



Chapter 115

Leila watches from the corner as Carmela steps in with another woman and she frowns.

The woman has sharp green eyes and her long white hair cascades down, all the way to her back, dressed in a black leather gown and red shawl on her neck.

"Alpha this is Lithoha, the great witch of the silver moon pack," Trent announces, "she is a direct descendant of the witch who helped Selene create the first werewolf and she is the solution to our common problem."

"Alpha," Lithoha bows, her green eyes peering deep into Tatum's eyes before she suddenly turns her head and looks at Leila sharply.

Their eyes meet and Leila feels a creepy odd sensation coming over her, she tries to look away but finds she cannot, it is like an invisible force from Lithoha rendered all the muscles of her neck useless.

She suddenly feels a sharp pain on her wrist and she winces, pulling her hand up to see the beads of the amulet her mother gave her vibrating at an incredible speed.

She may not be versed in such things but something deep inside tells her the great witch, Lithoha, is trying to harm her and the amulet is protecting her.

She places her hand on her little bump, saying silent thanks to her mother for her and her unborn child.

"You're bleeding," Tatum says to Lithoha, watching her with a distrustful scrutiny.





"My apologies Alpha," Lithoha finally breaks her gaze away from Leila, wiping the blood from her nose with her fingers and she gives Leila one last look of curious suspicion. "The journey has been long, Alpha, and I am an old woman, we must get down to business."

Leila walks closer to them to hear this business but she keeps a good distance.

"For centuries, the mate bond has been the way we find our fated mates, what other way could there be?" Tatum asks in a curt tone.

This is about the mate bond? What is Carmela planning to do, she is not Tatum's real mate. Leila is so sure of it, her heart beats faster and her feet drag her closer.

The door flies open before Lithoha can reply and Clayton steps in.

"Alpha, Luna," he bows. "We found footage from across the witch's house of a hooded man going in a few minutes after the Luna left. We believe this is our culprit, the Luna does not need to answer the council."

Clayton gives Leila a reassuring nod but Leila eyes are fixed on Trent and Carmela who give each other a sharp glance confirming Leila's suspicion.

"Head warrior, we were in the middle of something else before you came in, this report can wait," Trent steps forward, his voice stern, almost like an order.

"Matters concerning the Luna take precedence over all things, does your grey hair make you forget the law?" Clayton replies in the exact same tone that Trent had addressed him with.

Carmela is shocked to hear those words from Clayton to her father, shocked to see him here at all, helping Leila and defending her.



Does her charm not blind him anymore?

It was quite a struggle to get him to give her Leila's blood, he firmly disagreed for days until she threatened to kill herself if he did not let her exonerate herself in the way that she wanted.

"It is okay Clayton, I have dismissed the allegations," Tatum cuts in and Clayton nods, eyeing the strange old woman in their midst.

"We must begin," Lithoha says before anyone can say anything else.

She goes to sit on the floor but to the surprise of all, she floats mid air, her legs crossed and her flowing white hair spreads behind her like it is being held by an invisible object mid air.

Dark smoke emanates from the ground below her and the overhead bulbs blink, losing and regaining their light continuously, a chilly breeze blows in from nowhere on a hot afternoon and Lithoha's emerald eyes go completely dark, her voice becoming otherworldly.

"We are nothing but blood and sand Alpha," Her voice echoes through the room. "You say the mate bond is the only way to find a fated? She cackles sinisterly.

"The bond you feel is sand energised by blood, sand, to give you a body, blood, to give you life. Your wolves are sand, you are sand but the bond itself is coded in the blood."

Leila's weary grows and her brows furrow in suspicion.

What are they trying to do?

What trickery is this witch here to pull off?



Carmela's mark isn't real, she sent that recording to the assassin, she is not Tatum's real mate.

She glances at Tatum but his attention is on Lithoha.

"Speak plainly, witch," Tatum says coldly and Lithoha chuckles.

"A blood ritual Alpha. It is how Selene mated the first fated werewolves, from that bond were all the others formed, so at a time like this, we must revert to the original practice."



Collins Patrick



Author

"Dear readers, I am quite aware of some of your complaints that the book is dragging but all I can do is ask you to trust the process."

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