



Chapter 122

"We know why," one of them replies sharply.

"You want to remain as Luna and you know the pack witch would stand in your way to see the prophecy fulfilled, that's why you had her murdered. We have had enough, the phoenix Luna is our Luna, she is the Alpha's mate. It has been proven, she must become Luna and you must pay for your crimes."

"Alpha, we know she is your wife and currently our Luna and we personally mean you no disrespect but she is a criminal, she must be brought to justice and you deserve better, she has blood on her hands."

"Yes Alpha," another person adds sharply. "It is only out of respect for you that we have not lynched this murderer!"

"I am not a murderer, I didn't kill the witch, I didn't kill anyone!" Leila yells in a frantic voice, her tone rising in desperation, her heart pounding in fear and worry, the confidence in her voice waning.

It is like the more she tries to make them see her truth, the more blinded they are to it and the more agitated they become.

"Tell the truth to your Alpha, did she really send you to kill the witch?" Tatum asks the man and Leila looks at him sharply, in shock.

Does he really need to ask?

"Yes Alpha, we have proof," one of the warriors reply, handing a cellphone to Tatum

Tatum stares at the screen for a few seconds before he slowly turns his head to Leila, his eyes full of disappointment and disbelief.



"What is it?" Leila asks, her heart racing even harder, "let me see."

She reaches for the phone but Tatum pulls it back, his grey eyes turn cold and his voice becomes as hard as steel.

"Take her away," he replies and turns back towards the house and the warriors grab Leila.

"Let me go," Leila yanks her arm away. "Tatum, what did you see? You must believe me, I didn't do this," Leila cries, rushing towards the door but her cries fall on deaf ears as he shuts the door in her face.

She yelps, turning back to the angry mob as they march towards her.

"Get in there, you criminal," The guard spits venomously, throwing her into the cell and Leila winces as her body thuds against the cold steel floor. The smell of piss hangs heavy in the musty air and she can hear the rats squealing around her in the darkness.

There are cells better and far more comfortable than this but the warriors decided that it is what a criminal like her deserves. Her body is badly bruised, half of her face is swollen and the other half is reddened with slap fingerprints. She aches all over and she has at least two sprained fingers and a couple deep cuts.

Carmela's mob was merciless as they dragged her to the cells and as much as she does not want to hate each and everyone of them because they are only under Carmela's influence, she cannot fight back the feeling of hatred and anger coursing through her.

She sobs silently, curled up in a foetus position where she lays on the cold ground as tears slowly stream out of her eyes, her body convulsing in a pain, her arm wrapped protectively around her little bump.



They beat a pregnant woman, some even tried to intentionally hit her in the stomach.

How does she forgive that?

And Tatum, what did they show to him? What false evidence was it?

Whatever it is must have been overwhelmingly convincing for him to give them the order to bring her cells.

Carmela has succeeded in tricking Tatum yet again, manipulating his strong sense of justice in her favour.

What does she do?

She cannot expose Carmela if she remains in here, her child will not survive it either and she barely might, she can already feel the shiver in her bones and she has suffered so many wounds that she fears as her pup heals her, without getting proper nutrition and care, it may have a dire effect on it.

The next thing Leila feels is an avalanche of water descending upon her.

"Wake up, you murderer," she feels a boot drive into her back, jolting her from her slumber and she arches in pain, clamping down on her teeth as a painful grunt escapes her.

She doesn't know how many days it has been in here without food or water, three, four?

She has no idea, she can barely feel her baby kicking, she can barely feel her own limbs.

"I said get up," the harsh voice comes again, as firm hands yank her to



her feet, "today is the day of your trial, the day you pay for all your crimes, now, move it."

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