

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 23

Pictures

RAVEN

The moment he stormed out, I took a deep breath; my heart was fucking hurting. The Liam that I knew was so far gone, that fucking hurt too.

I walked over to the door, locking it before picking up Damon's torn shirt. I dropped to my knees, letting out a shuddering breath.

Why were things so shit?

When one wanted to make it work, the other wanted to destroy it.

But even then, I knew Liam was hurting. Yes, I couldn't excuse his behaviour, but he was just the type of person who loved deeply. I understood that.

Where Damon was able to cope and even moved on with Robyn, Liam hadn't been unable to, letting his emotions and pain eat him up inside. I couldn't blame him for his stance.

Liam... I placed my head in my hands. What do I do?

And what was with the colour of his eyes? That anger and darkness... Closing my eyes, I inhaled deeply, still clinging to that torn shirt. Damon's scent was soothing, but even then, couldn't get rid of the unease and worry I felt for Liam.

I needed to talk to him too, I needed to reach him and pull him from whatever dark place he had pushed himself into. We needed to do this so fucking soon.

No matter what, tomorrow, right after Kiara and Al leave, we'll do this. Damon would listen, but it was Liam I needed to get on board. •

Remembering the way he had ripped my shirt off, a pang of pain shot through me. No matter how much I just wanted to curl up and cry, that wasn't who I was. Crying never solves anything

Standing up I decided to shower and get all this sweat off.

Once I had showered, I returned to my room, pulling on a pair of pants and an oversized hoodie before I walked over to my bed. Picking up my remaining parcels from yesterday, I began to open them.

A gorgeous crystal lamp... It was pretty, but the excitement I would usually have was absent. I placed the lamp down carefully before opening the final package. It was flat, I don't actually remember ordering anything else.

A pile of photographs fell out. My heart skipped a beat as my eyes landed on the very top one.

It hurt...

It felt like an entire hurricane of pain was unleashed within me. I clutched my chest, feeling the crushing emotions cripple me

1. e. My heart was ringing in my ears and tears prickled my eyes. Even knowing it would only hurt me more, I spread the pictures slightly with my shaking fingers, looking at the dozens of pictures of Robyn with Damon...

Him holding her hand as he kissed her cheek. Him kissing her lips... Him hugging her... With each image, I couldn't breathe. Hearing, knowing and seeing are three very different things.

Goddess, please... My eyes landed on the final four pictures and I felt as if someone had just ripped my heart out completely. Despite the edge being blurred by what could be a curtain, they were images of them in bed, clearly in the throes of passion and both utterly enjoying it. 2

My worth was nothing, was I so easily forgotten? It's my fault though right? I left... Who would remember me? I won't cry... I won't...

I wiped my eyes with shaking hands, a sob escaping my lips as I backed away from my bed. I clamped my hand over my mouth, trying to stifle the sobs that were begging to escape.

The pain I felt needed an outlet but I couldn't cry. I would always keep smiling, keep going, keep strong...

Tears trickled down my cheeks as I stared at my bed. Although I was now across the room, I still backed away further, as if being near them would harm me... But the damage had already been done.

I knew he needed that support... But looking at those pictures, was there even any need for me? He said he wanted me, he said he missed me and he broke it off, but was I really what he wanted? Was I really worth either of them?

Why couldn't I turn back time?

I just wish the moon goddess left me mate-less. That would have been better than this torture.

I hate life.

I slid down the wall, resting my head against the smooth painted wall and closed my eyes, my lip quivering as I tried to control my emotions.

Come on Raven you are stronger than this!

I stayed there, trying to contain my emotions, after a good twenty minutes I got up and went over to the bed, quickly gathering the pictures up and trying not to even look at them. Who took these and sent them to me, why would they?

Did someone else know he's my mate? We hadn't really told anyone. Shoving the pictures into the bottom drawer, I left the room. I needed to get something to eat, that would make me feel better.

An hour later I was sitting in the large black and grey kitchen, at the counter on one of the bar stools with a large plate of steaming chicken pasta in front of me, when Zack entered the kitchen frowning. He went to the coffee machine and began making himself a cup.

He glanced up seeming to have just noticed me there.

"Oh, hey Raven, didn't see you there. Have you seen Liam?"

"No." I replied icily, remembering how he was refusing and hurting Taylor.

He seemed taken aback by the hostility in my voice.

"Everything ok?" He asked, coming over.

"Yes." I said haughtily.

He raised his eyebrows.

"We both know that ain't true." He replied.

"I just hate men." I said making him smile slightly, but he was wise to quickly hide it.

"What did they do? Or should I ask who?"

The door opened and none other than Taylor entered, I hid a smirk, seeing the way Zack tensed.

"Actually, I take it back. Some men are perfect. Hey Taylor!" I said swivelling around in my seat.

"Hey, girl." He said, coming over and giving me a hug. I hugged him back before we both turned towards Zack.

"Hey." Taylor said, looking at Zack.

"Hey..."

The sexual tension between them was so obvious that I am surprised I didn't notice it before.

"You know... You two really need to just give in. The sexual tension is suffocating me." I said, pretending to gasp for air.

Taylor gave a small smile but Zack seemed conflicted. His eyes met Taylor's and I didn't miss the way they softened.

I wondered what exactly was going through his mind.

"Zack... Can I ask a favour of you?" I asked, making him drag his gaze away from Taylor.

"Sure." He said, going over and finishing off making his coffee.

"As you probably noticed, things with Damon and Liam haven't been great..." I began, glancing at the door in hopes no one heard.

"Yeah, I think we all have." Taylor added, grabbing two cans of coke from the fridge before opening one for me and then sitting down on the seat next to me.

I smiled appreciatively at him as Zack frowned nodding.

"Yeah... I noticed that, being stuck as Delta with a Beta and Alpha who don't get on fucking sucks." He came over, resting his elbows on the worktop as he leant over. "You got a plan?"

"Of course I do... I just need you to get Liam there, the rest is

n me..."

"I'm all ears." Zack said, his gaze once again going to Taylor, I smiled internally.

It was only a matter of time before these two got it on, I was confident of that.

"So, what's the plan?" Taylor said, gulping down his coke.

"The plan..." I leant forward as I began telling them exactly what I had in mind...