

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 39

A Realisation

RAVEN

"Let's have a look around just in case." Liam said quietly.

The moment he took my mug off me all three of us stood up. Damon scanned the kitchen before looking at the back door.

"How did they even get in?" He murmured more to himself than us.

"The door was unlocked." I said, scanning the ground to see if there were any foot prints or anything.

"The door was definitely locked, I always check and hide the keys so Momma doesn't wander out."

"You check the kitchen, see if anything looks out of place. Although you are so fucking messy, I doubt you'll even realise if anything is out of place." Liam remarked.

"I cleaned the kitchen today..." Damon almost sounded like he was complaining "Hard to believe." Liam replied, looking around the fairly clean kitchen. "I'll take a look outside."

It was almost like old times with their friendly banter. I just hoped that this could become permanent.

"How is the drug administered?" Damon asked. "Did Esteban say?"

"Nah, he said it could be in any way. The thing is even if it's injected or taken orally we wouldn't know as we heal pretty fast, before the organs start shutting down, whatever way it's administered would be healed over."

"So it depends. If it was the killer, they would choose something that—" I was cut off when Damon swore.

"Wait... For anyone to get in without a break-in, means there has to be a copy of a key right?" He murmured as if a sudden thought had come to him. "I'll be right back."

Liam frowned as Damon rushed into the hall, pulling on some sneakers before leaving the house quickly. Liam and I exchanged looks.

"Guess someone else had a key too?" Liam remarked, turning his back as he opened one of the cupboards.

Robyn... Wow...

Don't go there, Raven.

But I couldn't deny that it really hurt to know that they had been so close.

Maybe it was to keep an eye on Aunty M... It wasn't like I was here, neither as a mate nor as a friend.

Liam left for a bit to search the back garden, but he came back frowning "Nothing?" I said looking around the kitchen for anything out of the ordinary.

"Nothing. So far, those who have been killed were not warriors. Either omega's or just standard wolves. If that was the case here, then maybe if it is the killer, they would've only targeted Aunty Monica...I wonder if there is anything here specifically that only she uses..."
Liam murmured, crouching down as he looked around, his eyes glowing. "No fucking scent too..."

"A spray or something?" I asked.

He shrugged, standing up and scanning the kitchen. I continued looking in the food containers, sniffing for anything odd.

"What happened with Dad?" I asked.

His piercing eyes turned to me, and he frowned.

"How long has he been treating you like that, bitesize?" He asked me, his eyes darkening with anger, only making his scar stand out more.

Shit, maybe I shouldn't have asked. He walked towards me and my heart skipped a beat.

"Like what?"

"Don't play dumb, love." He warned.

I moved back, cursing inwardly when I hit the worktop. He leant down, placing his hands on either side of the worktop. "I'll ask you again? How long has he been an abusive dipshit towards you?"

I looked up at him, I couldn't lie when he knew the truth, or some of it.

"He's always been weird towards me, but it's ok... I'm fine, it's not like—"

"Stop with your 'I'm ok' crap all the time Raven. You always want to help others out, but what about yourself?"

"I was planning on having a final word with them. But Liam, right now we need to see if someone was actually here..." I whispered, placing my hand on his bare chest. That intense spark rushed through me, and my heart thundered under his gaze.

"When you have that word, I'm going to be by your fucking side. Your father will be punished for his crimes, and I'm not going to drop this nor cut him any slack." He growled.

"Ok." I replied softly, thinking nope, I will face them alone. Reaching up, I brushed his hair back.

His hands went to my hips and he pulled me against him. In my heels, the top of my head reached just above his shoulder. Still tiny, I frowned. Maybe I needed to keep a stool close by so I could look him straight in the eyes and not feel so small.

Our eyes met and I couldn't deny that intense chemistry that was present between us, my entire body yielded to his touch wanting so much more...

"So you told Damon about the book?" He asked quietly.

I nodded, trying to ignore how good his body felt.

"He's your friend, and if you want to give up and act stubborn without even finding a solution, then you have us to help you." I stated with a glare. "And don't tell me I was wrong to do so."

I was about to tug away when he yanked me back into him, making me gasp when our bodies slammed together, sending off rivets of pleasure. I almost moaned, feeling him throb, my own core clenching.

Fuck...

I tensed in his hold, not trusting myself.

"What's wrong love? You don't seem to get so nervous when you're around Damon." He whispered seductively, yet I didn't miss the flash of anger in his eyes,

My heart thundered, and I gasped when he suddenly lifted me up, placing me on the worktop, forcing my legs apart so he could stand between them.

Goddess...

My stomach fluttered with butterflies as I looked into those sexy piercing cerulean eyes. His hands went to the back of my ass and he pressed me against him, making me gasp, grabbing hold of his shoulders.

Why don't you get the difference between you and Damon? When I'm around you, I feel giddy and nervous. My heart feels all funny and I can't think straight...

But I couldn't say that out loud.

"Because you make me crazy..." I whispered quietly. His scent was filling my nose and my core throbbed at our position.

A smirk crossed his lips, and his gaze dipped to my own.

"I like crazy." He murmured, lowering his head slightly.

I licked my lips, arching my back as I pressed myself to him fully. My eyes fluttered shut, but this time instead of kissing me, his lips grazed my ear.

"You're fun to play darling... Have I ever told you, that it's a turn on when you get all flustered?" He whispered, making my breath hitch.

Oh Goddess, don't make me into a pile of mush.

His lips met my neck and I gasped, a soft moan escaping me when he sucked on my skin gently, sending explosive sparks rushing through me. His hand ran down my back and no matter how much I tried to focus, I couldn't. My mind was going blank, all I could think about was him.

"Liam..." I whispered, running my fingers through his hair.

Suddenly, the answer to why I always stopped or pushed him away hit me like a tonne of bricks. With Liam, I felt like I lost control. My body yearned for nothing more but to melt into his touch. The way he pushed my boundaries... I knew all he needed to do was push me hard enough and I wouldn't be able to resist this intense desire that ate me up inside every time he was in the same room with me. He consumed me completely.

He placed a second kiss just beneath my ear before moving away with a smirk on his face.

I wasn't able to respond, my heart thundering at the thought that had just crossed my mind.

"Should we get back to looking?" He mocked softly. "Or do you want me to continue."

"N-no we should carry on." I said, feeling my cheeks burn.

"Sounds good." He smirked, leaning in.

"Liam, I meant looking!" I said, glaring at him despite the blush on my cheeks.

He chuckled, and for a moment, I remembered the old Liam. Somewhere deep down, he was still there. I found myself giggling weakly too.

"Let's find answers." I mumbled, trying to get down, only for Liam to lift me off and place me on the ground.

Our eyes met and his brows furrowed.

"I'll be waiting for the full story on your old man soon enough." He said quietly, "And he's going to pay."

His eyes burned with anger, yet when he leant down to place a soft kiss on my lips, his touch was tender, leaving me a mess of nerves...