



Chapter 112

"You stand accused of the murder of Alina Whitehart, Leila. How do you plead?"

The head of the elder council asks Leila curtly in the pack house chamber.

The twelve elders of the pack are present including Trent, Carmela's father.

The chamber is a building built adjoining but separated from the main pack house with an open roof. Despite the modern times, the elders have kept to the old ways and sat on the bare floor with their legs crossed.

They sit in a huge circle with Leila sitting in the middle earning glares from all of them and Tatum sits behind the circle, indicating his position as the Alpha.

"Innocent," Leila replies in a calm tone, her eyes fixed on no else but Trent, Carmela's father who is also the current head of the elders council.

It was he who rushed the summon against her and Leila knows it is not random, she feels weary about it but she keeps a straight face, determined to prove her innocence.

Normally, a murder case like this should be charged to court under the new laws of the pack but since the victim is the pack witch, the ancient laws must apply, her fate must be decided by the council.

A council that he is the head of and has great influence over.

"Liar!"

"Shut up, you devil."





"We should burn her at the stake."

"She should be beheaded."

Some of the elders shun Leila immediately she pleaded innocent to the allegation laid against her.

Their voices were cold and harsh, condemning her and their anger and annoyance towards her was palpable.

"I didn't do it," Leila replies sharply, refusing to cower to their intimidation.

"You bloody usurper, tell us why you killed the wit—"

"Elder Mason," Tatum's cold voice cuts the man off. "Perhaps it is the Luna's fault that she is so kind, you address her with such a name?"

"Or perhaps I have become so little in your eyes, you have no regard for my wife?"

Leila finds herself holding back the small smile that threatens to splay her lips. Her tummy is filled with butterflies hearing Tatum defend her honour publicly.

In the past, she isn't sure if he would have done or said anything and it just makes her feel much better, knowing he really has her back as he promised.

Mason gulps in fear, baring his neck to Leila and bowing to her.

"My apologies Luna, alpha," Mason replies in a trembling voice.

"And for the rest of you, condemning her, one would think she has



already been found guilty but I can see this council has lost its fucking way and lacks any form of candor!"

Tatum punches the floor, making a huge dent on the concrete, his voice thunders and echoes through the room, his alpha aura blazing around him in anger, suffocating and strong, forcing all twelve of the elders to bow to him.

"I will not tolerate any act of impudence at this hearing, one more step out of line and I will dissolve this council," Tatum says coldly, locking eyes with Leila and when she nods back at him, he continues, "carry on."

All the elders look at each other simultaneously. Tatum is known to be a gentle and easy going Alpha. Not a lot of them have seen him lose his temper before.

Even when they continued to pressure him in many ways to marry Carmela, he never spoke against them but only calmly reassured them that he would do the right thing at the right time and they believed him.

But the case may not be so, he lost his temper only for something as little as this, punching the ground and threatening to dissolve the council?

They were truly stunned and most were terrified. No one needed to tell them to speak cautiously. If there is one thing about Tatum they know, angry or not, he doesn't bluff.

"You plead innocent but your blood samples were seen underneath her fingers, along with skin that I guess is yours," Trent continues in a calm yet accusatory tone.

He shrugs his shoulders and leans forward, narrowing his eyes at Leila suggestively. "Did she try to fight back and struggle with you? Is that



how she wounded you?”

“No, that’s not what happened,” Leila rolls up her sleeves, “when I visited her earlier, she —”

Leila pauses, stunned and surprised, looking from her hand to Trent’s face and back to her arm.

The wound inflicted on her by the witch from grabbing her too tight earlier is completely healed.

How?

She has never healed this fast since she lost her wolf, even with her pup healing her.



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