



Chapter 116

"This blood ritual, how does it work?" Tatum glances at Leila as he asks the question.

Leila's heart thud with worry, her feet getting restless, a sick feeling in her stomach.

Tatum seems to be hanging on to every word that leaves Lithoha's lips, eager to know more.

Does he not even suspect this a little bit?

She just accused Trent of being the only one that knew about the mark before his daughter mysteriously got it, the witch who could have proven that as truth is dead and Carmela just shows up with a random witch to perform a random ritual that no one has ever heard about.

It is quite clear to see it is no coincidence. She immediately wants to point it out but she clenched her fist against her dress, pursing her lips together. 1

Tatum will only probably scold her or ask her to leave. He is so grounded in his sense of duty and logic that basic instincts fail him.

How can she get him to see the truth? Whatever these people have planned will do more harm than good.

"It is better if I show you, give me your hand," Lithoha replies, stretching her hands towards Tatum.

Tatum puts his hand in his and out of thin air, Lithoha pulls out a knife and slashes his open palm, a bowl suddenly appears, suspended mid air below Tatum's hand to collect the blood. 1



Lithoha takes the bowl and stands to her feet but her hair remains spread out and suspended.

"Your turn," she beckons to Carmela who stretches her hand forward and Lithoha repeats the same process.

She takes the two bowls of blood and drops it on the floor, she sits on the ground and brings out a small jar of sand with which she draws a large circle and then a straight line right down the middle, dividing the circle into two.

She mutters an incantation, waving her head back and forth in a slow and rhythmic fashion and the lines of the circle drawn by the sand suddenly erupt in fire.

"Step into the circle," Lithoha says and Tatum and Carmela each step into one side of the circle, through the fire while she sits in the middle.

She stretches the jar containing Carmela's blood to Tatum and gives the one containing Tatum's blood to Carmela.

"Drink," her voice blazes through the air with a powerful aura.

Leila watches with bated breath as Tatum holds the bowl to his lips, the tension in her chest is too tight and she feels like she is going to pass out anytime now.

Her heart continues to thud with immense gusto, slamming against her rib cage with trepidation.

She heaves slowly, unable to look away, but her heart feels like it will fall out of her chest at any moment.

What is her fate to be if this ritual works? If somehow they falsely prove



Carmela to be his mate? Will that be the end for them or will Tatum keep his promise?

She feels a hand squeeze hers before she hears the voice of the owner.

"Calm down, all will be well."

She glances at Clayton and she finds his words a bit comforting even if she finds it hard to believe.

"Thank you," she mutters and Clayton smiles at her gently.

Since the incident at the hideout, they have grown even closer and aside from Tatum, Clayton is the only one she has shared her theory with and he believes her or at least he seems to.

"The first part is done. I will now pour your bloods on the sand and if it finds its way to each other, you should feel the bond," Lithoha says and a full smile stretches along Trent's lips as he squints at Leila.

Leila looks away, her eyes focused on the blood Lithoha is pouring on the floor and slowly yet surely, Carmela's blood from one end and Tatum's blood from the other end make their way to each other and the moment they connect, Tatum eyes fly wide open.

His heart beat increases, his skin feels like it is being set of fire, of all the wolves there, only one minty orange smells stands out to him, intoxicating him, flooding him with pleasure, his wolf leaps for joy, his eyes flash red and he steps forward slowly, stretching his hands cautiously as if Carmela is so fragile, even the softest of touches could harm her.

"Mate," he mutters and Carmela cups his face, locking his lips in a passionate kiss.



Leila looks away quickly, tears spilling out of her eyes, shock, pain and disbelief all attacking her at the same time.

Clayton stands with his mouth agape as Leila peels her hand away from his.

Something doesn't quite seem right.



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