

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 43

RAVEN

It was the following day, and the conversation with Liam remained at the front of my mind. It almost felt like a cloud of doom looming over my head.

I could tell that sharing me wasn't an option for him.

Even though he was trying to at least tolerate Damon, it was obvious that there was no aspect of making it work.

What did that mean?

Damon's kindness, patience and selflessness were things I loved too. He was someone who was dear to me with or without this bond.

But ultimately, if I had to really choose one to have a relationship with...

A sudden wave of guilt washed over me and I pushed the thoughts away.

"In sets!" I shouted, trying to focus on the training session.

Everyone obeyed except Taylor who seemed to be distracted.

'Taylor?' I called through the link.

He blinked and looked at me.

"Sorry." He muttered, stepping up beside the guy next to him, ready to spar.

'Everything ok?'

'Yeah.' He replied, giving me a small smile that did nothing to hide his pain.

I knew this was Zack's fault...

I frowned, thinking how could I help them? Should I talk to Zack? He was still above me in rank, so I wasn't sure how this would go, but I would do it. I had run into Robyn earlier too, when we were both heading out here, and she said she'd check the text out later too.

"Why don't you spar?" Owen remarked. "Or are you saving your energy for something else?",

"Excuse me?" I said, frowning.

He gave me a cocky smirk.

"We all know about you and the Alpha—"

"Owen cut it out! She is our trainer." Taylor growled.

I saw Robyn frowning as she stared at me too.

"Whether or not she spends the night with the Alpha is none of your business, man." Another of the men growled.

"You know, if you keep this up Owen, you will be punished." I said, trying to ignore the whispers that were crossing through the group.

"Or you could call the Alpha." Owen added mockingly.

"Respect, Owen." I growled. My eyes flashed and I clenched my jaw, trying to calm my anger.

"Respect is earned, not given." He taunted. "Did you really get this position fairly or..?"

A few men snickered, I knew exactly what they were insinuating.

"Hey!" Taylor growled.

"Shut the fuck up loser." Owen shot back contemptuously.

"I know respect is earned and right now you don't deserve any. Now I think it's high time I show you how to overpower someone bigger than you. Owen care to step over here?" I said, ignoring his remarks.

He scoffed and walked to the front.

'Raven. He's strong. And fucking fast...' Taylor said through the link.

'I don't care.' I replied coldly.

I didn't get here for no fucking reason.

"It seems some of you think me being your trainer is a joke, or that my personal life somehow has anything to do with you all." I said coldly, glaring at the few men who had snickered along

with Owen. "I'll show you exactly how I got this position."

Owen and I circled each other. I really wanted to knock that cocky smirk off his face.

I motioned for him to come at me, my eyes flashing. Before he had even made two steps towards me, I spun around, slamming my palm flat in his chest. He staggered back, startled.

"What the... You said to-"

"Come at me, and you did, just too damn slow." I said, aiming hit after hit.

The Blood Moon Pack women were not weak. We would never be weak, and we would never let anyone think so. A legacy that I promise would continue no matter what.

"This pack stands for so much more than you think. Alpha Elijah and Luna Scarlett took this pack to new heights. They have a reputation that is known throughout the entire country. Yet there are people like you who mock that reputation!" I said, spinning around and kicking him in the ribs, I felt something crack. The jarring pain of impact sent a shooting spasm up my knee. But right now, I didn't care about that pain. "Alpha

Elijah has always stood for respecting others and treating everyone equally, yet we are still getting assholes like you tarnishing our pack's reputation."

I blocked his every attack.

I got this position through my hard work. There was no way someone like Owen could defeat me, and with each hit of mine that connected, he was getting angrier and more frustrated, making his attacks sloppier. –

"You want me to show you how I got this position?" I asked, as she grabbed my top.

That was something everyone went for, I slipped out of it in a flash. The perks of oversized tops I guess. I wrapped it around his hands, yanking him forward and aiming a kick to the side of his head. Spinning around, I kicked him in the back, wrapping my legs around his neck just as I slammed him face forward, straight into the ground.

Everyone flinched, knowing if I didn't break his fall with my legs, he would have had his neck broken.

"This is how I got my position, proving that I'm capable." I said coldly. "I have tolerated enough crap from everyone. From here on forth, if I get any attitude or disrespect, you will be punished! Now I want everyone to run thirty laps around the entire perimeter of the pack grounds! As for you...",

I crouched down next to Owen, who spat some blood out as he tried to get to his feet.

"Fifty laps." I finished. "I..." "Now." I said icily.

He had a few broken bones, but they'd heal, just like my damn knee.

Everyone was silent, but I could see a few smirks on some faces as they looked at Owen.

I pulled my hair tie out, as half my hair had come out, and was retying it when Zack came over.

"Everything ok..?" He trailed off, seeing the team running off.

"Taylor called you?" I said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah..."

"He said you were being given a hard time." Zack said, running his fingers through his hair.

"And why do you care?" I retorted.

He raised an eyebrow.

"Have I done something to upset you?"

"Yes." I hissed, looking around. 'You're hurting Taylor!' I added through the link.

He sighed, looking away.

'You don't understand Raven.'

Then make me understand!' I cried back in frustration.

An Outburst

'Don't get into my business.' He growled.

"Then stop hurting one of the sweetest men I have ever come across!"

'Me accepting him would hurt him way fucking more!'

Oh, I highly doubt that!' I shouted back, frustrated.

'It sure would... because I've been in a fucking relationship with his brother's mate!' Zack snapped, his eyes blazing grey. ?