

Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 27

Ultimatum

RAVEN

I stared at his phone, unable to focus on anything else but the words on his screen.

'Raven, can we talk? Please, I really need to see you. I get that you are hurt that I walked off but please give me one fucking chance.'

Please bitesize, don't ignore me. We're mated for a reason, you're meant for me. Please talk to me.'

"Just one chance? Five minutes of your time. I'll show you what you mean to me, please. That's all I'm asking for. I don't want to do something I regret, if after this you want me to leave, I will.'

I never got those messages... Fuck, I never got those messages

I ran my hand through my hair, barely registering Damon's hand on my shoulder.

I looked between them, trying to focus before turning to Liam.

"I didn't get them, I swear, I never received them." I said truthfully.

He seemed uncertain, but he should know that I'm not a liar. Well in serious matters anyway.

"Is there a possibility someone else got onto your phone and deleted them?" Damon asked, instantly raising his hands in surrender the moment Liam's eyes fell on him. "I swear it wasn't me."

My stomach twisted even when Liam scoffed.

"You're the only one that would benefit from it."

"Come on man, I wouldn't do that shit. If you didn't manage to see her how could I have managed that? When I went the following day."

"Did my dad also tell you I didn't want to see you?" I asked softly.

He nodded. I knew that realisation had dawned on all three of us. Both of their eyes flashed dangerously.

"Your father's got an issue with me?" Liam asked dangerously, I could feel his aura surge around him.

"I thought he liked me." Damon murmured, confused.

How do I tell you both that my father is a twisted, mentally abusive misogynist and a class A asshole?

"So, if Mr Jacobs hadn't interfered, things could have been different?" Damon murmured, frowning.

"Forget Dad, for now. Liam it's your turn." I said, thinking I would deal with Dad myself.

"This conversation isn't over." Liam said, and I knew it wasn't.

He had already been pissed with Dad last time and this was even more personal. His eyes seemed to turn even colder as he turned his gaze to Damon.

"You already know my standpoint on this, so why should I repeat myself? What more do you want me to say?" He asked arrogantly before looking at me. "I know now you say you can't pick one, but I don't see how else this will work. I want you, I intend to make you fall so hard for me, you'll forget him.",

I

I felt a stab of pain in my chest, Damon ran his hand through his curls.

It isn't that easy, Liam.

If it meant just me getting hurt, I'd easily do as he wanted, but this meant hurting Damon too.

"Like I said, why don't you and Raven try working things out? Pretend I'm not even a part of this. If you think you can let me in, then I'll wait, I'll be fine." He looked at me as he said the last part, and even though I could sense the pain he was trying to cover up, he still smiled at me.

I shook my head, glancing at Liam for a moment. He looked thoughtful before he frowned and shook his head.

"Don't hold your hopes out, I won't change my mind."

"And what about what I asked for? You two to be ok again,

because I might plan on keeping a twenty-metre distance from you guys until you are best friends again." I said, glaring at Liam..

"Things take time, so you can't expect it to happen overnight." He replied coldly.

"Well, start now." I replied, crossing my arms.

"We'll try. This is a start." Damon said, giving me a wry smile.

I sighed and nodded, looking at the two men that I had a connection to. These bonds, the feelings, everything between them was different. They were solar opposites, each one so different, yet so perfect.

The spark with Liam was like a live wire that shocked me to the core and made every inch of me feel alive. Around him, I felt like anything could happen. I was unable to predict his next move and he took away the very air I needed to breathe. Promising me unconditional love, passion and desire, knowing he'll protect me from anything and everything, but at the same time, he'll devour and consume me completely.

Then there was Damon. He was that soothing warmth that tingled like an embrace on a cold winter's night. One that promised security, happiness and contentment. One who

would always be patient and listen to me, the one who would put up with all my mistakes and never get angry at me. The safe warmth of his aura was like a protective blanket.

"Please, for this pack, for your parents and for me." I said softly.

Suddenly, remembering the photographs, I frowned slightly, tucking my hair behind my ear in a failed attempt as the silky strand just slid out again.

"What is it?" Liam asked.

Did they need to know right now? No, this talk didn't really get us far in some manners, but in others, I felt we had made a little progress.

"You can't get angry if I meet Damon, or talk to him..." I said quietly.

He frowned calculatingly, but to my surprise simply nodded.

"Fine." He said, casting a withering glare at Damon, who simply gave him a half-smile. "But also know that I will do as I want, I assure you I will win you over."

"Good, I doubt that will happen unless you start treating others nicely," I said glaring at Liam, "Well I'm going to head to bed, goodnight both of you."

"Night Raven," Damon said.

Liam didn't speak, although I could feel his intense gaze burning into me.

"Night Liam." Damon said, standing up. "If you need me to do anything regarding the case, you know that's what I'm here for." "Hmm, I might have a job for you." I heard Liam reply coldly.

"Great." Damon's reply came, I smiled gently.

More than anything, I wanted them to restore their bond, a bond that was just as sacred.

I heard Liam reply but I couldn't make it out. Entering my bedroom, I was about to rush over to grab my phone and tell Kia how it went when there was a light knock on the door.

Now, who was that?

"Yeah?"

No reply, frowning I ignored it, dropping onto my stomach on the bed and began to type my text.

'Hey babe?

Another knock, what the hell.

"Yeah?!"

Another knock.

What the actual fuck!

I jumped off the bed, yanking the door open, my eyes blazing as I stared at a very muscular chest. My eyes shot up to see Liam standing there, a cocky smirk on his face.

"Can I help you?" I asked extremely sweetly.

"Actually, yeah."

I frowned, trying to ignore how good he smelt.

"Well, I don't want to help you. First of all, when I said 'yeah,' it meant answer, you made me get up." I growled.

He smirked,

"If you're angry about getting up, I can carry you back to the bed." He suggested, his gaze dipping to my breasts.

My heart thundered, but before I could even reply, he rubbed the back of his neck, making my attention fall to the tattoo that peeked out of his shirt. I wonder what tattoo he had...

"I actually came to ask if we could actually talk, and I don't mean the shit that we just talked about." He said.

I looked up at him. Just a small light conversation, even though I wanted that...

"Sounds good, but only if you have something to bribe me with." I said, crossing my arm.

"Apart from my sexy good looks? Isn't that enough?"

"Since when have you gotten so cocky?"

"Time changes a person bitesize. Come to my room in ten, I'll have something to bribe you with."

"Why your room?" I asked suspiciously.

He cocked his right brow, the urge to touch the scar was tempting but I didn't. Tonight I'll ask him how he got that.

"My room because you were ok to sleep over at Damon's."

I rolled my eyes,

"Seriously, that again?"

"Yeah, and I don't care if it sounds pathetic or petty as fuck. I want you in my room in ten minutes, and that's an order." He said as his eyes glinted. Although I knew he said just to talk, my stomach knotted under those burning cerulean eyes of his.

One day, regardless of everything, I hoped the three of us could actually have fun and hang together like old times.