

## MATED TO THE BEASTLY ALPHA CHAPTER 146

### Chapter 146

On stepping into the confines of the pack house, Marisol swiftly grabs Lily's hand, a surprised squeak leaving the latter's lips as she's promptly dragged into her room, where she is settled on the bed, after which Marisol goes to shut the door, hearing it lock with a click.

"What's going on?" Lily asked, wide-eyed.

Marisol, looking to catch her breath after the display that leaves Lily perplexed, rushes out a question, one from the multitude of the questions she currently has, "Who were they?"

Lily has a wry smile on her lips as she responds. "My closest friends." There's a beat of silence, and on noting that wasn't enough for Marisol, she adds, "We've known each other since we were pups, and I'm sure we all share a mutual trust and understanding."

Marisol's curiosity remains unstated, so she presses on, "Why are they so invested in everything happening within the pack?"

Lily, nonchalant yet earnest, shrugs "We've always been a curious group, and we're all tired of suffering and pretending the pack isn't falling apart," she supplies, visibly relaxing on knowing the reason for Marisol's previous display.

"So, why didn't you tell them about me?" Marisol asked, her eyes probing for an explanation.

Lily averted her gaze momentarily, and when she looked back at Marisol, a newfound seriousness shone in her eyes. "I can't reveal anything to anyone outside the pack house. I took an oath, you know that much."

A subtle smile played on Marisol's lips. She had her right where she wanted her. And so far, her body language was open. She nods in understanding, encouraging Lily to share more.

"I can't prompt or leave hints. It would betray the oath," Lily continued "I can not do anything to affect my integrity."

Marisol's smile widens as she asks this

time, "And do they know about the prophecy?"

Lily gasps, her lips pressing together before she nods ever so slowly.

"Then they must know about me," Marisol stated, a smirk taking over her features.

Lily sighed, a trace of exasperation crossing her features as her shoulders slumped. "Yeah. We were pretending. Our act was a mess, wasn't it? Please don't ask how they know. Remember, they know a lot about witches, oddly enough, and the ones that have trespassed into our territory. They have their means."

"Fair enough." Marisol shrugs, "But why don't you use the term, 'we'?"

Lily falls back onto the bed at her words, a tired sigh leaving her lips as she pinches the bridge of her nose. "What do you want to hear, Marisol?"

Sensing her inner turmoil, Marisol's voice takes on a softer tone, moving to

collapse next to her on the spacious bed. "Nothing in particular. I just really want to understand the group, your role in it, and what I can freely discuss with them."

Lily finally breaks into a small, genuine smile as she hums, "Yes, we're a team. I am, however, still bound by an oath and wouldn't give them any sensitive information, and they know not to ask, but there are other purposes I serve. We do have a lot of information on technically everything, since, like I said, they always somehow end up finding something out, and we have, for a while now, been trying to decipher the prophecy and have come to a few theories that could be useful. And yes, you can ask them anything."

"Perfect," Marisol sighs, content, as she absorbs all the new information.

"Is the interrogation over?" Lily teases, her eyes gleaming with a playful glint.

Marisol laughs, nodding "Yup. Thank you for being the most interesting and welcoming person I've encountered in

Redwood.”

Lily huffs out a peal of laughter, “Yeah, no need to get all soft now, see you later, Marisol.” she says, making a little wave as she makes for the door.

At the door, she suddenly spins around, gaining Marisol's attention, “Maybe the prophecy is not as complicated as we think because just your presence here has undoubtedly made a huge difference. At first, Cedric's attacks were unregulated and brutal, but from the moment you stepped foot into this pack, the pattern changed completely and last night, there were reports that he didn't attack at all. Maybe the end is closer than we think. Maybe you'll be able to go home soon too.”

Marisol thinks about Lily's words until night falls and darkness paints the corners of her room. It looked like keeping an eye on Cedric had worked, but uncertainty lingered. Could it really be that her presence had influenced a change in his actions? If so, why and how did that come to be? Maybe it was for an entirely different reason. He did

seem pretty knocked out the night before. What if it had just been his fatigue overcoming his need to cause chaos?

Once again, Marisol finds herself going back to the hidden castles in search of answers, and upon arriving, panic grips her at not finding Cedric in his usual position, striking his signature pose. The throne room was empty, save for her jittery figure. Had she arrived too late? Did the wolf leave earlier in order to avoid getting his plans thwarted by Marisol? Was it already out there wrecking havoc within the pack?

The eerie silence within the castle only works to heighten her apprehension, leaving her with a myriad of questions about Cedric's whereabouts and intentions.

Marisol's plan to keep a vigilant eye on him was seemingly unraveling as she struggled to locate the elusive werewolf. Questions swirl in her mind. Why was Cedric deviating from his usual patterns? What was driving the change in his actions? Was this calm

before the storm? Or had something truly shifted within Cedric?

As she searches aimlessly for Cedric or his wolf, she catches a whiff of something appealing in the air and immediately succumbs, following it.

She hadn't realized just how hungry she'd been until now, the scent bringing her to the large dining area where, surprisingly, Cedric was seated, indulging in a feast fit for a king at the head of the table and seemingly unaware of the new presence.

Marisol froze in the doorway of the large dining hall within the hidden castle, her eyes widening at the sight before her. Cedric was so engrossed in his meal that he either genuinely hadn't noticed her or was consciously not paying any heed to her.

The aroma of dishes wafts through the air tantalizingly, making her stomach growl involuntarily. What surprised her even more was the setting, as if he'd been expecting to be joined by another person.

Marisol hesitated for a moment, contemplating her choices and, with a final burst of confidence, she cleared her throat, gaining Cedric's immediate attention, his eyes widening in a way she'd never admit looked almost endearing before he collected himself, wiping his lips with a handkerchief.

"It's great to see that you have friends." She quips, a challenging glint in her eyes as she gestures toward the set-out plate. "Didn't think a lone wolf like you would need company."

She wasn't sure what to name the ugly feeling, twisting her guts at the thought of Cedric eating with a faceless person.

"Friends?" he scoffs, raising an eyebrow. "Do you think my life is a pack gathering?"

"Well, considering your track record, it's hard to imagine you sharing a meal with someone willingly." Marisol retorts, keeping an air of indifference.

Cedric's lips curve into a sardonic smile as he replies, "Lone, maybe. But even



lone wolves can appreciate a good meal. It seems your assumptions about me are as flawed as your decision-making."

Marisol is momentarily rendered speechless, her lips opening and closing like a fish out of the water before she bites back, "Flawed decision-making? I think any judgment is pretty rich coming from someone who turns into a bloodthirsty monster at night."

Cedric quietly goes back to eating, unfazed by her remarks. He gestures to the empty seat in front of him. "You can stay or leave. But I think you'd be brainless to pass up a meal this good."

"I'm not hungry. And I'd rather starve than dine with a monster like you." Marisol fired back, still admittedly pissed at his previous jab.

"Why? Afraid my wolf would start craving a different kind of meal," Cedric says, smug, and Marisol rolls her eyes, determined not to let his words get to her this time.

"Your wolf can crave all it wants. I won't be part of your twisted dinner plans."

Cedric pauses to fix her with a penetrating gaze. "You're stubborn, I'll give you that. But hunger has a way of breaking even the strongest of wills."

Marisol scoffs, eyes everywhere except at the feast spread out on the table that beckons her closer, "I don't need your charity or your threats. I told you that I wasn't hungry, and even if I was, I could find my own food."

Cedric's sigh sounds exhausted and done as he sets his fork down, the glint of gold in his eyes intensifying. "I didn't peg you for a liar, but I'd rather not dwell on that right now. Now, if you value your safety, I suggest you sit and eat. My wolf detests the scent of weak werewolves, and you very much fit into that box right now, so grab a plate before we decide to make you the meal for tonight instead."

Undeterred, Marisol maintains her prideful facade, arms now crossed in front of her. "I don't intend to be tricked

into staying with you tonight. And I also don't care what your wolf thinks or wants." She retorts. In a corner of her mind, she mentally slaps herself, wondering what exactly it was she stood to gain by mouthing off at the very unstable man. Said man's eyes narrow at her as he says.

"Stubborn and foolish. You can't avoid hunger, and you certainly can't outrun me if I intend on keeping you here tonight."

Ignoring his warning, Marisol remains defiant. "I don't plan on running. I'm just not bending to your will."

Cedric's expression shifts, his eyes now fully revealing the golden hue that is no doubt his wolf surfacing. "You think you can defy the instincts that govern us? You can't escape the hunger, Marisol."

The growl that accompanies his words sends a tingle dancing along Marisol's skin, an inexplicable thrill accompanying the fear she feels. She distractedly wondered if what he'd said held a double meaning. He might be

talking about food, but all she could see was the sparks of the intoxicating connection between them.

He abruptly rises from his seat, his movements predatory as he closes the distance between them. Marisol felt her heart rate pick up as he drew closer until they stood face to face, their breaths mingling in the charged atmosphere. It was obvious that his wolf was now very present.

"Do you really think I wouldn't find you, wherever you hide and rip you apart?" He asks, a rough edge to his voice.

Marisol forces back a nervous gulp, fists balling as she struggles to remain still. Cedric's eyes bore into hers with an intensity that was almost scalding, "You can't hide from me. I can sense you, and I won't rest until I find you."

Marisol meets his gaze defiantly, her wolf soaring at the proximity, even though the confrontation is the direct opposite of what it would rather have, "Your threats don't scare me." She bites back, and Cedric laughs gratingly, the

sound bordering on mocking.

"You are actually delusional enough to believe that you can resist the primal pull? Try me then. Run. I dare you."

"I don't plan on running, Cedric." She breathes out, voice firmer than she would've liked.

Cedric picks that exact moment to lean impossibly closer, his breath brushing against her skin. "You underestimate the power of our second nature. It craves what it wants, and right now, it wants you."

Marisol's heart jumped, the air crackling with an unspoken challenge, each word exchanged carrying a weight that hinted at the underlying power dynamics between them.

Marisol should have been terrified, but her wolf seemed to revel in the closeness, resonating with his scent in a way that defied logic.

She tilts her head, hellbent on seeing this till the end, "Like I said, I don't plan

on running," she replies with unwavering determination, her voice surprisingly steady despite the adrenaline coursing through her veins.

There's a beat of silence where Cedric looks caught between a plethora of emotions he should be feeling at her answer until she adds, "But I won't be staying here either."

Cedric chuckles, a low, menacing sound that bounces around in the expansive dining hall. "You're brave, I'll give you that," he notes, his feet kick back into action, and now he's circling her as if assessing the resolve in her stance. "But bravery won't save you when my wolf decides it's time to hunt."

Marisol's fists ball tighter, refusing to let his words unnerve her. "Like I said, your threats don't scare me," she declares, eyes narrowing. "I've faced worse."

He pulls to an abrupt halt, his eyes locked into hers as he muses, "Worse, you say?" The chuckle that follows is devoid of any amusement, a dangerous glint in his eyes. "It just looks to me like

you're terribly unaware of just what I am capable of."

As he speaks, Marisol does not miss the raw intensity in his voice. There was a struggle within him, a battle between the human and the beast that resided within. It intrigues her despite the danger it poses.

She takes a bold step closer, the distance between them completely disappearing, "I'm not here to challenge you," she says, her tone softer now, almost imploring. "I just want answers."

Cedric looks to study her for a moment, his gaze flickering with a mixture of emotions that defied the aggressive facade he projected. "Answers?" he echoes, as if the concept was foreign to him. "And what makes you think I owe you any explanations?"

Marisol holds his gaze, her own eyes unwavering. "We're both stuck. Maybe we can help each other out." She suggests, and a flicker of something that almost looks like vulnerability crosses Cedric's eyes before his Stoic

expression is back on again.

"Help each other out," he repeats, almost mocking. "You have no idea what you're getting yourself into."

With that, Cedric turned away, walking back to his seat at the head of the table. The atmosphere shifts again, the charged energy dissipating, leaving Marisol grappling with a strange mixture of apprehension and fascination.

"Eat," he commanded, settling in his seat. "I had them set the other side of the table for you. You're almost completely drained."

Marisol's feet move, surprising herself as she takes the seat next to him instead. She could still feel the tips of her fingers quivering with aftershocks from the encounter.

"You are right about me not knowing what I got myself into. But maybe I was never given a choice in the first place."

She ignores his eyes that immediately



snap toward her and focuses on the food instead, digging in mostly to avoid his heavy gaze and, almost immediately, a satisfied hum is punched out of her guts as the taste hits her taste buds.

She could still feel Cedric's eyes boring into her skin, but she was now suddenly too hungry to be self-conscious. Another groan escapes her lips, and he shifts in his seat.

She finally looked over at him, and he was holding his utensils in a vice-like grip. They looked to be serving more as a grounding device than anything.

"Never allow yourself to be this hungry again." He commands, dominance wafting off him in waves.

Marisol ignores his words, tearing her eyes away. To be fair, she had no idea that she'd been this hungry in the first place.



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