

# Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 21

/ [Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van

## 21. Emotions & Promises

### RAVEN

I reached over and took his hand. I don't care what anyone thought, I didn't feel guilty about Liam' right now either, this was one friend to another. I needed to know, before we had this sit down, I wanted to know what was inside Damon's head, because I knew he wouldn't be able to be completely honest in front of Liam.

Damon stared down at our hands, before turning towards me and placing his mug down.

He blew out a breath before nodding.

"I messed up. Unlike Liam, who stayed true to you, I didn't... I feel fucking guilty for that, and it's no excuse..."

"But?" I asked softly, sensing his turmoil.

He was struggling to say what was deep in his heart.

'Speak to me however you find easier.' I mind linked.

He looked into my eyes before looking down at his hands.

'That night of the blood moon... I was scared I would lose my best friend, someone I considered a brother, my Alpha, whom it was my duty to serve. I respect him and I would die for him...'

The pain in his words squeezed at my own heart painfully.

Why did Selene do this?

'I've always loved you; you were always the warmth of our group. Kiara was the heart, but you were always that bright flame that wrapped us all in your warmth. I always thought... you know, maybe Kiara might be my mate and you would be Liam's. He's always loved you after all.'"

He looked into my eyes, I gave him an encouraging nod to continue. He sighed heavily, looking down at our hands once more.

'But after Dad died, I started seeing you fucking differently and with it, it became more... There was a small part of me that was greedy and hoped that maybe you might be mine. I know I was fucking wrong to wish like that when Liam has—'

'Don't. Don't put yourself down like that.' I whispered.

His words had sent a storm of emotions through me, and with it, his pain was so obvious. He nodded and continued.

1.        2.

'But then you were mated to us both. I didn't know what to think but I was ready to accept it instantly. Then when Liam walked away, I felt like my worst fucking nightmare had just come true. Everything went out of control, and I felt like I just didn't fit into the equation... You are Luna material, Liam is an Alpha who obviously doesn't want to share... and with his Beta? Why should he? I'm like the third wheel in this entire equation that shouldn't be here.'

He swallowed and his grip on my hand tightened.

But still... I wish we could make it work.' He said quietly, looking straight into my eyes.

"Me too... You are not a third wheel. Don't ever feel like you are not enough or that you are below someone else." I replied firmly, so happy that he had opened up to me.

Al's words rang in my mind once again, making my heart skip a beat.

"What is it?" He asked softly.

I shook my head, and he tilted his.

"Now you can't go around having double standards, beautiful. I shared, your turn..."

"I'm just... scared... What if Liam doesn't want to listen?" I asked, the fear I had been trying to suppress for so long coming to the surface.

He raised my hand to his lips, kissing it gently, sending tingles of pleasure through me.

"I promise you, you won't have to ever choose between us. No matter what." He said with a soft smile, yet there wa

s a confidence in those words, although I couldn't understand the emotions in his eyes.

Despite that smile, despite the love and warmth on his face, I felt a sliver of doubt.

Why did those words of his scare me?

"Now shall we drink that hot chocolate and actually watch this movie?" He asked.

I smiled, pushing my doubts away, feeling a lot better.

"Sounds like a plan, but I get to choose the movie!" I said, grabbing the remote.

"That isn't fair!"

"Life isn't fair, dear boy." I said, smiling as he chuckled.

Please, Selene, let stuff work out... Please...

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Training was over and I felt exhausted. I had ended up falling asleep at Damon's, waking up to find that I was in his bed, but he wasn't there. I came downstairs to see he had slept on the sofa. I had thanked him before rushing from the house to get to training on time.

I had just returned to the packhouse when I saw Liam leaning against the wall near my door.

"Hey, you didn't come home last night, everything ok?"

My heart skipped a beat, and although I shouldn't feel bad,

something about those sharp cerulean eyes watching me made my heart thump.

"Yeah, I was at a friend's and ended up falling asleep watching a movie." I said, praying that Damon's scent wasn't all over me

A prayer that was in vain. The moment I opened the door to my room, moving past him, I heard him inhale and knew he had caught the scent. His eyes blazed a deep magnetic blue and the surge of power that rolled off of him made my heart thump.

"Damon's." He stated, his voice full of such anger that I wasn't sure if it was smart to speak.

"Yes." I simply said, about to close the door behind me when his hand shot out, forcing it open. "What are you doing, Liam?"

"Tell me, Raven, do you want Damon?"

What the hell?

I moved back, wanting to put space between us.

"You are both my mates, Liam, and I love you both. Don't do this." I said firmly yet quietly.

"Love us both? You don't love two people at once, it's not possible."

"It is."

"Not in the same way." He said quietly, his eyes raking over me. For training, I had borrowed Aunty Monica's leggings and one of Damon's oversized shirts to put on top, but it had clearly been a bad, bad idea...

His fury was only heightening as he glared at me. "You ARE

mine, Raven, and only mine. I swear, I'll destroy anything that stands in my way." He hissed, his hand wrapping around my throat. His grip was tight yet not painful.

My chest was pounding as I stared up at him. Never had I seen him so angry. How much pain was he keeping inside that it had birthed such deep embedded rage and hatred?

"Liam, please... Calm down, nothing happened."

"It better not have, because I assure you, if he touches you again, I will kill him."

"Liam!" I cried out in shock, shoving him back. "He is your friend! How can you be so cruel?!"

"Oh darling, you haven't seen cruel." He said, his voice was so dangerously calm and cold that it sent a shiver of fear through me.

His eyes darkened and my stomach twisted. The burning dark navy shade of his eyes was something I had never seen before. I backed away, my own heart thundering loudly.

He reached over suddenly, grabbing my shirt and yanking me towards himself roughly. In one swift moment, he ripped it right off of me, tossing it to the ground. Although not once did his gaze dip down as I crossed my arms over my chest, which was clad only in a black bra, I still felt humiliated. A surge of pain and hurt rushed through me but he simply glared coldly into my eyes.

Reaching over, he grabbed my chin, jerking my head upwards.

“Let me make this clear to you one final time... You are mine and only fucking mine.”

## Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 22

[/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van  
22. The Cottage

LIAM .

I turned, leaving her standing there looking fucking devastated. The anger that was burning through me was out of my control. No matter how much I tried to calm the storm within me, I couldn't. I needed to get away from here before I did any damage.

I rushed down the stairs. The anger of my wolf was out of my hands now. My claws and teeth were already out and I was just trying to make it to the fucking door.

My feet hit the bottom step just as one of the Omega's stepped out,

“A-alpha your...”

I snapped my gaze towards her, my heart thumping dangerous.

Her eyes widened, dropping the Tupperware box she had been holding out to me and backing away slowly before scampering away.

Smart move.

Ripping the door open and almost off the hinges, I rushed out, shifting and running into the woods. Needing a fucking break from everything

Deep down, I knew the jealousy and anger that was festering

inside of me was only growing with each passing day. Returning home, I thought I'd be able to reign in the anger and hatred that had built inside of me. But now... I wasn't able to, I was fucking losing control.

The dark thoughts that consumed my mind, the words that I spoke and the way I reacted, were all foreign to me too. I felt like shutting off and unleashing my wrath upon everything around me, but I couldn't, I was the Alpha and it was my job to protect, not fucking destroy.

I don't know how long I ran, but when the sun began to set, I headed back towards pack grounds. I was a lot calmer now and after my initial surge of anger, I felt like fucking crap for ripping her top off... I just... Seeing it fucking pissed me off, not to mention she spent the night there.

I needed to apologise to her.

There was so much fucking crap that was going on. If Dad, Mom and Damon weren't so fucking against it, I would have questioned everyone in this pack until I got to the bottom of it. It would make things so much fucking easier.

I stopped outside a small cottage that stood at the edge of the woods. Shifting back, I grabbed the key from beneath the step where I stored it and unlocked the door.

This was a cottage that once belonged to someone very important to us, Grandma Amelia... In her will, she left this

place and its contents to me, apart from the medicinal books that belonged to our grandfather's brother, her mate. Those went to Kiara.

Stepping inside, I locked the door behind me and went over to the shelf, pulling off one of the pairs of joggers that I kept here. Since coming back, I had begun to clean this place, somehow it was the only place I actually felt at ease. No matter how much time passed, or the fact that her scent had faded, this place still pulled me to it.

Just like it did as a child, I loved to bring Kiara here. Sneaking away from home, sometimes she would suggest it and I would happily accompany her. The smell of cinnamon hung faintly in the air and closing the curtains, I switched the light on.

I walked over to the sofa and dropped onto it, the springs creaking under my weight. This place had been kept just as it was when Grandma Amelia died. This was the place where she had breathed her last, casting one last miracle before she went.

Something she kept hidden was that she was actually of witch heritage. Although she was more wolf, she still had the abilities of a witch, and with her last breath, she had used her powers to save Azura's life.

Mom couldn't bear to come here; the pain and the memory of this place were too much for her. Dad had said he would come in to check that the pipes didn't freeze over or anything in winters, but it had been empty since I had left.

Looking around, I scanned the shelves of books and other bits and bobs. Grandma Amelia's voice rang in my head like a distant song

Come on Liam... Now don't be a silly oaf... Sit down... I'll put on some tea... Boys! Can't do one thing right...'

No, I can't, I fucking can't and even when I try... I can't accept this fucked up situation...

Weren't you the one who had the solution to everything? Weren't you the one who knew what to do?

I looked out at the room, almost as if I was hoping she'd give me an answer.

I was always the silent one, I never wanted to cause trouble because I knew Mom and Dad were worried about Kiara due to her injury and night blindness. I didn't want to be a burden on them.

Standing up, I walked over to the shelf, remembering how she'd play games with us, read us stories... Read her cards...

I always felt there was more to her stories... to everything. Grandma Amelia always seemed to know stuff. She always held a mystery about her that we would never truly ever know the extent of. But that was just the type of person she was...

I took out a book, remembering her reading this very book to us on Halloween when we were ten... I smiled slightly, placed it back on the shelf and walked along the rows slowly. I frowned. Spotting a black box, I remembered this. These were her cards.

I took the box down and opening it, took out the deck of cards. Walking over to the small table, I tossed the empty box onto it and turned the cards over, spreading them across the table.

I remember her reading these for me and Kia, no matter what cards I picked, there was one card that I always drew last each of the three times she ever read them. After that, she refused to play this game' with us.

I moved the cards around, searching for that one card. Frowning, I realised it wasn't here. That was odd. I picked up the box, but it was empty. It wasn't like Grandma to misplace things... I stood up staring at the shelf. It had got to be here...

I began to search around everywhere, the strong urge to find it overcoming me.

Soon I had begun to take every book off the shelf, shaking the pages, just in case, it was in there.

An hour passed and I was almost done with the entire bookshelf, but no sign of the damn card. Where the fuck was it?

Another few books and I was on the last one, but that card was nowhere to be found. Did it maybe slip under? I placed another book down before looking at the shelf. It was large, made of solid oak. You could see that the bottom shelf was at least five inches off the ground but there was no panel I could take off.

Slowly I tried to move the shelf, cursing when I realised it was bolted to the wall. Fucking great.

Going over to the kitchen, I searched around until I found the toolbox Grandma Amy kept. Taking out what I needed, I returned to the shelf and began to undo the bolts that held it to the wall.

Twenty minutes later, I was able to move it away from the wall, nothing

Fuck, that was a waste of time!

I was about to turn away when my gaze fell on a slight uneven floorboard that looked loose. Crouching down, I used the screwdriver to pry it up. Looking inside, my gaze instantly fell on the old, cracked leather-bound book that lay inside.

It was extremely old. What the heck was it? It held far too much dust as well. How long had it been in here? Picking it up, I blew the layer of dust that had settled upon it away, coughing as dust erupted around me. Moving away from the cloud of dust, I wiped my arm over the book, trying to read the words on the cover.

But they were too faded to make out, even with my sharp eyes.

Sighing I unwrapped the strap and flipped it open; an old manila envelope fell out. I picked it up, frowning when I

recognised Grandma Amelia's cursive writing.

But what made my heart race was the words upon it:

"To my dearest Liam'.

I placed the book down and ripped the envelope open. What the hell was this? And why was it hidden?

It was clear that it had been written and sealed many years ago.

There were two things inside: one was a small square of paper with the words written by Grandma Amelia.



'The future is still undecided; you are in control of your destiny.'

But it was the second item that was making my heart beat even faster.

It was a card, nothing special in appearance. The image upon it was of a man standing alone looking towards the darkness. Above him, a shadow of a deformed humanoid being with long claws where hands would usually be. They were digging into the man's back as it leaned over him, casting him in darkness. Now that I looked closer, I could see there were people on the ground grasping on to man's legs in desperation. Each face that you could make out looked anguished and in pain. But from his posture, you could tell he was disgusted by them.

The card that I would always draw on all three occasions, but she refused to tell me what it truly meant...

My heart was thudding as I stared at both items.

What was the meaning of this?

Frowning I placed both items down, I needed to find out what that card was depicting.

I looked down at the book, my brows furrowing at the words that were written in calligraphy that was clearly from long ago. The heading glaring back at me filled me with unease and curiosity.

'The Anthology of The Deimos Curse & The Prophecy of Light and Darkness'

## Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 23

[/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van  
23. Pictures

### RAVEN

The moment he stormed out, I took a deep breath; my heart was fucking hurting. The Liam that I knew was so far gone, that fucking hurt too.

I walked over to the door, locking it before picking up Damon's torn shirt. I dropped to my knees, letting out a shuddering breath.

Why were things so shit?

When one wanted to make it work, the other wanted to destroy it.

But even then, I knew Liam was hurting. Yes, I couldn't excuse his behaviour, but he was just the type of person who loved deeply. I understood that.

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Where Damon was able to cope and even moved on with Robyn, Liam hadn't been unable to, letting his emotions and pain eat him up inside. I couldn't blame him for his stance.

Liam... I placed my head in my hands. What do I do?

And what was with the colour of his eyes? That anger and darkness... Closing my eyes, I inhaled deeply, still clinging to that torn shirt. Damon's scent was soothing, but even then, couldn't get rid of the unease and worry I felt for Liam.

I needed to talk to him too, I needed to reach him and pull him from whatever dark place he had pushed himself into. We needed to do this so fucking soon.

No matter what, tomorrow, right after Kiara and Al leave, we'll do this. Damon would listen, but it was Liam I needed to get on board. •

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Remembering the way he had ripped my shirt off, a pang of pain shot through me. No matter how much I just wanted to curl up and cry, that wasn't who I was. Crying never solves anything

Standing up I decided to shower and get all this sweat off.

Once I had showered, I returned to my room, pulling on a pair of pants and an oversized hoodie before I walked over to my bed. Picking up my remaining parcels from yesterday, I began to open them.

A gorgeous crystal lamp... It was pretty, but the excitement I would usually have was absent. I placed the lamp down carefully before opening the final package. It was flat, I don't actually remember ordering anything else.

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A pile of photographs fell out. My heart skipped a beat as my eyes landed on the very top one.

It hurt...

It felt like an entire hurricane of pain was unleashed within me. I clutched my chest, feeling the crushing emotions cripple me

1. e. My heart was ringing in my ears and tears prickled my eyes. Even knowing it would only hurt me more, I spread the pictures slightly with my shaking fingers, looking at the dozens of pictures of Robyn with Damon...

Him holding her hand as he kissed her cheek. Him kissing her lips... Him hugging her... With each image, I couldn't breathe. Hearing, knowing and seeing are three very different things.

Goddess, please... My eyes landed on the final four pictures and I felt as if someone had just ripped my heart out completely. Despite the edge being blurred by what could be a curtain, they were images of them in bed, clearly in the throes of passion and both utterly enjoying it. 2

My worth was nothing, was I so easily forgotten? It's my fault though right? I left... Who would remember me? I won't cry... I won't...

I wiped my eyes with shaking hands, a sob escaping my lips as I backed away from my bed. I clamped my hand over my mouth, trying to stifle the sobs that were begging to escape.

The pain I felt needed an outlet but I couldn't cry. I would always keep smiling, keep going, keep strong...

Tears trickled down my cheeks as I stared at my bed. Although I was now across the room, I still backed away further, as if being near them would harm me... But the damage had already been done.

I knew he needed that support... But looking at those pictures, was there even any need for me? He said he wanted me, he said he missed me and he broke it off, but was I really what he wanted? Was I really worth either of them?

Why couldn't I turn back time?

I just wish the moon goddess left me mate-less. That would have been better than this torture.

I hate life.

I slid down the wall, resting my head against the smooth painted wall and closed my eyes, my lip quivering as I tried to control my emotions.

Come on Raven you are stronger than this!

I stayed there, trying to contain my emotions, after a good twenty minutes I got up and went over to the bed, quickly gathering the pictures up and trying not to even look at them. Who took these and sent them to me, why would they?

Did someone else know he's my mate? We hadn't really told anyone. Shoving the pictures into the bottom drawer, I left the room. I needed to get something to eat, that would make me feel better.

An hour later I was sitting in the large black and grey kitchen, at the counter on one of the bar stools with a large plate of steaming chicken pasta in front of me, when Zack entered the kitchen frowning. He went to the coffee machine and began making himself a cup.

He glanced up seeming to have just noticed me there.

"Oh, hey Raven, didn't see you there. Have you seen Liam?"

"No." I replied icily, remembering how he was refusing and hurting Taylor.

He seemed taken aback by the hostility in my voice.

"Everything ok?" He asked, coming over.

"Yes." I said haughtily.

He raised his eyebrows.

"We both know that ain't true." He replied.

"I just hate men." I said making him smile slightly, but he was wise to quickly hide it.

"What did they do? Or should I ask who?"

The door opened and none other than Taylor entered, I hid a smirk, seeing the way Zack tensed.

"Actually, I take it back. Some men are perfect. Hey Taylor!" I said swivelling around in my seat.

"Hey, girl." He said, coming over and giving me a hug. I hugged him back before we both turned towards Zack.

"Hey." Taylor said, looking at Zack.

"Hey..."

The sexual tension between them was so obvious that I am surprised I didn't notice it before.

"You know... You two really need to just give in. The sexual tension is suffocating me." I said, pretending to gasp for air.

Taylor gave a small smile but Zack seemed conflicted. His eyes met Taylor's and I didn't miss the way they softened.

I wondered what exactly was going through his mind.

"Zack... Can I ask a favour of you?" I asked, making him drag his gaze away from Taylor.

"Sure." He said, going over and finishing off making his coffee.

"As you probably noticed, things with Damon and Liam haven't been great..." I began, glancing at the door in hopes n o one heard.

"Yeah, I think we all have." Taylor added, grabbing two cans of coke from the fridge before opening one for me and then sitting down on the seat next to me.

I smiled appreciatively at him as Zack frowned nodding.

"Yeah... I noticed that, being stuck as Delta with a Beta and Alpha who don't get on fucking sucks." He came over, resting his elbows on the worktop as he leant over. "You got a plan?"

"Of course I do... I just need you to get Liam there, the rest is

n me..."

"I'm all ears." Zack said, his gaze once again going to Taylor, I smiled internally.

It was only a matter of time before these two got it on, I was confident of that.

"So, what's the plan?" Taylor said, gulping down his coke.

"The plan..." I leant forward as I began telling them exactly what I had in mind...

## Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 24

[/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van

24. Among Us

**LIAM**

Everything else was gone from my mind, I didn't know how many hours had passed since I had begun to read the book. Some of it was far too worn to read, yet it was preserved well even then.

Some of it was what we already knew; how the Deimos was one of the first four werewolf lines, alongside the Asheton and Solaris, and the new piece of knowledge was the name of the fourth line – The Volkov. This was the line that the very first Lycan was born into, but unlike the other three who were like royalty, the Lycan was shunned and ousted from the inner circle of the other three lines, as it was feared by the werewolves.

It is interesting, considering it was the Lycans who were destined to be the kings who would rule over us, whenever born.

The story was otherwise the same as what the witch Janaina had once told Kiara and Alejandro, with perhaps a few minor additional details. This book was mostly about the Deimos line: How our line had moved away first and had been one of the strongest, conquering many lands and spreading our territory far and fast.

The Deimos line was gifted with the ability of speed, to see the future, a sixth sense and the ability to foresee disaster. Traits that Kiara held, being a blessed wolf. Along with the Deimos traits and abilities, Kiara also had the Asheton ability, the gift of healing

When it came to light about Kiara being a blessed wolf, I had a lot of judgement from the pack – how the Alpha should have been gifted something, not the second born daughter. It annoyed me, considering Kiara is no less competent than I am. She is my twin and my equal.

But obviously, the pack didn't see it like that. Although they tried to be subtle, not daring to say anything in front of Dad, I heard it enough. "The future Alpha is ordinary, but the blessed princess has found a mate who is already so strong, making his pack even more powerful.'

Yeah, apart from being one of the fastest and having a stronger sense of aura's... I was just a strong Alpha. I just don't get why she didn't leave this book to Kiara, why me? I'm ordinary. She was the blessed wolf of two strong bloodlines, that all skipped me.

I was halfway through it, or what I could read anyway, when the next section piqued my interest and I sat up straighter.

The Prophecy of Light and Darkness.

I'm so fucking tired though, I'll continue reading this tomorrow. Sighing, I snapped it shut, coughing as another puff of dust hit my face. Groaning, I shoved the book and card under the sofa before resting my head on the seat, my legs sprawled on the ground in front of me. ~

The image of me ripping Raven's shirt off flashed in my head. I fucked up... I owed her a fucking apology, but it wasn't enough. What the fuck was I thinking, I can't treat her like fucking shit

I needed to control myself, I closed my eyes.

Have I ever considered making it work? The three of us? Yeah, and the entire fucking idea doesn't sit right with me. But we are stuck in this fucking deadlock... Maybe this fucking talk is needed, because I sure as fuck am not going to let him have her.

The same anger began rising within me and I exhaled sharply.

Breathe Liam and don't fucking think of it...

I glanced at the clock on the wall, but it no longer worked... It is almost as if everything in this cottage had stopped in time along with its original owner.

The future is still undecided; you are in control of your destiny

I don't know what Grandma Amelia was referring to when she wrote that, but I will decide my own destiny. Raven is mine...

Deep inside, the doubt that perhaps I wasn't what she wanted clawed at my chest but I pushed it away.

I couldn't go on like this, I fucking couldn't... I need her.

The following morning dawned grey and cloudy, just like my mood. I left Grandma Amelia's home with that book and card in hand, I'll look more into it at another time. Locking up after me, I replaced the key where I usually hid it and returned to the packhouse, making sure to avoid everyone, then placing the card and book into the safe in my room. Showering I got dressed quickly as I needed to go see Kia and Alejandro off. I knew Raven would definitely go to see them off too and I didn't want to run into her there, not after last night...

After I had visited them, I headed straight to the pack security building. It had everything, including the surveillance centre, the cells were beneath this very building too, along with the morgue and the rest of the labs or holding rooms. Let's just say this was the headquarters of our pack, and it was the only place that not all members of the pack had access to.

I made my way inside after scanning my hand and keying in the security code.

The metal doors slid open and I walked past the entrance guards, making my way upstairs to one of the labs and wondering if Esteban, one of our forensics, had found anything on the new body.

Scanning my hand once again, I entered the room. Luckily he was there; coat, mask and gloves on, despite the body being

covered with a sheet.

"Anything?" I asked.

"Alpha." He lowered his head to me respectfully before looking at the covered body. "Well like the first, when we ran the blood tests there was the slight traces of Wolfsbane, silver and ricin. Ricin as you know is not something that can really do too much harm to a werewolf, however, it seems when it's added alongside wolfsbane and silver which slow down the healing capability of a werewolf, it does wonders. But it's very faint, whoever has done this thought it out. Like the first, the body shut down due to organ failure."

I crossed my arms, thinking how well-planned this was. Who was doing it, and why?

"Any idea on how the teeth were removed or the eyes?"

He frowned, his brown curls falling into his eyes as he placed the clipboard down, passing me gloves and a mask before moving the sheet back.

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"See these cutting marks? There's bruising on the gums where the teeth were pulled out. By the looks of it, I would say garden pliers." Esteban said glancing up at me, his sharp hazel eyes turning back to the body after a moment.

"Some sicko..." I muttered. "And the eyes?"

"Going by the striation marks or lack of them in this case, I would say a spoon." He said, making me glance away disgusted.

"Right..."

"We didn't find any residue or DNA, so the killer was probably wearing gloves." He continued moving back. "As for the incision along the mouth corners, I would go with a small kitchen knife."

Covering the body once again, he took his gloves off, shaking his head.

"Whoever did this knew what they wanted to do prior."

I nodded before thanking him, removing my gloves and mask before heading to the IT quarters. From the temperature of the body at the time of discovery, it was clear the person had been dead at least two hours before being discovered. It was all so planned out.

Entering the IT department, I walked over to Zoe, who was our pack hacker and the smartest wolf I have met, when it came to computers anyway.

"Did you manage to get the data?" I asked her.



She looked up at me, pushing back her bright red curls.

“Yes Alpha, most of it, but gathering data from hundreds of people using the internet is going to take time, I’m getting there. Apart from having to wash my eyes out thanks to the amount of porn that is being accessed, I haven’t come across anything disturbing.” She said, blushing almost the same bright shade of red as her hair.

“Filter out the trash and send me the rest, I’ll take a look myself and see if anything has been missed.”

“Yes, Alpha.” She replied, glancing up at me, I gave her a curt nod.

The thing was, I didn’t trust anyone. Leaving the room, I looked around, observing my men doing their jobs through the glass partitions of separate quarters. From watching the cameras to discussing something, to those standing around... The killer could be anywhere, at any rank and position in this pack. They could be on the inside, with a good chance of avoiding detection and covering their tracks.

I didn’t really care if I was hated... I really wanted to put everyone under Alpha Command, but the only thing that made me truly hesitate was what happened with the Sanguine Pack, when Rayhan had visited them. His actions had only caused unrest within that pack.

I cast a final glance around at my people. Those who caught me watching lowered their heads in respect, I gave them a small nod of acknowledgement.

Who knows who the killer is and, above all, where and when will they strike next?

## Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 25

[/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van

### 25. Let’s Do This

#### RAVEN

I had told Zack the plan and filled Damon in yesterday. We were going to do this at 11 pm tonight. However, I was feeling extremely confused. There were so many things that were eating me up inside, from the pain I felt in my chest when I remembered Damon’s pictures, to the way Liam had treated me.

When I had gone to bid Kia farewell, the way Aunty Red had remarked that I had just missed Liam was almost as if she suspected something was up. Yet I just remained smooth and blew it off.

I was adjusting my dark pink ribbed top when there was a knock on the door.

Who was that?

I walked over to it, pulling it open. My smile vanished the moment I saw Liam standing there. Like always, he looked like a Greek god; in grey pants and a black and white graphic tee that stuck to his body like it was painted on, along with black boots. Why did he look so damn good? He had his hands in his pockets. His intense cerulean eyes trailed over me slowly, I suddenly felt very self-conscious about my fitted clingy top, with a V neck that I knew showed off a hint of cleavage, and my black fitted jeggings. I saw his eyes darken with desire,

lingering on my neck before they slowly met mine.

My heart thundered and I clenched my jaw trying not to fall for the hold he had upon me, if he thought I was going to let him do that again then he was in for a reality wake up call. Last time he took me by surprise, but not this time.

"Can I help you?" I asked. I won't lie, it hurt remembering what he did yesterday... I hadn't been able to sleep properly last night thanks to that and the damn photos.

For a moment, I wondered if he had sent me them? But I pushed the thought away. It wasn't something Liam would do.

"Can we talk?" Came his sexy husky voice.

"Isn't that what we are doing?" I asked, raising an eyebrow, trying to act like he had no effect on me.

He clenched his jaw, looking away and frowning.

I tried not to let his scent, or his very appearance, get to me.

"What I did yesterday... I'm sorry, I lost control and I know I fucking shouldn't have done what I did. It was a dick move." He said quietly.

I looked up at him. Really blue eyes? Do you realise that now?

"It was, but you are literally making a lot of dick moves. Liam, I get..." I glanced down the hallway.

After those images, I didn't trust anyone who may be listening ... I jerked my head towards my room, brushing back my bangs

that fell in my eyes. Stepping back, I allowed him in. Shutting the door, I looked up at him.

Once again, I wondered who had sent those pictures. It couldn't be Robyn either, as she was in the pictures...

"You were saying?" His husky voice brought me back to the present.

"I get that you care for me, but you can't go around doing things you're going to regret later. Liam, do you know Damon is worried about you? He's trying to be the patient one for you. Don't you get it? You are the one."

"Tell me, Raven, if say the roles were reversed... and not you but your mate was mated to another, would you have accepted

it?"

The image of Robyn and Damon together made my heart ache, but... if it meant his happiness, yes, I could accept it.

I looked up at Liam and smiled sadly.

"Yeah, it would hurt, but I'd understand because I wouldn't want to hurt him." I whispered.

I had been through so much pain in life, and it seemed Selene wasn't done.

"We are going in fucking circles." He muttered, shaking his head. "Maybe you can accept it, but I won't."

He reached over, running his fingers through my hair, making my heart thunder. I moved back, only for his eyes to flash a magnetic blue as he backed me against the wall.

"Liam, you need to stop doing this." I said firmly, but my voice just came out pitchy and breathy. I didn't want to touch him, knowing those dreaded sparks would throw me off.

"I won't ever stop, because I've staked my claim on you."

"I am not yours to claim, I don't belong-" His eyes flashed as he pressed a finger to my lips, making my breath hitch.

"Oh, I wouldn't say those words. You are mine." He added dangerously, his finger running over my lips, making my heart thud violently.

My stomach was fluttering with nerves and when he placed his other hand on the wall, that sexy smirk crossing his face. I knew if I let him continue, he'd make me forget everything.

"I am yours, Liam... but I'm also someone else's... Can we not just be happy?" I asked, taking hold of his wrist, slowly tugging his hand away from my lips and holding it to my chest.

My heart was pounding loudly and I knew he could hear it.

I could tell he was getting irritated again. I took a deep breath, raising his hand to my lips and kissing it softly, hoping it calmed him. Something told me I needed to approach him lovingly. There was something about him that seemed to snap at times, like he went from calm to suddenly angry and aggressive.

- That seemed to work, his eyes softened and for the first time I saw the storm of pain in those bright, dazzling blue orbs of his, but it was gone in seconds, his walls raised once again. It had been enough, enough to show he was struggling...  
"Two mates means another man would get to fuck you." He said dangerously, but the embarrassment that hit me at those words made me forget everything.

Don't go there! Oh my god! My dream was bad enough!

"Did you need to mention that?!" I hissed, mortified. 2

He cocked a brow.

"What? Sex is sex, darling, and I am not ok with my mate being with anyone else."

Thinking of sex with Liam was making my head feel light. Oh my god, let's not talk about this. He took hold of my chin once again, tilting my head upwards.

"I can't share you." His hand left the wall, slowly running his fingers up my thigh and onto my hip and waist, making my heart pound like crazy. My core throbbed and I swallowed hard.

"Let's figure this out together." I whispered softly.

"Do you think one sit down is going to solve things?" His husky reply came, his gaze dipping to my chest.

"No, but at least we can talk without our anger and ego getting in the way." I replied, I couldn't breathe.... "Fine." He said, taking me by surprise, before he moved away. I

"What?" I asked, shocked.

He raised an eyebrow, making my attention go to his scar, wondering how he got it. We might all be together... But I and Liam haven't even talked properly yet. After this talk, I promise I will give him some time too. I wanted to break down that wall of hatred he had built around himself.

"I said fine, call him. Let's get this talk over and done with." He said icily.

Damn... I was glad that he suggested it, but now my plan to get Zack to lock us in the cells was gone – Which meant if Liam wanted to run off, he easily could.

“What’s wrong bitesize? Isn’t this what you wanted?” He asked coldly.

I nodded, mind linking Damon to come to the packhouse and telling Zack there’d been a change of plans.

His ‘good luck, you got this’ didn’t give me any consolation.

“Let’s go to my office.” Liam said coldly before walking out.

I sighed, leaning my head back against the wall. This was about to happen... But what about me? What did I want to say? Was I going to be able to even speak?

It didn’t matter. Tonight, we needed to at least try to talk this out...