Chapter 128

The next time Marisol regained consciousness, it was to an intense hunger gnawing at her stomach. The smell of food wafts through the room, and despite herself, she springs upright.

She is greeted by a sharp pain in her head, black dots appearing behind her closed lids at the suddenness of the ability to move her body again.

It was only now that she realized just how bright it was in the room, and with a hiss, she snapped her eyes shut just as a young woman rushed to close the blinds, shielding her from the harsh light.

The room dims, and Marisol peels her eyes open, focused on the meal set before her. The rumbling of her stomach made it easy to throw caution out the window and unable to resist the enticing aroma, Marisol rushed to get to the meal laid out before her.

It wasn't until she was halfway through that she remembered she wasn't alone. Suspicion flashes in her eyes, and she glances up, eyeing the people around her warily.

Looking up, her gaze locked on the young woman who had closed the blinds. She looked around Marisol's age, if older, then not by more than 2 years. She smiles warmly at finally being acknowledged and cautiously approaches her.

"Hi there, I'm Sophia. You must be Marisol," she greeted, her tone soft and bearing no animosity.

Blinking, Marisol forced the food that'd been in her mouth down her throat, still eyeing her skeptically. Something about her made her wary.

"I'm Caleb's wife and mate and the current Luna of Redwood." The woman added after getting no reply, and Marisol froze, unable to give a better reaction.

"We're not here to hurt you, Marisol. You should eat more to regain your strength." She spoke again.

Marisol's fear spirals into panic. She tried to force her body to move, to do something, go along with this whole act, but she couldn't. She didn't know what they wanted from her, and she didn't care either. She needed to get out of there.

Without thinking twice, she springs to her feet and makes a run for it, dashing for the door. The room erupts into clamor as the others in the room scream after her, having not expected the reaction. She makes it out the door and does not look back. She continued to run until she was out of the pack house, darting into the surrounding woods.

Alarm bells echoed throughout the pack as Marisol sprinted with all her might, the chase intensifying. Her heart pounded against her chest, and she used every ounce of strength she'd gained to run.

She was fueled by the desperate need to escape and get as far away as possible from the obvious bad news that was Redwood. She was almost out, she was going to make it out. Marisol couldn't believe it, she could see the pack's boundary just a few steps ahead and at the speed she was running, she got to it in less time.

However, just as she attempts to run right out of the pack's boundary, she is met with an invisible force field that sends her backward by at least a few meters.

Still charged with adrenaline, Marisol shakes it off and tries again, only to be zapped once again by the invisible barrier.

Pain spreads through her body as it sends her flying backward. Before she could spring back to her feet and try again, the weight was upon her, holding her down.

"No, let me go!" Marisol cried out, fighting against the restraints that were being skillfully put on her again.

Caleb, still with that blank expression that unnerved Marisol, spoke with an unsettling calmness. "You can't leave, Marisol. You're trapped by the boundary spell."

As the fight slowly dies within her, Marisol is moved to tears, the betrayal and despair rendering her words a choked whisper, "Please let me go! Why are you doing this?!"

Caleb doesn't respond, busying himself with securing the bounds around her wrists.

"Why are you doing this, Caleb?" She repeated, more desperate, "Let me go!"

Caleb looked a few seconds away from sighing in exasperation, "You can't leave, Marisol. It's for your own safety."

"No! The only place I am unsafe is here! You lied to me! You're holding me captive! I want to leave!" She screams, her chest heaving with the weight of her words.

"Marisol, we don't want to hurt you. We just need you to stay put until the spell wears off." Marisol hadn't seen Sophia arriving, but now she stood staring down at her with eyes soft and her tone even softer, almost soothing.

The frustration and anger had finally brewed to a boiling point, and Marisol screamed, hysterical, "Lies! You are all liars! Let me go! I can't believe I trusted you!" She aims her last words at Caleb, and Sophia interjects again, still calm as a cucumber.

"Calm down. All this screaming will not help you."

"No! You can't keep me here! I don't want to be here, " Marisol protests loudly, tears of frustration and desperation streaming down her face.

As they carried her back to the pack grounds, Marisol continued to kick and scream, her voice growing hoarse. "Please! I don't belong here! Let me leave!"

Needless to say, her pleas fell on deaf ears. She was rendered unconscious once more, the overwhelming sense of helplessness consuming her.

When Marisol woke up again, the room seemed darker than before. She was ravenous, her body aching from the ordeal. The aroma of food was still present, but this time, she knew better. She pushes herself to a sitting position, eyeing her surroundings warily.

A woman, previously tucked into a corner of the room, approaches, keeping her eyes down, "I'm Lily," she says softly, "I'm supposed to make sure you eat." Lily set a tray of food on the table and left without saying much else.

Marisol hesitated before cautiously inching closer to the set table. The food brought some relief to her growling stomach, but the heaviness in her chest lingered.

As she ate, Sophia entered the room once again, her once warm expression taking on a more serious note. "Marisol, we need to talk."

Marisol narrows her eyes at her suspiciously but does not respond.

Sophia sighs, "I understand that you're confused and angry. We didn't mean for things to go this way, but you need to know the truth."

Marisol swallows hard at that, her eyes narrowing further. "What truth?"

Sophia hesitated before speaking, "You were brought here under a spell. Caleb used a compulsion spell to make you come to us."

Marisol sucked in a breath at that, "I know that much by now. He.... he lied that we were mates."

Sophia nodded. "I know, and I'm sorry you had to find out this way. But the truth is, Caleb already has a mate, and that's me. The whole 'mate' thing was a ruse to get you here."

Marisol forces her emotions to stay in place as she asks in a whisper. "Why? What do you want

from me?"

Sophia purses her lips, looking away. "That's not in my place to say."

Anger surges through Marisol at being kept in the dark again. "So, I had to go through all that for a reason you can't even tell me?!"

Sophia maintained a solemn look. "I understand if you hate us right now. But we had no other choice. You will understand soon enough."

This whole situation was proving so hard to understand, and the whirlwind of emotions swirling around her head was not helping. With a shaky exhale, Marisol finds Sophia's eyes. "Let me go. I want to leave."

Sophia sighed again, "I wish I could, Marisol. But the boundary spell is in place to protect the pack. You can't leave, at least not until..."

Marisol's nostrils stung with frustration. "You can't just keep me here against my will!"

Sophia's voice softened with her next words, "I know this is hard for you to accept. We didn't want it to come to this either, but we really had no other choice."

"Look! I don't understand what it is you're on about, and at this point, I really don't want to! I just want to go home!" Marisol cried out, her voice wavering with a mix of fear and anger, prompting Sophia to take a step closer as if to offer some comfort.

"Marisol, we're trying to protect you. Trust me, you're safer here."

Marisol shook her head before scoffing in disbelief, "And why exactly would I want to do that when you've done nothing but lie to me so far? This is unlawful imprisonment!"

Frustration turned to resignation as Marisol realized the gravity of her situation with Sophia's lack of a response, seemingly noting Marisol's unwillingness to listen to the same words over and over again.

She was trapped in whatever messed up setting this was, and she had no way of leaving until her captors decided to let her go. The room started to spin, and darkness closed in as unconsciousness claimed her once again.