

# Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 38

**Rage**  
**LIAM**

My eyes blazed as those words left his fucking mouth. I, grabbed his hair, slamming his head into the table.

How could she not have mentioned it? Fuck, didn't she even think to tell us? Clearly, we weren't real friends.

But I can't go fucking blame her for shit when I should have picked up the damn signs.

"Have you hurt her physically?" I asked dangerously. "ANSWER ME!"

"And if I have?" He spat.

The anger that was blazing through me suddenly snapped inside of me, ravelling out of my control. All I could see was the darkness closing around us and Haru's face; it twisted in contempt for my mate, looming before me.

"Liam... don't!"

Someone was shouting, but it didn't matter, all I wanted was to kill the man before me.

Was that the smell of blood?

Who was screaming?

I felt a jarring pain in my back and I was slammed to the

ground. Someone was trying to pin me down. I glared up at the man who was on top of me and it took me a few moments to realise it was Damon.

Another flare of anger and hatred rushed through me, but the look of concern on his face made me falter. Why was he, worried?

Kill him and get back to punishing Raven's dad...

I tried to push him off, but he fucking refused to let go. What I hated most about Damon was that he was strong, and he knew how I fought. Apart from my extra training at the Alpha training, he was the one who would always spar with me.

"Liam listen to me! Raven wouldn't want this. For her... Calm down man, think about Raven!"

I shoved him off with one push. This time I succeeded and he slammed into the far wall.

I stood up, searching for Jacobs, but all I saw was a bloody body with several deep wounds and a slowing heartbeat lying on the ground. One of his arms lay a few feet away... I looked down at my own hands, which were covered with blood.

Fuck...

I looked at Damon who was now standing up, a concerned look on his face. Something I didn't want to see.

He had a few slashes across his chest, and a heavily bleeding wound on his hip... Fuck...

"Should I get someone to come see him and throw him in the cells?" He asked as if he hadn't just seen me fucking lose self control.

"Yeah." I said coldly.

I walked over to the man, grabbing him by his fucking collar.

"That's what happens when you hurt anything that is mine." I hissed, slamming his head into the ground.

I didn't really give a fuck if he's dead.

I knew Damon was mind-linking someone, I heard the sound of running footsteps and soon three men came in to handle the dickhead.

"Get him fixed up, chuck the arm in the bin and throw him in the cells." I growled.

"Alpha... The arm can be re-attached." One of the men dared question.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, menacingly going towards him. "I know that our fast regeneration means we can replace limbs... but if I say bin it... it means bin it!" ,

He flinched, before bowing his head to me.

"Yes, Alpha!" He said.

"Liam..." Damon murmured.

I glared coldly at him. Something told me he knew about the fucking curse. He was acting way too fucking calm when I had just lost my shit. But before I could even reply, Raven's voice came through the link.

'Liam, Damon, I think someone was here in the house. Aunty is ok, but I heard something.'

Both me and Damon glanced at each other before we ran for the door.

We got to the Nicholson house in under three minutes, rushing inside to see Raven pacing the hallway.

She turned about to speak when she looked at both of us, her heart thundering when she saw Damon's injuries.

A pang of jealousy and anger flitted through me.

"Did you two fight?" She asked, looking hurt.

"No." We both said in unison.

We looked at each other and Raven smiled slightly.

"It's uh... Most of this blood is your dad's." Damon said quietly.

She frowned but said nothing, looking between us again before she walked over, bunching her sleeve in her hand and wiping the blood off my face. Worry clear in those unique eyes of her.

It calmed me, knowing she came to me first. She caressed my jaw for a moment, sending off those rivets of sparks before she moved away, staring at Damon's hip, the only injury that hadn't healed.

"You need to be careful." She scolded, examining the wound, brushing her hand along his waist just above the damn injury. "This needs to be bandaged."

I'm surprised he didn't just tell her I did that...

"You said you heard something." I asked, trying not to pay attention to her legs that peeked out from under her oversized top. Her over the knee boots covered most of them up, but fuck did she look good even when she covered those curves of hers.

"I did... It was weird." She murmured, staring towards the kitchen. "Look, you two should go shower and get dressed. How about I make hot drinks and then we'll talk? About everything."

"Sounds good." Damon said, then turned to me. "I'll give you some clothes."

I frowned but nodded and we both headed upstairs. Stairs that I remember climbing so many times growing up...

I don't even get why he still fucking considered me a friend... I mean, sure, when his dad died I was here, but once shit went down with Raven, I left them. Dreading, afraid and waiting for the day I'd get the call or something telling me they had mated and marked one another...

Damon tossed me a clean shirt and sweatpants before motioning for me to use the bathroom on the first floor, he himself grabbed his clothes and made his way down the stairs.

I frowned before taking a quick shower. I didn't want any favours from him, but if Raven wanted us to fucking try to get on, I was going to.

I won't fucking lie, the fact that I may only have a few months to live kind of threw me off.

My insistence that Raven should be mine didn't seem strong anymore, what if the curse was not broken and I did die? Then what would happen with her? I mean, a part of me wanted

to just ask her to be mine for the next few months and shower her with all the fucking love I could, but that was just fucking selfish. That would break her even more once I was gone. 1

I knew she had told Damon, if I had any doubts seeing the book on his bed had been enough proof of that...

I walked down the stairs, only to see Damon standing in the kitchen, his top lifted up and Raven bandaging his hip. She had changed her top, which had gotten blood on it thanks to wiping my face earlier. She was now wearing something that probably belonged to Aunty Monica. It was a plain lilac top that outlined her bra slightly, it skimmed over her waist and fit snugly around her hips. Fuck she was gorgeous. The top went well with her tiny shorts, which stuck to her sexy ass so fucking perfectly.

Just looking at her made my dick fucking hard.

That same anger flared through me at the sight of them as I walked into the kitchen, where three mugs of hot chocolate stood on the table. I clenched my jaw, watching Raven pat the bandage gently.

"There. Honestly, you should be careful." She scolded.

I hated how she could be close to him without even her getting all nervous, and then when I'm around her...

I looked away, feeling my anger rising, and took a seat.

"I'm glad you're not injured." She said, placing her hand on my shoulder.

Our eyes met, and I frowned, looking away.

"What did you hear?" I asked coldly, tensing when she ran her hand through my wet locks before taking the seat next to me.

"I was about to head upstairs with Sparks-"

Me and Damon looked at her questioningly, and she sighed, pointing to a torn-up teddy.

"Sparks,"

I frowned, I remembered him.

"I remember that ugly thing. Didn't you get the wool from a cushion Mom was going to chuck out?" I asked.

Her eyes snapped to mine, her heart thudding, and I saw the glitter of what looked a lot like tears in them. She pressed her lips together and nodded with a small, shaky smile.

"Yeah... that's where I got it from." She whispered.

I always noticed you, Raven. I just wish I had noticed there was so much more going on...

She looked away, as if just realising where we were. She placed one mug in front of Damon, who sat across from us, before placing the other two in front of me and her.

"I was heading up and that's when I heard the door shut ever so quietly. That back door always made that slight crunching sound where it scuffed the tiles, so I knew it was the back door ... but when I came in here, there was no one here."

I looked around sharply, a sudden chilling thought coming to me just as Raven was about to take a sip. I placed my hand over the top of the mug, stopping her, her lips meeting my hand instead.

"Don't drink anything. From the autopsies, we found that the poison that sh1 down the body is first administered. If someone was here... for all we know, it could have been the killer."