

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 36

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36. Sounds

RAVEN

Damon and I quickly rushed downstairs, not wanting to disturb Aunty M with Dad's shouting. I pulled open the front door to see Dad standing there, his eyes blazing as he glared at me with such hatred that my heart skipped a beat.

"Who told you about him?" He hissed, advancing towards me.

I stepped back, flinching, a vague memory of long ago flitting through my head.

Dad had never hit me, had he?

Subconsciously, something didn't feel right.

He stopped a few feet away, holding out Sparks.

"I SAID WHO TOLD YOU!" He thundered.

"What the... Calm down." Damon said warningly.

Placing his hand on my back comfortingly.

"I'm talking to her." Dad hissed back, shaking Sparks in front
of me.

My breath hitched, my chest aching as I stared at Sparks, a plushie that meant a lot to me. I had made him when I was a child, all by myself, with needle and thread. I had pricked myself a hundred times that day, but I wanted a plushie. Dad and Mom didn't want to get me one, so I made Sparks. I remember everyone asking why it was so ugly, but I told them I liked it and I didn't want it to be one of those perfect, pretty teddies you can get from the shop. Since then, I have always picked the most eccentric, oddest plushies I could find, because they were just like me; lonely, neglected, and alone.

Dad was shouting, shaking Sparks wildly as he said something I could no longer hear. My eyes were fixed on Sparks.

Please don't hurt it.

"Mr Jacobs, calm down." Damon said, his voice quiet, yet a dangerous finality was in it.

"Oh, did I disturb you both?" Dad spat, taking in Damon's shirtless torso.

"This isn't what it looks like." Damon said curtly.

"I'm sure it isn't. She's always had a habit of playing people." Dad said hurtfully.

I wish I'd stop being so quiet, but I knew if I opened my mouth, I would end up saying everything and anything that

came to mind. Perhaps that is what I needed to do. But I wouldn't do that when Aunty M was sleeping upstairs. (This Novel daily new chapters provide it www.InFoBagh.Com)

I felt the hair at the back of my neck prickle, almost as if someone was watching me from inside the house. I turned back, staring over my shoulder into the dark hallway. But there was no one there. Shaking my head, I turned back to Dad and Damon.

"Stay out of this, Damon. This is between me and her. Let's go." Dad hissed now, trying to grab my arm.

"No, if you want to say something to me, you can say it right here." I said, trying to grab Sparks.

He stared at me hatefully, his claws digging into Sparks.

Don't cry, Raven.

"You had no right to visit him! What did you think? That you could go there and cast your shadow of darkness upon him?! Don't you get that you are nothing but an omen!" Dad spat.

"Mr Jacobs, stop it!" Damon growled, now moving protectively in front of me.

"I told you to step aside!" Dad growled, trying to push Damon aside.

"Dad, stop it." I warned quietly, my eyes fixed on Sparks.

His claws were already tearing through it. I felt as if a part of my soul was being stabbed and shredded. (This Novel daily new chapters provide it www.InFoBagh.Com)

"You know, there are already several questionable things on your head. Mr Jacobs, the Alpha wishes to see you. Now." Damon growled venomously.

"So, you will protect the whore!" Dad hissed.

"That's it, I'm done being nice." Damon growled, grabbing

Dad by his cuff and glaring at him. "Yes, I'll protect Raven, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't call her that shit. I'll accompany you to the Alpha."

Do as you want! Raven! If you visit there again, I swear I will disown you and have Renji moved! You don't deserve to speak to him or see him! You should have been the one to be lying there, not him! I don't know why Selene didn't do just that! His words rang through the mind link.

With every word, I felt a stab of pain through me, but I remained silent, fighting back the tears that I refused to let fall... My face remained stoic and indifferent. Damon looked at me concerned but I simply gave him a small nod, telling him I was fine.

Sparks' head suddenly rolled to the ground before Dad's claws ripped his body apart.

'I hate you!

'I know.' I replied emotionlessly.

"I'll be back." Damon growled, dragging Dad away.

I didn't reply, staring at Sparks' remnants...

(FLASHBACK EARLIER AT THE GRAVE)

"... And then Kia and I hid away. When Liam and Damon came out in their teeny, little shorts, and started looking for their clothes, Well, let's just say they never found them."

I laughed, resting my weight back on my hands as I crossed my stretched legs at the ankles and smiled at the grave.

"You know, if you were here, you would have made a great addition to our little group. We could have had just one more person to tease. Boys are so much fun to tease." I said, smiling down at the grave. "Anyway, Renji... I want to apologise for not visiting before. I'm sorry that I've been a horrible sister and, you know... I want to thank you for the gift of sight. For this eye. Do you know what I'm super lucky about? That despite it all, there is a part of you beside me forever. No matter how long Dad kept me from you, he could never keep you away fully because even though I didn't know, you were always by my side."

I looked at the grave, my heart clenching painfully. I didn't know it was possible, but I felt such strong emotions for someone I never even knew existed.

"Lastly, I am sorry I spent the last three hours boring you with my silly stories! But don't worry, I'm going to go for now, give you a break, but I'll be back another day to tell you about my life at Auntie A's pack... In my absence, Sparks

will keep you company. He doesn't talk as much as I do, but he's great. As long as he's by your side, you won't feel alone, Renji... I.. love you."

I stared down at the grave, a few tears escaping my eyes. Wasn't I worth anything? Is that why I was never told about my brother? He was easy to talk to, I felt at peace here... I wish he hadn't had to die, I wish we could have grown up as brother and sister. I wish I had been strong enough to give him my bone marrow... But we often wish for things that will never be.

Wishing will never get us what we want. We just learn to live with life as it is.

I stood up, waving at the grave before I walked away, my heart aching painfully...

(END)

I fell to my knees by Sparks' remains, picking up his head. What had I done to be hated so much?

I needed to talk to my parents, just once, to put my feelings on the table and then end it with them. I was done with this toxic relationship. I had no time for fake relationships anymore.

As for Renji, I would find a picture of him and I would keep him close. I didn't need to go to the graveyard to be close to him. Gathering up the wool and the bits of remains left of Sparks, I walked back inside, feeling down.

I was about to head upstairs when I heard the backdoor shut quietly in the kitchen, my head snapped towards the sound and I calmed my heartbeat, slowly making my way down the hall and towards the kitchen.

Trying to catch a scent, but there was nothing out of the ordinary here. Had I imagined it?

Silently, I padded towards the kitchen and entered. Darkness bathed the entire room, but my eyes snapped to the back door.

It was shut and nothing seemed out of place.

How strange...

I was about to turn away when I saw the string of the blinds on the back door moving ever so slightly, a clear signal that I hadn't imagined I had heard it. I rushed to the door, yanking it open and frowning. It was unlocked.

I scanned the area outside, my heart pounding, but everything looked to be in place.

Slowly, I closed the door and locked it, staring around the kitchen.

Someone had been here regardless of the fact that there wasn't a scent... There were certain sprays and things to disguise a scent, but who was it?

I was about to leave the kitchen when my stomach plummeted with dread.

Was it the killer? If so, why were they... My thoughts died and my eyes went to the ceiling, my heart thumping. I ran from the kitchen straight up the stairs, fear consuming me as I rushed to Aunty Monica's room.

Please be ok...

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1. *His Ugly Reality* DAMON

"Let go of me, Nicholson!" Raven's dad hissed..

Yeah, I don't think so. Not when he gave shit like that to Raven. I had mind linked Liam, who told me to bring him in, he fucking needed this.

Entering the headquarters, I dragged the growling and shouting Haru Jacob's to the room Liam was waiting at. I don't think addressing him as Mr Jacobs feels right anymore, especially after all the shit he's clearly given Raven.

"If I were you, I'd stay quiet. I'm sure your reputation matters, and if you continue like this, the entire pack will know you're here." I growled icily, pushing open the door.

Liam was sitting on one of the two chairs, his legs up on the table, crossed at the ankles, playing with a small knife in his hand.

He looked at us, his glare on Raven's dad with a glint in his cold blue eyes.

"Nice of you to drop by, do take a seat." He said with a cold mocking smirk.

"I wish to speak to Alpha Elijah! I am not going to let two boys make a mockery of me!" Jacobs gre.

Liam's eyes flashed, and he motioned for me to put him in the chair.

I shoved him into the seat, trying my best to remain calm. The way he made Raven feel, although she hid it well, it was not fucking fair.

“The thing is Haru; I’m the fucking Alpha, not Dad. So, before, you try to act like an entitled dipshit, show respect.” Liam growled, suddenly flicking the knife across the table.

My eyes widened and Mr Jacobs froze. The knife whizzed past his face, slicing his cheek in the process. He gasped, I saw the few strands of hair that fell to the ground before the knife impaled the far wall.

“Damn... I missed... So anyway, to what do I owe the fucking pleasure?” Liam remarked mockingly. .

We all knew he missed on purpose....

Sometimes I swear I didn’t recognise the man he had become.

‘Will you grab my knife?’ His voice came through the link, making me nod and go and grab it, frowning at how deeply it was lodged into the wall.

I returned to the table and placed it down on the table. Our eyes met and I saw him frown slightly. He knew Raven had been with me... and I suddenly remembered our kiss...

Goddess that kiss, it was sweet, innocent and beautiful just like Raven. My heart skipped a beat when Liam looked at me, almost as if he knew what we had done.

He took the knife and looked away, sneering. He scoffed and shook his head, as if he wasn’t surprised.

Did he know? Fuck I hope not. Shit, this was fucking messed up. We shouldn’t have to hide, I told her to pursue Liam. I needed to keep control of my emotions.

He turned back to Mr Jacobs, who I hoped knew that Liam was not someone to mess with.

“How about we start from the fucking top.” Liam said coldly.

Reaching into his pocket, he took out his phone and after unlocking it, scrolled through the messages before he held up the phone, showing the texts he had sent Raven years ago.

“Did you have anything to do with these not getting to Raven?” Liam asked calmly.

My eyes snapped to Mr Jacobs, who swallowed, his heart racing ever so slightly.

Giving us the answer.

Damn...

"Why?" I asked quietly.

"I haven't seen those messages before." He denied, his face pale.

"Lie." Liam said coldly, flipping his leg onto the floor and spinning the knife in his fingers. "So, you stopped both Damon and I from seeing her on the excuse that she didn't want to see us, when she had no clue that we even came. You deleted my fucking messages too! You knew I was her mate!"

"I di-didn't!" Despite the fear that was coursing through him, Jacob's growled.

"Are you going to confess all your crimes or shall I put you under alpha command?" Liam asked coldly.

"I have done nothing wrong!"

"I don't think Alpha Command would even work. If he doesn't truly believe he has done wrong, perhaps you need to ask him question by question." I said frowning.

This was a side of Haru Jacobs I had never seen before. The hatred and anger on his face were as if I had never known the true person, just a mask put forward to hide his reality.

"Alright let's do this, every time you piss me off you will get a little punishment... I just wish I had a bigger knife though." Liam remarked, now standing up and walking around Jacob's chair.

"Why did you delete the texts?" He growled, his Alpha command clear in the air. The surge of power made me step back as I stared at my Alpha, someone I still considered my best friend.

"I..." Jacobs gripped the arm of his chair, his knuckles turning white as he fought Liam's Alpha command.

Liam slammed his hand on the table and Jacobs flinched.

"She... She doesn't deserve... happiness! Ok!" He growled through gritted teeth.

It was almost as if we were in sync. Both mine and Liam's eyes flashed, letting out menacing growls. I grabbed his throat and Liam slammed his knife into his hand. •

We glanced at each other before I shoved Jacobs back roughly into his seat and stepped back, clenching my jaw.

"Raven deserves happiness." I said icily.

"She does, and clearly you've ruined a lot for her. Care to fucking share why she doesn't deserve happiness?" Liam asked, coldly grabbing him by his hair and yanking his head back.

“Because she’s the reason I don’t have my son with me! From the start, she was a fucking failure!” Jacobs shouted, the hatred and anger in his eyes so fucking clear that it actually shocked me.

How the fuck hadn’t we ever seen it?

An answer I knew, even when my wolf whimpered inside.

Raven hid it all, she always smiled and acted normal. Back when we were young, even when it came to going home at the end of a long day, she used to delay it... Fuck... Why had we never seen the signs?

A scream of pain made me look towards the table where Liam had shoved the knife into his hand once again.

“First of all, your son died as a fucking kid!” Liam hissed.

Wait, son?

Both Jacob’s and Liam’s words resonated in my head.

Fuck, I never knew Raven had a sibling.

“We only produced her for her bone marrow! And even then, she failed!” He shouted.

“Oh yeah? Well, guess what, you’re not fucking god.” Liam shot back, punching him across the face, snapping his head to the right as blood squirting everywhere. “The chances for your son to survive were slim, Raven had nothing to do with that. If you want to fucking blame someone, then maybe you should look to yourself. Why were your pups born with illnesses or lacking something? If you ask me, the fault was in you.”

“She deserved it all! The hatred, the contempt! You all should be happy that I didn’t dump her in a river somewhere!”

Liam slammed his head into the table, his anger blazing around him, his eyes darkening strangely – more than normal.

“Mr Jacobs...” I began, wanting to ask a question that was bothering me. I crouched down, staring up into his bloody face. “Have you always treated Raven like this? Like, did you abuse her like this as a child or just when she grew up?”

My stomach twisted when he sneered coldly.

“I have always treated her, exactly the way she deserved to be treated!”

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38. Rage

LIAM

My eyes blazed as those words left his fucking mouth. I, grabbed his hair, slamming his head into the table.

How could she not have mentioned it? Fuck, didn't she even think to tell us? Clearly, we weren't real friends.

But I can't go fucking blame her for shit when I should have picked up the damn signs.

"Have you hurt her physically?" I asked dangerously. "ANSWER ME!"

"And if I have?" He spat.

The anger that was blazing through me suddenly snapped inside of me, ravelling out of my control. All I could see was the darkness closing around us and Haru's face; it twisted in contempt for my mate, looming before me.

"Liam... don't!"

Someone was shouting, but it didn't matter, all I wanted was to kill the man before me.

Was that the smell of blood?

Who was screaming?

I felt a jarring pain in my back and I was slammed to the

ground. Someone was trying to pin me down. I glared up at the man who was on top of me and it took me a few moments to realise it was Damon.

Another flare of anger and hatred rushed through me, but the look of concern on his face made me falter. Why was he, worried?

Kill him and get back to punishing Raven's dad...

I tried to push him off, but he fucking refused to let go. What I hated most about Damon was that he was strong, and he knew how I fought. Apart from my extra training at the Alpha training, he was the one who would always spar with me.

"Liam listen to me! Raven wouldn't want this. For her... Calm down man, think about Raven!"

I shoved him off with one push. This time I succeeded and he slammed into the far wall.

I stood up, searching for Jacobs, but all I saw was a bloody body with several deep wounds and a slowing heartbeat lying on the ground. One of his arms lay a few feet away... I looked down at my own hands, which were covered with blood.

Fuck...

I looked at Damon who was now standing up, a concerned look on his face. Something I didn't want to see.

He had a few slashes across his chest, and a heavily bleeding wound on his hip...
Fuck...

"Should I get someone to come see him and throw him in the cells?" He asked as if he hadn't just seen me fucking lose self control.

"Yeah." I said coldly.

I walked over to the man, grabbing him by his fucking collar.

"That's what happens when you hurt anything that is mine." I hissed, slamming his head into the ground.

I didn't really give a fuck if he's dead.

I knew Damon was mind-linking someone, I heard the sound of running footsteps and soon three men came in to handle the dickhead.

"Get him fixed up, chuck the arm in the bin and throw him in the cells." I growled.

"Alpha... The arm can be re-attached." One of the men dared question.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, menacingly going towards him. "I know that our fast regeneration means we can replace limbs... but if I say bin it... it means bin it!" ,

He flinched, before bowing his head to me.

"Yes, Alpha!" He said.

"Liam..." Damon murmured.

I glared coldly at him. Something told me he knew about the fucking curse. He was acting way too fucking calm when I had just lost my shit. But before I could even reply, Raven's voice came through the link.

'Liam, Damon, I think someone was here in the house. Aunty is ok, but I heard something.'

Both me and Damon glanced at each other before we ran for the door.

We got to the Nicholson house in under three minutes, rushing inside to see Raven pacing the hallway.

She turned about to speak when she looked at both of us, her heart thundering when she saw Damon's injuries.

A pang of jealousy and anger flitted through me.

"Did you two fight?" She asked, looking hurt.

"No." We both said in unison.

We looked at each other and Raven smiled slightly.

"It's uh... Most of this blood is your dad's." Damon said quietly.

She frowned but said nothing, looking between us again before she walked over, bunching her sleeve in her hand and wiping the blood off my face. Worry clear in those unique eyes of her.

It calmed me, knowing she came to me first. She caressed my jaw for a moment, sending off those rivets of sparks before she moved away, staring at Damon's hip, the only injury that hadn't healed.

"You need to be careful." She scolded, examining the wound, brushing her hand along his waist just above the damn injury. "This needs to be bandaged."

I'm surprised he didn't just tell her I did that...

"You said you heard something." I asked, trying not to pay attention to her legs that peeked out from under her oversized top. Her over the knee boots covered most of them up, but fuck did she look good even when she covered those curves of hers.

"I did... It was weird." She murmured, staring towards the kitchen. "Look, you two should go shower and get dressed. How about I make hot drinks and then we'll talk? About everything."

"Sounds good." Damon said, then turned to me. "I'll give you some clothes."

I frowned but nodded and we both headed upstairs. Stairs that I remember climbing so many times growing up...

I don't even get why he still fucking considered me a friend... I mean, sure, when his dad died I was here, but once shit went down with Raven, I left them. Dreading, afraid and waiting for the day I'd get the call or something telling me they had mated and marked one another...

Damon tossed me a clean shirt and sweatpants before motioning for me to use the bathroom on the first floor, he himself grabbed his clothes and made his way down the stairs.

I frowned before taking a quick shower. I didn't want any favours from him, but if Raven wanted us to fucking try to get on, I was going to.

I won't fucking lie, the fact that I may only have a few months to live kind of threw me off.

My insistence that Raven should be mine didn't seem strong anymore, what if the curse was not broken and I did die? Then what would happen with her? I mean, a part of me wanted to just ask her to be mine for the next few months and shower her with all the fucking love I could, but that was just fucking selfish. That would break her even more once I was gone. 1

I knew she had told Damon, if I had any doubts seeing the book on his bed had been enough proof of that...

I walked down the stairs, only to see Damon standing in the kitchen, his top lifted up and Raven bandaging his hip. She had changed her top, which had gotten blood on it thanks to wiping my face earlier. She was now wearing something that probably belonged to Aunty Monica. It was a plain lilac top that outlined her bra slightly, it skimmed over her waist and fit snugly around her hips. Fuck she was gorgeous. The top went well with her tiny shorts, which stuck to her sexy ass so fucking perfectly.

Just looking at her made my dick fucking hard.

That same anger flared through me at the sight of them as I walked into the kitchen, where three mugs of hot chocolate stood on the table. I clenched my jaw, watching Raven pat the bandage gently.

"There. Honestly, you should be careful." She scolded.

I hated how she could be close to him without even her getting all nervous, and then when I'm around her...

I looked away, feeling my anger rising, and took a seat.

"I'm glad you're not injured." She said, placing her hand on my shoulder.

Our eyes met, and I frowned, looking away.

"What did you hear?" I asked coldly, tensing when she ran her hand through my wet locks before taking the seat next to me.

"I was about to head upstairs with Sparks--"

Me and Damon looked at her questioningly, and she sighed, pointing to a torn-up teddy.

"Sparks,"

I frowned, I remembered him.

"I remember that ugly thing. Didn't you get the wool from a cushion Mom was going to chuck out?" I asked.

Her eyes snapped to mine, her heart thudding, and I saw the glitter of what looked a lot like tears in them. She pressed her lips together and nodded with a small, shaky smile.

"Yeah... that's where I got it from." She whispered.

I always noticed you, Raven. I just wish I had noticed there was so much more going on...

She looked away, as if just realising where we were. She placed one mug in front of Damon, who sat across from us, before placing the other two in front of me and her.

"I was heading up and that's when I heard the door shut ever so quietly. That back door always made that slight crunching sound where it scuffed the tiles, so I knew it was the back door ... but when I came in here, there was no one here."

I looked around sharply, a sudden chilling thought coming to me just as Raven was about to take a sip. I placed my hand over the top of the mug, stopping her, her lips meeting my hand instead.

"Don't drink anything. From the autopsies, we found that the poison that shd down the body is first administered. If someone was here... for all we know, it could have been the killer."

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39. A Realisation

RAVEN

"Let's have a look around just in case." Liam said quietly.

The moment he took my mug off me all three of us stood up. Damon scanned the kitchen before looking at the back door.

"How did they even get in?" He murmured more to himself than us.

"The door was unlocked." I said, scanning the ground to see if there were any foot prints or anything.

"The door was definitely locked, I always check and hide the keys so Momma doesn't wander out."

"You check the kitchen, see if anything looks out of place. Although you are so fucking messy, I doubt you'll even realise if anything is out of place." Liam remarked.

"I cleaned the kitchen today..." Damon almost sounded like he was complaining "Hard to believe." Liam replied, looking around the fairly clean kitchen. "I'll take a look outside."

It was almost like old times with their friendly banter. I just hoped that this could become permanent.

"How is the drug administered?" Damon asked. "Did Esteban say?"

"Nah, he said it could be in any way. The thing is even if it's injected or taken orally we wouldn't know as we heal pretty fast, before the organs start shutting down, whatever way it's administered would be healed over."

"So it depends. If it was the killer, they would choose something that—" I was cut off when Damon swore.

"Wait... For anyone to get in without a break-in, means there has to be a copy of a key right?" He murmured as if a sudden thought had come to him. "I'll be right back."

Liam frowned as Damon rushed into the hall, pulling on some sneakers before leaving the house quickly. Liam and I exchanged looks.

"Guess someone else had a key too?" Liam remarked, turning his back as he opened one of the cupboards.

Robyn... Wow...

Don't go there, Raven.

But I couldn't deny that it really hurt to know that they had been so close.

Maybe it was to keep an eye on Aunty M... It wasn't like I was here, neither as a mate nor as a friend.

Liam left for a bit to search the back garden, but he came back frowning "Nothing?" I said looking around the kitchen for anything out of the ordinary.

"Nothing. So far, those who have been killed were not warriors. Either omega's or just standard wolves. If that was the case here, then maybe if it is the killer, they would've only targeted Aunty Monica... I wonder if there is anything here specifically that only she uses..."
Liam murmured, crouching down as he looked around, his eyes glowing. "No fucking scent too..."

"A spray or something?" I asked.

He shrugged, standing up and scanning the kitchen. I continued looking in the food containers, sniffing for anything odd.

"What happened with Dad?" I asked.

His piercing eyes turned to me, and he frowned.

"How long has he been treating you like that, bitesize?" He asked me, his eyes darkening with anger, only making his scar stand out more.

Shit, maybe I shouldn't have asked. He walked towards me and my heart skipped a beat.

"Like what?"

"Don't play dumb, love." He warned.

I moved back, cursing inwardly when I hit the worktop. He leant down, placing his hands on either side of the worktop. "I'll ask you again? How long has he been an abusive dipshit towards you?"

I looked up at him, I couldn't lie when he knew the truth, or some of it.

"He's always been weird towards me, but it's ok... I'm fine, it's not like—"

"Stop with your 'I'm ok' crap all the time Raven. You always want to help others out, but what about yourself?"

"I was planning on having a final word with them. But Liam, right now we need to see if someone was actually here..." I whispered, placing my hand on his bare chest. That intense spark rushed through me, and my heart thundered under his gaze.

"When you have that word, I'm going to be by your fucking side. Your father will be punished for his crimes, and I'm not going to drop this no matter how much you cut him any slack." He growled.

"Ok." I replied softly, thinking nope, I will face them alone. Reaching up, I brushed his hair back.

His hands went to my hips and he pulled me against him. In my heels, the top of my head reached just above his shoulder. Still tiny, I frowned. Maybe I needed to keep a stool close by so I could look him straight in the eyes and not feel so small.

Our eyes met and I couldn't deny that intense chemistry that was present between us, my entire body yielded to his touch wanting so much more...

"So you told Damon about the book?" He asked quietly.

I nodded, trying to ignore how good his body felt.

"He's your friend, and if you want to give up and act stubborn without even finding a solution, then you have us to help you." I stated with a glare. "And don't tell me I was wrong to do so."

I was about to tug away when he yanked me back into him, making me gasp when our bodies slammed together, sending off rivets of pleasure. I almost moaned, feeling him throb, my own core clenching.

Fuck...

I tensed in his hold, not trusting myself.

"What's wrong love? You don't seem to get so nervous when you're around Damon." He whispered seductively, yet I didn't miss the flash of anger in his eyes,

My heart thundered, and I gasped when he suddenly lifted me up, placing me on the worktop, forcing my legs apart so he could stand between them.

Goddess...

My stomach fluttered with butterflies as I looked into those sexy piercing cerulean eyes. His hands went to the back of my ass and he pressed me against him, making me gasp, grabbing hold of his shoulders.

Why don't you get the difference between you and Damon? When I'm around you, I feel giddy and nervous. My heart feels all funny and I can't think straight...

But I couldn't say that out loud.

"Because you make me crazy..." I whispered quietly. His scent was filling my nose and my core throbbed at our position.

A smirk crossed his lips, and his gaze dipped to my own.

"I like crazy." He murmured, lowering his head slightly.

I licked my lips, arching my back as I pressed myself to him fully. My eyes fluttered shut, but this time instead of kissing me, his lips grazed my ear.

"You're fun to play darling... Have I ever told you, that it's a turn on when you get all flustered?" He whispered, making my breath hitch.

Oh Goddess, don't make me into a pile of mush.

His lips met my neck and I gasped, a soft moan escaping me when he sucked on my skin gently, sending explosive sparks rushing through me. His hand ran down my back and no matter how much I tried to focus, I couldn't. My mind was going blank, all I could think about was him.

"Liam..." I whispered, running my fingers through his hair.

Suddenly, the answer to why I always stopped or pushed him away hit me like a tonne of bricks. With Liam, I felt like I lost control. My body yearned for nothing more but to melt into his touch. The way he pushed my boundaries... I knew all he needed to do was push me hard enough and I wouldn't be able to resist this intense desire that ate me up inside every time he was in the same room with me. He consumed me completely.

He placed a second kiss just beneath my ear before moving away with a smirk on his face.

I wasn't able to respond, my heart thundering at the thought that had just crossed my mind.

"Should we get back to looking?" He mocked softly. "Or do you want me to continue."

"N-no we should carry on." I said, feeling my cheeks burn.

"Sounds good." He smirked, leaning in.

"Liam, I meant looking!" I said, glaring at him despite the blush on my cheeks.

He chuckled, and for a moment, I remembered the old Liam. Somewhere deep down, he was still there. I found myself giggling weakly too.

"Let's find answers." I mumbled, trying to get down, only for Liam to lift me off and place me on the ground.

Our eyes met and his brows furrowed.

"I'll be waiting for the full story on your old man soon enough." He said quietly, "And he's going to pay."

His eyes burned with anger, yet when he leant down to place a soft kiss on my lips, his touch was tender, leaving me a mess of nerves...

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 40

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

DAMON

I left the house, mind linking Robyn to ask where she was.

'At the packhouse, is everything ok Damon?' She sounded worried and I felt a little bad, I had totally shut her out since Raven got back and I ended things.'

Yeah, what I did wasn't right, but Robyn was the one who got hurt in this equation, along with Raven.

"Yeah, all's good, I just need to ask you something." I asked, breaking into a run.

She had a key to our house. Back when she used to house sit and watch Mom, I gave her both the front and back door. I just needed to make sure she still had them, or ask if she had come around today, although I doubted that...

"Ok." She sounded hesitant.

I entered the packhouse, going straight up to Robyn's room. I knocked on it lightly and she opened it pretty quickly. I guess she was watching out the window.

"What is it?" She asked, crossing her arms.

I didn't miss the fact that she was wearing a fluffy gown over her pyjamas, which usually are pretty skimpy. I liked how Robyn was taking all this and the respect she was showing Raven, although it just made me feel worse."

She had told me she loved me, but I hadn't said those words back to her. I knew she felt it, but I had my reasons that I could never return her love.

"Damon?"

I blinked and nodded.

"Sorry... It's just... You still have the keys to my place, right?"

Her eyes widened before she nodded.

"Shit I'm sorry, I didn't realise, I totally forgot"

"Hey... it's ok..." I said, seeing the panic on her face.

She nodded, forcing a fake smile before she rushed to her drawer and began rummaging in it.

"I'll give it to you right now."

"Robyn... Relax, I'm only asking because Raven thought she heard the back door and it was unlocked."

She looked at me, and I didn't miss the flicker of sadness in her dark eyes at the mention of Raven.

This was my fucking fault.

"Oh, no, I haven't visited again. I only see Monica on her walks. I haven't been to yours and I swear I wouldn't have gone without your permission." She rambled.

I walked over to her, placing my hands on her shoulder.

"Hey, it's cool. I'm not accusing you, I'm just wondering if maybe you did or if someone else was there or something." I said softly.

"Oh, ok." She said, shrugging my hands off her and turning back to the drawer. "It was in here, with the SpongeBob keyring..."

I frowned. Had someone stolen it?

But just when I thought she wouldn't find it, she pulled it out with a smile that lit up her face.

"Told you. Here. I no longer have anything that belongs to you." She said softly as I took them from her.

Her heart was thudding, although I wanted to give her a hug, I knew I couldn't.

"I'm sorry Robyn, for being."

"Don't, I don't regret the time we had together, even though it was just a distraction for you. I'm just sorry that you got involved when you had a mate. Now goodbye Damon, leave." She turned her back to me and I nodded.

She was a brave one. Although she was nineteen, she was so damn mature...

"There's one more thing. There's something that we... That I need your help with, and there's no one else I can really ask..."

"We just need a little insight into what a text might mean." I said hesitantly.

"First of all, make up your damn mind. Is it I or we?" She asked, now turning back towards me with a frown on her pretty face.

Damn, I forgot how feisty she could get if you crossed her.

I ran a hand down my face.

"We, Raven and I."

"Does she know you're asking for my help?"

"Yeah, we just want your intake on it."

"Fine, then just pass her whatever you need help with. She lives here at the packhouse. I'd rather talk to her than you." She replied in a clipped manner.

I smiled slightly.

"Thanks."

She didn't reply. I left the room, staring down at the keys in my hand.

Do I give the keyring back?

Deciding against it, I headed back home slowly. If Robyn still had her key, then who could it have been? Had Raven imagined it?

I unlocked the front door, and saw both Liam and Raven still looking around the kitchen. Raven glanced at me when I walked into the kitchen, but Liam, who had just taken out Mom's pillbox, was frowning thoughtfully.

He opened it up, looking down at the pills.

"Does anything look different in here?" He asked, holding it out to me.

I walked over and looked inside.

"They all look fine." I said, shaking my head.

"Still, take them to get checked, we can't risk it." Liam said frowning "Maybe I did imagine it." Raven murmured, looking worried." Maybe there was nothing here, but I swear I felt watched at one point..."

"I doubt that you imagined it. If you heard the door, someone was here. Maybe it wasn't the killer, but we can't really take chances." Liam said, frowning. Opening the back door, he stepped outside, scanning the garden once more.

"I agree, we can't take chances." I added sighing.

"I think we should get cameras installed within the pack grounds too." Liam muttered, running a hand through his hair before he turned back to me, "Assign guards to watch this house. You're often not around, Aunty Monica can't be left alone."

I nodded as Liam stepped inside again, locking the door.

"Get the damn locks changed too."

"I will. It's nice to see you care." I said with a smirk.

He raised his brow, his scar catching my attention.

"I care for Aunty Monica, don't get the wrong fucking idea." He growled.

Nah, you still love me deep down, bro.

Raven smiled as she watched us, and I couldn't resist smiling too.

Things were looking a little better.

Once again, we became serious. We were no closer to knowing who could be behind this than we were an hour ago.

"I'm going to go grab my stuff." Raven said, leaving the room, leaving Liam and me alone.

Suddenly, the kitchen seemed a tad fucking too small for both of us.

"She told you about the curse right? I hope you're not pitying me right now because I don't need that." He said coldly.

"Nothing to pity, because we will get to the bottom of it and break it." I said shrugging.

"Delusional. You should be happy though, right? I mean if I die ... Raven's all yours."

My eyes flashed and it took all of my fucking self-control not to punch him across that goddamn face of his to knock some sense into him.

"The fact you think I'd even think that... I guess you really have forgotten what kind of person I am. You know I'd die for you if I had to." I said quietly.

"Yet you can't reject her for me."

I felt a sharp stab of pain, staring at him.

Would rejecting Raven help him? Because I would do anything for him, I wish he'd fucking see that.

"Thought not." He said, smirking coldly before walking out of the kitchen, his aura rolling off him.

It was different, I could feel the darkness swirling around him this time.

Raven paused on the bottom step, looking between us as she clutched her bag.

"Shall we? Or do you wish to stay, darling?" Liam said coldly.

I knew Raven could sense the change too.

"Coming." She said, giving me a smile. "Goodnight, Damon."

"Night, guys." I replied.

The door shut behind them, but that question lingered in my head.

Would rejecting Raven be the answer to us?