

# Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 31

## Not Giving Up

### RAVEN

Despite my beating heart, I cupped his face, feeling those sparks course through me at our touch.

"Then, I'm going to be right by your side. We are going to figure this out, I'm sure Grandma Amelia gave you that book for a reason." I said softly yet firmly, biting my lip when he grabbed my hips, yanking me against him. His eyes returned to normal as he frowned deeply.

"You're probably right." He said quietly.

Letting go of me, he grabbed the book and was about to read it when he swore.

"Fuck, I got to go..." He said, standing up.

"What is it?" I asked nervously.

Was it another killing?

"Zack may have found something; stay here; I'll be back."

"Ok, I'll read the book until you come back. See if I can figure something out." I replied.

"Sure." He leaned down, placing a chaste kiss on my forehead, just the way he used to years ago. Our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat and he gave me a smirk.

"You're gorgeous. Have I ever told you that?" My mind was blank, not expecting that. My stomach was a mess of butterflies. He chuckled before walking to the window. "And fucking cute."

With that, he was gone. I pouted, I hated it when I got tongue tied. I huffed, scooting back on the bed and resting my back against the headboard. I flipped the book open, now becoming serious.

Grandma Amelia never did something without a reason. This book had to be the answer. I flipped through it, skimming through it to start with, refreshing my mind on the different wolves' heritage and the original families.

Of course, we all kind of come from these lines, but as time passed, many were mated to humans. Hence how the lines expanded and became weaker, and only certain wolf lines came from the original lineages.

Each of the four lines had special abilities; The Volkov's were the most different. They were the first of the Lycans, it is said a Lycan is born every few centuries and only one at a time would ever exist. '

Then we have the Asheton line, which had the gift of healing that sometimes popped up throughout history, but they were rare.

Then there was the Solaris, who could control nature, creating more fertile lands and, at times, even command nature. This

line was the least known.

The final one was the Deimos, who had the ability of speed, a sixth sense and the ability to foresee the future. Abilities that both Kiara and Dante had inherited.

The Deimos curse...

I slipped into the sheets as I began reading the origin of the curse. The original Deimos wolves, like the Solaris and Asheton, were arrogant, powerful and gifted. They were seen as gods by the werewolf kind. Back when the gods walked the earth, there was a certain Deimos prince who upset Helios, the god of the sun, after challenging him to a match – Not knowing that he was talking to a god.

After being made a mockery of, Helios told the Deimos wolf Andronikos, that he would make sure that the Deimos line perished and yielded to the darkness that would one day destroy them. Andronikos simply laughed at him, saying they were far too strong to ever be destroyed completely. However, Helios stayed true to his word and the Deimos powers began to diminish, Andronikos sons and grandsons did not hold anything special in comparison to him. However, of course, Selene too held power, and so she countered Helios' curse with her own decree. She declared that when one of the original lines was mated with a Deimos, their offspring would be able to channel their Deimos blood and, in this way, preserve the Deimos' power.

I looked up, mulling over what I had read. Kiara. This all

pointed to Kiara. What I didn't get was how did this come to Liam. How did it involve him?

I took a handful of gummy bears, eating them slowly as I continued to read.

Helios vowed to Selene that his curse was not so easily broken, that there would be repercussions for such an act. Selene loved her wolves dearly, and so she sought a way to break the curse. That leads us to the birth of the prophecy of light and darkness.

I rubbed my head. This was a lot to take in, and the worst thing was that some of the words and story were missing. I was getting a headache from scrutinising the faded pages. Liam wasn't even back yet... Two hours had passed and it was pouring down outside now.

Turning the page, I looked at the paragraph before me. The prophecy itself.

'When the promise of the sun and the wish of the moon clash,

As different as day and night itself, the birth of the two shall weaken the curse,

From light and darkness itself,

The blessed wolf and the royal prince,

Only then, giveth the gift of breaking the curse,

Alas if fail, the curse shall end the Deimos for eternity.

Remember when the light gives birth to a...

I frowned trying to read the word. But I couldn't read it. Shaking my head, I continued.

"The darkness will reign through the veins of the Deimos prince,

Find the key within the darkness to break the curse,

Before the seventh blood moon end the curse, or yield to the darkness,

If all fails, under the blood moon, you shall take your final breath,

Will the Deimos line end or will it survive?

The answer lies within.'

Urgh, that was so complicated.

Flipping the page over, I searched in his bedside drawer, taking out a notebook and a pen, then began to look at the explanation and jot down key points.

Ok, this makes more sense... With each sentence and cross referencing it back to the Deimos curse, I felt like I was on to something even if it didn't give any answer on how to break the curse.

But as I continued to delve deeper, my stomach was a knot of nerves and the fear that this could become Liam's reality, hurt

me painfully

Another hour had passed before the window opened and Liam entered, clad only in a pair of joggers, something that told me he had shifted. Water trickled down his chiselled abs and into the band of his pants, making my heart beat wildly.

My gaze ran over his body, but it was the tattoo on his left breast that caught my eye. Along with the compass and the symbols, there was a bird, a raven.

My heart thundered as Liam turned away quickly, as if realising what I was looking at. He walked into his closet, reappearing in a T-shirt.

"Liam... that tattoo-"

"It's nothing." He said coldly.

I frowned, but didn't push it. I don't know what happened, but I could tell he wasn't in the best of moods.

"Is everything ok?"

"Yeah," He said, running a hand through his wet locks, making the usually strawberry blond locks look a lot darker."

Find anything?"

"Actually yes. How much of this book have you read?"

"Up until the light and darkness part." He said, grabbing a towel and beginning to dry his wet hair.

"Ok, so basically the prophecy talks about how Selene and

Helios tried to counter each other, and in the end, Selene's final attempt was that a pair of twins would be born, and only then will there be a chance to break the curse. The birth of the Deimos prince, you, and the blessed wolf, Kiara. It also says how a blessed wolf has no darkness in them, but there can't be light without darkness. So, where there is only goodness and light in Kiara, you inherited the darkness. Your birth was said to have weakened the curse, and then there's something about when Kiara gave birth – possibly to Dante, I'm assuming – that is when your darkness will reign. Do you think that's around the time you felt this darkness within you, or would you say it's when the twins were born?" I asked, looking at him.

He was silent, listening with a frown on his face.

"Possibly when Dante was born... Although I was angry with the entire mate situation at that time." He muttered.

"So, our mate situation only fuelled it. It's almost like a catalyst that made that darkness come out..." I murmured thoughtfully.

"Maybe." He said, frowning. "Anything else?"

I looked down at the notebook.

"It says you will either relinquish yourself to the darkness and thus meet your end and with it, the end of the Deimos line, or you will find the key to breaking the curse within. Hence releasing your true potential and destroy the darkness that is trying to consume you. Along with it, the curse forever." ,

"I would say it's all fucking bullshit if I didn't know better." He muttered. "That card says I am darkness, so we got our answer. End of fucking story. This darkness will be the end of me."

"It won't be." I said coldly, my eyes flashing. "You will not be the end of this line. It says within seven blood moons. How many blood moons have we seen since Dante's birth..."

I trailed off, counting off in my head. He was born right after that fateful day when I found my mates. We have had six, which means we have less than three months until the next one...

"I have three months." He said in a flat voice that held no emotion.

Three months before we might lose Liam... Just the thought terrified me. No, never.

"Grandma Amelia said you can decide your own destiny." I said firmly.

"Trust me, Raven, this darkness isn't going anywhere." He muttered coldly, tossing the towel aside, "So what? I have three months or so before I fucking die and this darkness consumes me? Great, then let's find this fucking killer. It's the least I can do in my short term as the worst fucking Alpha of the Blood Moon pack. Once I'm gone, it will do everyone good." He said icily.

He was on edge and he was angry. I could sense his emotions despite him trying to keep them hidden.

"There's got to be answers, there's got to be a way. I will find the answer. This book must have something more to it." I said desperately, getting out of the warm bed.

His back was to me and I was worried.

"I don't have time to waste on a stupid book and a fucking curse. I have a pack to run, and things to do."

I reached out, placing a hand on his back.

"Liam, this is about your-"

"I'm nothing special, Raven! Maybe me fucking dying is best for everyone!" He snapped, spinning around and making me flinch at the anger that whirled around him. His eyes blazing magnetic blue.

"How can you say that?! Liam you dying doesn't solve anything!" I exclaimed.

"Doesn't it? Maybe that's why you were given two fucking mates, because if I died, you'd have a back-up mate. At least dying means I'll catch a break from all this fucking shit that goes on in my head."

Those words stung. It hurt knowing Liam kept questioning why. The fact that he was tired of his own mind...

"This pack needs an Alpha!" I pleaded, frustrated.

"Kiara's kids hold our blood; they can take over." He growled.

I know the bloodline continued through the Alpha heirs. Kiara's kids didn't count in this equation, even if they contained the Deimos abilities. They were Alejandro's legacy of the Night Walker pack, not the Blood Moon pack.

I pursed my lips; Liam was far too angry to reason with right now.

I walked over to the bed, gathering up the card, notebook and book.

"You do whatever you think is right. I'm going to find an answer, with or without you. Because I am not going to see you just give up without a fight." I said quietly. "Goodnight, Liam."

"Why are you fucking trying so hard?" He asked when I unlocked the door.

I paused, looking back at him.

"Because I will never give up on someone I love." I said softly.

I remember the little blue-eyed boy who would always take care of me as a child. The first person to look out for me and show me that there were people who cared for me. It was high time I paid that pure-hearted boy back. One who was hidden deep within himself...

I didn't wait for a reply, shutting the door behind me.