

Chapter 160

Marisol woke up to the sounds of birds chirping and the feel of Cedric's strong arms wrapped around her waist.

Her heart jumped as she remembered where they were and what happened last night. A blush crept up her cheeks at the intimate closeness between them.

She hurriedly tried to wriggle out of Cedric's embrace, her mind racing with thoughts of what the other pack members would think if they were caught in such a compromising position.

"Come on, we need to go," she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper as she attempted to extract herself from his hold.

But Cedric only tightened his grip around her waist and groaned.

"We need to go before someone sees us," Marisol muttered nervously.

Cedric, still half-asleep, simply shrugged and pulled her closer, pressing a tender kiss to her forehead. "I don't care," he murmured softly.

She sighed in frustration, "We're naked in the forest. Plus, we need to warn Caleb about the rogue attack."

"He knows," Cedric muttered groggily. "I alerted him even before we began ripping them apart."

"That means they'll be here soon to inspect the bodies." Marisol panicked. "What if they see us like this?"

"Relax, Marisol," he murmured, his voice husky with sleep. "I don't care what anyone else thinks."

Marisol remained silent as she tried to relax like he said. But it seemed as if someone was waging war on her head. Everything about the night before and that moment replayed in her head. She couldn't help the flutter of excitement she felt at his words. She knew that she would be worried about the consequences of their actions, but at that moment, all she could think about was how safe and loved she felt in Cedric's arms.

Suddenly, Cedric let her go and was up on his feet. "Okay, princess, let's go. I think they're on their way. Plus, I don't think I can stomach any other eyes on my woman. It'll make me murderous, and I might begin to rip off their eyes." He said.

With a gentle tug, Cedric pulled her to her feet, his touch sending a shiver of anticipation down her spine. As he helped her brush off the dirt and leaves from her body, his lips brushed against her skin in fleeting kisses, leaving her feeling both exhilarated and self-conscious. His fingers lingered on the spots where he had left his marks, sending a jolt of pleasure through her.

Marisol let out a hiss as their bodies pressed together. She loved the feeling of his hands on her. Her hands wandered to his chest, then his back where her own mark lay.

He let out a growl and pressed her onto the closet tree. Their lips met clumsily as they teased each other's mark.

Mine. She heard his voice loud and clear in her head.

Yes, yours. She responded.

Suddenly, she sensed footsteps approaching and it made her break the kiss.

"You worry too much, Marisol," Cedric grumbled.

"I can't help it." She sighed frustratedly. "I don't want them here. They need to be stalled or change their direction."

Cedric paused and raised a brow, "So you're telling me that you don't want to leave."

Marisol blushed and tried to hide her face.

Chuckling, Cedric pulled her closer. "You're adorable when you blush."

Giggling, she said, "Stop it, Cedric."

With a smug smile, he planted a kiss on her cheek, then her lips and whispered "Never."

"Come on," She whined, kissing him back. It seemed she'd become addicted to him.

"Okay, okay," he said, stepping back with his hands raised.

Then he fetched their clothes and helped her put hers on. When they were somewhat decent, they headed out of the forest.

With each step they took toward civilization, Marisol became increasingly self-aware. She couldn't keep the smile off her face, and yet she wanted to hide away from everyone.

Despite her shyness, Marisol couldn't help but be drawn to Cedric's infectious laughter, his carefree attitude easing her nerves. With his arms around her, as they walked, he continued teasing his mark on her neck. His other arm somehow reached into her clothes where his fingers trailed teasingly.

Marisol's legs turned to jelly, causing her to stumble as she tried to stifle the moan that threatened to fall out of her mouth.

"Cedric," she breathed.

"Yeah?" he croaked. "Your wish is my command princess. Should I stop..."

Marisol caught herself shaking her head in refusal. He chuckled.

"No I meant..." she trailed off, pressing her eyes close as she tried to form thoughts and piece her words together.

She loved what he was doing. It made her hungry for more. With every passing second, the growing need to have him inside her multiplied.

How fast could they get into their room? She thought.

They'd stopped moving, and he'd wrapped his hands around her. His mouth hovered over her ear.

"Careful Princess, thoughts like that make me want to go wild," he growled, rubbing his growling bulge against her.

Marisol's eyes flew open. She'd forgotten that he could hear her thoughts now. They were connected. They were now one. Their lips met again, and this time he kissed her tenderly until they started reaching into each other's bodies, wanting... needing more.

When they broke apart gasping for air, Marisol realized that they were standing before the pack houses.

Marisol's cheeks grew even hotter as she realized that they were drawing attention from the other pack members who were starting to emerge from their homes. She hurriedly straightened her clothes and shot Cedric a pleading look, silently urging him to hurry.

But Cedric only grinned mischievously and leaned in to whisper in her ear, "Don't worry, Marisol. Let them talk. I only have eyes for you."

Marisol could feel her face burning and when she tried to touch it, he grabbed her hands.

"I've told you, you look so darn cute when you blush, Princess."

"You're not helping," she mumbled.

"No, you're the one who's not helping. Every single thing you do sets me off. We need to get inside quickly. I can only hold myself off for so long." He growled.

Marisol nodded, she felt the same way too.

They should all go away. She thought frustrated. We need to have the whole pack house to ourselves.

"Let's worry about that when we go to the pack house first," Cedric responded, sweeping her off her feet and hurrying along with her.

Something immediately happened at the pack house, but neither Cedric nor Marisol noticed it. Of course, they were too engrossed in themselves to notice.

Leticia watched them from her cauldron with a smug smirk.

"It has finally happened," she cackled. "I guess it's time you introduced me to the young witch."

Sophia and Caleb, who were sitting across from her, exchanged looks.

Leticia had been mumbling and cackling to herself for almost an hour now. She'd summoned them a little while ago, excited about something they didn't understand.

"Can you feel it? Can you feel the absolute power of both of them?" She said,

Sophia and Caleb exchanged another look.

"At first, I questioned the heavens. I wondered what cruel game they were playing. But now! I understand! It's balance! It's balance!"

"Uh... Leticia..." Caleb started to say,

Leticia stopped him with a wave of her hand. "How blind and unfeeling are you both?" She scowled.

"Didn't you feel a shift last night? You might not have magic, but you're not mortal beings. Why aren't you attuned to the subtle signs of power that surround you?"

Sophia cleared her throat and Caleb narrowed his eyes. He was just about concluding that the witch sitting before him had lost her mind when it hit him.

His eyes widened and he looked to his mate.

"I felt it... We felt it." He said breathlessly. He remembered clearly how restless his wolf had been when Cedric told him that Marisol was under attack.

He'd been planning to send out scouts when Cedric told him that they'd take care of it. And then hours later, his wolf stirred at something he couldn't understand.

Sophia raised a brow as she looked at him.

"Remember?" He continued, "It was like something changed in the atmosphere. Like if something powerful was set free."

Sophia looked from her mate to the witch, wondering if whatever possessed Leticia had finally gotten hold of Caleb.

"Yes, yes," Leticia clapped.

She lacked the words to explain what was happening. No one else in Redwood could see it as clearly as she did.

The moment Cedric and Marisol sealed their mating bond last night, Marisol's dormant powers activated. The power that flowed out from her was so tremendous that it immediately broke Guinevere's curse and set them free.

Marisol's powers were so potent and unbinged that when she said, "I don't want them here. They need to be stalled or change their direction," as she kissed Cedric earlier, the group of Redwood scouts who were assigned by Caleb that morning to go and survey the area of the attack, track and capture prisoners if possible suddenly encountered different obstacles that kept them from arriving in the forest until Marisol left.

This group of scouts had been walking together; three huge trees collapsed before them, effectively blocking their way. They could have easily decided to go around those three but decided to investigate the cause.

Even when they decided to move on, a strange wind blew, and suddenly, each one of them became confused about the path they were supposed to take. They all wandered about in different directions and when Marisol stepped out of the forest, they all got their senses back.

Leticia couldn't stop grinning at this. What Marisol did could only be done by witches of the first order. These were witches whose practice of witchcraft had transcended over generations.

Another instance was when Marisol had wished everyone would go away because she wanted the house for herself. The moment she pronounced that thought, all activities in the pack house ceased. And every single person suddenly had a reason to leave. They packed up their things and hurried out. The pack house was currently empty except for Leticia, Caleb, and Sophia.

Caleb and Sophia were blissfully unaware that if not for the protective spell around Leticia's Chamber, they too would have found themselves out of their pack house for no reason.

"Get me an audience with the young witch immediately. It's time I stopped hiding," Leticia said. "A lot is at stake. She wields so much power and if she doesn't learn to rein it in now, we're all doomed. Her power calls the spirits and trust me they are extremely willing to answer and cause havoc."

Sophia's eyes widened, "Has she finally discovered she gained her powers?"

Leticia rolled her eyes, "Sometimes you werewolves are so slow. What do you think I've been referring to all this while?"

"But you mentioned a witch," Sophia mumbled under her breath. "Marisol's a werewolf."

Leticia chuckled, "Oh, but she is a witch. The power flows through her veins. We have never seen anything like her before. What exactly Marisol is incomprehensible. She's not half witch, half wolf. No. She's a full witch and a full werewolf at the same time. It's magnificent."

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Guinevere frowned. How on earth was a dirty werewolf deemed worthy of possessing such power?

It rattled her being. She could feel the magnificence of it as it caressed her being and called to her. It didn't call her like others did. No. It called for her to submit. It called for her to surrender.

Guinevere's night was sleepless. The foolish wolf broke her curse like it was a mere twig, and she did it unknowingly. A curse that took her years to perfect!

She couldn't fight against such power and win. But she was certain of one thing. Marisol Hallows didn't deserve that power.

It was hers. It belonged to her. Only she could wield it correctly. The heavens were playing a treacherous game.

They blessed a werewolf with the most power any being could wield and fated her to become the Luna of Redwood. Redwood was the ancient source of all witchcraft. Its lands were blessed with unimaginable power, all of which now belonged to a dirty werewolf.

No, she wouldn't stand for it. She couldn't.

The door swung open and an even dirtier wolf ran in. He was wounded in battle.

"You failed me!" She screamed. She would take out her anger on the worthless fool, but what she wanted to know more than ever was how Marisol was hidden from her until it was too late.

Who was the witch that betrayed her kind for the werewolves? That person, she promised, would suffer a worse fate than Marisol herself.

A voice in her head told her, "You're running out of time. You can only capture the young witch now that she's ignorant and unstable."

Guinevere nodded, then snapped the neck of the foolish rogue who'd failed her.

"The time is finally right for war." She said.