

Chapter 122

Marisol stared into the eyes of her mate. She had never felt so exhilarated in her life. She felt like she would burst with joy. But then, in the depths of her consciousness, an ominous feeling wormed its way in. It was so small that she concluded that it was fear of the unknown.

"Yes," she breathed out, "Yes. I will marry you."

Every fibre of her being felt alive just by being in his presence. Like she'd been injected with some sort of drug. Tears pooled at the corner of her eyes.

Caleb was the person that she had been waiting for. He was the person that she needed.

All the fear and uncertainty that clouded her brain before vanished. She was happy. Happier than she'd ever been in her life.

She clasped his hands and pulled him up.

"Yes..." Caleb croaked, wrapping his hands around her. He seemed to be shaking with as much emotion as her.

"Thank you... Marisol." He continued. "You don't know what you've just done for me. I could never live without you. My life has been a mess without you, and so I have searched in every nook and cranny for you. My life has been empty and just your presence has made it full. I need you, my pack needs you. I cannot imagine the great things we will do together. Thank you, Marisol."

Marisol was so touched by his words that the tears that she'd tried to hold slipped out of her eyes and began spilling on her shirt.

"I've been waiting for you too," Marisol began. "In the past few days I have been unsettled, scared, and I even had a couple of nightmares. I believed that change was coming, but I didn't know it was this kind. Because you've come around, every ounce of fear has instantly vanished."

They leaned closer. Their lips brushed tenderly. This feeling was tantalizing. Marisol finally understood why her parents seemed obsessed with each other. They barely knew each other, but Marisol knew she was obsessed with the man in her arms. He was hers, hers to keep, hers to love, hers to cherish, hers forever and she was his.

In the underbrush nearby, a twig snapped, but they were too engrossed in each other to notice. Marisol wanted to drown in Caleb's eyes. She wanted all of him. She needed all of him.

He'd awoken a hunger that she'd never experienced. She wanted his hands all over her, she wanted to mark him. She was ready to rip out the eyes of any female being that looked his way. She wanted him to mark her. Now. She wanted it now.

Her hands found their way under his shirt, she wanted to feel him. Another twig snapped, and he flinched as soon as her hands made contact with his skin.

Marisol didn't notice. She wanted her clothes to be ripped off her body. She wanted...

"Mare?" Estella's fearful voice cut through the night.

They jumped apart. Caleb let out a growl and pulled her back into his arms.

"Marisol?" Estella's voice came again.

Marisol huffed. Anger spread through her like a wildfire. What the hell did Estella want?

"Mare, your mom is looking for you and your Alpha mate. She will soon arrive at your room."

Marisol's eyes widened. Her mother might be really warm and as harmless as a cute bunny. But she was not one to cross. Marisol sucked in a deep breath and imagined how mad her mother would be if she caught them. Because it was quite clear that they separated them on purpose.

She wanted to dismiss her fear because she'd just been proposed to, but then she remembered that her father's anger would be triple that of his wife. And there was no way Nicole would get angry without Liam feeling it.

While Nicole would be mad at her, Liam would be mad at Caleb and the whole world. She could have seen his wariness earlier, and she feared for her mate.

"Marisol!" Estella's voice came again.

"We-" Caleb started.

Marisol put her hands on his lips to cut him off.

"Shut up, if you want to live."

Caleb's eyes widened.

They stood unmoving and waited until Estella's footsteps were far enough before they tiptoed back to Caleb's room.

Just as she was about to leave, Caleb pulled her back with another simmering kiss. He had her pressed on the wall outside the guest room and teased and tasted her with his tongue.

Once more, all her fear evaporated. Marisol allowed herself to be kissed thoroughly. She forgot her mother's anger, her father's anger as his tongue dove into hers. She breathed in his sweet scent. She wanted to revel in it. She wanted to drown in it.

He held her face as he kissed her senseless, and she kept up, making sure to completely match his energy.

His hands traced her breasts and she gasped. Another delicious sensation crawled down in her stomach.

A resounding applause startled them. Marisol spun around so quickly that she was dizzy.

James and Garrett leaned on the wall. And while anger danced in James' eyes, Garrett bore his signature smile.

"Told you we'd find them here," Garrett said.

James shrugged and pocketed his hands. "You won the bet. I guess I owe you, don't I?"

Caleb growled at both of them and held Marisol protectively.

"Do you have a death wish?" Garrett murmured, unfazed. "My friend here will rip you to shreds in minutes." He added, patting James' shoulder affectionately.

"What's the problem?" Marisol growled, "Why are you policing me?"

James's eyes fixated on her. "There are rules in this pack, Marisol. You broke them. You of all people know what it means."

"I don't care. He is my mate. He proposed and I said yes." She screamed, waving her finger.

James and Garrett exchanged looks. "What?"

"Yes. We will leave for his pack tomorrow."