

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 15

Assumptions

My heart pounded as I stared up at him, his words ringing in my ears.

Liam loved me... Yes, although I had a connection with both him and Damon even before the bond, I had loved Liam for far longer... Until Damon's father had passed away. Then I began to spend that time with Damon and I realised he too was special. But now that the bond was there, I needed to do this the right way... Even if Damon had been able to move on in my absence, I wasn't him, I needed to discuss stuff first...

It stung painfully.

"Liam... Can I ask you something?" I asked, pulling out of his hold.

He didn't reply, but I knew I had his attention.

"In the three years, we were apart... Have you...I mean, I know we weren't together, but was there anyone?" I asked quietly.

I don't know why I asked, the fear that he may have, would crush me. I needed something, some sign that at least someone wanted me. My parents clearly regretted having me, my mates didn't seem to care, and Damon... Well, he had moved on in my absence... I needed just something...

"No..." Liam said but I saw the guilt in his eyes.

My heart clenched painfully, the room was suddenly lacking air and I knew I didn't want to hear it.

"But?" I still asked, trying to remain calm.

He looked away, swallowing hard as my gaze went to his Adam's apple. Goddess, he was so handsome. But instantly, I remembered the guilt he was feeling and I turned away.

"I... Two years ago, a year after the time we found out we are mates, I got drunk at a mating ball that Dad wanted me to

attend..."

My heart thudded. He was on about that night, that night he saw me. What did he do?

My chest squeezed painfully but I still wanted to hear this. He walked over to me, cupping my face in his large hands.

"I took some pills to take the edge off the fucking pain and I know that isn't a fucking excuse but... I saw a girl. I swear I fucking thought it was you. She was just sitting there, I don't know what overtook me, I kissed her... But I promise you, nothing more happened. When I realised it wasn't you and just the fucking drugs in my system, I walked away."

I was stunned, unable to move or speak. That night... Fuck, that night Liam thought I was someone else...

I felt a surge of relief. He pushed me away because he thought i

I was someone else!

The urge to tell him that it was me was on the tip of my tongue, but I held back. No, we needed to do this together, all three of us...

"Thank you for telling me. Good night Liam, it's been a long night." I said softly tugging out of his hold. +

"Night." He said quietly, a frown on his face and that coldness surrounding him once more.

He left the room, shutting the door behind him. I went over and locked it.

Liam doesn't even know he kissed me that night...

Goddess, why was this all such a mess?

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The following day, training went by without a hitch. Taylor asked if everything was ok, apparently his mom had heard some noises and I was assuming she saw what took place. I

told him I left early having a little argument with my dad, but what kept niggling my mind was this 'brother' of mine that I had never ever heard of.

Surely Aunty Red or Aunt Angela must know something?

I had come home to find three of the pack warriors in my room painting the walls. Three walls were a grey lilac, with one wall a deeper purple. This was totally Liam's doing, but did I find it

cute? Yes, yes I did, but it didn't mean everything was forgotten.

Knowing that my room was being hogged by those decorating, I decided to sit down in the lounge and order some items for my room. I needed bedding, curtains and a few other bits and bobs.

The lounge was huge. The walls were painted a pale grey, the floor had grey floorboards and there were three sets of black leather sofas. A huge TV was on one wall with a choice of several movie apps already there for anyone to watch what they wanted. To one side was a few bookshelves with many books on them and where I was sitting, there was a coffee table in the middle. Soft teal rugs were in front of the sofas and under the table. A mix of coloured cushions scattered across the sofas, in ochre, teal and navy. The curtains were navy and the windows were open, letting in a pleasant breeze. A few she-wolves were sitting in the corner near the bookshelf chatting and doing something with their hair.

I was busy browsing, when Aunty Red Mind linked me.

'Raven, I hope I'm not disturbing you.'

'Oh, not at all.' I replied cheerily.

'Well, we are having dinner tonight, and I want you to come.'

Dinner? Who else is going to be there?

'Oh, just family.' She replied.

'Ok, want any help with cooking? Not that I can cook...'

Aunty Red laughed.

'No, just bring yourself, say six o'clock?'

'Perfect, see you then.'

My fingers paused on the iPad screen.

Liam would be there... I don't think I was ready to be in the same room as him with Aunty Red and Uncle El around... but there was no reason to refuse. Growing up, that had been my home, where I felt happy, so why should I shut them out? At least Aunty Red actually cared enough to text me and phone me often enough, despite how much she had going on.

"...Believe it."

I looked up as Owen and another guy whose name I couldn't remember entered.

"This is getting fucked up." Owen muttered, shaking his head.

Both stopped talking, noticing me.

"Hi." I said, flashing them a grin.

Was it bad that I knew my bright grins irritated people, yet I

still used them?

Owen clenched his jaw. He didn't cause a scene in training anymore, but he still had a mood on. Not that I cared if he was going to have issues, as long as he didn't be a dick towards others.

"Hi..." The other guy said.

"Hmm, don't you think it's weird Chayce, that these killings only started recently?"

"Owen..." Chayce muttered, but I did see that flicker of uncertainty in his eyes.

I smirked. Really? Was he going to insinuate that this was my doing?

"If I wanted to kill someone, I think I'd start with assholes." I remarked, shaking my head and returning to my tablet.

"Yeah? Well, it's weird... Why now? Like too strange, huh?" Owen said, walking over to one of the sofas and dropping down.

"I don't know but I'm sure you will have your damn assumptions." I said, glaring at him.

"I'm just saying it... but everyone is thinking it." He shrugged.

My stomach twisted at those words. That was true... This did start after I came back, and although I wasn't the one behind it, how many people would be suspicious of me?