

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 20

A Late Night Visit

Night had fallen and I had returned home to the packhouse an hour ago. I had decided to get my stuff unpacked.

I was opening my parcels, admiring my new bedding and curtains, when I paused, remembering part of the conversation that I had with Al and Kia as it replayed in my mind. My stomach twisted and I dropped onto my bed, sighing heavily.

I'm so scared of this talk that I knew we needed to have, but it needed to be done. I picked up one of my parcels before sighing and tossing it on the bed again.

Rejection... Al was so adamant that it would need to happen.

Why did Selena pair us together if all she wanted was to hurt us and tear us apart? I sighed, standing up and grabbing a plastic tub from the bedside table.

I think I needed to talk to Damon about this, and I won't lie, I needed to see Aunty M.

I walked downstairs, the warm bustle of the other young adults around the packhouse was pleasant. I snuck out and headed towards Damon's place.

I wondered if they had found any lead on the killings? I knew for a fact that Kiara didn't know, but I had seen the guards posted around their house too. Well, I guess with everything they had going on, they didn't need any more stress and they weren't here for long anyway.

I looked around. The entire place was like a small town. Lights glittered in the windows of the houses and the few shops that lined the streets. There was the odd person walking around, but one huge difference that I noticed was that there were no children out and about. I guess it made sense.

I stopped outside the Nicholson home and rang the doorbell.

"Is that your dad, Damon?" Monica's voice came.

I closed my eyes, feeling so broken at the hope in her voice.

"No Momma, I'll get it." Damon's voice came before the door was opened.

His eyes widened slightly, clearly surprised to see me.

"Raven..." He said softly.

"Sorry for intruding. I got brownies that Kia baked?" I offered, holding out the small tub and smiling gently.

My heart was racing under his gaze, but when he smiled, stepping back, I felt relieved.

“Well, I can’t turn down an offering.” He said, shutting the door behind me. “I won’t lie though; I’m surprised to see you here.”

“I know, I just... Why didn’t you ever tell me Aunty M’s health was getting worse?” I asked quietly.

He paused, his dusky blue eyes meeting mine before he looked away.

“I didn’t want to worry you. You left and -”

“I made a mistake; I should never have left.” I said quietly as we entered the living room, ending the conversation.

Aunty Monica was sitting on the sofa, holding a book limply in her hand. She looked at me and smiled slightly.

“Oh, Raven. Welcome, I’ll put on some tea...”

“I’ll do it, Momma.”

“No, you two sit and talk...”

A better day?’ I asked through the link.

‘One of those where she thinks Dad will be home soon.’ He said quietly as Aunty M left the room.

“The usual? Hot chocolate for both?” She called out.

“Sure, thanks.” Damon replied.

I frowned at him, taking a seat on one of the sofas.

“You know, you should have still told me. Then again, I knew you had just lost your dad, but I still left.” I said quietly.

Sure, I had stayed around for two months, but it clearly wasn't enough. We had become closer at that time, but then everything went out of control after that Blood Moon.

Damon sat down on the opposite sofa and I looked at him. He was playing with a ring on his finger, his head down. It was almost as if he was keeping that distance between us.

“Damon...”

His head shot up, his heart thumping.

“Hmm? Sorry I spaced.”

Yeah, I could see that... It was almost as if he was worried about something

“Mind sharing what was on your mind?”

“Not much, I guess.” He flashed me a smile, but I wasn't blind or stupid.

Like I said, I was a pro at those fake smiles.

Aunty Monica returned with the hot drinks and a Victoria sponge cake.

“There you go, I’m going to head to bed, I’m so tired. Have fun you two.” She said, smiling brightly.

“Sure Momma, goodnight.” Damon said standing up, he gave her a tight hug and kissed the top of her head.

I smiled watching them.

“Thank you Aunty M, I love your hot chocolate!”

“You love anything with chocolate.” Damon added with a small smirk.

I smiled sheepishly.

“Well yes, but still...” I pouted.

Aunty Monica laughed, I just wished she would always remain like this: Happy and herself... But it was just thanks to the illusion that her mate was alive...

She left the room, closing the door behind her as Damon sat on the sofa a few feet away from me. Picking up the TV remote, he put a random movie on, I knew it was so a tense silence didn’t fall between us. A typical Damon move.

“So, want to share exactly what’s going through that mind of yours?” I asked.

He glanced at me, before placing a slice of cake on a plate for me. He held it out, but I simply smiled, taking the icing coated slice in my hand.

He grinned at that.

“You never change.”

“Nope and you shouldn’t either. So, how about for one evening you forget I’m your mate and talk to me like a friend?” I said biting into the cream-filled cake, licking my lips to remove the layer of icing powder that coated them. Not missing how he swallowed at that, I looked away.

“I thought we are doing that already?” He sidestepped.

I raised a brow, tilting my head,

“Really Damon?” I replied, kicking my boots off and turned towards him on the sofa, crossing my legs.

Damon smirked, spotting my Little Miss Naughty socks.

“Nice socks.”

“Why thank you, I got it in a pack of six.” I replied proudly.

“Are they for adults?” He asked teasingly.

“Hey, I have a small foot... and maybe they were from the kids’ section...” How the hell did he figure that out? They weren’t that childish!

He chuckled.

“So you.”

“I like my socks and tights.” I protested, sticking my tongue out.

He reached over, taking one of the mugs, making my attention fall to those bulging biceps of his. Damn these boys for having mighty fine sexy bodies. I quickly looked away, blushing when I remembered the dream that I had this morning.

He leaned back against the sofa, relaxing visibly, and I smiled

“So... Can I ask you something and will you answer me honestly?” I asked, finishing off my cake.

“Do I even have an option?”

“Not at all, or my socks might come to haunt you in your dreams.” I said, sticking my foot out and wiggling my toes.

Damon chuckled, reaching over. He grabbed my foot, making my stomach flutter.

“These tiny feet can’t scare me.” He teased.

My stomach jumped when he smiled. His eyes met mine and his smile faded. I couldn’t bring myself to look away from those eyes that always held warmth.

“Talk to me, Damon.” I whispered.

“What do you want to know?” He asked quietly, letting go of my foot, but not after brushing his thumb across it gently.

“Everything.”