

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 31

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

31. Not Giving Up

RAVEN

Despite my beating heart, I cupped his face, feeling those sparks course through me at our touch.

"Then, I'm going to be right by your side. We are going to figure this out, I'm sure Grandma Amelia gave you that book for a reason." I said softly yet firmly, biting my lip when he grabbed my hips, yanking me against him. His eyes returned to normal as he frowned deeply.

"You're probably right." He said quietly.

Letting go of me, he grabbed the book and was about to read it when he swore.

"Fuck, I got to go..." He said, standing up.

"What is it?" I asked nervously.

Was it another killing?

"Zack may have found something; stay here; I'll be back."

"Ok, I'll read the book until you come back. See if I can figure something out." I replied.

"Sure." He leaned down, placing a chaste kiss on my forehead, just the way he used to years ago. Our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat and he gave me a smirk.

"You're gorgeous. Have I ever told you that?" My mind was blank, not expecting that. My stomach was a mess of butterflies. He chuckled before walking to the window. "And fucking cute."

With that, he was gone. I pouted, I hated it when I got tongue tied. I huffed, scooting back on the bed and resting my back against the headboard. I flipped the book open, now becoming serious.

Grandma Amelia never did something without a reason. This book had to be the answer. I flipped through it, skimming through it to start with, refreshing my mind on the different wolves' heritage and the original families.

Of course, we all kind of come from these lines, but as time passed, many were mated to humans. Hence how the lines expanded and became weaker, and only certain wolf lines came from the original lineages.

Each of the four lines had special abilities; The Volkov's were the most different. They were the first of the Lycans, it is said a Lycan is born every few centuries and only one at a time would ever exist. '

Then we have the Asheton line, which had the gift of healing that sometimes popped up throughout history, but they were rare.

Then there was the Solaris, who could control nature, creating more fertile lands and, at times, even command nature. This

line was the least known.

The final one was the Deimos, who had the ability of speed, a sixth sense and the ability to foresee the future. Abilities that both Kiara and Dante had inherited.

The Deimos curse...

I slipped into the sheets as I began reading the origin of the curse. The original Deimos wolves, like the Solaris and Asheton, were arrogant, powerful and gifted. They were seen as gods by the werewolf kind. Back when the gods walked the earth, there was a certain Deimos prince who upset Helios, the god of the sun, after challenging him to a match – Not knowing that he was talking to a god.

After being made a mockery of, Helios told the Deimos wolf Andronikos, that he would make sure that the Deimos line perished and yielded to the darkness that would one day destroy them. Andronikos simply laughed at him, saying they were far too strong to ever be destroyed completely. However, Helios stayed true to his word and the Deimos powers began to diminish, Andronikos sons and grandsons did not hold anything special in comparison to him. However, of course, Selene too held power, and so she countered Helios' curse with her own decree. She declared that when one of the original lines was mated with a Deimos, their offspring would be able to channel their Deimos blood and, in this way, preserve the Deimos' power.

I looked up, mulling over what I had read. Kiara. This all

pointed to Kiara. What I didn't get was how did this come to Liam. How did it involve him?

I took a handful of gummy bears, eating them slowly as I continued to read.

Helios vowed to Selene that his curse was not so easily broken, that there would be repercussions for such an act. Selene loved her wolves dearly, and so she sought a way to break the curse. That leads us to the birth of the prophecy of light and darkness.

I rubbed my head. This was a lot to take in, and the worst thing was that some of the words and story were missing. I was getting a headache from scrutinising the faded pages. Liam wasn't even back yet... Two hours had passed and it was pouring down outside now.

Turning the page, I looked at the paragraph before me. The prophecy itself.

'When the promise of the sun and the wish of the moon clash,

As different as day and night itself, the birth of the two shall weaken the curse,

From light and darkness itself,

The blessed wolf and the royal prince,

Only then, giveth the gift of breaking the curse,

Alas if fail, the curse shall end the Deimos for eternity.

Remember when the light gives birth to a...

I frowned trying to read the word. But I couldn't read it. Shaking my head, I continued.

"The darkness will reign through the veins of the Deimos prince,

Find the key within the darkness to break the curse,

Before the seventh blood moon end the curse, or yield to the darkness,

If all fails, under the blood moon, you shall take your final breath,

Will the Deimos line end or will it survive?

The answer lies within.'

Urgh, that was so complicated.

Flipping the page over, I searched in his bedside drawer, taking out a notebook and a pen, then began to look at the explanation and jot down key points.

Ok, this makes more sense... With each sentence and cross referencing it back to the Deimos curse, I felt like I was on to something even if it didn't give any answer on how to break the curse.

But as I continued to delve deeper, my stomach was a knot of nerves and the fear that this could become Liam's reality, hurt

me painfully

Another hour had passed before the window opened and Liam entered, clad only in a pair of joggers, something that told me he had shifted. Water trickled down his chiselled abs and into the band of his pants, making my heart beat wildly.

My gaze ran over his body, but it was the tattoo on his left breast that caught my eye. Along with the compass and the symbols, there was a bird, a raven.

My heart thundered as Liam turned away quickly, as if realising what I was looking at. He walked into his closet, reappearing in a T-shirt.

"Liam... that tattoo-"

"It's nothing." He said coldly.

I frowned, but didn't push it. I don't know what happened, but I could tell he wasn't in the best of moods.

"Is everything ok?"

"Yeah," He said, running a hand through his wet locks, making the usually strawberry blond locks look a lot darker."

Find anything?"

"Actually yes. How much of this book have you read?"

"Up until the light and darkness part." He said, grabbing a towel and beginning to dry his wet hair.

"Ok, so basically the prophecy talks about how Selene and

Helios tried to counter each other, and in the end, Selene's final attempt was that a pair of twins would be born, and only then will there be a chance to break the curse. The birth of the Deimos prince, you, and the blessed wolf, Kiara. It also says how a blessed wolf has no darkness in them, but there can't be light without darkness. So, where there is only goodness and light in Kiara, you inherited the

darkness. Your birth was said to have weakened the curse, and then there's something about when Kiara gave birth – possibly to Dante, I'm assuming – that is when your darkness will reign. Do you think that's around the time you felt this darkness within you, or would you say it's when the twins were born?" I asked, looking at him.

He was silent, listening with a frown on his face.

"Possibly when Dante was born... Although I was angry with the entire mate situation at that time." He muttered.

"So, our mate situation only fuelled it. It's almost like a catalyst that made that darkness come out..." I murmured thoughtfully.

"Maybe." He said, frowning. "Anything else?"

I looked down at the notebook.

"It says you will either relinquish yourself to the darkness and thus meet your end and with it, the end of the Deimos line, or you will find the key to breaking the curse within. Hence releasing your true potential and destroy the darkness that is trying to consume you. Along with it, the curse forever." ,

"I would say it's all fucking bullshit if I didn't know better." He muttered. "That card says I am darkness, so we got our answer. End of fucking story. This darkness will be the end of

me."

"It won't be." I said coldly, my eyes flashing. "You will not be the end of this line. It says within seven blood moons. How many blood moons have we seen since Dante's birth..."

I trailed off, counting off in my head. He was born right after that fateful day when I found my mates. We have had six, which means we have less than three months until the next one...

"I have three months." He said in a flat voice that held no emotion.

Three months before we might lose Liam... Just the thought terrified me. No, never.

"Grandma Amelia said you can decide your own destiny." I said firmly.

"Trust me, Raven, this darkness isn't going anywhere." He muttered coldly, tossing the towel aside, "So what? I have three months or so before I fucking die and this darkness consumes me? Great, then let's find this fucking killer. It's the

least I can do in my short term as the worst fucking Alpha of the Blood Moon pack. Once I'm gone, it will do everyone good. "He said icily.

He was on edge and he was angry. I could sense his emotions despite him trying to keep them hidden.

"There's got to be answers, there's got to be a way. I will find the answer. This book must have something more to it." I said desperately, getting out of the warm bed.

His back was to me and I was worried.

"I don't have time to waste on a stupid book and a fucking curse. I have a pack to run, and things to do."

I reached out, placing a hand on his back.

"Liam, this is about your-

"I'm nothing special, Raven! Maybe me fucking dying is best for everyone!" He snapped, spinning around and making me flinch at the anger that whirled around him. His eyes blazing magnetic blue.

"How can you say that?! Liam you dying doesn't solve anything!" I exclaimed.

"Doesn't it? Maybe that's why you were given two fucking mates, because if I died, you'd have a back-up mate. At least dying means I'll catch a break from all this fucking shit that goes on in my head."

Those words stung. It hurt knowing Liam kept questioning why. The fact that he was tired of his own mind...

"This pack needs an Alpha!" I pleaded, frustrated.

"Kiara's kids hold our blood; they can take over." He growled.

I know the bloodline continued through the Alpha heirs. Kiara's kids didn't count in this equation, even if they contained the Deimos abilities. They were Alejandro's legacy of the Night Walker pack, not the Blood Moon pack.

I pursed my lips; Liam was far too angry to reason with right now.

I walked over to the bed, gathering up the card, notebook and book.

"You do whatever you think is right. I'm going to find an answer, with or without you. Because I am not going to see you just give up without a fight." I said quietly. "Goodnight, Liam."

“Why are you fucking trying so hard?” He asked when I unlocked the door.

I paused, looking back at him.

“Because I will never give up on someone I love.” I said softly.

I remember the little blue-eyed boy who would always take care of me as a child. The first person to look out for me and show me that there were people who cared for me. It was high time I paid that pure-hearted boy back. One who was hidden deep within himself...

I didn't wait for a reply, shutting the door behind me.

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 32

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

32. A Scuffle

LIAM

We thought we had a fucking lead, but the rain fucking washed it away. By the way the marks were left along the far side, it was clear a body had been dragged along the northern side of the forest. What fucking confused me was that it was almost as if the person knew exactly what angles the cameras were positioned at. Which made me even more pissed off. It meant there was a high chance that the killer was on the inside of the IT or surveillance department.

I had told Zack and Damon that I wanted to question every fucking person again, but they had been against it. I was fucking tired of being told how to run my pack.

Coming back to my room, seeing Raven sitting there in my bed telling me how I might not even live past the next fucking blood moon was the fucking icing on the damn cake.

If that were the fucking case, then what was the point of all this? What was the point of hurting her by keeping her around me? What was the point of keeping a good reputation within the eyes of my pack? I should just do this shit and make sure I find the culprit before the blood moon. If I am to die, then at least I can do one thing right before I go.

I dropped onto the bed, her scent still clinging to the pillow, and closed my eyes, my heart fucking clenching painfully.

The selfish side of me told me to make the most of the time I had... To love her and spend it with her before it was too late.

The bitter truth that I had wasted three years of my life left a sour taste in my mouth.

I stared at the ceiling, hating how I had just treated her so coldly. This shit was not something I wanted to worry anyone about, especially not Mom and Dad... and I shouldn't have told her, it wasn't fair on her.

If I only had a few months, then I promise I'll spend it well...

I don't know how long it had been, but I couldn't sleep.

I got out of bed, leaving my room. I locked the door behind me, staring down at the keys in my hands, taking the second before I unlocked Raven's and silently slipped into her room. She was fast asleep, I closed the door quietly behind me.

Yeah, I kept a key to her room. Who fucking cares?

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I stared at her. She was holding one of her ugly plushies to her chest. Raven was the type of girl who would look past all the cute plushies in a shop and choose the ugliest, weirdest one she could find. She was the type of person who thought the neglected ugly animal in the zoo was cute, the type of person who would buy a used item to make someone happy even if she could afford something better.

She was different. People hated her energetic attitude growing up, but I loved it; loved her quirky nature, her warmth and her fucking smiles. But I was hurting her too...

She turned over, her arms loosening around the ugly goddamn plushie as she pushed the blanket half off her. I realised she had ditched her oversized top, now only wearing her sports bra and leggings, I found myself quickly admiring her body. She was fucking gorgeous, from her rounded breasts, curvy hips and thighs, right down to that pierced navel of hers.

Leaning down, I tugged the plushie from her arms and tossed it to the ground before sliding into her bed. I know I was a dick to her earlier, but I just needed something calming to let me fucking sleep.

I was hot and cold, angry and calm, but right now I just needed her, wanted her. I was about to slip my hand under her head when she wrapped her arms around my head, pulling me to her chest, snuggling against me.

Well fuck...

Her breasts did feel fucking good...

Smirking, I slipped my arms around her waist instead, pulling her against me. Even if we can't be together for long, I would treasure the time that I do have, even if it isn't long.

I awoke to a piercing scream. The next thing I knew, I was

kicked with full force in the chest. It knocked me off the bed and straight into the shelf beside the window, sending shooting pain through my neck and back.

"Fucking hell, what was that for?" I growled, seeing Raven sit up and cross her arms over her breasts, her cheeks flushed.

"Why were you squashed against my boobies!?" She shrieked.

"The fuck? You pulled me into your arms." I groaned, standing

1. up.

At this rate, I won't even live until the fucking blood moon.

"I didn't! You came into my room and molested my poor little potatoes." She looked down at her breasts as if sharing sympathy with them.

"First of all, they are nothing like potatoes, way too fucking soft." I said with an arrogant smirk, only resulting in her cheeks darkening. I didn't think she could get even more embarrassed. "Secondly, if I wanted to molest them or whatever shit you just came out with, I would have at least gotten a feel of your nips."

Ok, I was wrong. Her entire face and neck now looked an even darker shade of red as she glared at me, absolutely mortified.

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"Leave!"

"Good morning to you too." I growled, walking over to the bed. I dropped onto the bed on my knees, leaning towards her. She jumped like I had just electrocuted her.

Seriously, didn't she realise this just made it a whole lot fucking more fun to tease her?

"What's wrong? Never had a man touch your breasts?" I taunted, smirking when I glanced down at them.

“Liam, this isn’t funny!” She growled, about to kick me again, but I yanked her by the ankle, dragging her flat onto her back.

A squeak escaped her, and I won’t deny it was pretty amusing.

“I’m actually finding it fucking fun.” I growled huskily, about to straddle her when she tried to kick me again. “Seriously love you really need to learn to behave.”

“Well, news flash, I don’t like to behave!”

In a flash she flipped us over, about to punch me, but I was ready. Grabbing her wrists, I rolled us over, but she pulled to the left. I was not expecting the force, we both fell off the bed and hit the floor, tangled with the duvet. I kicked it off, pinning her wrists to the floor, straddling her hips with both of us glaring into the other’s eyes.

I was very fucking aware of my morning wood, and the way she wriggled under me only made me fucking throb harder.

“Let go of me.” She pouted, trying to jerk free only for my arm to hit the bedside table, knocking it against the bed frame.

“Raven, are you ok? I heard something...”

Followed by a gasp.

Both of our heads snapped up to the now open door to reveal none other than Mom standing there looking completely stunned as she took in the scene before her.

I glanced down at the way this probably looked; me shirtless with a fucking hard-on, Raven a flushed mess... My eyes widened as I stared into Raven’s unique, alarmed ones. –

Well fuck...

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 33

[/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha](#) van
33. A Luna’s Opinion

RAVEN

"This isn't what it looks like!" I squeaked, pushing Liam off roughly, my eyes falling to his hard-on.

Goddess, kill me now! Let the earth open up and swallow me whole!

Is this karma for all the times I've seen Uncle El and Aunty Red making out and made fun of them!

We both got to our feet and Liam quickly sat down on the bed, grabbing the duvet and pulling it onto the bed before very smoothly draping it over his lap.

I stood there staring at Aunty Red, who was smirking despite the clear confusion in her eyes. She crossed her arms under her big plushies and looked between us. I knew she could smell Liam in my room, which meant she knew he had been here for a while...

"So... I guess I disturbed you guys." She said, clearing her throat.

No matter how smooth she was behaving, she was clearly surprised. She now looked at her son, who was running his fingers through his messy locks. That just made him look so sexy... His chiselled body was drool-worthy but now was not the time. He hadn't spoken a word, so I nudged his ankle sharply.

"Not really, we were just messing around." Liam said with a shrug.

Aunty Red cocked a brow, and I felt my cheeks burn.

"Not in that way, we were just... Liam was being annoying." I stated lamely

Aunty Red nodded, her lips pressed together in a pout and I noticed she was staring at Liam's tattoo.

"Alright, now how about you tell me exactly what's happening? I know there was something going on between you two... and Damon. And if this is what I think it is then-

"What do you think it is?" Liam asked coldly.

Aunty Red entered the room, shutting the door behind her.

"My assumption from the start was that Raven and Damon ended up as mates, and since you always loved her... You couldn't take it and left." (This Novel Daily Latest Chapters provide it www.InfoBagh.Com)

Ok, I was not expecting that!

Liam frowned, glaring at the floor.

"But then Raven left, and I wondered if she couldn't choose between you or her mate."

My heart skipped a beat thinking Aunty Red was wrong, yet she had the gist of it...

"Clearly, I wasn't enough, with or without the bond. You're wrong about whatever's going on Mom. We aren't kids, so whether we were messing around or not, it really should have nothing to do with you." Liam said standing up..

"No, it shouldn't, but when I know it's affecting you and your friends--"

"Is still none of your business." Liam cut in, curtly brushing past her and leaving the room, slamming the door behind himself.

Nice move. Leave me alone to deal with this. I felt a little hurt until his voice rang in my head.

'I don't want to share anything. If you want to, then go for it, but tell her I don't want her harassing me. I'm sorry for coming to your room like that to begin with, I shouldn't have, I just couldn't sleep last night.'

My heart skipped a beat and I hid my smile.

'That's ok, but next time at least wake me up and let me know your sneaking in. Waking up to see someone in my bed nearly gave me a heart attack.'

'Sure. Expect me tonight then.'

I rolled my eyes. Was he always so cocky?

I looked at Aunty Red, who was looking around the room, I saw her examining the edge of the door frame.

"They did a decent job with the paint." She said, now turning her sage green eyes on me.

"Yeah." I said, brushing my hair back awkwardly.

"Want to tell me what's going on with you all?" She asked.

I looked at her. With everything going on, I could use a proper adult's advice. I fixed the bedding, my stomach fluttering realising I had spent the night with Liam. It had felt good and I had slept well too.

"It's a long story." I said.

"Well then, how about you go get dressed and I'll go grab us some breakfast?"

I didn't get to reply when Aunty Red turned, leaving me alone in my room. I quickly grabbed some clothes and left my room to use one of the bathrooms.

Mind linking Damon in the process.

'Morning!

'Good Morning, you alright?' His deep, sexy voice came.

A sliver of guilt filled me, thinking how I seemed to forget him when Liam was around. Knowing that he was fighting his own emotions just so this could work...

'I am. Can we meet later? I want to talk to you about something.'

'Sure, I'd like that.'

'Me too.' I replied softly. (This Novel Daily Latest Chapters provide it www.InfoBagh.Com)

I finished showering, pulling on my purple lingerie, grey denim shorts and oversized black hoodie. I returned to my room to see Aunty Red sitting on the edge of the bed, a tray of toast, croissants and pastries with two steaming mugs of hot chocolate.

I went over and sat on the bed cross-legged.

"So shoot."

I looked at her, thinking this was more awkward than I thought it would be.

"Ok so, three years ago, Liam and Damon both found their mate." I said quietly.

Aunty Red frowned deeply but said nothing.

"Both of them were mated to me." I continued, not missing the way her eyes widened. Yep, she was not expecting that, but she didn't speak and I appreciated it. "Liam couldn't accept it, saying an Alpha doesn't share... and I get that. Damon wanted to make it work, but he didn't want to make a move with me until Liam was ok with it. I get that too..."

I stared at the plate, picking up a toast slice.

"And what did you want?"

"I don't know, I just wanted everyone to be happy."

"Understandable, but I mean, what did you want?"

"I don't understand." I asked, confused.

Aunty Red picked up a cinnamon bun and crossed her legs.

"I'm asking what you want without even thinking of anyone else's feelings. Forget the boys, what do you want?"

"I..."

I fell silent, pondering on it. In an ideal world, I'd just want a mate who would love me unconditionally, I didn't want

anyone to be in pain. I didn't want a complicated dynamic.

"I want to be happy; I didn't want such a complicated relationship." I said, shrugging.

"What about the two mates? Not considering their emotions, what was your take on it?"

I never really thought of that, in that way.

"Honestly, it threw me off. I don't get how you can have feelings for two people. A mate bond is ideally between two people, and here I'm paired with two separate people, its not even a three-way bond. It's them two tied to me, but I've always liked Liam..."

"I know."

I blushed. Was I that obvious?

"But after Uncle Aaron died and I was there for Damon, things changed. Before that, he always seemed to have eyes for Kiara, so I don't know..."

I carried on, telling her a little bit more about the situation and what we had discussed last night.

She sighed, leaning back on one hand.

"I can't believe none of you even talked this out, three years of absolutely wasting time. A complete waste of time and still stuck with clearly nothing sorted out. It didn't do any good for anyone." She said. "I am going to give my honest opinion."

"Please do." I said, ready to hear it.

Aunty Red did not sugar-coat anything and I think I needed this.

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 34

/ Caged Between The Beta & Alpha van
34. Renji

RAVEN

"Well first of all, you all acted stupidly. I'll start with that idiot of mine." She shook her head. "I get that he doesn't want to share. Then, instead of running away, he should have stayed here and come up with a solution, but he's always been the passive one... Even when they were younger and both he and Kiara wanted something, he'd let her have it. I guess in this situation, he couldn't really just give you up but also didn't want to cause damage, and so he left. I personally think seeing that you two didn't even move on probably just confused him even more, and he now thinks Damon has lost his chance so has decided he will take what he wants. What irritates me is that you aren't an item."

I remember Liam saying; 'you two can do whatever you want'. That's a good point. He did give us a chance in a way... Even if it was in anger and bitterness.

"Damon, his heart is in the right place, but by playing the lenient passive one he's giving both you and Liam the impression that you aren't that special to him, and I won't deny that his relationship with Robyn doesn't help his case. He said to Liam that he'd wait, but what if Liam never changes his mind? Then what? I know Liam is calmer than Elijah, but he is still his father's son. They are possessive and stubborn, they won't budge from their decision."

That's true too... Like Liam is fighting for me now, but Damon is still taking the back seat, and that deep down does hurt. Aunty Red was right. I did feel it inside, even though I knew his reason. He's trying to diffuse a bigger problem.

"And you, Raven, just waiting for men who lack brain cells and think with their dicks rather than their minds? This isn't the 15th century. We women take what we want, know what we want, and own it. You can't string them both along without being clear about it. I understand you want it to work, but how? How will it work? It's not only the emotional aspect, it's the sexual aspect. Will you give them a day each? Will you all be together? I don't personally see that happening considering how Liam can't even deal with the fact that you're mated to Damon. But things could change. What is your plan? HOW were you going to make this work?"

Her words rang in my mind and I realised how true they were. I kept thinking 'poor me' and feeling sorry for myself. Talking about making it work, but never about how it was going to work...

Urgh! I feel so stupid right now.

"You're right... I never really thought of it, I just wanted everyone to be happy, without even thinking how."

"This is reality, and as much as two mates sounds hot or great, I don't think we realise that there's so much more to it mentally. We are beings with complex emotions. Ultimately, in a two mates to one woman situation, there will be jealousy and issues throughout. Even if it works out, you have to remember that there will be issues that will pop up and you have to be ready to diffuse them because you are mated to them both. Just because Liam might be acting entitled it does not mean you should be giving him more. What if when things work out, if they do, he always expects you to be his first? At his beck and call whenever he wants?"

Damn, I didn't even think of that... This was hard...

Aunty Red sipped her hot chocolate and was now pacing my room.

"And what if it doesn't work? Who will you choose? And if you can't choose, ultimately, will you reject them both? You can't let them fight over you, you will have to be the one to make that decision then. We both know they can't be strung along forever. This pack needs its Alpha, its Beta, and it needs you. I want you all happy, and regardless of what decision you three make, you have to make sure that everyone is treated equally. You cannot favour Liam over Damon even if he is an Alpha. Both are men who deserve equal respect and love. If you want it to work with both, then I'm hoping tonight you were planning on having Damon in here." She winked, smirking at me.

I blushed, embarrassed.

"That – That wasn't the plan! I didn't even realise Liam was here. He snuck in!" I protested.

She frowned at that. Any amusement she had was gone.

"Raven, you need to make sure you know what you want and don't let anyone push themselves on you, Liam included. If you have boundaries, make them clear. But also, I think you being uncertain about what you want doesn't help. Take the reins; they are your mates."

"I understand. Thanks for your insight, Aunty Red... I'm glad you gave me your opinion. It's really given me a different viewpoint on it."

"That's what I'm here for." She said, with a small smirk.

I glanced at her, thinking this was my chance to ask her about something else that had been on my mind.

"Aunty Red, there's something I wanted to ask."

"Shoot." She said, sitting down again.

"Dad said I had a brother, that..." How do I say died because of me? "Do you know how he died?"

Sadness washed over her and she looked at me sympathetically.

"Your parents never liked talking about it, I'm surprised they even told you." She replied, looking out the window.

The sun shone on her vibrant red hair, she looked stunning and she seemed to be lost in a memory from long ago.

"Your brother was two years senior to you, but he was extremely ill. He had leukaemia, and even his werewolf healing ability wasn't enough to heal him. The doctors advised having another child, that the chances of a sibling being a bone marrow match would be potentially higher. However, his health deteriorated fast, and even when you were born prematurely..." She hesitated, looking at me keenly. "What else do you know?"

"Nothing, but I would appreciate it if you tell me the full story, Mom and Dad won't ever tell me." I said quietly.

"Your father-"

"He blamed me for his death, so I think I deserve to know Auntie." I said softly, hoping she listened.

She frowned at that, clenching her jaw.

"You were not responsible! I thought Haru was delusional at the time due to two children on their deathbeds. How can he blame you?!" She hissed coldly.

"Please, forget Dad; just tell me the full story." I pleaded.

She ran her hand through her hair.

"You were born at four months rather than the usual six months. They already said Renji wouldn't make it by then and it caused your mom to go into early labour. When you were born, you were far too weak, and they weren't sure you would make it either. Your father wanted you to get better and

stronger, but it was far too early to even consider you for the bone marrow transplant or even check for a match. I can't believe Haru is actually blaming you for his death." She sounded angry and her eyes flashed silver.

"It doesn't matter." I sighed softly. "So, he died because I was too weak to give him the bone marrow he needed?"

"Even then, the chances of him surviving were slim. You can't blame yourself for something that was not in your control. You were blind in one eye as well..."

"What?" I asked, surprised.

"That blue eye of yours, that was Renji's. When he passed away, the doctor offered to transplant it into you. Haru refused, but your mother said it would be a way for Renji to see the world he never had a chance to explore. When you were little, she used to say that you were so adventurous because you wanted to see the world and explore it for both of you." She said, smiling softly.!

I swallowed hard, the emotions that rushed through me were inexplicable. So I had an eye from my brother and had never been told? To think Mom had agreed... Where was that mom of mine? She seemed so far gone under Dad's opinions... Renji...

"Where is he buried?" I asked.

How could you feel sadness for someone you have never met?

"The children's graveyard down by the blossom trees." She said softly.

I nodded, I think it was high time I paid my brother a long overdue visit...

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 35

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35. Hope & Determination

RAVEN

I pushed open the low white fence that surrounded the graveyard. Not all children were buried here, as some would be buried with their parents, but there were still many graves. It was strange to know that I had a brother that I had never gotten to meet

I looked down at the grass that was sprinkled with daisies and buttercups. Scattered between the small graves were several cherry blossoms. I walked through the graves, scanning the names for my brothers, stopping when I saw a young woman bending over, placing an orchid on each grave. (This Novel daily new chapters provide it www.InfoBagh.Com)

She turned, sensing me watching her, and gave me a small smile. It took me a moment to realise she was the Omega who I had seen in the kitchen the other night.

"Sorry..." She said, stepping away from the grave.

I waved my hand.

"Oh, don't apologise! I'm just searching for a grave..." I said, giving her a small smile.

"Whose?" She asked. "I might know, I visit often."

"Oh... Renji Jacobs."

She frowned, paused, then turned and pointed to the far side.

"It's under that cherry blossom tree." She said.

"Thanks..." Goddess, I didn't even know her name.

"Nina." She said, with a smile.

"Thanks, Nina." I said before walking through the trees.

I stopped and stared at the marble tombstone, I could just about make the name out. It was so small that if I had never been told, I would never have realised that my brother was here. I dropped to my knees, feeling my eyes sting. I felt as if I had been robbed of something. This was my brother, someone who I had a part of inside of me, someone who had died but left me a gift and I couldn't even spend a moment of my time to thank him or to remember him? I didn't even know of his existence. Some sister I was.

I looked at the date on the tombstone. He had barely been three years old. I placed my hand on top of the grave.

"Hi, I'm Raven, your sister." I whispered, fighting back my

tears.

I wanted to say so much more... But where do I start? I sniffed, reaching into the pocket of my hoodie and taking out a small octopus plushie.

"And this is Sparks." I said, "He's for you."

I placed him against the tombstone, near the flower Nina had left.

"Where do I start... Well, I'm sure you are watching down on us wherever you are, but I still want to tell you about myself..." (This Novel daily new chapters provide it www.InfoBagh.Com)

Evening had fallen, my morning at the grave had felt like I had a burden lifted, and I would promise to visit often. I had just rung Damon's doorbell. I had the journal and stuff in my backpack, even if Liam wasn't going to tell anyone it wasn't something we could just deny. If Damon had no answers, then we needed to tell someone like Aunty Red. Liam had asked what I had told her, and I had told

him she knew about us. He didn't ask me anything further after that but I could sense his irritation.

I knew he had been busy with other stuff today. I wondered if he planned to come to my room tonight, although Aunty Red's words rang in my head.

Treat them equally... But I also knew she didn't know about Liam's curse, hence I needed to tell Damon that. I rang the doorbell again, frowning when no one answered. He knew I was coming...

Damon?'

'Yeah?'

'I'm at the door?'

'Oh, shit sorry! Mom's asleep, I'm coming!'

Sure enough, the door was pulled open by a very wet Damon, a towel around his waist and water trickling down his body. My heart thudded as my eyes trailed over his sexy body before I blushed, looking away.

"Umm sorry didn't realise you were in the shower..." I said, unsure if I should hug him or not.

Oh who cares, I hugged Liam shirtless. I moved closer, giving him a quick squeeze around the waist, much to his surprise. His arms wrapped around me, pressing me into his chest. My cheeks were burning when I moved back, my stomach fluttering, and he cocked a brow.

"I wasn't expecting that."

"Why not? I am a very huggy person." I said closing the door behind me.

"Mhmm.." Damon replied with a smirk. "You had something serious to talk about, right?"

"Yes..." I replied sighing.

"Alright, let me go get dressed and I'll be down in five. Actually, better come on up, you can wait in my room."

"Ok." I said, following him upstairs. (This Novel daily new chapters provide it www.InfoBagh.Com)

I entered his bedroom, watching him grab some boxers and pants. I turned my back, allowing him to get dressed, my stomach fluttering nervously.

"Alright, all done." He said coming over to the bed, pulling the duvet up and making some space for me to sit.

His room was a mess, I won't deny that...

"Take a seat." He said, running his fingers through his wet locks.

"Thanks. Ok I need you to pay attention, this is serious." I said, unzipping the bag and taking out the book, the notebook and the card.

Taking a deep breath, I told him everything I had learned...

Thirty minutes later, Damon was frowning. He had asked a few questions, but for the most part, he had listened and skimmed through the book towards the end. He now stood there, his emotions a mess.

"There has to be more, what did Liam say?" He asked, concern clear in his powder-blue eyes.

"Liam? He said whatever is meant to be will happen. He seems to have just given in." I said sighing, placing my head in my hands for a moment.

Damon crouched down before me, placing his hands on my

knees.

"He's going to be ok. We aren't going to let anything happen to him." He said firmly, his scent clouding my senses.

I looked up at him,

"Of all the Deimos prince's, why Liam? Why someone who was so sweet and giving? Why did he deserve all this?"

"He didn't, but he is probably the one capable of doing this, of ending this curse. Even if he is the darkness, he has good in him. Darkness doesn't mean evil." Damon said, taking my hands in his.

I nodded and took a deep breath.

"I also told Aunty Red about us..." I said, feeling a sliver of guilt at what I was about to say next. "This morning... she walked into my room when Liam was there."

There it was the flash of pain, but it was gone as quickly as it –
came.

"Oh, so how did she take it?" He asked with a small smile.

"She said, I need to know what I want and to not favour one of you over the other... and ultimately, if things don't work, I will have to choose one." I said, feeling my chest squeeze painfully

"Well don't think you need to treat us equally, we both know Liam is going through a lot. Right now, he needs his mate and friend. We need to be there for him, not make him become even more angry and bitter." Damon said.

Oh Liam, if you knew how much your friend cared for you...

I stood up, feeling even more confident, knowing that I wasn't alone.

"So, what do we do?"

"The answer lays within..." Damon murmured. "Within the prophecy or within Liam? I swear we need to rip this thing apart like a damn Shakespeare play."

"English was Liam's forte." I grumbled.

Damon chuckled.

"Yeah, well guess we need to pull our socks up." Damon said.

"Hey, I did good okay, I got a B..." I grumbled. "You barely passed!"

"That's because I hated reading, I only passed because Liam did my coursework." He grinned and I smiled.

Oh, how I missed those days.

"There is someone who's a pro in literature..." Damon said hesitantly. "Someone who might see something we didn't."

"Who?" I asked.

"Robyn, she's still studying literature and history, she's smart.

I felt a pang of pain, but I nodded. If Damon could be selfless, then why couldn't I?

"Perfect, then we should ask her. She can be trusted, right?"

"Yeah." Damon said, he walked over to me and cupped my

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face, making my heart thunder. "This will be nothing more than her helping us."

I smiled, looking up at him.

"Do I even have any right to act so selfish?" I asked, smiling softly.

Damon smiled back.

"Of course you do, and I like it." He whispered huskily. "I do care for you, Raven."

"I know." I said, staring into his eyes.

His smile faded, his gaze dipping to my lips. He slowly looked back into my eyes as if seeking permission, his heart thudding as fast as mine was.

"Can I kiss you, gorgeous?" He asked quietly.

I nodded slowly, and Damon leant down, claiming my lips in a soft, tender kiss. A wave of tingles rushed through me, the sweet taste of his mouth and the softness of his lips making my heart race like a galloping horse. I slowly placed my hand on his chest, kissing him back, but before we could deepen the kiss, Dad's voice erupted in my head.

'HOW DARE YOU?! WHERE ARE YOU?!'

I flinched pulling away.

"Hey, are you ok?" Damon asked, worried.

I nodded.

"Yeah... Dad's just..."

"RAVEN!"

Both of our heads snapped to the window.

Dad was here and his anger was clear. I had no idea what I had done this time...