

Chapter 103

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“Right from the very day we drew this, up until this very moment, my love for you has never waned. I love you, Leila.”

Tears peel out of Leila’s eyes and she just stares at Tatum, stunned by the words that just came out of his lips. Whether her heart stopped beating or cannot stop beating is a matter of irrelevance to her. 1

She has dreamt of this day, fantasised an unholy amount of times about it, lived it in her head for so long but never did she believe the day would come.

Her heart explodes with so much joy, it can only be expressed in shock and the tears coming out of her eyes. She opens her mouth to reply but her lips just quiver and she cannot find the words.

Tatum kneels and holds her arms, gently pulling it against his pounding heart, his grey eyes completely sullen yet full of passion as they reflect the warm light hanging above them.

“I should never have married you. I should never have made you lie that we were second chance mates but I saw a chance to keep you by my side and I took it. It was selfish of me but I could not bear the thought of you being with someone else because even though I had a mate, even though I had a duty to the pack, I never stopped loving you.”

Leila sniffs and more tears pour down her eyes, her chest rises and falls slowly as she stares into Tatum’s eyes like a deer caught in headlights.

Her heart is full of so much joy yet so much worry as confusion and realisation hit her at the same time.



Why now? Why is he telling her all of this now? Why wait two years before telling her?

She is the happiest woman in the world right now and she wants nothing more than to kiss his plump sexy lips until they are completely rid of moisture but a weary feeling wraps around her heart and her countenance falls.

Carmela.

She doesn't want to put Tatum on the spot and ask him what his true plans for Carmela are. He cannot say he loves her and still keep the other woman around but she understands.

Carmela is Tatum's mate, she sees the way they look at each other, the natural attraction they have. Tatum may love her and she is more than ecstatic about it but they can never have the life they want with Carmela in the picture.

Now more than ever, she has to expose Carmela and hope Carmela can leave their lives forever but until then, Tatum cannot know how she truly feels.

She doesn't want to give in to this, to admit her own feelings to him, only to have her heart torn to pieces and her hopes wrecked if Tatum is unable to defy the mate bond.

It is strong and sacred and rarely does the love of the heart win over the will of the goddess.

Can theirs be the exception?

"Leila, say something," Tatum says, his worry rising beyond measure

from the frown on Leila's face and her long silence.

Fear slices his heart and the pain is sharp, deep and lethal.

Is he too late?

Does she not feel anything for him at all?

Leila remains silent, just staring at him and his worry heightens, he backs away from her, staring down at his hands sullenly.

"Tatum," Leila cups his face gently in her small soft and frail hands.

She kisses him, sucking on his lips passionately, Tatum kisses her back, a hungry groan tearing from the back of his throat as he grabs her nape, kissing her even more fervently, pouring all of his love and desire into the kiss.

Sparks erupt all over Leila's body, setting her on fire. This is the life she wants, to feel this hunger and desire, this passion from him, unhinged and ready to rock her world but she has to deny herself, at least for now.

She breaks the kiss. "Let us eat, the food will get cold."

She stands up and stretches her hands down at Tatum who has a weary look in his eyes. The kiss was a great response but he would feel better hearing her words. 1

With every second, Kelvin gets close to finishing the cure, with every second, the possibility of Leila leaving him increases.

He wants to demand an answer from her, ask her to speak in clear terms but the trepidation he feels is so great, his mouth will not utter the words. If her words are not what he hoped for, he wouldn't know how to take it.



He stands up and pulls her into a tight hug, squeezing her into himself.

“Remember, you are not allowed to leave me, no matter what happens, no matter who comes along,” He says in a whispery yet serious tone.

Leila freezes, looking at him sharply. Fear and worry are coursing through her like a flood but they are not her own fear or worry.

The emotions she feels right now are not hers but Tatum’s.

How is it even possible? Only fated mates can feel each other’s emotions.



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