

Chapter 109

Leila mulls over the words of the witch, grinding her teeth and staring outside the window from Amanda's office.

Amanda comes in and hands Leila a glass of hot steamy chocolate.

"Here you go."

"Thanks," Leila replies with a small forced smile.

She just cannot wrap her head around her discovery.

"I can't believe that bitch is not the Alpha's real mate. I mean after everything she's been doing. Such a cunning snake," Amanda snorts and rolls her eyes.

"What's even more cunning is that her father is the only one who knew how the phoenix mark would look like before Carmela got it," Leila replies with a deep frown.

"What?!" Amanda's eyes bulge, she almost spits out the chocolate drink in her mouth.

"How is that even possible? I thought the only person who knew what the mark looked like is the pack witch and that she confirmed Carmela indeed got the real thing."

Leila heaves a deep sigh, taking another sip from her glass before she drops it on the table.

"I just came from seeing the pack witch. Apparently, there was a time when she went to fortify Beta Trent's residence from some evil spell and she had too much wine to drink afterwards.

“Trent asked her about the mark and even though her memory is vague about it, she may have described what was in her vision to him. I find it too convenient Amanda. I don't think the mark on Carmela is real, I'm sure but I have no way to prove it.”

Leila groans in frustration, palming her face with a deep sigh.

“What do you mean you have no proof? What other proof do you need? The witch just gave you premium proof,” Amanda makes a face at Leila as if she is neglecting the obvious.

“Words....words of a woman who was drunk and vaguely remembers all she said that night. It's not enough to go on, without solid proof, they can weave their way out of it.”

“Words of the pack witch, drunk or not. Her words carry the most weight in this pack. If you tell the Alpha what she said, just think about it. If you use your influence as Luna to make it public, the alpha will have no choice but to place the witch, you and Trent under Alpha command.”

Leila's eyes twitch as if suddenly hit by an epiphany. Her heart races faster with hope. How did she not think of it?

Under the Alpha command, no wolf can lie to its Alpha.

If Trent's lie is exposed, Carmela will be seen for the impostor she is and will get a befitting punishment from the pack.

Leila immediately snatches her bag from the table and stands up quickly.

“Where are you going?” Amanda asks sharply. “I haven't even checked on the baby yet.”

"Let's reschedule for tomorrow, I need to get a written confession from her or a recording. Tatum needs to hear it in her voice, will be better that way," Leila replies, making her way to the witch's house.

"Hello."

Her voice echoes back to her as she steps into the house.

The little naked girl who stood by the door earlier and walked her down the corridor is nowhere to be found.

"Alina, I'm coming inside!" Leila yells. "It's the Luna."

No response still.

Her heart thuds slowly, the eerie feeling of the house grows and it's almost like she can feel sadness hanging in the air.

She makes her way down the corridor and where the runes glowed before as they walked past, there is no light or life in them.

She stands in front of the door, taking deep breaths. Getting information out of Alina required a level of mental endurance that not many could muster.

To Leila's surprise, the magic room with white bright lights that have no source is completely pitch dark. The smell of blood lingers in the air and Leila scrunches her nose.

Alina must have been doing some ritual but where is she now?

She takes another step forward in the dark and she yelps, almost slipping in some liquid on the floor.



She takes out her phone and turns on her flashlight to see in the dark but what she sees makes her heart seize in fear and she screams.

How is this possible?

When did it even happen?

Alina, the pack witch, in a pool of blood, her own blood.



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