

Chapter 106

Leila watches as Clayton's eyes glow repeatedly as they wade through the sea of green trees, making their way to one of Bobby's hideouts, a wood in the cabins.

They had gotten an anonymous tip from a man about the place who happened to have escaped from Bobby's kidnapping attempt during the course of the investigation.

"Who was that?" Leila asks Clayton when his eyes stop glowing.

"None of your business," Clayton sneers at her in a playful manner.

Leila punches his arm and grabs his sleeve. "Hey! We agreed no secrets between us right? I know you were talking about the case, you had that distant warrior look in your eyes."

Clayton smiles at her. "Good instinct, we may yet make a full fledged warrior out of you. I was talking about a case, just not this one."

He was talking about their particular investigation, he was mindlinking Tatum on the progress of things. He is under orders from his Alpha to update him every thirty minutes whenever he is with Leila.

He also got a severe warning and pretty graphic description of what would befall him if as much as a hair on Leila's head gets hurt.

He feels Tatum's worries for Leila, a worry that he is quickly beginning to share. She exerts herself, working this case with him, trying to prove her innocence everyday and simultaneously runs the pack affairs, sometimes taking meetings in his office but he has never heard her complain once.

No wonder it was hard to tell that she did not have a wolf, she is a natural.

"Leila, I don't think you should go in with us, stand by with one of my

No wonder it was hard to tell that she did not have a wolf, she is a natural.

"Leila, I don't think you should go in with us, stand by with one of my men. We'll let you know if we need any help or anything," Clayton says in a calm yet slightly worried tone.

He doesn't trust the source of their intel one hundred percent and he had wanted to check it out on his own with a few of his men first but because of his oath to never keep anything regarding the investigation a secret from her, he was obliged to tell her and she insisted that she must join them.

"I did not come all this way just to stand by, I'm going in with you," Leila replies curtly, "besides," she locks her arms around Clayton's elbows much to his surprise, "I have the strongest warrior in the land to protect me if anything goes wrong."

Clayton fights the heat pooling up to his face as his heart feels warmth from Leila holding him and saying those words.

He remembers the little sister he always used to protect, gazing down at her. Regret fiddles with his heart at how he joined the herd and neglected her at a time when he should have been protecting her.

He even tried to harm her, multiple times.

If it wasn't for this case and getting to spend time with her again, he would not have remembered how kind and amazing of a person she is and he would never have seen just how much she loves the pack members, despite all the trouble and hate she received from them.

He smiles wryly at her and rubs her head like a big brother before he unholsters his gun and places it in her hand.

"Here, it is a tranquiliser gun, so fire if you must, you won't be killing anyone and stay behind me at all times, no sudden movements."

Leila stomps her feet on the floor, stands at attention, puts her hand to head and gives him a salute. "Yes sir."

Clayton chuckles. "I take back what I said, you're not fit to be a warrior. That is the worst salute I have ever seen in my entire life."

Leila sneers at him, holding up the tranquil pistol to his face. "Take it back or I'll put you to sleep."

Clayton scoffs cockily and keeps walking ahead. "You might want to remove the safety on the gun first.....that's if you know how to."

Him and his three other men burst out in laughter as Leila pouts in anger, trudging behind them.

"We're here," One of the warriors announces, putting his hands up and folding his fist.

"Someone's in there," Leila whispers, hearing the sound of a woman moaning salaciously over the mid volume of music coming from inside the dimly lit cabin.

Clayton presses his index fingers against his lip with a frown and frantically shakes his head at her before he uses finger signals to direct two of his men to scout around the cabin while the third one goes to the door.

"Remember, stay behind me at all times and for the love of the goddess Leila, if I say run, you fucking run, do not hesitate," Clayton whispers to her and she nods, her heart pounding with fear that she refuses to show.



He signals his man to open the door and the moment the guy turns the door knob, his head falls off his neck, blood gushes out of his severed neck like a broken shower head and his body drops to the floor before Clayton sees the tiny string thread that did the job, coated in blood, finally making it appear visible.

Leila screams in horror and as Clayton turns to look at her sharply with a reprimand, the music stops and so does the voice of the woman and the next sound they hear is that of guns firing at will.



Comments



Support