Chapter 119

"What do you mean the head warrior is dead?"

Leila feels a squeeze in her heart and her eyes coat with tears as one of the omegas tells her the news as they prepare dinner.

Clayton looked hale and hearty this morning.

Was he ill?

He didn't look like it, he didn't show any signs, how could he suddenly be dead?

"When was this?" Leila asks in a sullen tone, feeling a sense of defeat come upon her.

How is she supposed to clear her name without Clayton to help her with the investigations?

"It was announced as breaking news this evening, his body was found laying in the elders chamber," the omega replies.

The elders chamber....it must have happened after she left but was no one there to help him?

Leila backs against the countertop, placing her hand on her chest, taking deep breaths to calm herself from the shocking news.

She feels some regret.

Maybe if she had allowed him to follow her as he wanted, she could have saved him if it happened in front of her.

"Finish up here," she says to the omega weakly, taking off her apron and

tossing it to the floor.

Her legs are being cut out from under her.

How does she get help now?

Aside from that, the pack's witch and the head warrior are both dead in the space of forty eight hours, so the pack members will want an answer.

The death of two high ranking individuals of the pack in quick succession, it will be seen as a bad omen and she has already been accused of killing the witch and everyone knows she spends a lot of time with Clayton lately between her duties.

As she steps out of the kitchen into the living room, Tatum enters the house and Leila freezes, watching him blankly, her heart pounding slowly.

Tatum mirrors her stare, his eyes holding a distant look, his feet rooted to the floor and between their silence, a lot is going on in their minds.

"Hi...welcome."

Leila doesn't even know why she makes that choice of words, the nervous pit in her stomach is twirling hard, her heart begins to pound even harder and she can feel her toes twitching, itching to hear what Tatum has to say after finding his mate.

Tatum heaves a deep sigh, his grey eyes morphing from stoic to sombre and he walks closer to her.

With every step he takes, Leila's heart zaps, the anticipation killing her.

What is he going to say?

What does he plan to do?

The sullen look in his eyes as he closes the distance between them gives her hope that things may yet be fine.

"You are forbidden from leaving the house till I say otherwise, all these deaths flying around, I'm not comfortable with it," Tatum says in a curt tone, almost whispering.

Leila cocks her head and looks at him sharply, barely able to hide her shock. She was expecting him to say something else, something regarding the elephant in the room.

She wants to know what is going on in his mind, she wants to know what his current stand is, she wants to know her fate, she wants to know how hard she has to fight but she cannot bring herself to ask him.

Maybe deep inside her, she is scared to hear him tell her he has changed his mind.

"But my investigations, I still have to clear my name," she says instead as Tatum begins to walk away.

She also wants to look into Clayton's death, get an autopsy of his body before he is buried, his death was all too sudden and doesn't seem to be of natural cause.

"Do not be insensitive Leila," Tatum replies in a steely voice and his eyes turn icy cold as he turns to her.

"The pack is in mourning, we lost our witch and our head warrior in the span of two days, show some empathy and comfort your people at a time like this."

"'Then let me lead a candlelight procession for them, for Clayton especially, he was a friend to me," Leila chips in immediately.

"There's no need for you to do that. Carmela is already handling it. All I need from you is to remain indoors and one more thing, don't wait up for me, I won't be returning home tonight," Tatum replies sharply, not waiting for a reply or rebuff before he vanishes up the stairs.

Leila stares at him as he leaves, her mouth open in shock.

Why is he acting cold towards her?

She thought by now they had an understanding and could talk things out.

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