

# Pregnant I left him To His First Love

## C 151-160

"You were just leaving," Leila replies coldly, sifting for other options in her mind. She doesn't want her mother remaining in custody for even one more second but Tatum is not looking after her child. "She'll be safe with him, we don't have much time," Kelvin says in a frantic tone, his grip tightening on his briefcase.

"Mama...." Amara's little voice coerces.

Leila grits her teeth, her ego taking a punch as she says. "Fine, nothing better happen to my child."

"She'll be as safe as safe can be, you have my word."

Leila scoffs as she walks closer to Tatum, handing him Amara, mindlinking him.

'We both know you're not a man of your word, so just look after my child and if I find out you have anything to do with Amanda not being here or the judge's emergency, I'll cut your balls out and feed it to you.' 'You've always liked to have your hands on my balls Leila, I guess old habits die hard,' Tatum replies, winking at her.

'Fuck off and I mean it,' her voice comes colder, frowning at the fact that his words put a perfect image of her hands wrapped around his big balls in her head.

"I'll look after her, I promise," Tatum says to her openly, as Kelvin curls his hands around Leila's waist gently, leading her out of the house.

Tatum looks away rather quickly, knowing exactly what feeling just hit him in his heart at the sight.

It took Leila and Kelvin fifteen minutes to get to the courthouse. They are about to step into the courtroom when none other than Carmela steps outside and Leila immediately feels a lurch in her stomach. The sight of Carmela makes her both sick and angry.

"What are you doing here?" She asks coldly, her nose flaring in palpable anger.

"What does it look like?" Carmela rolls her eyes with a snort escaping her. "I'm here to see your bitch murderer of a mother spend the rest of her miserable life behind bars."

"Oh no you didn't," Leila says in an angry, low, almost whispery voice, folding her fist into a punch, her focus set straight on the bridge of Carmela's nose, ready to break it with the

anger that Carmela's words erupt in her but just before she can move her fist, Kelvin holds her. 'Wiser and stronger, remember?' he mindlinks her.

'I can still be wise and break her nose, that would show some strength,' she midlinks back.

'Leila c'mon, you're playing her game, you're giving her control.'

'Fine, just tell her to get out of my way, I don't mind losing control and make her lose a few teeth.'

'You'll have your revenge, I promise and she'll lose more than a few teeth, I'll give you her life if you want but we must play smart.'

"How pathetic," Carmela retorts at the sight before her. "Does your bastard belong to him?"

"That's enough," Kelvin reprimands her coldly tightening his fists around Leila's tight fist, feeling the anger pulsating from her. "You have no business being in this courtroom, now leave." en

Carmela scoffs just as Trent appears on the scene.

"Says who? We have ample evidence of what Liana did to my dear friend, Henry, and we will see justice served. For him and for this pack," Trent says, walking close to Leila, barely a few yards away from her "And for you too Leila, you deserve justice, you deserve to see your mother's true colours."

Leila spits at his feet, her eyes cold and deadly as she looks back up at him, anger, rage, bitterness, a strong urge for vengeance, they all combat her mind at the same time.

"Goddess curse your tongue for taking my parents' name, you'll pay for all you did to my family, you vile snake," she snarls at him, venom oozing off her tone.

"Anger often blinds us from the truth but if there's one thing about the truth, it does prevail," Trent replies calmly, seemingly unaffected by Leila's harsh tone and demeanour.

Leila looks straight into his eyes, wondering what evil scheme, what treacherous lies he has cooked up against her mother.

According to her mother's story, Trent was the last person who saw her father alive but in the Class A archives that she read, it was otherwise and that must be the story everyone else believes.

She finally realises the reason why

most of her mother's testimony was

scribbled off the record, Trent is

hiding something and she knows.

what it is, he has a hand in her father's death and she will expose him.

"Get out of my way," she snarls, bumping past him but then she halts and shows him the slit scar on her wrist. "Oh and I know how I got this, you never know what I'll do with that information." The sharp spike in Trent's calm heartbeat satisfies her and she smirks smugly at him, sauntering into the courtroom.

They may have succeeded in hurting her and her family in the past but this time around, it will be her victory.

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"All rise," the court clerk announces and they all stand to their feet as the judge comes inside.

The court is divided into two rows by a single aisle, each row further divided into six columns in a linear sitting arrangement.

The judge takes his seat at the podium and Kelvin turns back from his attorney's desk to look at Leila sitting right behind him on the first row on the right column, giving her a reassuring nod before taking his seat and Leila does the same. Carmela smiles sinisterly at them from behind Leila. Trent never appeared in the courtroom after giving Carmela the necessary information that she needed.

The clerk remains standing, announcing. "All those having business with this court plea, stand forward and Judge Bruce Tanner will hear you."

"Bring in the accused," the judge says and immediately, the door opens up and Liana is led in by two guards with chains around her hands and feet, her eyes looking desolate and pale, her body visibly weak. Leila's heart breaks with pity for her mother and she bolts up to her feet in anger. "You animals! Why did you chain her up like that, she is not a criminal, she has not been found guilty," she snarls at the guards. "You will address my court with respect and behave with candour or I will hold you in contempt," the judge coldly reprimands Leila and Kelvin turns to face her.

"It's fine, they only put the chains outside, standard procedure," he whispers to Leila reassuringly and she reluctantly sits down, tears coating her sad eyes. Carmela leans forward and taps Leila's bench lightly to draw Leila's attention.

"If you're so flustered to see the bitch in chains, I hope you run mad when they convict her for her crimes," Carmela whispers in a sinister voice, smirking at Leila.

Leila ignores her completely, pretending not to hear her. Seeing her mother in chains fills her with so much sadness that she cannot even bring herself to react to the words of the stupid bitch behind her.

"Where are we?" The judge asks the lead prosecuting counsel, a man that Leila recognises all too well, Carmela's nephew, Justin.

He was just a petty charge and bail lawyer with average skills and influence when she left the pack five years ago, his meteoric rise from a literal nobody to the Pack's head lawyer is not surprising to Leila at all, the reason is obvious. Justin stands up to his feet and mounts the podium with a mic on it, in front of them all, in the centre of the court.

"Docket number 4567VR/7. The blood oak pack versus Liana Rogers. The accused is charged with murder, conspiracy to commit murder and attempted murder," he reads out Liana's charges.

"What does the defence plead?" The judge asks, piking up his brows at Kelvin.

Kelvin stands up, glancing at Leila who looks like her soul is no longer in her body, her eyes full of worry and fear.

"Not guilty, the accused is not guilty, your honour."

"Enter a plea of not guilty for the accused, we will adjourn until 10am, three weeks from today, at which time this court will reconvene," the judge says, picking up and slamming his gavel.

"Your honour," Kelvin quickly says,

stepping forward before the judge can stand up. "I believe the accused is no threat to any life at the moment and as such should not be placed under custody, furthermore, she is a woman well into her later years and I have health concerns for my client."

"I assure you your honour, our cells are in prime healthy conditions and the accused should have no worry for her health," Justin quickly interjects, making a quick glance at Carmela who nods sharply at him in approval.

"Besides, she is a criminal. Yes, innocent until proven but we cannot ascertain her motives, I mean, what if she makes a run for it if allowed to roam freely?"

"Your honour, that woman right

there," Kelvin points to Leila. "I believe you know who she is, circumstances notwithstanding, by law, she is the Luna of this pack and we all know what Article seven, sub section eight, paragraph three of the blood oak constitution states."

"Your honour, she cannot be allowed to roam freely, I know this is a court but facts are facts, the Alpha has a new intending Luna and such a law shouldn't stand," Justin opposes firmly. Judge Bruce looks slowly between them, a discerning look in his eyes.

"The accused will be moved from custody and placed under house arrest with two guards stationed to make sure she never leaves the house," he says, slams his gavel and stands up, leaving the courtroom. Justin sneers at Kelvin. "I'll see you in three weeks- Costner."

"I look forward to it pal," Kelvin replies smugly, "it'll be just like old times, me kicking your lame ass."

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Everyone files out of the courtroom after the session, Kelvin goes to do the paperwork for Liana's release so she can go home with them while Leila sits on the bench just outside the courtroom waiting for them to return. She takes out her phone and calls the house phone to check on Amara. Surprisingly she doesn't feel as anxious as she thought she would, leaving Amara in Tatum's care.

Maybe because he's her father or probably because a part of her knows that somewhere inside Tatum's cold and dead heart is affection and kindness, the same kindness he extended towards her when he married her after her house was attacked. He may say he did it out of selfish love which is an obvious lie because that man doesn't have an ounce of love for her in his heart but looking back at that event, her becoming Luna was the only thing that could have saved her from the onslaught. No one takes the call, she tries again and gets the same result. A sense of panic slowly begins to rise inside her to combat the calmness she was feeling moments ago.

She immediately mindlinks Tatum.

Tatum receives her mindlink and the first thing she sees is the kitchen of her house, Tatum and Amara both wearing matching aprons, spots of flour on Amara's face, staining her black hair as she holds up a cupcake to Tatum. "Uncle Alpha, how does it taste?" Amara asks, beaming from ear to ear.

Tatum takes a bite and gives her a thumbs up. "Just like your mom's."

"Mama's a great cook but I'm going to be better than her," Amara says with determination in her tiny voice.

"I think she's scared of me, that's why she never lets me in the kitchen alone, she knows I'll make magic," Amara adds with a boastful smirk on her lips and a chuckle of sheer disbelief escapes Leila.

Her child is one hell of a character.

'Hear that Leila, you've got some serious competition,' Tatum's voice sounds in her head and immediately, her smile drops.

For a moment there, she completely forgot about any feelings of anger and bitterness that she held towards him, it felt like they were a real family, like she was the mother out of the house while father and daughter messed about in the kitchen.

She imagined the excited look on their faces when she would get home and they would be anxious to show her what they had made in her absence but Tatum is not a member of her family, he is not hers, he belongs to someone else and she wants nothing to do with him.

'Not a speck of dirt when I get back,' Leila replies coldly and drops the mindlink.

She groans, rubbing both her palms down her face as she takes a deep breath to calm herself.

This connection between Amara and Tatum tugs something deep inside her, makes her feel like she is the missing piece.

"Congratulations on getting your mother out of custody but she'll be back there soon, probably for life," Carmela says as she walks up to Leila.

"Thank you," Leila says in a placid tone, keeping a stoic face.

Carmela already got her to react in anger twice and she is now familiar with Carmela's game.

Like Kelvin said, a blatant show of emotions isn't going to win them this war, she needs to be as shrewd, if not shrewder than her enemies.

Carmela's shock is palpable at Leila's calm demeanour and she sneers at Leila, gritting her teeth.

"You think this is victory? Wait till I'm officially Luna, I'll show you," She snarls.

"Am I supposed to be scared of a Luna that can't even call her Alpha by name?" Leila scoffs, pushes off the bench and looks straight into Carmela's pained eyes. She arches her neck both ways, looking at both sides of Carmela's neck and she chuckles.

"This is just awesome, he's not even marked you. Five years to get his engagement ring, maybe another five to get married and another five to bear his mark. Deal with the truth Carmela, your little matebond trick was useless. I could have Tatum anytime I want, all I have to do is say the magic words to him," she says coyly, leaning into Carmela, her lips almost touching Carmela's earlobes and she whispers, "mate."

She hears the quick jump in Carmela's heartbeat followed but Carmela keeps a straight face and she pulls back to look Leila straight in the eyes.

"Let's say you're right, Leila, but do

you know why he finally put this ring on my finger after five years?" She holds her hand up and taps the ring, "because," she leans in, doing the same exact thing Leila did to her. "I finally got him to put his seed inside me. That's right bitch, I'm pregnant."

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Leila scoffs, a smile on her lips as she pulls back to look at Carmela in the eyes, her gaze dripping with smugness.

It's obvious Carmela believes she wants Tatum back and thinks the news of the pregnancy is supposed to make her jealous but who cares?

Coming back here, she had a lot of theories in her head, one of them being that they would be a loving family, Tatum, Carmela and one or two pups but Carmela doesn't even live with him.

"Do you know who my new neighbour is?" Leila smirks smugly and Carmela frowns, giving Leila the answer she needs.

"That's right, even if you're pregnant with his child, he still wants to wake up and see me. I'll probably invite him over for dinner one night, you never know what a good meal, a couple glasses of strong wine, a hot dress and the right conversation can lead to?" Leila flicks her brows suggestively, a cocky smirk perfectly etched on her lips.

Carmela clenches her fist, her head turning red in frustration and she sneers at Leila, her chest rising and falling in fury.

"You-" she stamps her feet and storms off in frustrated fury and Leila chuckles.

She knows Carmela's weakness now and she will exploit it at will.

When she returns home, she finds Tatum sleeping on the couch in a sitting position, his head leaned backwards, his hands splayed over the backrest and Amara, also asleep, her body stretched on the couch using Tatum's thigh as her pillow.

She wonders, If Tatum knew Amara is his child, will he do right by her? Will he give her what is truly hers?

Why is she even thinking that? He won't. He already stole that right from Amara when she was still in the womb.

Tatum's head jerks forward. "You're back."

"Yes," Leila replies in an impassive tone. "You can leave now."

"I was hoping we could have dinner together, you know, talk?" Tatum replies, gently putting a throw pillow under Amara's head as he stands up.

"My man would not appreciate that," Leila replies coldly, glancing towards the door as Kelvin steps inside with Liana.

"Leila, it's just a-"

"I said leave," her voice goes an octave higher. Her eyes widening slightly in annoyance.

What right does he think he has to demand dinner with her?

Has he suddenly forgotten what he did to her?

The things he said to her?

What could he possibly have to say from that lying deceitful mouth of his that she hasn't heard before?

An apology? She doesn't need one.

Another promise? She'd just be a fool to believe anymore of those.

"Very well," Tatum says with a slight nod, his eyes completely calm and he leaves the house.

Leila sinks into the couch and massages her temple and forehead together, heaving a deep frustrated sigh.

The faster this case is over, the better for everyone.

Later that evening, after dinner, Kelvin, Leila and Amara are relaxing in the living room watching a TV show with Liana asleep upstairs, when Kelvin stands up. "I should get going, I'm quite tired."



"What do you mean you're going?" Amara's eyes immediately become sullen as she turns away from the TV to face him. "Mama and Kalready prepared your room."

"You better sit your ass back down but if you're really so tired, it's the room opposite mine," Leila says to Kelvin, her eyes not leaving the TV.

Kelvin smiles simultaneously at mother and daughter. "I appreciate the gesture ladies but I have some work to do back at my house before I call it a night."

"Fine, we'll drive home with you, grab the work and get back here," Leila turns to him this time, a coy smile on her lips. "We miss you around." "How about tomorrow night? I really need to focus on the task at hand, you know?" Kelvin replies, about to pick up his briefcase but Amara beats him to it. "Baby, give me that," Kelvin reaches out to take it from her but she ducks underneath him and hands the briefcase to Leila.

"I said tomorrow," Kelvin says with a defeated look in his eyes. "I promise."

"Well, we want you here tonight and every other night and if you really want this briefcase, you're going to have to come get it from me," Leila replies, walking towards the stairs and the moment Kelvin takes the bait, walking after her, she runs up the stairs, leading him to the prepared room. Content Belongs to

Leila runs inside the room and slides the briefcase underneath the bed, before she sits on the mattress, legs crossed, hands on both sides and her head thrown back.

Kelvin slowly walks inside and he frowns, scanning the room for his briefcase but sees no sign of it. "Not funny Leila, where is it?"

"I've been having insomnia lately and

my body hurts a little, do you mind giving me a little massage after you shower for bed?" Leila arches her neck, massaging her shoulders with

a soft seductive moan escaping her.

Kelvin squints at her.

Is she-

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Yes she is, she's telling him everything but her words that she wants to be with him and he's smart enough to see that.

If only she knows how much he wants to have her, how he wants to taste those small pout lips of hers and kiss them dry of moisture, how he wants to run his tongue over every inch of her body, the many times he's imagined being intimate with her in plenty different ways

but imagination is all it will ever remain.

He doesn't want to take advantage of her.

Does she really love him or is she trying to move on from who she loves using him?

What if she realises it too late?

He shouldn't care about that, the other guy messed up, big time, but everytime in the last four years that he wants to make a move on her, he just finds that he cannot.

He has loved this woman since he was a little boy and he wants nothing more than to be by her side for a lifetime. As a boy, he would pray daily to the goddess that she would be his mate, the one made specially for him.

Nothing in this world will make him happier than her being his and him being hers but his happiness is a matter of no relevance when it comes to Leila's happiness.

He'll always put her first.

He takes his phone out of his pocket and fiddles with the screen for a few seconds before he shows the screen to her, moving closer.

"That's a two hour spa and massage session booked for you, they'll be here in the morning, real professionals, my lawyer hands only know how to do one thing, flip paper for evidence."

"Well, I'm sure I'm not that heavy, maybe just a few pounds above your ton of papers, you can flip me if you want," Leila replies, keeping her face straight but her tone coquettish.

"I mean if you do not want me sitting while we do it, you can flip me on my stomach as long as your hands make me feel....." she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, letting his imagination fill the gap in her words.

Another lump slowly retracts down Kelvin's throat, his heart doing quite a number of beats per second, the image of flipping her naked body on her stomach and doing things unimaginable to her from behind lustfully attacks his minds, so much that he has to shake his head to get the thoughts out.

Why is she doing this to him?

It's hard enough already that he has to mind his thoughts and control his impulses around her everyday but if she keeps coming onto him like this, he's not going to be able to hold himself much longer.

He desires her, body, spirit, soul and wolf, more than anything he has ever wanted in this life.

When he first thought that she was Tatum's second chance mate in the past, it crushed his soul and numbed his heart for months and when he found out that she had actually lost her wolf and it was all a ruse his hope was rekindled and he went crazy in search of a cure

He was sure she belonged to him, he was going to claim her but when he gave her the cure that day she gave birth to Amara, nothing happened, no mate bond, no nothing.

He felt devastated, only to find out from her that Tatum is her truly fated mate.

He would have carried on and claimed her nonetheless but the anonymous message he got a day before he left to rescue Leila from prison was sent by someone and only one person from the pack knew

his whereabouts, Tatum.

If it wasn't for that note, he wouldn't have been able to rescue Leila, she wouldn't see him as some hero right now, it all happened too conveniently, even with the guards at the prison.

From their badges, he could tell they were new recruits, different from the calibre of warriors who normally guarded the bunker prison Leila was kept in.

"Leila, I don't have time for this," he hardens his tone. "You and Amara will prove a distraction. I don't know what Justin and his family have up their sleeves and I need to be ready. The briefcase."

The quick shock in Leila's eyes that quickly morphs into pain breaks his heart as she walks to the side and crouches to pull out the briefcase.

"There," she says, unable to hide the pain in her voice as she shoves it against his chest. "Just never tell Amara that we are a distraction," she walks past him with unshed tears brimming in her eyes. "Leila wait, I didn't mean it like th-"

She slams the door shut in his face.

It hurts him deeply that he has to be

this way but if he is right and Tatum

sent that note to him, made his

breaking and entry into the prison easy, if Tatum is telling the truth that he once got Leila the cure as well but she destroyed it in anger, what would happen if Leila found out?

Will she then leave him and go back to her fated mate?

If only he could be selfish and claim her but if Tatum did all that, then he really didn't want Leila to die, maybe he was protecting her.

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"Leila, seriously wait," Kelvin rushes to the side of Leila's car window as she revs up the car.

She doesn't listen, doesn't even take a glance at him as she slams her foot down and takes off into the night, her vision blur with tears, her heart full of sorrow and pain.

Maybe love isn't meant for her. Maybe she isn't meant to be happy with a man in her life.

The man she loved with all of her heart and soul betrayed her and spat on her love and the one person who has been there for her, who she has been trying to see if things can work between them because she may have feelings for him keeps pushing her away. What else does she have to do? How else can she show him that she desires to be with him? She has said it in between words, used body language, everything.

Kelvin is not clueless, she sees the look in his eyes, how he looks at her, the sensuality hidden in his gaze, the passion behind it, he has feelings for her too but why does he refuse to act on it, why does he turn down her advances?

It is her fault perhaps, that he can no longer see her as anything more than a friend because she has kept him in the friendzone for too long but how was she supposed to know that he had feelings for her before and while she was with Tatum?

He never said anything and even if he had back then, it would not have mattered because Tatum was the only person she could see, the only voice she could hear, the only craving she had.

One sound from him and her heart would go wild, one touch and her body would be on fire, she was a moth to his flame, the deer to his brook, she desired no man but him but that is all in the past now, she is ready to move on, to move on with someone she knows will love and cherish her, someone who will always consider her happiness.

She just wants to be happy.

A heart rendering sob tears through her and she brings the car to a halt by the side of the road, gently slams her forehead and presses it against the steering wheel, crying her broken heart out.

She raises her head up after a while and looks at the house a short distance away from her, the old witch's cabin.

Does the pack have a new witch now?

Tatum never brought up the matter with her, no one has even mentioned it since she returned, not even Carmela who led the mob to her house back then.

Did they find out the truth or now that Carmela has her goal, making her the villain is no longer necessary?

She steps out of the car, trodding slowly towards the house, the powerful aura around the place that would normally give an eerie feeling is non existent. It can only mean one thing, no pack witch yet.

She pushes the door open, about to step in when she hears a familiar voice that makes her heart jump in fear and as much as she hates to admit it, there is a nervous feeling that he gives to her. "Leila, I saw you drive off in anger, is everything okay?"

Tatum holds her back and his touch sends electric sparks flying through her, the heavy feeling in her heart dissipating like his touch is sucking the sorrow away from her.

She stares into his red eyes in the

dark, his wolf's eyes and her wolf lunges forward, fighting Leila to yield to the urge, making Leila's gaze fast to Tatum's bare neck, a strong desire to mark him comes upon her, stronger than anything she has ever felt but his worried voice snaps her attention back to him.

"Are you okay?"

Leila yanks her hand away from him.

"What do you care?" She spits with venom, a mean scowl on her face.

He is the root cause of all her misery, the engineer behind her pain, she hates him more than anything. He couldn't love her and now his shadow won't let Kelvin love her as well. "Leila, I know I deserve all the spite and anger I get from you but I-"

"Hold it right there," she puts her

It tilf

hand up. "My spite and anger? You think this is spite and anger? Wait I get my mother free, then you'll know what real spite and anger feels like, you and your bitch phoenix Luna."

"Whatever you plan to do, I won't stop you, I just-I had no choice, Leila."

"Don't give me that crap, you had a choice and you chose, you chose your pack, you chose Carmela, your mom, the prophecy, you choose them all over me and now, one by one, I'm coming for all of you"

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Tatum's lips quiver, unable to utter a word as they both stare at each other. Leila's eyes full of pain and rage, Tatum's eyes full of pain and regret.

"The guilt of my choice has been my companion for a long time and I reckon it will be for the rest of my life, I don't deserve your forgiveness, I know, but back then, there was nothing I could do, I didn't know how to weave my way around the law." Rage boils inside of Leila.

Even now he doesn't see any wrong with his actions, standing behind the law, manipulating and using it to his cruel end.

Has he always been this vile? What sort of a cruel monster tries to kill his own innocent child and labels it justice? He is never going near Amara again, ever.

"Damn you and damn your fucking law," she spits out with venom. "I want to see how you protect Carmela with it when I come for her because I'm going to hit her so bad, slowly peel back every layer of deceit that she has wrapped around your eyes and that of your pack members and just when you feel truly remorseful, when you know the real truth, when you feel deep in your heart and soul that you have amends to make, then I'll come for you."

The regret in Tatum's eyes doubles over and he drops his head, staring at his feet for seconds like they hold the solution to all his problems, a remedy to the ache in his heart.

"Leila..." he reaches for Leila as he looks back up but she yanks her hands away, her eyes cold as frost.

Tatum stares at the hand he was about to touch her with, a deep sense of loss filling him, sadness blazing in his grey eyes. He clenches the fist slowly before he opens and runs it down his face as a defeated sigh escapes him.

He'll give anything to hold her again, anything to feel her touch, to see her smile at him but what right does he have to expect or demand it?

"I know how you feel Leila and-"

Leila scoffs and bursts out in laughter, but it is not amusement behind it, it is disbelief birthed by her pain.

"You know how I feel? Did you really just say you know how I feel? You don't know the half of it. My bump was visible, your pack members knew I was pregnant, the alpha's child and yet they beat me with my pregnancy like a common criminal.

"I was fed on by rats, starved for days, poisoned and tortured with your child in me, as your Luna and your wife, what do you think I felt? Oh you don't know how I feel Tatum but I promise you, when I'm done, you're going to, because I'm going to come at you with everything that I have, you can count on it."

Tatum looks wryly at her, a look of foreboding acceptance covering his eyes. "I will," he says, "I just want you and your family safe while you are here, all of you. Can you at least let me do that, keep you safe?"

Leila scoffs internally. Since when did he care about her safety?

"Do whatever you want, just keep your hands clear of my mother's trial. If I as much as see a finger of yours manipulating anything in your bitch fiancée's favour, I'll remind you that we all have someone that we answer to," She replies in a curt

tone.

"I couldn't do it before because I was blinded by the stupid love I had for you but try me now and I'll take up the matter with the Lycan king myself." Tatum squints at her, his eyes holding shock and curiosity at the same time.

"There'll be no need for that, I won't move a muscle regarding the case and how would you even find the Lycan king? Not even one of his Alphas have ever seen him

knows

what he looks like."

"You'll be surprised how much and who I know. I'm warning you Tatum, I'm not the same Leila you used to know, do not mess with me."

"I wish I could get to know the new you," Tatum replies, stepping closer to her, "but I know that's impossible."

"It's not impossible Tatum," she

replies in a much calmer voice, closing the distance between them, something like pity showing in her eyes as she brings her lips painfully close to his and she can hear the rapid beating of Tatum's heart, see the hope slowly coming to his eyes and that's when she whispers. "It's an abomination."

She shoves him aside and gets into her car, driving back home and when she gets home, Kelvin is standing outside.

He said he was leaving, did he change his mind?

Kelvin approaches Leila as she steps out of the car.

"I've had my shower, now it's time for your massage," he says with a cute smile that warms Leila's heart.

This is what she likes the most about him, he always puts her first.

She is about to reply when she sees Tatum's car pull up to his house and hears the sound of his car door closing and an idea comes to her mind.

This is a perfect opportunity for her to show Kelvin that she really does not have feelings for Tatum anymore.

"I want more than a massage," Leila replies in coy tone, boldly cupping Kelvin's face and she plugs her lips into his, in a deep, sensual and sultry kiss.

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Kelvin tenses, his mouth parting in shock, unintentionally giving Leila more room to suck on his lower lip. His entire body shoots with pleasure from the softness of her lips, the tenderness of her kiss, goosebumps rent his entire skin and a million fireworks go off in his heart and he shuts his eyes, relishing it. Maybe he can have her, maybe he can have this. Now that she has kissed him, he cannot dodge the topic anymore, he will either have to claim her or clearly reject her.

He finds his hands slowly running down her back, all the way to her waist and he pulls her close hesitantly, wondering if he should break or deepen the kiss when he hears a soft growl behind them and he opens his eyes to see Tatum staring right at him. But it is not anger he sees in those grey eyes, it is sadness and pain, a dreary and gloomy look.

It is a look he knows all too well, a look he had in his eyes for years whenever he saw Leila and Tatum together. The pain of seeing someone you love with someone else is not something you can easily hide, it shines bright even behind the darkest eyes. Does this mean Tatum still loves Leila, will he want to claim her?



From his little snooping around since he returned, Tatum is a much different Alpha and he now rules with an iron fist. The pack members are forbidden from mentioning Leila or the witch's murder, the ones who dared disobey met an unkind fate. He is now nicknamed Alpha Tatum the ruthless, a man who used to be Alpha Tatum, the kind.

Kelvin breaks the kiss and in a flash, Tatum shifts, blurring into the darkness and takes off into the woods.

Kelvin shifts his gaze from the dark nothingness and stares back at Leila, a million questions burning through his mind but only one stands out.

Is this kiss a show of her affection for him or simply to make Tatum jealous?

He cannot deal with this, not now, he needs his mind fully focused on getting Liana out of Justin's grasps.

"I could sue you for harassment but that was some kiss," He says in a light tone, not to embarrass her.

He doesn't know the reason for her kiss but he wants to be sure Leila is not so cruel to use him as a tool for vengeance.

Leila smiles and turns and he sees she is looking for Tatum.

"He's gone," Kelvin says, "off into the woods."

His voice is calm, much like that of a stranger giving directions to another stranger.

"Good. I just want him completely gone from our lives, I want it to be just you and me and Amara, as a family, a real family."

"Are you sure?" Kelvin searches her eyes as he asks, his heart thudding slowly.

"When I told you I was ready to move on with someone else, I meant with you, so yes, I am sure. Are you?" Leila replies without hesitation, her voice full of certainty. What does he say to her?

No?

That would be a lie, he is sure that he loves her and her daughter and that he wants to be a husband and father to them. Sometimes, he even forgets that he is not. Yes?

That would also be a lie, the

circumstances around it, the timing, Tatum's engagement to a woman he has shown no real intimacy in the past after five years, this sudden accusation of Leila's mother...there is more to all of it.

"He's still your mate and Amara's father," he replies instead.

"I would have rejected him already but doing that now will expose Carmela and create unnecessary problems for us and as for Amara, he is nothing but her sperm donor, he wanted her dead, remember?"

"I remember but we can't keep the truth away from her either."

"I don't plan to," Leila takes his hand, looking at him with a longing in her eyes, "we'll tell her the truth when the time is right."

"We will and I appreciate this,

knowing how you feel, but the timing

is not in our favour. Right now, I

have to focus on the task at hand

but I promise, after all of this, the case and your rejection, we will talk about it, agreed?" He smiles at her, squeezing her hands gently, hoping she doesn't feel too bad.

"Agreed," Leila replies in a sullen tone and gently pulls her hands away from his hold.

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Why did she kiss him? She shouldn't have kissed him. She just thought that would be enough to convince him but he still rejected her. Now things are going to be awkward between them, she might even lose him as a friend. "Goodnight," She says to Kelvin as she shuts the car door and Kelvin nods gently, a wry look in his eyes as he drives away.

She insisted he carry on with the work he wanted to do.

She turns to go inside but decides to go for a walk in the woods instead, maybe let her wolf run a little. Her head is a mess of thoughts, her heart compounded with so many emotions.

The road ahead of her is long and arduous and Kelvin is the only one she knows will have her back no matter what but after tonight, she doesn't know if she can face him again.

But he promised to talk about it after everything so maybe she should calm down, try to act normal around him and see what happens.

They might get through this and even come out better.

"Now what's a little stray like you doing roaming in our woods?"

She hears a hoarse voice from the thickets between which she's walking and she tenses, turns on her heels immediately and her wolf comes to the front of her mind, ready to take charge whenever.

"The stray is dangerous and she bites, I'll back off if I were you," Leila replies as her eyes scan the area, straining her nostrils and she can smell them, rogues.

Was this why Tatum said things had changed and he needed to protect them? Rogues within the borders of the pack? Since when have they become so incompetent.

She opens her mindlink to Kelvin but it doesn't work.

Strange.

Her only other option is Tatum and as much as she hates it, she mindlinks him but the result is the same.

What is going on? Are the rogues doing something to stop her from mindlinking?

A wicked cackle from one of the rogues fills the air, blending with the soft night wind, the crescent moon standing above, poorly lighting the night as two of them emerge behind her.

She turns and another two also appear behind her and she stands sideways to catch the sight of all four, her heart slowly beginning to pound, she doesn't know if she can take on all four of them by herself.

"It's the old Luna of this pack, let's take her alive, she'll be worth a fortune of a ransom," one of the rogues says as he rubs his palms together, licking his lips, his eyes full of greed and lust.

"You are right my friend, she is worth a fortune but a ransom? Now I can't let you do that," A deep velvety voice fills the air. It has a melody to it, cold yet soft.

"Who the fuck are you?" One of the rogues ask and Leila turns to see a man standing right behind her, she did not even sense him come out and he has no smell or has concealed it.

He's wearing a pristine white suit,

eyes dark and deep like they are sucking Leila's soul out of her, his

hair laid back and weaved into a ponytail behind, lean, tall and has the face of an angel and his aura. it's nothing like she has ever felt before, merely standing beside him makes her feel suffocated by it, it is strong and very powerful.

Is he with them or with her?

Leila backs away slowly, ready and alert. She is already trapped but she will not go down without a fight.

The man smiles at her and removes his jacket, he holds it up and something inside Leila shifts, almost like there is a silent command in his action for her to come closer to him, a promise that he is not the enemy and she allows him cover her with the jacket, unable to look away from his dark bottomless eyes, the danger around her becoming non existent.

Who is he?

Why does she suddenly feel so safe with him?

She cannot feel an ounce of fear. It is like the emotion itself is not within her, not like she doesn't want to feel it.

"You look even better in person, kitten," he says in that deep, melodic, baritone voice, the words rolling off his tongue as coquettish as coquettish can be. Kitten? Even better in person? Where does he know her from?

She has never seen him before, if she has, she will know, he does not look like the type of man one easily forgets.

"Now boys, I'm going to give you two

options," the man holds two fingers up as his attention shifts to the rogues, "apologize to the lady and fuck off or do the opposite and I fuck you up. Your choice."

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"Fuck-"

Before the rogue can say the words, his head rolls to Leila's feet, his bodiless eyes mirroring the shock Leila has in her own eyes as her heart leaps.

How did the mysterious man move so fast? How is he moving so fast without shifting, she cannot even see him, only the blur of his white attire as he tears through the remaining three.

She hears their screams being cut short before their bodies drop to the ground, headless and lifeless.

"Fuck, fucking bastards!" The mysterious man yells.

"Shit, I can't believe they got fucking blood on my sleeve, not on the fucking sleeves, you idiots," he kicks one of the men on the ground before suddenly turning to Leila as if just becoming aware of her presence.

"Oh...fuck, I'm doing it again aren't I? You see, I can't stand the blood, not on me," he says, sneering at the dead bodies.

"Who are you?" Leila asks in a cautious tone.

She should be running away from a man who just easily decapitated four men without shifting into his wolf and then complains about the blood staining him, those are the marks of a psychotic killer but rather her feet pull her towards him. "Who am I?"

The man replies, extending one of his claws to slice off the lower part of his sleeve where the blood stained and then repeats the movement on the second sleeve with such precision and accuracy that his shortened sleeves both look identical and like the work of a fashion designer.

He is strange indeed.

"You're an Alpha, are you not? I can tell from your aura," Leila says, pulling off his jacket and stretching it towards him. "Does our Alpha know you are here?"

He takes his jacket and her hand with it and stares deep into her eyes, like he is looking into her very soul.

"For nine years I have seen you everyday in my dreams, I thought you were beautiful but goddess, seeing you now, I believe you're the only reason the word 'beauty' exists."

Leila's brow furrows in confusion and she pulls her hand away. "What are you talking about?"

"When you reject your mate, you'll understand."

"Understand what? Look, thank you for saving me but I should get going," Leila replies, feeling uneasy and turning away.

"I'm your second chance mate," he says as Leila begins to walk away and she halts.

"You're what?" She asks, confusion clear in her widened blue eyes.

"Nine years ago, under a crescent moon like this, I lost my fated mate, her name was Micheala, she was everything to me, the stoke to my fire. So when I lost her, it shattered me and I cried to Selene that night, in true pain and deep sorrow.

"I prayed I would find another one, to love me as my dead mate did, to guide my unsteady head and temper

my rage and that night and every other night since, you come to me in my dream, beautiful as a goddess, radiant as the sun and you whisper this word to me, right before I wake up. 'Mate'."

Leila squints at him and scoffs, a foreboding feeling growing in her chest. She should really get going. She hasn't even rejected Tatum yet and this man is claiming to be her second chance mate?

Is that how it works? She thought both wolves would already have to be rejected or one or both of them having dead mates before they can see each other as second chance mates. "I don't believe you."

"You don't have to believe me, you

just need to reject your mate and see," he says in a calm and confident tone and without warning, scoops Leila in his arms, bridal style,

as light as a feather.

"I can-"

"I know you can walk, see it as my excuse to hold you in my arms as I've always dreamed of or as my reward for saving you."

Leila parts her lips to reply but she doesn't find the words as he adjusts her comfortably and walks ahead, smiling down at her.

"So tell me, this unlucky mate of yours, do you love him?"

She used to.

She loved Tatum so much even the goddess of love would have been jealous but now she plans to reject him, how convenient of her supposed second chance mate to show up at the time? She doesn't even know him, nor does she want to be with him, but if what he says is true, then it means that she would have to take the damage of two rejections in a row, to be with Kelvin. She will do it for Kelvin, to show him that she really means to be with him.

"Didn't you love yours?" She replies.

"Hmm," the man nods and they both stay silent until they reach the clear.

"This is where I leave you," he says as he drops her to the ground, "but this is not goodbye, kitten, I'll be back to take what is mine."