacobs home and headed towards the packhouse where Robyn lived. 3

I did need to tell her about Raven, and I knew even this was going to fucking hurt.

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I entered, it was pretty silent. I could hear a few of the teens in the game room, and I first went to the laundry room to grab a random clean shirt. I don't really care who the hell it belongs to. I then made my way upstairs to her room, knocking lightly on the door.

"Who is it?"

"The big bad wolf." I replied.

Her soft laughter followed before the door was pulled open

and she pulled me inside, kissing my lips softly. But instead of pulling her into my arms and kissing her back, I moved back, casting her a small smirk.

I shut the door, not missing how she was observing me.

She was gorgeous, with warm brown skin, dark brown eyes and her black hair, which was currently open. She was so different from Raven, yet still beautiful.

She wore a crop top and tiny shorts that left her thick thighs and sexy booty on display. 2

"Ok, I know that face. What's up?" She asked concerned before she tugged me to the bed.

I looked at her calculatingly. How the fuck do I do this? I needed to end, for a moment I remembered how I felt when Kiara ended it with me. Although we had just been sex partners, it had fucking hurt..."

"I uh..." I ran my hand through my hair as she sat next to me, crossing her legs and placing a hand on my arm, concern clear in her face.

"Damon, you're scaring me, babe."

I stared ahead, my hands crossed in front of my mouth.

"You know Raven?" I began glancing at her.

She frowned, a pout on her plump, lush lips.

"Yeah?"

"Well, it's just that... We need to end this." I muttered.'

She looked confused for a moment, before her heart thudded in her chest and I knew she understood what I had just said.

I stared into those chocolate eyes of hers seeing the hurt in them.

"I... I never knew you and Raven were ever... something... I know you talked about her, but I thought you were just friends ..." She whispered, now staring at her hands, examining her painted nails.

I reached over and took her hand.

"She's my mate." I said quietly.

Robyn's eyes closed and I heard her suck her breath in.

Shit. Thanks to my selfish reasons, I had hurt two women...

She slowly pulled out of my hold, moving away from me on the bed. Her chest was rising and falling heavily, but despite that, she was trying to hold herself together.

"Shit Damon... She's your mate... How long have you two known?"

"Three years." I said quietly.

Her eyes flashed and a frown creased her forehead.

"So then why did you even get involved with me?" She asked, unable to hide the hurt in her voice. 1

"I fucking don't know... I just... You fucking made me feel better." I said, feeling like shit.

She nodded, placing her forehead in her hand.

"Fuck... That day she returned, no wonder you pulled away; I thought for a moment it was strange. Then I thought maybe you two had dated, but then I thought no... I thought you had shared stuff with me... But I never thought she was your mate. What must she have fucking been thinking?!" She snapped now, jumping off the bed. She grabbed a pillow and whacked me across the head. "You are such a fucking dickhead!" ,

Ok, maybe I deserved that.

"I'm sorry, Robyn." I said softly.

"You should be apologising to your mate, not me!" She shook her head. "Get the fuck out Damon, we are fucking done."

"Yeah, that's why I came-" ,

"OUT!" She snapped and I got up, I was literally losing someone else important to me.

I didn't say anything. Casting one last glance at her, she had her back to me, but her heart was racing erratically. I left, closing the door behind me but I didn't move, leaning against the wall and closing my eyes.

Silence. For a few minutes, there was nothing, until I heard the stifled sobs coming from inside the room.

I closed my eyes. She had waited for me to leave... Dámmit... Tonight I had hurt two women I cared for, I really need to talk to Liam, like fucking for real.

We needed to sort our shit out, one way or another.

I headed home, unlocking the front door. I stepped inside, the television was on which meant Mom was still downstairs. I walked through to the living room, sighing inwardly when I saw the empty beer bottles that were strewn across the floor. As for my mom, she was sitting on the couch, her arms wrapped around her legs.

Fuck, another bad day, I should have come home sooner.

"Hey, Momma." I said brightly, picking up a few bottles when I entered the room.

She looked up, her heart thundering as she looked around, as if searching for something. A shaky, hopeful smile crossed her face before it vanished.

"Damon, where's your dad?" She asked.

I placed the bottles down and dropped onto the couch next to her. The smell of alcohol was strong in the air and Mom was a

mess.

"Momma... Dad ain't-"

"He must have gone to Elijah. He called him, right? Is he coming home soon? You know, as Beta, he has a lot going on."

She said to me, her voice shaky, her eyes blurring with tears.

It fucking hurt. Nearly three and a half years had passed since Dad was killed, but Mom had never overcome it. She lived in the past, and with each passing year, I was losing her a little more.

Sometimes she was numb, sometimes she thought he would return, sometimes she completely refused to believe he was gone, sometimes she'd just relapse into breaking down and sobbing over his loss all over again. '

"He'd want you to go to bed on time and get your rest." I said quietly, smiling at her.

She shook her head.

"No... No, Aaron prefers me waiting for him. Why are you lying?!"

"Ok, I'm sorry. Come on, how about you wait upstairs for Dads o I can get this place cleaned?"

"Wait, is that him?" She suddenly perked up, staring into the corner, unseeing.

The loss of a mate... Some people recovered but many weren't able to survive it. As for Mom, she was a shell of the person I once knew. 2

Losing Dad that night, having to take up that position as Beta, being here for Mom, trying to hold it all together – it wasn't fucking easy... I know I'm not doing a good job at it.

Then everything with Liam and Raven, losing the last of my closest friends in one go had been another hit, and the fear of losing either forever had messed me up. The fear that if I went after my mate and Liam did something in anger scared me. I kept away from her. I didn't make the right choices, I know that, but what was I meant to do?

Uncle El had lost his dad, sister and best friend, then Liam wanted to leave and he hadn't wanted anyone to know about our situation. I couldn't stress his parents out anymore by telling them the truth, so I stayed fucking silent, hoping things would get better. But every message I sent, he refused to acknowledge. Every email, every social media DM, he blocked me from everywhere. y

That's when Robyn had entered my life and we began to connect, soon she became that happy place for me. Even if it didn't complete me, it took the edge off the gaping hole in my fucking chest. 2

Mom began sobbing, bringing me out of my thoughts as I pulled her into my arms, rocking her gently.

"Your dad's not talking to me, he's not replying, he blocked me from the link!" She sobbed, clinging to me.

"I know... It's going to be ok." I whispered, stroking her hair.

When would things become easier? –