

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 13

Done

Liam had told Taylor and me to return to the party whilst he and Zack dealt with the body. Damon had gone off to see if there were any traces or anything left behind.

Although we returned to the lively party with upbeat songs playing, I still felt glum.

'So... You know about Zack and I.' Taylor said through the link as he passed me a beer bottle.

I looked at him and nodded.

'Why haven't you gone public or accepted the bond?' I asked, unable to resist.

Taylor looked pained; his eyes were fixed on a spot in the distance.

Zack doesn't want anyone to know yet, he said he needs time.'

Well, even I was surprised that they were mates, but now that I knew, I could just see how perfect they could be. I stepped up to Taylor and hugged him tightly.

'I'm here if you need to talk. I know you have a lot going on, yet you're still smiling.'

'Isn't that what you do to?' He asked softly, looking down at me, concern clear in his eyes.

My heart skipped a beat. I knew this was my chance to share my own problem, even if I usually kept it inside.

'I do... but I don't want to bother anyone. Besides, it's nothing new, the same old as you I guess... I found my mate, but thanks to certain issues, we can't be together.'

There I said it.

'Oh, damn girl, I'm sorry.' Taylor said apologetically.

I shrugged.

'It happened three years ago; I'm just thinking of rejecting them now.'

Rejection will hurt.' Taylor said, sounding pained.

'But is staying in this deadlock any better?'

'Have you tried to work it out with them, like have you asked why he or she can't accept it?' Taylor asked gently.

I looked down at the bottle I held.

Have I tried?

No, not even once... All I did was just run away and act like the victim... If those two idiots couldn't talk, then wasn't it my job to make them sit down?

I'll take that as a no...' Taylor said wryly.

'Yeah...

I needed to sit down with them... I really had to do this, but how do I get them to?

I guess that was a problem for another day.

"Well thanks, Taylor. Honestly, just that one question has got me thinking." I said, giving him a small smile.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that."

"I know, but you're right. Well, I'm heading home, I'm moving to the packhouse tomorrow so I want to finish my packing."

"Damn, you're moving? I never knew..."

"Yeah, I think I need my own place," .

“Well, I’ll help you with moving your stuff.”

“I will actually take you up on that offer,” I replied brightly. “Thanks!”

“I think I’ll head home too.” Taylor said. We looked around, everyone seemed to be having fun but since the murder, our hearts weren’t into this.

“When do you think they’ll announce it?” I asked quietly, as we walked out into the woods.

“My guess is as good as yours.” He sighed deeply.

“Who can it be? Like, why would someone do something so twisted?” I mused.

“I know, I don’t get it. It’s weird.”

We fell silent, trudging through the pack grounds until we reached our homes. Or in my case, Dad’s house...

“What time tomorrow?” Taylor asked.

“After training?”

“Perfect, see you then.” He gave me a salute before going over to his own house and I slowly went to the front door. Sadly, I didn’t have a key, but it wasn’t that late, it wasn’t even twelve yet.

I did the door; I could see the living room light on, so hopefully, they’ll be in.

Mom, can you open the door?’

No response. I knocked on the door. Still nothing.

‘Dad?’ I called through the link.

‘You found your way home, I’m surprised.’ His curt reply came.

That was the plan, nice and early.' I chirped lightly.

He didn't reply but the door was pulled open. He stood there, clenching his jaw. I stepped inside, stopping when I saw the pile of luggage thrown at the bottom of the stairs.

"What is this...?"

That was my stuff.

"What does it look like? I see you were planning on leaving, so I just thought I'd bring your stuff down... Since you are in a rush to leave... Not once did you think to tell us?" He spat.

I shut the door slowly, frowning deeply.

"Still, to go into my room and just take my stuff out?" I asked, looking at the suitcases, some that I hadn't even packed, and a few extra black bags that had my stuff in them.

My anger only began to rise when I saw my teddy bears and

plushies just tossed in a pile at the bottom of the steps.

"My house, that bedroom that belongs to me. So where are you going?" Dad asked, crossing his arms.

I looked up at him and shook my head.

"I never should have even stepped into this house, that was my mistake. I don't need to tell you where I'm going." I said, about to go upstairs when Mom stopped me, placing a hand on my arm.

"I brought everything down. There's nothing up there." She said, pursing her lips.'

I frowned. So basically, they want me to leave asap?

Fine.

"Raven, are you going to tell me where you are moving to? Or should I say with whom?"

"Piss off," I muttered, trying my best to stay calm but the anger that was blazing within me was taking over.

"Excuse me? What the fuck did you just say?" Dad growled.

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"I said, piss off! Or are you deaf? I have done nothing, Dad! Nothing but try my best to be a good daughter! I don't even get why you hate me so fucking much!" ,

"Raven, don't talk to your father like that." Mom scolded lightly.

"Really Mom? The one time I'm flipping speaking up for myself and you're telling me to stop? If you even told Dad once to stop this behaviour of his, even once, I'd think you at least cared for me. But you never have, you always side him!"

"He's my mate-",

"And I am your daughter!" I cried in frustration.

How the hell can they be like this?"

"This is her appreciation for us, Kim, after everything we have fucking done for her."

"Done for me? What have you done for me? Apart from telling me since I was a child how useless, annoying and irritating I am." I said, no matter how used to it I had become, it still hurt...

"You're ungrateful! Despite being a disappointment, I kept you under this roof!"

"How am I a disappointment?! Tell me!" I shouted, no longer caring to keep my voice down.

"If it wasn't for you! My son would still be alive!" Dad hissed, making my blood run cold.

What brother?

"You are the harbinger of bad luck! Since you cast your shadow on this house, I have not seen one happy day!" .

