

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha By Moonlight Muse Chapter 5

Last night, the image of the Omega Ryan kept replaying in my mind. I couldn't sleep or anything. The way his mouth had been cut open, his teeth ripped out and no lingering scent? It was creepy. I shuddered, unable to remove that image from my head as I got dressed for training in a sports bra, leggings and an oversized hoodie before grabbing my portable music player and jumping out the window. This had always been my way out, and although my parents hated it, if dad wasn't so controlling I wouldn't have to. Ok, maybe I still would.

I walked to the training fields and to my dismay, Damon was standing there, dressed in baggy bottoms, a black vest and sneakers. He was leaning against the wall looking at the throng of people who were training. My heart skipped a beat as I looked him over, he really had gotten even more handsome over the years, if that was even possible... He had lost the boyish looks he once supported, his face was now more angled and rugged. His eyes snapped towards me, and my heart skipped a beat when I thought I saw them flash pale green as he looked me over.

He gave me a small smile and pushed himself away from the wall.

"Hey." He said, looking down at me.

"Hi, are you here for the training session?" I asked, taking out the bandages for my hands and beginning to wrap them up.

I didn't want to just stare into those eyes of his.

"Partially... We didn't get to talk properly yesterday. I uh, congratulations on the new rank."

I glanced up at him. Had he been thrown off by seeing me yesterday? I wasn't sure if it was that or that I saw him step away from Robyn a little too quickly.

"Thanks."

"I checked out the training plans, I liked them, a lot. Especially the wolf vs. human sparring. That's something we haven't actually done, and your points were pretty neat."

I nodded and began doing my stretches. We hadn't spoken much in three years, so why should that change now?

"Welcome home, Raven." His voice was soft, and I didn't miss the sadness in it.

I looked up at him sharply. My own chest felt painfully tight. As much as I felt his sadness was genuine, we both knew his duty to his Alpha and the bond he had with Liam clearly outdid what we had. That did hurt, but I couldn't blame him. Was that why the moon goddess gave me two mates? In hopes that perhaps one might just accept me? Or her having sympathy for someone like me?

All I had wanted was someone who would love and cherish me.

"Thanks." I said, giving him one of my fake smiles.

He smiled back and I turned towards the group. They were all young adults, and I knew they were all full-fledged warriors.

"Alright everyone, those butts should be warmed up and you all should be standing to attention!" I called loudly, my eyes skimming them all; taking note of those who were already standing, those who were clambering to their feet, and those who were distracted. I would target them at their weakest point and see who did best.

"As you all know, I'm Raven, the annoying girl who was a little too loud. If you have forgotten me, then I'm Raven Jacobs, the new Head Warrior. Which means it's my job to make sure you are all at your best. The Blood Moon pack is one of the strongest packs in the country, and with it, we are always in everyone's line of sight. Things may have calmed down since the battle that occurred three years ago but there is always the chance of danger. So, we need to be in the best shape possible."

Last night came back to me, and I frowned, wondering how anyone had gotten into the pack grounds in the first place.

"We've never had a female lead warrior... like ever." Some guy murmured, and a few nodded.

"Hey, she's-" Damon began, but I raised my hand.

I got this.

I raised an eyebrow.

"I don't think my capabilities should be defined by whether I have a penis or not. If anyone has doubts about my capabilities, you are welcome to come and face me one on one." I said clearly.

"Make sure you treat her with respect." Damon added, a warning clear in his voice.

I looked at him, my eyes flashing.

"Thank you, Beta Damon, but I do not need anyone to defend me."

Guilt flashed in those eyes before he nodded.

"I will leave you to it." He said quietly.

I moved away, turning some music on my portable player and letting the upbeat music travel around the area. I was serious about training, but that did not mean we couldn't have a little fun.

"Ok, I want everyone paired with the person behind them!" I snapped my hands.

I could feel his eyes on me, but I ignored him, I needed to focus on my job.

"Name?" I asked, pointing to a young man who was loitering along the side.

"Owen." He replied, sounding bored.

"Pair up with... Taylor, isn't it?" I said, looking at a well-built man who stood to the side.

He smirked and nodded.

"Surprised you remembered my name, babe."

I smiled at him. Oh, I remembered Taylor, he used to live right next door to us.

"You were an annoying neighbour." I said.

He grinned.

"I am not pairing up with the loser." Owen spat, making both of us look at him.

"Hey! That was an order, and I won't tolerate you calling your teammates names!" I snapped, walking over to the six-foot-tall guy.

I don't know what issue the two had, but I was not going to tolerate it in my sessions.

"You may be the head warrior, but you don't have control over what leaves my mouth." Owen said, smirking cockily.

"Well Owen I'm the boss here, and unless you want me to put on Disney songs for the rest of the session, I would listen, because I swear, everyone will want to kill you after listening to Let it Go on repeat for the next hour or so."

"It would make this training what it is, a joke." He muttered.

"Want to spar against me, Owen? Maybe I'll show you I am not here to play." I said coldly, my eyes flashing.

He clenched his jaw, but it was clear he wasn't stupid enough to challenge me. Everyone knew this position didn't come easily, I had gone through my training and proved myself for this post.

Taylor stepped forward, and I gave him a curt nod.

“Let’s see what you got, you fucking wuss.” Owen muttered tauntingly.

‘I got this Raven.’ Taylor’s voice came through the link just when I paused.

‘Well, break his damn nose before I do it.’ I said. Regardless of the outcome of the sparring, he was going to get punished for his attitude.

I walked through the ranks, making small changes to posture and giving some input and advice as I went. I had just reached the front when Owen’s irritating voice reached me.

“Come on, faggot, show me what you got.”

That was my fucking snapping point. I spun around, breaking into a run, my eyes blazing as I raised my fist punching him across the face, not caring when he hit the ground, rolling over several times before he came to a stop.

Everyone was staring at me. Blood was dripping from my fist and my eyes blazing. My chest was thumping wildly, and my anger was raging around me as I stormed towards the man who was coughing up blood.

“I will NOT tolerate homophobic shits.” I growled, raising my fist, ready to punch him once more when Taylor walked over.

“Hey... it’s fine.” He said. ‘It’s nothing new for him.’

"It isn't fine." I hissed, shoving Owen back to the ground.

'It is, he just has issues.' Taylor said through the link.

It may not have bothered him, but it sure bothered me. Taylor was one of the nicest guys I knew growing up and I cannot believe him being gay was the issue here.

"I want fifty laps around the pack grounds, and if I see you flunking, I swear I will take this to the Alpha." I said coldly, turning away just when he spoke.

"Wow, it seems like someone can't control their temper tantrums." He muttered.

Oh boy, you asked for it now.

Spinning around I was about to punch him when someone grabbed my arm yanking me back, the rush of sparks that coursed through me told me who it was before their scent even registered.

He pulled me back, punching Owen across the face and knocking him out cold.

"Whoa..." Taylor muttered.

The group fell silent and, oh I was so mad.

"I will not tolerate disrespect." Liam growled, glaring at the mass of warriors.

"I was handling that." I said quietly, doing my best not to lose my shit because I swear by Selene and the power of her moon that I was this close to snapping!

He looked at me sharply, as if he was not expecting me to say that. What did he want? Me to thank him and gush over his heroic move?

No, I don't think so.

"If you are done, Alpha. Can I carry on?"

He frowned, turning to me. I glared at him before his gaze dipped to my lips. Not bothering to say anything, he stormed off.

I shook my head.

This was not over, because as much as I didn't want to see him more than necessary, I needed to make it clear that I was not going to allow him to get up in my business.

Oh, blue eyes, you are so done for!