

Chapter 117

Leila makes her way home without Tatum, Clayton offers to escort her but she declines, saying she needs to be alone.

Clayton on the other hand is unable to shake the feeling in his heart, something about the ritual was awkward, it all seems fishy.

He waits by the door as the elders congratulate Carmela and Tatum and leave one after the other.

Trent is the last one to leave and as Tatum and Carmela approach him, hand in hand, he steps up to them.

"With your permission Alpha, I need to have a word with Carmela, it is regarding the assassination attempt," he says, bowing slightly to Tatum.

Tatum's brows furrow and his eyes narrow at Clayton.

"You really need to work on your timing," Tatum replies, annoyance clear in his tone and he pulls Carmela away from Clayton.

"Alpha, the Luna's life and honour is at stake and I am under sworn oath to protect her. This is an emergency and I will only take a short while," Clayton replies firmly.

A deep rumbling growl sounds from Tatum's throat as he turns to face Clayton but before he can speak, Carmela places her hand on his chest, her other hand cups his face and she stares at him with love and admiration in her emerald eyes.

"It's okay baby, let me see what this is about, justice must prevail, I'll meet you in the car," Carmela says in a coquettish tone.





"Very well," Tatum replies and leaves succinctly.

Carmela catwalks nimbly to Clayton, a victorious smirk on her lips. "You didn't congratulate me, is there a problem?"

"Should there be one?" Clayton asks coldly, his eyes narrow at her with a distrustful scrutiny.

"Oh come on Clayton, don't tell me spending some time with that bitch makes you feel some kind of pity for her," Carmela replies airily with a chuckle of mockery.

"You will do well to address the Luna properly."

Carmela is taken back by the sternness of Clayton's tone, she notices the cold edge to his eyes and his clenched fist.

"What has come over you Clayton? Are you actually mad I finally got what I deserve? You know how much I suffered at Leila's hands, you know how she took everything away from me," Carmela says with a breaking voice, sniffing as if she's about to cry.

Clayton scoffs, completely unaffected by her act. "The blood I gave to you, what was it for?"

"I told you, to clear my name."

"How?"

"Why all these questions, if you have nothing better to say, I'd like to get back to my mate."

"Is he really your mate though?" Clayton cocks his head and squints at her. "Is Leila the impostor or are you?"



"Don't be ridiculous," Carmela reprimands him sharply but Clayton catches the sudden shift in her heartbeat.

"I saw the bowl that witch cut your blood into, there was already blood inside it. Was that Leila's blood?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. I needed Leila's blood for a blood test because someone tried to attack Margaux again but they left blood trails, I wanted to see if it matches," Carmela replies frantically, her heart beating faster as Clayton closes the gap between them.

"Lies," he whispers coldly. "You could cut a thousand wolves open in front of me with a blindfold and I will identify each and every one of them by the smell of their blood. The blood in that bowl smelled exactly like what I gave to you, Leila's blood."

Carmela's eyes bulge and a hard lump finds its way down her throat, she looks up at Clayton's cold eyes with fear and she backs away, her heart slamming against her rib cage.

"It would do you good to go to the Alpha yourself and confess your treachery because if I do, it will be a walk of shame through the pack grounds so everyone can see how you have lied and deceived us for over a decade!"

Clayton's voice blazes with anger as he yells at her.

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that, young man," Trent says, stepping into the hall.

"Of course you were party to it," Clayton says coldly, charging towards Trent in rage when Carmela pulls off the taser hooked to his belt and jams it into him, shocking every cell and circuit in his body until he drops



to the ground.

“Hold his mouth open,” Trent orders her and he brings out a small vial from his pocket.

“This will slow down his heart rate quickly until it eventually stops beating, it will look like he just slumped and died.” 2



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