

# Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 29

## Moments

### RAVEN

Slowly, I kissed him back. My heart was pounding as my body involuntarily arched into him.

A delicious sexy groan escaped his lips, sending another shiver of pleasure through me. My arm snaked around his neck, my fingers brushing the short hair at the back of his head.

The feel of his lips, the taste of his mouth, everything was just perfect. Suddenly, I was flipped onto my back and he was straddling me. My heart thumped, yet I couldn't stop kissing

him.

Kissing Liam was something I had wanted since I was a teen and goddess... A drunk Liam's kiss was good, but this one...

This was where I belonged.

This felt so right. We felt so right.

I moaned softly into his lips. His caress became more dominating, and rougher, as he plunged his tongue into my mouth, exploring every inch. I played with the tip of his tongue with mine, both moving in perfect sync, gasping as the pleasure coursed through me when he sucked on it.

His hands slipped under my top, my heart thumped and I froze, making him tense, slowly breaking the kiss as he stared into my eyes. His hands were still running up and down my waist, sending explosions of tingles through my entire body, but even then, they stayed away from my breasts.

"I won't rush you, Love." He murmured before placing a final kiss on my lips, moving back and laying on the bed next to me before pulling me into his arms as if I weighed nothing.

My heart thundered and I clutched onto his shirt, tightly curling into him. He was huge and I felt tiny in his arms but it felt so right. The prickle of tears stung my eyes, and I fought them away.

What the hell? I don't cry!

Why did this have to be so complicated? Why did someone have to be hurt regardless of the outcome? I didn't even know how two mates would work, I don't know what to do.

Why couldn't it have all been simple?

As if sensing my turmoil, he rubbed my back comfortingly. I placed my leg between both of his, blushing when his package pressed against my thigh. His scent and warmth were so comforting and that emptiness that had accompanied me every night in bed for the last three years somewhat lifted.

I wanted to talk to him, I wanted to ask him so many things, but the fear that if I opened my mouth I'll start crying kept me silent.

Talk to me Bitesize.' His voice came through the link.

My lip quivered.

"Tell me what's on your mind." He asked softly.

"I wish things could be simple, I understand your point too. I just don't want anyone hurt, but I realised that even together, someone will feel hurt often." I whispered.

"Don't think about it, Damon and I will figure this shit out." He said coldly, and although he said that, I knew the meaning was not the same as what Damon had meant. "Tell me, bitesize, do you feel the exact same way about both of us?"

I shook my head,

"You both are opposites; Damon is like that soothing warmth of security, happiness and safety." I said, now finally looking up at him. "I know he'll always be that friend I can just be myself around."

His jaw ticked and he raised an eyebrow.

"And you... You consume me, I can't think straight when I am around you. You are the promise of unconditional love and passion..." I blushed, looking down once more.

"I'm waiting, love."

"I lose my mind around you. You're that electricity that keeps me on edge, fulfils me, and I know that you will always protect me from anything and everything."

I looked up slowly, and he smirked.

"So basically, Damon's a friend, and I'm the mate material." He said, and I could sense his satisfaction.

I frowned looking away. Did I think about kissing them both when awake? Maybe a few times here and there, but it was the emotional connection that I yearned for. Yes, maybe sexually I thought of Liam more, a lot more... But that was because our dynamic has always been different, I always saw him as someone I loved sexually, whilst I saw Damon as a friend first.

"The bond is there."

"But without it, if you had to choose--"

"Liam... let's not do this." I pleaded.

"Fine, as I said, we'll figure it out." He said coldly.

I love you, Liam. I want to help you.

He was going through so much...

I hugged him tighter, feeling him throb against my leg but I still didn't let go of him. His scent, the way his body moulded so perfectly with mine.

A silence fell between us and I could sense his irritation lessening

"Tell me how you got your scar." I whispered, not daring to look up.

He let out a slow breath, as if pondering where to start.

"It was on one of our training visits up North, me and some of the boys were out for some drinks and there was this Alpha who was being a fucking dickhead towards us. He was from another country so obviously British pack laws under Alejandro didn't apply to him and was acting like a fucking entitled dipshit. He was too fucking full of himself and I needed to vent... I may have underestimated him a little as he was carrying a blade laced with poison and was trying to gouge my eye out. I managed to do a number on him with his own fucking knife too, until Rayhan pulled me off him." He said not sounding very impressed.

I jerked back, staring up at him shocked.

"Liam... You have never been so impulsive." I was shocked.

"Yeah... Well, things change." He said, his voice cold once more.

But even then, despite the coldness in his voice, his embrace was warm. He looked down at me. Raising one hand, he brushed my hair back, sending tingles of pleasure through me.

"I like this colour better," he said quietly, "and the length."

My heart skipped a beat, my stomach fluttering at his compliment as he pushed my bangs back off my forehead, looking into my eyes. I always kept them long so I could hide behind them if needed.

Our heart's raced and as much as I wanted to kiss him, I wasn't ready for more.

"Thanks... So I see you got a tattoo. What's it *of*?" I asked curiously.

"Is that your way of asking me to strip?" He asked, caressing my leg.

"No." I said, trying to ignore his tantalising touch.

"I'll show it to you some time." He said, his gaze falling on my lips once again.

"Liam... Have you noticed your eyes sometimes darken, like not your wolf's eyes, I mean they go really dark, like navy?" I asked hesitantly.

The slight softness that had been in his eyes vanished and he looked at me sharply, frowning.

"No, what do you mean?"

"When you tore my shirt... Your eyes weren't normal." I said softly

Reaching up, I caressed his jaw. The prickle of his stubble felt good against my fingertips, I didn't want him to get angry but it was eating up at me.

His brows knitted together and he clenched his jaw.

"Are you sure you weren't just fucking imagining that?" He asked, tapping my ass.

I gasped, jerking away, my cheeks burning as I glared at him.

"Hey!"

"Nice ass." He remarked as I scooted away, grabbing the gummy bears.

"Of course it's nice, and cute, I've worked out a lot." I grumbled, frowning as I looked at him.

Was he trying to change the topic?

"Liam... I'm serious, I didn't imagine those eyes. Even earlier in your office, when you were playing with that knife, your eyes changed... and it didn't seem normal..."

I felt like an idiot, I shouldn't have mentioned it. He clearly didn't believe me, and I know it didn't really make sense either

"Never mind, maybe you're right and it's just me." I said, brushing my hair back.

"You don't actually believe that." He said, seemingly thinking about something. "There's something I wouldn't mind a second opinion on." He said getting off the bed and walking into his closet.

I wondered what he meant, glancing at the TV that no one was paying attention to. He returned after a short while holding an old book.

"What's that?" I asked curiously, as he picked up the remote and put some music on instead.

Not a wise move, blue eyes...

He walked to the bed, my heart skipping a beat at just the thought of one day this being permanent. I pushed the thought away when he sat down on the bed, frowning deeply.

"Grandma Amelia left me this book, inside it was this note and a card I used to always draw when she did our readings. I don't have any fucking idea what it means." He said hesitantly, I knew he wasn't sure if he should share.

I took the card and note, frowning as I stared down at it. I knew a little about readings and this card definitely depicted darkness.

"You drew this card?" I asked, feeling my stomach knot uncomfortably.

"Yeah, three times. After that, she refused to read our cards." He said, settling back on the bed. His shirt rode up slightly as he flipped the book open, showing off his defined V. I looked away quickly and down at the card, frowning.

"Why not ask Rayhan to ask his mate? I'm sure they'll know what it means." I said. "His mate's powerful, Kia said so.",

"That's an idea actually, I looked online and didn't find shit.

This card doesn't exist in normal tarot cards."

"That's because I doubt these are just any cards. We all know of Grandma Amy's lineage." I said, staring at the card. "And if you don't want to share why you want to have this card read, I'm sure they won't question you." ,

"Hmm, it's not that late... Let me see if he's awake."

He grabbed his phone, typing a quick text before dropping the phone on the bed.

"What's that book about?" I asked.

"She left it to me. It's about a curse on the Deimos line and the prophecy of light and darkness." He said.

That piqued my interest, but before I could even ask if I could have a look, his phone started ringing – An incoming video call from Rayhan.

"Let's hope she has answers." Liam muttered.