

Chapter 108

"I killed a man Tatum, I killed someone."

It's been two days since the incident but Leila cannot seem to stop thinking of talking about it. Seeing the wolf she had shot transform into a beautiful woman around her age made it all the more traumatic.

"You saved Clayton, you did the right thing, you had no choice," Tatum replies, tightening his hold around her, kissing the back of her hair and stroking her back gently.

"Can you do me a favour?" He asks, spinning her around to face him.

Leila nods, her eyes sullen.

"Whenever you leave the house, make sure to take guards with you, I already assigned them," Clayton replies calmly.

"Why?" Leila asks, "I've never required protection within my own pack."

"See them as escorts," Tatum replies, hugging her closer and he kisses her neck which eases her anxiety.

She knows why Tatum doesn't want her to go out without protection. She heard some omegas whispering about it in the house and she sees the hateful glares she gets when she steps outside.

It's the newest rumor around the pack.

The recording that was found at Bobby's hideout.

Everyone believes it was her who asked the assassin to hurt Carmela so she could take Carmela's place and the tension in the air is thick as fogs.

Leila is SURE it's Carmela who said tha and what's assuring is that Carmela admitted that she isn't Tatum's real mate.

Who could it be? Has Carmela killed her? Is she still alive somewhere?

It doesn't matter.

She just needs to prove that Carmela is not the real mate, the case is solved.

She needs to pay the pack witch a visit.

—

"She will see you now," a little girl, completely naked and painted in black walks up to Leila in the living room of the witch where she has been waiting for a few minutes and pulls her hand, humming a song.

As they walk down the corridor, the air feels thinner and an eerie aura hangs in the air, the runes on the wall glow as Leila walks past them until they get to a door and the little girl transforms into a cat before disappearing into thin air.

"Come in, daughter of the moon," a female otherworldly voice reaches Leila's ears and she opens the door.

It is completely white and very bright, despite having no windows for natural light or electricity to power it. Leila gazes around for the source of the light and she notices there is no single furniture in the room.

The lady dressed in black sits in the middle of the room with her legs spread wide opening and her heads bowed, chanting something inaudible.



Her head snaps up suddenly and Leila feels a force throwing her to the ground.

“What is it that you seek? The all seeing eye is here to look for you. What is it you want to hear, daughter of the moon? The tongue who knows it all is here to tell you. What is it you have to say? Let the ear that never tires of hearing hear you.”

The woman is looking straight at Leila with her mouth closed but Leila can hear the echoes of her voice all around them.

She gulps, shifting on her ass uncomfortably, gazing around the bright white room with no visible source of light. The aura of the room is eerie and Leila can feel slight shivers rocking her body but she doesn't show her fear.

“I am the daughter of the moon, the first daughter of this pack. I am the mother to all who descend from the blood oak. I wish to know, what does the phoenix mark in the prophecy look like?”

The witch's eye turns completely white and she bursts into a maniacal laughter. “The mark of the phoenix?”

She continues laughing and suddenly grabs Leila's arm, squeezing it with so much force Leila feels pain and tries to pull away but she can't.

“Let me go!” Leila yells as the woman's finger dips into her skin but the witch keeps on laughing maniacally, her hold tightening.

“Born for destiny, Born with destiny, born of destiny. A destiny that can not be known to any! Depart from me daughter of the moon. That which you seek cannot be seen, it cannot be heard and it must not be said.”



The otherworldly voice of the witch echoes around Leila.

“Depart!” The witch yells with her mouth this time, rage blistering in her voice, her saliva spattering on Leila’s face.

Leila grits her teeth, fighting the immense pressure overwhelming her to leave. She will not leave until she gets the information she came for.

She narrows her eyes at the witch, feeling a sense of power come upon her and she growls.

“I am the first daughter of the blood oak, the Luna, you serve me. Now tell me, what does the mark of the phoenix look like and who would know about it aside from you?”

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