

Chapter 151

What was happening to Cedric? Was it his wolf? Did it get out? Had he done something again, and during the day? Marisol felt a knot of dread forming in the pit of her stomach as they approached the training ground.

Just as they emerged from the forest, Cedric stormed into the training ground, his presence commanding attention and filling the air with heavy tension. Marisol's breath catches in her throat as his eyes find hers, blazing with fury as they lock her into place.

It was the first time anyone in Redwood had seen Cedric in human form in months now. Since Guinevere's attack, he'd been reduced to an unstable, bloodthirsty wolf that everyone consciously avoided, so now, seeing him storm through the fields with vigor, looking as powerful as he'd always been, a crowd begins to form, amazed eyes following his every step as he makes a beeline for a frozen Marisol.

Marisol feels like a deer caught in headlights, unable to tear her eyes away from him. Her worries were soothed a bit, seeing as he was still in human form, but she could feel his wrath from a mile away. Cedric was angry, very much so.

Despite the fear and apprehension coursing through her veins, she couldn't deny the raw magnetism of his presence.

Cedric's gaze bore into hers, and Marisol felt a shiver run down her spine as he approached. Before she could react, he snatched her away from Ryan, who wisely retreats to a safe distance.

"Why didn't you come to me last night!" Cedric demanded, fury lacing every one of his words, "And I waited for you all morning, where have you been all day!?" His questions tumbled out of his lips scattered, anger and the sense of urgency not mixing very well.

Marisol's heart pounds in her chest as she stands defiantly before him, refusing to cower under his intense gaze. "It's none of your business," she retorts and does not miss how Cedric's eyes darken.

"Is that how you want to play now?"

Marisol's heart threatens to beat out of her chest, but she gives herself a pat on the back for how collected her voice comes out. "What are you talking about?"

"Hanging around with unmated males?" he starts, a dry chuckle leaving his lips, so dark that it sends another shiver down Marisol's spine, "Is that it? That is why you denied our bond yesterday, right?"

Marisol felt her blood run cold and her face drain of color at his words, her mind reeling with shock and disbelief.

"Have you lost it?" She snapped back, heaving, "Did I not make it clear enough that I have no interest in you or anyone in your pack?"

"Sure." He sneers, "You're making it loud and clear. That's your excuse, isn't it? To leave me, so you can go prancing around with unmated males. What are you trying to prove, Marisol?"

"What's it to you, Cedric? The last time I checked, I did not need your permission to spend time with whoever I wanted." Marisol shoots back, irritation licking at her every nerve.

Cedric is equally ticked, neither of them refusing to back down.

"You're delusional if you think you can just waltz around with whoever catches your fancy. You're bound to me, whether you like it or not, Marisol, and there's no changing that."

"Bound to you?" Marisol repeated with a scoff, "You've got some nerve, Cedric. I never asked for this so-called bond."

Cedric's eyes start to swirl with a mix of gold. His control was slipping, and his fingers were almost drawing blood from how tightly they were clenched. The onlookers all take a cautious step back, feeling the confrontation take another turn. It looked like he would rip her to pieces in the next few seconds if Marisol continued like this.

"You know damn well what it means to be mates, yet, you're out here, all over another man like some cheap whore." Cedric had never been one to call names.

He would never let his control slip to that extent, but everything about this exchange was pushing him closer and closer to the edge. His nostrils still prickle with the hints of his scent on her. A crowd was gathering and Marisol continued to defy him before his pack.

"How dare you!" Marisol gasped in disbelief, looking just seconds away from digging a finger into his chest, "You think that just because we're supposed 'mates', that I have to bend to your every whim? You're nothing but a controlling, arrogant prick and if I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times. We are not mates! That's the same stupid trick your brother used to lure me here all because of some stupid cryptic prophecy, and now I'm here, living as your prisoner, yet you still feel the need to make my life even more of a living hell!" She yells out.

Marisol's voice booms around the training grounds. The last of her words echoed with her dominance. The crowd of silent spectators are left gob-smacked. They could feel her anger and, more importantly, the dominance of another Alpha wolf.

Fear courses through them and they all begin to unconsciously step away. There was no way this could end well.

Cedric, on the other hand, was going mad. No one had dared to disrespect him like this. He wondered how he was still standing in human form. "And you're nothing but a stubborn, insolent brat. You think you can defy me and get away with it, Marisol? Think again." He says, voice quiet but ice-cold.

"F.uck it!" Marisol growls back, "I'll defy you all I want, Cedric. You don't own me, and you never will."

He steps even closer, his nose flaring. "You're in denial, Marisol. Stop denying your destiny."

"Destiny?" Marisol tasted the word on her tongue, and it left a bitter taste, "More like doom. I refuse to be shackled to someone as despicable as you."

Cedric feels his heart squeeze in his chest, "Despicable?" He roars "Look in the mirror, Marisol. You're the one parading around like you're free to do as you please, while I'm left to deal with the consequences of your recklessness!"

"What consequences, Cedric? You're the one going on a power trip just because you didn't have your way for one night!"

"And the only thing you care about is yourself. You're nothing but a selfish, entitled brat who thinks the world revolves around her."

"You don't know anything about me, Cedric. You don't know what I've been through or what I've had to endure."

"Spare me your sob story. I've had enough of your excuses. You may think you're clever, but you're playing a dangerous game."

"I'm sick and tired of all you sickos repeating the same damn thing in my ear like a broken record. I've had enough of your bullshit, just ... LEAVE ME ALONE!"

With that, Marisol turns on her heel and storms off in the opposite direction, leaving Cedric fuming in her wake. She could feel his eyes boring into her back with a deadly intensity, his low growl echoing through the air as she disappeared into the depths of the forest.

The pack members exchanged nervous glances, uncertain of what would happen next in the wake of the explosive confrontation.

Leticia watches from the shadows with a smile playing on her lips. Finally, she thinks. Marisol had revealed herself to the pack. Everything was coming together, and the prophecy was unveiling right before their eyes.