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"The Luna is here," One of Clayton's men says to him, bowing slightly.

"Let her in," Clayton grunts as a deep frown etches on his face.

Tatum has already mindlinked him of Leila's intention to join him in the investigations. Left to him, he would rather not do it with her but it is her right as Luna and a direct order from his Alpha, he cannot disobey it.

"Whatever plans you have to sabotage the process of this investigation will not work. You should know that," Clayton says coldly to Leila the moment she steps into his office.

"I assure you head warrior, I have no plans to sabotage anything, I myself want nothing but the truth to be revealed," Leila replies in a soft tone and gives Clayton her signature polite smile before she takes her seat.

Tatum observes her calculatingly as she sits down, her aura is calm yet reeks of authority. She looks nothing like the woman who came to his office a few weeks ago.

There is something very different about her demeanour that puts him off but he keeps his gaze ice cold.

"Good, so why don't you save us all the stress and tell me the truth. Why did you hire the assassin to go after that Luna?"

The calm smile remains plastered on Leila's face and she stands up, slowly walking over to the portrait of Clayton dressed in his full warrior uniform, hanging on the wall to the left of Clayton's desk.



In the picture, he's wearing a pair of black pants and a white military jacket with three stripes and four medals hanging from the left breast pocket and on the right pocket is the emblem of a wolf, leading three other wolves into battle.

A sign that he is now the protector of the pack, the head warrior.

She slowly runs her fingers over the picture, before she turns back and looks at Clayton with a straight face.

"It is good when our dreams come true, isn't it?" She asks.

Clayton frowns at her. "The fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Your dream. You always wanted to be the head warrior. I remember as kids you'd make me steal my dad's uniform for you to wear, this very one. We'd laugh and tease you about how the huge jacket looked like a gown on you but you'd keep a straight face and stay in character, treating us as your subordinates."

She smiles wryly at him.

"You'd spend hours talking with dad, answering all his trick questions and trying to solve cases with him. While the rest of us ran around the playground playing games, you'd sit and speculate different ways you'd catch criminals and investigate cases, you were passionate about upholding truth and justice. It's good to see you still have that passion."

Clayton's frowns eases. It's like he suddenly remembers he used to be Leila's good friend.

From a little age, he was inspired by Leila's father and developed a passion for this career.

The only reason he was able rise up the ranks quickly to become the youngest head warrior in the history of the pack is because of the wisdom and knowledge he got from the man.

When Leila's father died, all of his books and journals were also willed to him, the knowledge he got from them were an integral part of his meteoric success.

Clayton feels a strong sense of guilt tugging at his heart but he quickly pushes it away.

"Bloody sentiments are not going to deter me Leila, I only stand for the truth."

"Like I said, I am glad you still have that passion," Leila returns back to her seat.

She knows how infatuated Clayton is with Carmela. She only hopes that her little reminder about the boy who always wanted to defend the truth is enough to make him handle this case with a fair judgement.

"I also want the truth but you seem to already have a preconceived notion about the whole thing. Are you sure you will stand by the truth, without being influenced by outside forces?"

Clayton remains silent for a while, watching Leila's eyes closely and the silent power that radiates from her as she holds his gaze firmly almost suffocates him.

He breaks eye contact and scoffs, drawing out a file from under his desk and throws it in front of her.

"This is all we know so far about the assassin, his father was banished

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from this pack to become a rogue years ago. It is how he can get in and out of the pack unnoticed, he knows our grounds well.”

Despite his bias, it hardly makes sense to him why Leila would target a random Luna.

Her reason could have been out of pure hate like Carmela suggested to him but he knows how to get the truth.

If Leila is really responsible, as the investigation proceeds, she'll try to alter and manipulate information to fit her narrative and that is how he'll nab her.

A simple game of giving poisoned cheese to the mouse with an instruction not to eat, knowing it will and eventually kill itself.

He smirks sinisterly at her as she begins to check the file.

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