Chapter 114

A few minutes later, she opened the door and was startled to see James, the Chief Warrior of the pack, leaning against the wall right in front of her room.

"Was considering knocking, but then I heard you threw your parents out of your room this morning." He supplies with a straight face.

Marisol throws her head back and sighs loudly in exasperation. When she faced him once again, James was no longer alone, the Beta, Tony, Garett, now standing next to him.

"Are you planning on throwing another tantrum?" Garrett beams at her, a huge contrast from James, and Marisol grits her teeth. Her grip on the door handle tightened with each second.

"Now, now, princess, we don't want to have to request yet another door handle." Garrett muses, amusement still etched into his face.

here?" Marisol asks with a scowl.

"What are you doing here?" She asks, turning to James immediately after, "What is he doing

Marisol folds her arms across her chest as if to serve as a shield as she gets ready to give both of

them a piece of her mind, but thinks better of it. It would only prove them right.

"You're late," James said simply, his eyes boring into her in a way that made her uncomfortable

"You are cut off from the pack bond. Yet you had a nightmare so terrifying that it somehow snuck its way into the bond that you intentionally cut yourself off from."

Marisol's eyes widened in shock and alarm. "W- what? I-"

from his not-very-subtle attempts at getting a read at her.

She is promptly cut off by James, who sets his other foot back on the ground and makes to begin walking in the opposite direction. "The pack is worried."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Garrett asked with a smirk still etched into his features.

Marisol rolled her eyes for what felt like the nth time that day. No one other than her parents and James knew that none of Garrett's smiles ever reached his eyes, his cheerful demeanor not more than a facade, and she could even sense the fear in those eyes sometimes.

She heard that he'd suffered from a magical manipulation that cost him his mate long before she was even born and that nothing has remained the same with him ever since.

"When did you become the Pack shrink?" She retorted, walking after James.

She didn't miss Garrett's pout as he started walking behind them. After a brief pause, she adds, "What's this? Don't you have my parents to hound over?"

"We've done that already. It's your turn now. You're late for training, late for your fitting, for breakfast, and everything else. You're also hiding something." James listed without stopping or skipping a beat.

"Ugh. Why are you guys convinced that I'm hiding something?" She grumbled.

They'd arrived in the kitchen, and sure enough, her mother was there, sipping coffee from the mug she held, the saucer lying on her dainty fingers.

"Then restore your connection to the pack." Garrett shrugged, "That would convince us."

the fear that threatened to swallow her. The situation was worsening, and there was no doubt about that, seeing how now, her fear had gotten so palpable that it could penetrate the severed remains of the bond.

Marisol's heart jumped at the suggestion. She couldn't open the bond until she was able to control

beginning to think that you would skip breakfast." Marisol puffs her cheeks and moves to stop her mother's movement. "I can prepare something for

"Oh, there she is," Nicole said, getting to her feet and turning around to face the counter, "I was

She grabbed the ingredients for a sandwich from her mother and began arranging them on a plate

myself, thank you."

on the counter.

"I will remain cut off from the pack," Marisol announced with her back still turned to both men and her mother by her side and the room, albeit having fallen into a comfortable silence a few

minutes ago, felt even quieter now as tension began to build.

breathe out a relieved sigh immediately after.

"Because you guys do not understand me. By now, you should have understood that I hate everything to do with the preparations for my birthday. It's stressing me out. You are also stressing me with all the attention you've been giving me lately." She lied swiftly and heard her mother

you loved the idea of planning the ball yourself because it's your 21st birthday."

"Oh honey," Nicole coos, taking a step closer, "I'm so sorry. We didn't think of that. We'd thought

couldn't, so she did the next best thing. "Mom," she whines, turning around and falling into her mother's ever-welcoming arms. Her wolf

purrs in relief and contentment, having been antsy and on edge all morning. Nicole's nurturing

Marisol feels guilt tugging at her heartstrings almost immediately, and she bites her lips at the

penitence in her mother's voice. That was almost enough to have her spilling the truth, but she

and comforting aura was more than enough to help it calm down. "If it's too much for you, we can try something else. Maybe something much simpler, and you can leave all the preparations for the ball to me."

Marisol shakes her head in refusal as she pulls away from the hug. "No. It's uncomfortable, and I don't exactly like it. But that doesn't mean I'll ruin everyone's fun. Trust me, I can handle it." She

finishes with a reassuring smile before grabbing her ready sandwich and taking a bite out of it.

"Are you sure, honey?"

"Yup. This conversation never happened. And if Dad somehow gets wind of this, I'll do worse than cut myself off from the pack," she warns with a playful glint, but meaning every word and

every occupant of the room is well aware of the fact.

"Deal. Now, let's get to training already. You have a lot scheduled for today." James said, his voice already growing distant at the end of his sentence as he exited the kitchen.

The knot in Marisol's stomach loosened. Crisis averted.

Smiling, Marisol kissed her mother on her cheek and followed after James.

The adults exchanged glances. James smiled, and Garret sighed.

Nicole watches her daughter walk away with a heavy heart. Her senses were certain that something was wrong.

"I didn't buy that display." Garrett supplies as soon as she was out of earshot.

age.

"Neither did I," Nicole sighs. "Liam and I think that her powers are awakening with her coming of

Garrett stroked his jaw, "That's plausible. But I think it's something else. Your powers didn't awaken until you were marked, and even after that, it took months. It's not her powers. I think this is as a result of the pressure she's currently under. The pressure of having to be the perfect

daughter to the most powerful couple in the world." Nicole nodded and took another sip of her now cold coffee. "Maybe you're right," she said, still

not quite convinced.

But he wasn't. None of them were. But they didn't know that.