

Chapter 107

In a flash, two of Clayton's men have also been shut down as he covers Leila with his body, laying on the ground.

Fear immediately grips Leila and she quivers. Maybe she should have listened to Clayton and not come in the first place but she did not want any valuable information to pass her by.

She trusts Clayton to an extent because he hasn't lied or hidden anything from now up till this point but he has been texting back and forth with Carmela a lot lately and for that reason, she cannot wholly trust him.

Has she made a mistake? Is this an ambush on her life? Has she played right into Carmela's hands? Will Clayton really sacrifice his men for Carmela?

She tries to open the mindlink but they are too far out from the pack for it to work. Her heart rate increases and she heaves, fearing the worst for her and her baby.

Several canisters fly from inside the cabin and immediately begin to emit gas that makes Clayton cough, his eyes turning red.

"It's aconite gas. It can't affect you because you have no wolf but it is irritable. Here," Clayton takes off his shirt and hands it to her. "Cover your eyes and nose and run as far as you can from here."

"This is a real gun and the safety is off," he squeezes his pistol in her hands. "Kill anything that moves in front of you and don't stop—" Blood gushes out of Clayton's nose, the redness of his eyes turning into a darker shade.



“Go, get to safety,” Clayton groans in visible pain.

“What about you?” Leila asks in horror, seeing his eyes also beginning to bleed.

There is no way he has a hand in this. Three of his men are dead and even if he is dying, he is still very concerned about her safety, more than his own.

“C’mon, we’re leaving together,” she tries to drag Clayton but at this moment, a rogue werewolf jumps out of nowhere and lunges at her.

Leila recoils in fear and closes her eyes, too scared and confused to even use the most basic defence tactics.

The claws of the rogue never touch her as Clayton pushes her and blocks her with his back, yelling out in pain as the claws of the rogue dip into him, grazing his spine.

“Run Leila, go!” He yells at her, throwing the rogue off him even as blood begins to rush from his mouth and ears from the aconite gas.

The wolf charges at him again and he braces himself, feeling light headed and weak but he knows he has to protect Leila, even if it costs him his life, the future of the pack lies with her, she must survive.

If anything happens to her, he will never forgive himself, whether dead or alive. He must—

The sound of a gunshot interrupts his thoughts and he hears the attacking wolf whimper, dropping to the floor in pain, barely a few inches away from clawing him down.

He turns and feels an ice bucket pouring over his head. Leila is standing with the gun in her hand, her eyes agape and tears rolling out of them. Her entire body vibrating with a tremor, completely in shock and hanging despair.

Clayton's hearts shatter in shame and shock. She protected him when he should be the one protecting her.

Before he can have time to do or say anything, three other rogue wolves appear, snarling and advancing towards them and a fourth one appears, fully clothed in a suit, smoking a cigar.

"A wolfless luna and a wounded warrior, I say they are outmatched boys, get them!"

Leila gasps in fear, taking slow steps backward, her heart beating fervently in horror, tears pouring out of her eyes.

She does not want to die, she wants to bring her child into this world, she still wants to live with and grow old with Tatum, she still has to raise a beautiful family with him.

A deafening growl echoes through the air and two of the wolves' heads are immediately severed from their body before Leila sees Tatum's wolf, big, black and angry and relief washes over her fears.

He came for her.

Tatum charges at the one shifting midway and rips his throat open, the blood staining his furs, glistening in the sunlight and he pins the last one to the ground.

"Alpha, no don't--"

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Before Clayton can beckon on Tatum not to kill the last one, the rogue's severed head is already at Clayton's feet.

"You should not have killed them all, we could have taken one in for questioning," Clayton says disappointedly.

Tatum shifts.

"You should have spoken sooner," he spits, looking at the dead body below him as his chest rises and falls in rage.

Leila crashes to the floor, breaking down in tears and Tatum rushes over to her. Clayton slowly walks up to a small recorder that had fallen out of the pocket of the half shifted wolf and he presses play.

A distorted voice sounds in panic and he turns back sharply to look at Leila and Tatum in each other's arms with his heart slamming against his chest when he hears.

"Bobby, you and your men need to help me, I'm not Alpha Tatum's real mate, I need you to take out his real mate."



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