

Chapter 170

Marisol stepped out of Leticia's chambers with a million thoughts bubbling in her head. She didn't know if she wanted to scream or cry.

Maybe she wanted to do both. It was so unfair. Her parents had told her she was destined for greatness. Was this fate's idea of greatness? To be made to sacrifice herself without a say?

Why didn't all this happen before she met Cedric? Their lives were far from perfect, but she'd never felt so complete before. This all felt like a sick, twisted joke, and she could feel her guts churn at the thought of it.

Not only was it unfair to her, but it was unfair to Cedric, too. They'd only just found each other, and even with that, they'd gotten a taste of the life they could have together, the happiness they felt in the mere presence of the other. It was unfair to her parents, too. She was their only child for goddess' sake.

It hurt so much to think about it. She just wanted to curl up and cry. But she wouldn't dare because if she felt the tiniest distress, her parents and Cedric would rush to find her.

It was the worst. Why should they have to suffer from such? Her parents left their pack, raging on a mission to find and bring her home, but as fate would have it, they were here now, ready to forgive the past for her happiness and give her their full support, but it turned out all she had to do was kill herself to resolve the whole thing. Her emotions threatened to tumble out, and it felt like she was hanging on by a thread.

In a flash of a second, a hand grabbed her and pulled her back into Leticia's room.

"You can cry all you want. I've cut them off. They will not feel anything." Leticia whispered next to her.

At that, Marisol's knees finally gave way, and she fell to the ground, screaming with all her might. All the pain, the anger, and every emotion burst out without a filter.

It turned out Leticia had been wrong. The spell she put around her chamber was not strong enough to hold Marisol's rage.

Leticia stared wide-eyed as her room and everything in it began to tremble as Marisol's cries turned into a pained roar. Her energies had melded together to form something completely different.

"It would've been worse if she'd kept it bottled in for longer" is what Leticia thought as she conjured a new protective layer around the chamber.

It took a while before she collapsed, exhausted.

Leticia could only stare in wonder. It annoyed her that the world was about to lose such a being so powerful. The untapped and untamed power called to her. She would have loved to see the extent of her powers.

Marisol shut her eyes and locked away all her remaining energy. She was going to mask her inner turmoil with a bright smile. She was determined to keep her promise to Leticia and guard the secret they had discussed, even if it weighed heavily on her mind.

Letting out her rage helped a lot, too.

"Thank you, Genevieve," She said as she climbed to her feet.

Leticia only smiled and quietly watched her leave.

Outside Leticia's chambers, Marisol exhaled shakily before plastering a smile across her face. She didn't need to make a decision. She already knew what she had to do. What she needed was a little more time. She wanted to spend it with her family. She wasn't ready to face the reality of wielding the ancient dagger against Guinevere, but she also knew that time was running out, and the fate of their pack hung in the balance.

She headed towards the door that led to the major part of the pack house when she was greeted with Cedric's warm embrace. His eyes sparkled with affection as he enveloped her in his arms. Immediately, Marisol found herself sighing in content and washed over with comfort.

"Hey! I missed you, Princess. Are you alright? Did the attacks make you nervous?"

A smile spread across Marisol's face as she turned around in his arms to face him. "Nervous? Why on earth..."

"Okay, I was nervous on your behalf." He admitted with a sheepish grin, and Marisol regarded him with a fond smile. "But Leticia was right. When we retreated, they prowled around aimlessly for a while before they left. What I do not understand is why Guinevere wanted to create a distraction. We're safe for now, but it drives me crazy thinking about just what she might've been distracting us from."

Cedric's brows were pinched in confusion at the end of his words, and Marisol smirked, remembering how she felt Guinevere's anger when she'd sent her wandering demons back to her.

"Guinevere was pissed at my intrusion, and she decided to make her first move. She was trying to sow discord among our pack members, turning them against each other to weaken us from within."

Cedric's eyes widened in realization as he processed the words "Ahh..... that makes sense then." He noted, and Marisol scrunched her nose, endeared, wondering just when he'd developed such cute antics.

"Well, it's over now. How are the pack members? Was anyone hurt?" Marisol asked, and Cedric grinned, the sight tugging at Marisol's heartstrings.

"Everyone's fine. Your parents' presence helped a lot."

With that, he laced their fingers together and began to lead them inside. As they walked, an idea came to life in Marisol's head.

"Cedric, would you mind inviting my parents and Lily to dinner tonight? I think it would be nice to spend some time together." Time was running out, and she longed for the warmth and comfort of her family's presence, hoping it would ease the weight of the burden she carried.

Cedric's eyes lit up at Marisol's suggestion, and he nodded enthusiastically.

"Of course! Actually, I have a wonderful announcement to make during dinner. It's about our future together."

Marisol's heart skipped a beat at Cedric's words and the tone with which he spoke. Her mind quickly filled with anticipation about what the evening held. Seeing him so happy made her heart full.

As he carried on with dinner preparations, she slipped out into the library. Once she was inside, she shut her eyes and called to the dagger. It answered almost immediately, a large book at the top of the shelf slowly twitching until it started to levitate in the air.

She allowed it to descend into her outstretched arms, watching as it flipped itself open to reveal the most bewitching piece she'd ever laid her eyes on.

After studying it for a while, she returned it to its place on the shelf.

The dining hall was bathed in a warm, golden glow, the flickering candlelight casting dancing shadows across the elegant table setting. Marisol sat at the head of the table, her parents on one side and Caleb, and Sophia and Lily, who was visibly happy despite coiling it on herself at being sat with such dignitaries. Cedric stood at the head, a proud smile gracing his features as he surveyed the gathering.

"Thank you all for joining us tonight. It means a lot to have everyone here together." He addressed them, looking at Marisol with a bright smile.

"Of course, dear. We wouldn't miss it for the world." Nicole responded, and Liam grumbled something under his breath, causing a bout of laughter to erupt around the table.

Marisol smiled at her parents, not missing the way their hands were linked beneath the table. She loved what they had. She couldn't believe she'd found something like that for herself, only for it to get taken away so wickedly.

She shook her head immediately, wanting to rid it of those thoughts.

"It's lovely to be here. Your castle is truly magnificent." Lily spoke up shyly.

"I'm glad you think so. And I have some exciting news to share with all of you."

Marisol's heart fluttered nervously as Cedric's announcement hung in the air. She knew what was coming, yet the weight of his words still felt heavy upon her.

"I've decided to accept the Council's terms and reassume my position as Alpha as soon as we resolve the issue with Guinevere. And Marisol, my dear, I want you to stand by my side as my Luna."

Marisol's heart swelled with conflicting emotions at Cedric's declaration. His eyes, conveying his utmost sincerity, almost had her bursting into tears where she sat. Instead, she forced a smile, her applause joining in with the others, though inside, she felt a pang of sadness.

"That's wonderful news, Cedric. I'm so proud of you. And I'm sure I don't exactly have an option there, do I?" she joked, and the table erupted in laughter again.

"Congratulations, Cedric. Marisol will make a wonderful Luna." Liam said proudly, raising his glass in a toast.

"I second that. It's about time you took your rightful place as Alpha." Caleb cheered from his seat, raising his glass too.

"You mean, you cannot wait to drop the mantle," Sophia teased, and Caleb did not miss a beat before he replied with a loud "Yes!", unabashedly.

They all burst into laughter at his admittance. Amidst the cheers and applause, Marisol struggled to maintain her composure. She felt torn between her love for Cedric and the burden of the secret she carried.

As the evening progressed, conversation flowed freely, laughter echoing off the walls of the grand dining hall. They discussed lighter topics, reminiscing about fond memories and sharing stories of their past adventures.

Cedric regaled them with tales of his childhood antics, eliciting laughter from the group. Marisol's parents shared stories of Marisol's younger years, much to her embarrassment and amusement.

Amidst the jovial atmosphere, Marisol couldn't shake the weight of Cedric's announcement. She stole glances at him, admiring the determination and strength in his eyes, yet unable to silence the nagging voice of doubt in her mind.

As the evening drew to a close, Marisol found herself lost in thought, contemplating the future that lay ahead. She knew that difficult decisions herself before her, but for now, she allowed herself to bask in the warmth of the moment, surrounded by the love and support of her family and friends.

"That was a wonderful evening," Cedric said later on when their guests had departed.

"Right? I'm sure you would've never thought of it, I'm a genius." she joked, and Cedric snickered, pulling her close.

"I have another confession to make," he whispered close to her ear, and Marisol smiled, humming thoughtfully.

"Let me guess..... you think I deserve the world?"

Cedric barked out a laugh at that, nodding "You do, but that's not it."

"Okay, Alpha, go on with it then." Marisol urged, allowing him to pull her closer.

"I lied when I said you didn't distract me." He muttered, leaning in to leave tender kisses on her neck.

Marisol bit back a moan. "Is that all?"

"No." Cedric growled, "But it's best I show you the rest."

The air crackled with electricity as their lips met in a fervent kiss, igniting a firestorm of desire between them.

Their hands roamed feverishly over each other's bodies, tracing the contours of muscle and skin with urgent hunger. Marisol's fingers tangled in Cedric's hair as she pulled him closer, deepening their kiss with a fervent intensity.

With each lingering touch, their passion intensified, igniting a primal need that consumed them both. Cedric's hands roamed lower, tracing the curves of Marisol's body with reverent exploration, eliciting soft moans of pleasure from her lips, their bodies pressed together in a heated embrace, a symphony of desire and longing coursing through their veins.

With a whispered promise of ecstasy, they tumbled onto the plush bed, their movements fueled by an insatiable hunger for each other.

In a frenzy of desire, clothes were discarded, and inhibitions cast aside as they surrendered themselves to the intoxicating bliss of each other's touch. Their bodies moved as one, a dance of passion and ecstasy that left them breathless and lost in the throes of desire.

With every whispered declaration of love, they forged a deeper connection, binding their souls together in a bond that transcended the physical realm.