

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

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It's been a week but Leila cannot stop thinking about the man in the woods, it is not the fact that he claims to be her second chance mate that ails her thoughts, it is the man himself.

There is something about him that is different, he is calm yet dangerous, deadly yet alluring, two opposite ends so perfectly blended into one person.

"Gran Gran, who is the lycan king?" Amara asks, bringing Leila's attention back to the dining table where they are having breakfast.

"Where did you hear that name?" Liana replies, rapt curiosity in her eyes as she looks at her granddaughter.

The lineage of the lycans are a myth, they rule from the shadows, hidden from the rest of the werewolf world but rule they do, their authority is unquestionable, their power absolute and the current Lycan king is the best of his breed. An empty throne was crowned in his stead. No one has ever seen him, no one knows what he looks like.

"Yesterday at the mall when I went shopping with Papa Kev, everyone was talking about it, even in the news on the radio, they say he's coming to this pack," Amara replies, cutting her chicken into tiny bits with her fingers.

"Well, if you ever come across the lycan king, you stay away from him," Liana replies with a little smile.

It's not like her granddaughter will ever come across the mysterious lycan king, the most ruthless being that has ever graced the earth. He once wiped out an entire pack for daring to stop paying their treaty to him.

The news sent shock and fear throughout the entire kingdom, a king who would destroy his subjects because of the disobedience of their Alpha. No one knows how he did it because there were no eyewitnesses to tell the tale but the rumour then was that he possesses magic and he uses it to mind control a werewolf to do whatever he wants.

It was how he got the pack to kill themselves without having to lift a finger before he decapitated their Alpha and sent his head to the Alpha council as a warning to the rest of the alphas.

No one dares to go against him, he is not just a Lycan but a powerful sorcerer just like Leila's grandmother on her father's side.

"Mom, why would the Lycan king want to visit? I thought he never leaves his castle," Leila interjects, knowing the stories of the man's cruel exploits.

"Don't you know anything mama?" Amara makes a face at Leila, a smug pout on her lips as she shakes her head.

"Uncle Alpha is getting married and the Lycan king is his guest of honour. Uncle Alpha's wife is so lucky, he is a nice man," she says with a happy smile and turns back to her meal. Leila and Liana share a look and Leila's eyes become wet, a pang slicing through her heart.

She will have to tell Amara the truth someday, how will she react to it?

How would it feel knowing that the man she is so happy for his marriage is her father and the woman he is getting married to tried to kill her mother several times and successfully got her father to denounce and permit her mother's death while she was in the womb?

"Will we attend the wedding Mama? We should, I heard-"

"You hear too much young lady, is that all you do when you leave this house, listen to gossip?" Leila's brow furrow. Amanda's influence on her child is too evident.

"Well, we have two ears and one mouth. It is because we are meant to listen more," Amara pouts.

"And also say less," Leila replies in a mildly stern tone, a smug pout of her own adorning her lips.

"I'm glad I lived to see this day," Liana says, chuckling heartily. "She is just like you."

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After breakfast, Liana is braiding Amara's hair into cornrows in the living room while Leila grumbles as she switches from channel to channel to find something to watch but every channel she switches to has the video montage of Tatum and Carmela's engagement playing, an announcement to their upcoming wedding.

It is not just the local channels being transmitted from the pack, even the ones from outside the pack, even the movie and sports channels, everyone is showing this same damn thing.

Tatum is sparing no expense in

making the whole world know he is finally crowning his phoenix Luna and for the Lycan king himself to be attending, he must have pulled a really big string.

The doorbell chimes and from her phone she sees the most unlikely visitor standing outside her house holding an envelope, Carmela.

What does the bitch want now?

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"I brought you something," Carmela stretches the envelope forward the moment Leila opens the door.

Leila folds her hands against her chest, her eyes cold and vengeful. Whenever she sees Carmela, all she feels is rage, she just wants to rip her throat out but she knows she has to restrain herself for now.

Only till her mom is out of the woods from this false accusation and then she'll go after Carmela with everything that she has, every tear that she has ever shed because of Carmela, Carmela will shed it in a hundred fold. "Take whatever it is you brought and get the hell out of my house."

"It's from Tatum, his divorce papers, he already signed them," Carmela replies with a straight face but Leila can smell her deceit from a mile away.

"Really? Well go back and tell him that if he wants to divorce me, he can do it himself."

She may not care but Tatum hasn't been moving like someone who wants to divorce her, he is trying his possible best to be nice to her and Amara and whenever they cross paths, he always wants to talk, she just doesn't grant him that audience. "Just take the bloody document and sign it Leila, Tatum doesn't want you, he doesn't give a fuck about you," Carmela snaps and her gaze on Leila hardens.

Leila heaves a deep sigh and steps away from the door, shutting it behind her. She places a hand on Carmela's shoulder and looks at her with fake pity in her eyes.

"Carmela, woman to woman, let me give you a piece of advice, stop trying to desperately hold on to a man who doesn't want you, you see how that went for me, you should love yourself first."

The pitiful look in Leila's eyes is so touching, Carmela is stunned for a moment but Leila doesn't let it settle as she pulls her hand away and her eyes turn cold.

"But you can't love yourself even if you tried your very best. You know why? Because love is a pure feeling and you're a filthy, dirty, backstabbing and conniving slut and I'm going to end you. I don't ever want to see you in my house again." Carmela grits her teeth. How did Leila get so....so....she doesn't have a word for it but something about Leila's words scare her. The aura emanating from her alone is suffocating.

She has to make sure Tatum marries her soon so she can become Luna, it is the only way to save herself from whatever wrath Leila has planned and it would give her the upper hand to go against Leila and take her out for good this time.

"Say whatever the fuck you want

Leila, we both know you're just bitter because Tatum chose me over you and guess what? He's going to make sure your mother gets sentenced before our wedding, it'll be the perfect wedding gift."

Leila grips Carmela's throat before Carmela can even move out the way, it's the fastest Carmela has ever seen a werewolf in human form move but the air being cut out of her lungs doesn't give her the time to be astounded about it.

She taps frantically on Leila's arms, trying to break free, her eyes water and turn red, she can feel the oxygen being cut off from her brain as her head becomes hazy.

When did Leila become so strong? Is the phoenix wolf this powerful? Is this the enemy she has to face this time around?

"Plea....please...." Carmela cries out in defeat, her eyes shimmering with tears and Leila yanks her forward, bringing her vengeful eyes dangerously close to Carmela's.

"I hope he does sentence my mother, Carmela, I really hope so, because what you'll be having then will be a funeral, not a wedding, now get the fuck out of my house and the next time I see you here will be the last."

Leila releases her and slams the

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door shut in her face and when Carmela turns, she sees Tatum's angry eyes staring at her from across the building and a lump travels down her throat in trepidation, she quickly hides the

envelope behind her and her body

trembles in fear.

In the past, this would have been perfect for her to malign Leila but she knows better than going over to Tatum.

'You're asking for it,' Tatum voice barrages into her head but before she can reply, he blocks her and turns back inside the house.

Tears stream down Carmela's eyes and she scowls at Leila's door, massaging her throat, her hatred of Leila going on a rise.

Five years, five freaking years and Leila still doesn't allow her to have her happy ending, she will crush Leila this time around, no scheming or plotting, Leila has to die.

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Leila stands outside the door to Kelvin's condo with a million bees buzzing inside her stomach, her heart racing hard like a doped horse.

It's the first time she will be seeing him since she kissed him. She has been avoiding him because she feels things will be too awkward between them but it is imperative that they meet today, her mother's first hearing is in a few days and they must conclude on a plan of action.

She cannot wait for all of this to be over so she can reject Tatum and just be with him and then there's that mysterious man who claims to be her second chance mate. If he is right, she will have to do something about him too.

Something about that guy gives her chills, neither bad nor good, it's just the feeling she had when she was with him that night, something about his aura.

She knows she is prepared to reject two mates for Kelvin but Kelvin has not even found his own mate, what if she suddenly shows up like the mysterious man did, will Kelvin reject his mate?

It's been over a decade and he hasn't found her. Is he even looking? He isn't, he has eyes only for her. Throughout the years he has been solid with her and she knows that he loves her even if he is holding back.

She just wants to be happy with a man that loves her unconditionally and she wants to love him the same way, she knows they can have something beautiful if they try.

She takes one last, long, deep breath and pushes the door open.

"Took you long enough, I thought you were never going to come in," Kelvin says, not moving his eyes away from the document he's reading.

He has repurposed his living room into an office and there are files and papers scattered everywhere on the floor and Leila drops her bag on the couch, ignoring his words to start picking them up.

"Leave it, Jade will clear it up later," Kelvin says, shifting his gaze from the paper and he drops it.

"Your coffee sir," a beautiful young omega with green doe eyes and silver hair catwalks out of the kitchen, "Luna," she bows to Leila and drops the coffee on Kelvin's table and Leila doesn't miss the way she is eye fucking him. "Would you need anything else sir?" Jade asks with a tender smile but to Leila it is highly seductive.

"Not right now dear, go get the things I asked you to and take your time, I'll be busy for a few hours," Kelvin replies and Jade nods, slowly walking away.

Leila rolls her eyes as Jade and she walks away and Kelvin scoffs. "I've never seen you jealous of anyone before."

"Who says I am?" Leila replies, realising things are not as awkward between them as she thought, it was probably only her worried over nothing, probably because she initiated the kiss.

Kelvin walks towards her with a cocky smile on his face.

"I'd be shocked if you were, now have a seat and let's get these bastards, show them a little phoenix power," he pokes her sides and she chuckles, jerking away from his tickling touch. en

"Get out," she replies, smiling back at him, before she glances at the papers littered everywhere again. "So tell me there is a method to this madness I can see around me," Leila says, walking over to his desk. Kelvin doesn't reply but he pulls out a marker board from under his couch and puts it on a stand. "Right now, we need to counter the three things they'll use against us. Motive, evidence and witness."

He draws two lines to separate the board into three halves, labelling the

first column as motive,da

evidence and the third as

He taps on motive and points to Leila with the marker.

"Mom had no motive to kill dad, she loved him more than she even loved me."

Kelvin makes a face at her.

"What? It's the truth, she says it herself," Leila shrugs with a small smile. "It's no different for dad as well."

Growing up, she always hoped to have the kind of love her parents shared but she chose the wrong man to love like that. "No motive," Kelvin strikes it out.

"There wouldn't be any evidence either since mom wasn't even there when he actually died, she didn't see it happen." "No....evi...dence," Kelvin drawls as he strikes it out. "That leaves us with witnesses, any?"

"Yes, Trent. The bastard was there."

"Bingo!" Kelvin snaps his finger at

her. "That's our move. We have to prove he was there and get him on the stand so I can work him. He'll fold No, I'll make sure that motherfucker folds."

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

Liana is not in chains today, she is sitting beside Kelvin with Leila beside them, Amanda made it in time to look after Amara this time and Carmela is sitting on the other side behind Justin. There are a few council elders also present but Trent is not.

The judge takes his seat and they all follow but the clerk remains standing. "All those having business with this court at this hour, stand forward and you shall be heard. Judge Bruce Tanner is presiding."

Judge Bruce clears his throat. "Is the pack prepared to make an opening statement?"

"Yes your honour," Justin replies sharply, shooting Kelvin a challenging look as he walks up to the podium.

"The facts of the case are these: Fifteen years ago, on the eve of the blood moon festival, our Alpha at the time sent the accused and her family on a celebratory visit to one of our neighbouring packs but the accused had malicious intentions and intentionally left her young daughter behind so she can, without guilt, murder our dear Beta Henry Rogers. May his timeless soul, rest in eternal peace," he taps his chest twice and points to the air as he steps away from the podium, in front of the open court.

"You see your honour, my colleague here, Kelvin Costner is going to try and sway you and this court from this fact by painting tales for us, beautiful tales of filial love, the love of a wife for her husband, the love mates share for one another, the love a woman has for the father of her child but today, I will prove, one, her motive.

"Our ex luna, if I am permitted to say is not the biological daughter of our late Beta, the Beta-"

"You bastard!" Leila barks at him, jumping to her feet, rage swallowing up every sense of reason that she has in that moment.

"Barrister Kelvin, that's two strikes for your client, a third and she will be banned from this courtroom with a huge fine," Judge Bruce reprimands.

Kelvin turns to Leila, smoothing his hand down his chest, urging her to calm down and Leila sits, fuming inside.

Of everything, they dare to question her mother's loyalty to her father, she'll deal with all of them, every single one of them.

Justin smiles cockily and adjusts his

so rudely interrupted, the beta must

blazer. "As I was saying, before I was

have found out this truth and confronted his dear wife, this led to a heated argument and to hide her shame, not to risk her infidelity being exposed, in order to conceal her treachery and betrayal, she

murdered him in cold blood.

"Now we will prove this infidelity to you and It is a well known fact that eighty percent of first discoverers of murder cases turn out to be the culprit themselves and this is just a case like that. We will also provide you with evidence to support our claims that she indeed murdered her husband. These are the facts of the case, your honour and they are undisputed."

Justin smirks and confidently saunters back to his seat.

"Barrister Kelvin," Judge Bruce says.

"Liana Rogers didn't murder anyone, nor did she attempt to, she had no motive or reason and any argument against such is baseless," Kelvin says as he stands to his feet.

"If the honourable court and myself heard my colleague clearly, he said, 'her husband MUST HAVE found out.' This leads me to believe that what he calls a motive is mere speculation on his part, a futile attempt to conjure up a myth where facts exist."

Murmurs of agreement ripple through the court and even the judge nods in acknowledgment.

Justin frowns, realising Kelvin pinched a slight mistake in his opening statement and used it against him.

"Your honour, the love between Beta Henry and his dear wife was clear for all to see, I can fill this courtroom with a thousand people who knew of them and the story will not be any different. Now whatever evidence that my colleague may conjure up, I fear may just be as baseless as his acclaimed motive.

"I mean this event happened over a

decade and a half ago, it is quite

surprising that new evidence suddenly springs to light out of nowhere but I do agree with him on one thing and one thing alone. First discoverers are mostly always the culprit in murder cases but the thing is, Miss Liana Rogers wasn't the first discoverer on that day," Kelvin points to Liana.

"She was wounded and on the side. There was another werewolf on that day, he brought out the dead body from the woods. Yes, your honour, Beta Trent Easton was also on that journey with them, he was the first discoverer and he is a key witness to this case. He should be put on the stands."

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Pop! The cork of a champagne bottle flies off and Amara claps excitedly.

"Yay!"

"Today was a good day," Kelvin says, holding up the wine bottle, "I know you probably think it's too early to celebrate but I've learnt to celebrate the small wins to better take the losses."

"Oh we are not going to lose," Leila adds with a smile, passing her mother a wine glass and holding up two to Kelvin.

After Kelvin's counter, the judge agreed for Trent to be put on the stand as a key witness to the case. Justin was going to counter it but the letter written by Alpha Darren, Tatum's father, granting Trent permission to join Leila's parents on the journey was presented by Kelvin and there was no way for Justin to rebut.

After making his decree, the judge adjourned the next hearing to four days' time, giving them enough time to prepare their witnesses and evidence.

Kelvin fills the two glasses in Leila's hands and when he's about to pour the glass in Liana's hands, he sees she is not as enthusiastic as the rest of them. He drops the bottle, takes the glass from her and drops it too before he drags her to her feet. "Hey Clint," he beckons to the Al home assistant, "play me some sweet dancing music," he smiles at Liana.

"No Kelvin don't," Liana counters and Leila sips on her drink, giving Kelvin a thumbs up simultaneously.

She knows how hard this has been for her mother no matter how cheerful she tries to look, she sees the way she spaces out sometimes and the gloom that immediately fills her happy eyes when she thinks no one is looking.

"Now, I know I am more handsome than your husband, but pretend he is this pretty young man for a moment," Kelvin says and spins Liana.

"Woo!" Leila cheers.

"Go gran gran," Amara cheers, climbing up the coffee table as tears fall from Liana's eyes.

"Thank you, all of you," she mutters as Kelvin rocks her sideways to the music.

Seeing Leila's attention on the

dancing duo who are also paying her no attention, Amara reaches for the

glass of champagne she is forbidden from, her curiosity getting the better of her but Leila's eyes' snap to her as he holds it to her mouth and she drops it instantly, shattering the glass, a look of guilt in her eyes.

Leila sneers at her but decides against reprimanding her until later, she leaves and returns with a mop. to clear the mess and when she

takes it to the trash outside bet

nosy heighbour is looking straight at her but she pays him no attention whatsoever, about to go inside when Tatum approaches.

"Hi," Tatum says, "I need a favour from you."

Leila glares at him from head to toe, wondering how a man with the face of an angel and the body of a god could have the heart of a devil.

What a waste of good genes.

She doesn't say a word to him in response and reaches for the door when Tatum holds her back. "Leila, wait."

Immediately, her body buzzes with electric sparks and sends a tingling shot straight to her core which fills her with an insane urge for him and she yanks her hand away.

This stupid mate bond.

It's enough that she has to consciously push her wolf to the back of her mind whenever she sees him to dull the yearning her wolf fills her with in his presence but his touch is something she is powerless against and she rather not have him touch her at all.

The urge it fills her with is strong, too strong. It is like hating someone to the core and wanting them inside you just as badly and the last thing she wants is Tatum in front of her, not to talk of inside her.

"Dad is sick, terminal and um....well, he hasn't said a word to me since you...you know," he looks away from her eyes in guilt.

"Since you sentenced an innocent pregnant woman to death?" Leila sneers at him.

Tatum bites down on his lower lip and his eyes blaze with an emotion that he quickly blinks away. "The thing is even mom has it rough with him these days and I don't want him-The hesitates and sighs, know I have no right to ask this from you but he's asking to see you. I'm sure it'll gladden his heart to see you again."

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"I'm sorry about your dad's illness but seeing me won't heal him. Excuse me," Leila says coldly, turning away.

Tatum blocks her path, looking straight into her beautiful blue eyes, wishing they didn't have such coldness and hatred in them towards him but he knows he deserves it, he deserves more than it.

His sins against her are grave and he doesn't know the first way to redeem himself.

He cost a mother her child. Is there even redemption for that?

Even though it was never part of his plan, it is still his fault that their child is dead, his child, his heir. He cannot imagine the pain Leila must have gone through when it happened, the agony and anguish she must have been in and it crushes his heart.

All he wanted was to keep her safe, to protect her from Trent and Carmela, it's why he never wanted to tell her anything he was up to back then, why he repeatedly told her not to speak or antagonise Carmela so Carmela can drop her guard and he can nail them with proof but Leila was adamant.

He was the Alpha, yes, but a young Alpha with the weight of a prophecy hanging over his head, Trent was his father's Beta, a powerful man in the realm with connections, the council was loyal to him and Carmela had the entire pack behind her because of the prophecy. It was a losing battle, he could not take them on and keep Leila safe at the same time and when they framed her for killing the pack witch, going to the length of paying

someone to admit that Leila hired him to do it, it became clear he needed to do something drastic. In order to protect what he cherished the most, he had to let her go.

It's why he sent Kelvin the anonymous note, why he switched the guards at the cell, why he had the boulders at the bottom of the cliff cut days before, it's why he led the chase after them himself, so he could lead them in that direction and hope she survived. He didn't know his child would die, that it would mar any chance of redemption he hoped to have with her in later years.

This wasn't his plan, for her to hate him so much.

"Leila, he's dying, he wants to see you," Tatum says, closing the gap between them, his heart racing hard, full of conflicted emotions.

A part of him wants to grab her, go on his knees and apologise his heart out to her, another part of him wants to stick to his original plan and let her have her revenge the way he has planned it but no matter which he chooses, the truth is that he cannot resist her. The woman in front of him is a work of perfection, hand crafted by the goddess with precision, the radiance of her beauty is ethereal, her smile, one he may never see again lights up a million hearts at a glance, she is beautiful inside out, a true queen. "Are you trying to blackmail me emotionally? Is that what you're playing at? Listen, I'm sorry if the only member of your family with a heart is sick, I really am but I do not care about you, your family, your pack, none of you matter to me, now get the fuck out of my way," Leila barks at him.

Her words slice something deep inside Tatum, compounding his sadness, amplifying his pain.

How does he redeem himself?

Is it even possible at this point?

Has he lost her forever?

His plan was to always bring her back after he had put things in place for her to return. In the beginning he thought he could bear to let her be with Kelvin, he deluded himself into thinking it was the ultimate sacrifice to pay for his love but he quickly realised that a life without Leila is not a life worth living.

He kept tabs on her over the years, he waited painfully to see if things would work out with Kelvin, he waited for news of their marriage and the longer it took for anything to happen, the more he became certain he had a chance with her but a dead child was something he never thought of.

He knew she had a child, he has all

the pictures of Amara growing up, he knew when she said her first words, took her first walk, he has pictures of all the birthdays, he has secretly visited her school to see her in person, he always thought that Amara was his child with Leila, he has no idea that child died and Leila gave Kelvin a chance even if they never got married.

Now that she is back, as crazy as it sounds, he still wants to try, not just because he is still madly in love with her, under a blood oath to never let her go but also because the day Leila walked into his office, he found out that this whole time, Leila was the true phoenix Luna, his fated mate and his divine other half.

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It comforted and shattered his heart at the same time but it also made him glad that the sacrifices he made to bring Leila back were at least worth something, even if they have cost him the only thing he truly desires, a life with her.

What he felt that day was nothing compared to whatever sorcery Carmela had tried to trick him with.

Leila's smell was the only thing that filled his nostrils, his desire for her was the strongest it had ever been. His wolf howled in joy like never before, his own joy knew no bounds and so did his hatred for Carmela.

He had to act like he did not feel a thing in front of Leila when he wanted nothing more that day than to claim her right there and then but giving her the revenge she deserves is more important than whatever feelings he or his wolf has.

If only there was something he could do to show her how sorry he is that he cost her their child, anything to pacify this hatred that she has for him. He would give everything to just see her smile at him one more time.

She doesn't even want to see his dying father. The Leila he knew would agree to grant a dying man's wish, has he really pushed her that far over the edge?

Is her heart now so cold she really doesn't care for him or anything concerning him anymore?

Is there really no warmth, not even the slightest of it in her heart for him?

"Tatum, move," Leila growls, a mean scowl on her face.

Tatum remains planted in front of her, his heart riddled with unbearable pain. "Just see him, I won't be there. It's me you hate, right?"

"I said no. I'm dead to him as I am to you and I'm tired of you always coming up to me like this. Seeing you repulses me, it makes me want to vomit, I hate you Tatum, I really really hate you, so whatever you think you are doing with all of this," she shakes her head, "a bloody waste of time."

Tatum purses his lips tightly and his heart clenches with pain, so deep and strong that he can feel the ache in his spine.

"My sweet p-"

"Don't you dare....." Leila growls.

"Don't you ever call me that! Was I not your sweet pea when you let your treat me like garbage? Was I not her when time after time you defended Carmela for her atrocities against me and made me look like a fool, or when you threw me to the mob like a fucking criminal and at the lowest moment of my life-" Leila's voice breaks and tears trickle down her eyes, she hisses, scrunches her lips, looks away and when she looks back, her eyes are stone cold again.

"The only kind of pea I am to you right now is poisonous, so if you like yourself, stay clear of my path or stay in it if you want, either way, I will have my revenge and it will be lethal."

"Then have it Leila," Tatum growls, grabs and shoves her against the door, his resolve breaking as he locks his forehead against hers and pins her head to the door.

"Have it, kick me, punch me, stab me, just do something to me," his voice drops to the lowest as Leila writhes fruitlessly in his hold.

"Just don't treat me like this...like I'm

fucking nothing to you," his heart pounds erratically and he can hear Leila's heart thud, he can feel the goosebumps on her skin, her intoxicating smell draining him of restraint, his gaze dips to her plump sexy lips and his eyes flash red, his Wolf takes over and before he can get a grip, he kisses her fiercely, with passion, hunger and longing.

Leila freezes at first, her body stiff but her lips respond, then suddenly, she bites down on his lip, at the same time driving her knees into his crotch.

Tatum jerks away from her with laboured breath, the lingering pleasure from the kiss dwarfing the pain in his bloodied lip and crotch.

"You fucking bastard, don't you ever do that to me again," Leila snarls at him, her chest rising and falling in palpable rage.

Tatum slowly brushes his thumb across his lips, a conflicted look in his eyes as he stares at her. Kissing her now with the matebond in place beats any other kiss they have ever shared, it is heavenly.

Her lips taste just as sweet, just as soft as he remembers but the pleasure is something he cannot describe, a feeling out of this world, his entire body just now felt like it was being dazzled with a million volts.

Even right now with her so angry, all

he wants to do is grab her and take more but he knows he has to restrain himself, he has to respect her, he has amends to make, a lot, his sins are numerous and he will need atonement for each and every one of them before he can even dare to hope for a chance again.

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Leila holds the door knob and then turns to him.

"Congratulations on your Luna's pregnancy by the way but since you didn't spare mine, her pregnancy is not going to stop me from coming after her and when I'm done with her, it's your turn." Tatum jerks his head back, his eyes flashing with shock and curiosity.

"What pregnancy?"

Leila scoffs. "Don't play dumb, I know."

"I don't know what you're fucking talking about," Tatum replies, a feeling of annoyance growing in his chest as a sense of realisation dawns upon him. "Did she tell you she's pregnant?" "Is she not?"

"If she is, it isn't mine," Tatum replies coldly.

How can Carmela be pregnant for him when he has never touched her, they don't even live together.

Leila scoffs cum chuckle and she shrugs. "Your fiance's infidelity is none of my business."

Tatum grits his teeth, clenching his fist by his side. The very sound of the word sends worms crawling all over his skin and twists his gut.

If only he could tell Leila the engagement is a ruse, a ploy to lure her back, the same as her mother's case.

He would do anything to make things up to her, the time he has spent with Amara has been full of joy but also riddled with pain because if the circumstances were just a bit

different, she could have been his, he could still have a chance with Leila. But he seems to have already lost her or does he tell her what his real plans are? Will that soften her up a little, even if she can never love him again, at least she would not hate him so much.

"Leila, what if-" he hesitates.

Leila is happy with Kelvin and their child, he shouldn't intrude in her life anymore.

He smiles at her. "I look forward to your vengeance upon me, do not hold back."

Leila's eyes are full of scrutiny as she glares at him before she scoffs and shuts the door.

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"I'm coming, I'm coming Carmi....Fuck," A man groans and jerks repeatedly, emptying his balls deep inside of Carmela.

She shoves him off with a frown, rolls off the bed and picks up a pack of cigarettes, takes one out and helps herself, taking deep breaths as she puffs on her cigarette.

The man rolls closer to her and curls his hands around her waist to pull her naked body closer but she burns his hand with the cigarette. "Get your hands off me, Matt."

"Bitch," Matt groans, yanking his hand away with a frown and he leaves to the bathroom.

Carmela sneers at him, he's just a bloody rogue, if things had gone according to her plan she would not need him.

Since Leila left, nothing has gone according to her own plan.

Her father doesn't give a fuck about her, only about his growing power and influence while she cannot even get Tatum to look at her for five seconds, when that is the reason she did everything. When they are outside, he shows her a little bit of affection but the moment no one is watching, it's like he finds her repulsive, he becomes cold and distant.

The fake matebond has grown weak over the years. She thought he would marry her immediately Leila left but for that first year, anyone barely saw him and when he returned, he was a changed man. Any affection he had in his eyes for her completely disappeared.

To make sure he still feels

something in the bond, no matter

how weak it is, she has to inject

herself twice a month with a dose of

medicine made with the blood gotten from Leila but their supply has run low over the years and it is now more herbs than blood and she can feel the strong hers taking a toll on her body, slowly sapping the life out of her but that is the price she has to pay to keep Tatum as hers, she will gladly pay it.

There is no method she hasn't tried to get Tatum to put a fucking child in her so she can solidify her claim to him, seduction, drugs, manipulation, even magic spells, nothing just seems to work. en

It is like he has a sixth sense and somehow always slips from her grasps. Matt has been her go to to satisfy her urges plus she needs a child from him.

She is not pregnant yet but she needs to be soon, Lithoha is working on a spell, two spells, one to make Tatum's wolf go into a haze, so he will not be able to resist her and the other to make the child she gets from Matt his, just in case she doesn't get pregnant by Tatum when he goes into a haze.

She will have her happily ever after and nothing can stop her.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

After leaving her rented Condo where she just had sex with Matt, Carmela makes her way to the old Alpha's house where Tatum has been staying when he is not in the packhouse. "Luna," one of the omegas cleaning in the living room bows as she enters.

"And when did she become your Luna?" Adaline's curt voice fills the air as she appears with a cold face.

"Mother," Carmela says in a cheery tone with a half smile.

"Your mother is dead. I am not her and why the hell are you here?" Adaline replies coldly, eyes narrow in palpable annoyance.

Carmela gulps and the cheer vanishes from her face. This has been her lot for a couple of years now. In the beginning Adaline supported her but after it became clear that Tatum has no interest in her, the woman turned into an iceberg. "I'm here to see Tatum," Carmela replies in a wry tone, avoiding Adaline's harsh gaze.

Adaline scoffs, an angry pout on her lips.

"Leila is back, is she not? That girl was going to give me an heir, I should have chosen her over you. I made a mistake taking your side, just get out of my sight," Adaline snorts, the regret in her voice and her eyes as clear as day.

Carmela makes a beeline up the stairs, fighting back her tears. Everyone is blaming her like it's her fault Tatum won't even look at her, she is trying her best, no one knows what lengths she has gone to to make him take her but he just seems to be immune to it all. She knocks twice and opens the door to his room and Tatum turns to her with a cold look that freezes her steps.

"Have I not warned you not to come here without permission?"

A huge lump travels slowly down Carmela's throat as a chill rents her spine from spite and ice in Tatum's voice.

"I miss you," she pouts, making puppy eyes as she regains herself. "I was thinking since we will be getting married soon, we should spend more time together."

Tatum scratches his brow, the look in his eyes showing his irritation as he replies without hesitation. "My time is more valuable spent doing other things than spending it with you. Leave."

"Tatum!" Carmela stamps her feet on the floor, "I'm supposed to be your fiancée, why are you treating me like this?"

This is how his attitude has always been towards her, cold and soulless. How did Leila even manage when he would treat Leila like this for her sake, she cannot stand it.

Sometimes she just wants to drop everything and forget about him but the power that comes with being Luna, the respect that people accord her when they see her, she cannot just abandon that, it feels good to be admired and honoured wherever she goes.

Tatum is her only ticket to such a life

and whether he likes it or not, they are stuck together. She shouldn't even be trying this much, the medicine should be amplifying the bond and doing all the work for her but despite the strong doses, Tatum remains docile towards her.

"Take it elsewhere, I don't need this bullshit right now and don't fucking call me by name, I thought I made that clear," Tatum slams the book he is reading on the desk. "Get out of my room."

Carmela's eyes brim with tears, pain

shredding her heart from Tatum's harsh words and dismissal. She doesn't know if it is hatred or disgust she sees in his eyes or both but it is definitely not love or even lust or even care, not an ounce of attraction are in those dead grey eyes of his.

"Tatum please," Carmela says in a sullen tone, tears streaming down her eyes. "I am your mate, the goddess made us for each other why are you doing this to me? What did I do wrong? I have done nothing but love you unconditionally, I don't deserve this."

Tatum clenches his fist at her utterance, his eyes flashing red as his wolf rips forward, filling him with rage but he stays in control before his wolf does something like rip Carmela's throat apart.

They both hate her, man and wolf, she cost one the love of his life and the other his fated mate.

That day in the elder's chamber when he felt the bond for her, it didn't put a dent on his love for Leila which is not supposed to be the case, even his wolf was not over the moon.

It made him suspicious of the whole thing but he played along and stuck to his plan.

Something was afoot, he knew.

The pack witch died and then a new witch came from nowhere, Clayton suddenly died after he left him with Carmela, he couldn't risk Leila's life afterwards, he had to protect her. "Tell me Carmela, how far gone is your pregnancy? You told Leila you're pregnant, right?" he says with a cold smirk.

Carmela's eyes fall from their socket in shock and her heart thuds heavily in fear.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"Are you deaf? I asked you a question," Tatum reprimands when Carmela is unable to answer and she just stares at him with her mouth open.

Thank the goddess she is not yet pregnant, how would she have been able to explain it to Tatum? That bitch Leila really told him that? She really has it coming for her.

How much time do they even spend together? Now that Leila has her wolf back, does Tatum's wolf feel the matebond? That should not be possible, right?

She has to see Lithoha about this, she cannot risk their wolves bonding.

"Fine, don't answer," Tatum says, "tomorrow, you and I are going for a pregnancy test and if you don't have a pup in you, well, let's just say you are going to suffer, severely. And if you do have a pup in you," Tatum stands up, closes the distance between them, their faces barely inches apart, his eyes cold and dead, his voice dropping to a spine chilling whisper.

"You are still going to suffer because the pack will know that their," he draws quotations with his fingers in the air, "pheonix...Luna is a slut cuz that child won't be fucking mine."

Carmela's eyes fly wide in shock, her heart thuds heavily in fear, goosebumps rent her entire skin from the chill in Tatum's voice, the look in his eyes tells her he is not bluffing and dread takes over her very soul as her knees become weak, barely holding her weight. She thought she was safe not being pregnant but now she is between the devil and the deep blue sea. If she is pregnant, she will die along with her baby and if she is not, she would have lied about carrying the heir to the pack when she is not, a severe punishment would await her as well.

How does she get out of this?

"Don't believe a word that woman says Tatum, she's lying, I never said such," she replies hastily, "but..." her voice coquettish, "I want to be pregnant for you," she takes advantage of the close distance between their faces to steal Tatum's lips in a kiss, grabbing his crotch simultaneously.

A growl tears from Tatum's throat and the next second, Carmela finds herself in the air before her back slams into the door. She yelps in pain, her head throbbing and she is barely on her feet when Tatum's hands wrap around her throat, his eyes blazing red. "Do that again and I'll kill you," his animalistic voice growls before his eyes turn grey and he lets her go.

"Was that your wolf?" Carmela asks as tears pour out of her eyes, standing to her feet. "Does it hate me too? Does it hate his mate or is it you? Which one of you hates me?"

She trods forward towards Tatum and grips his shirt, her heart aching with pain as agony slices through it.

"Answer me Alpha, why did you choose me if you were just going to treat me like this? If you didn't love me, why did you not just reject me?"

Tatum yanks her hand away from his shirt, throwing her to the floor. "What are you complaining about?"

He walks back to his desk and picks

up his book. You got what you

wanted. You are going to be the Luna, the pack members love and respect you, you are going to have a grand wedding, I don't see the problem."

"Oh fuck that, fuck all of it, the luna title, the pack members, the wedding, they can all go to hell

What use is it if my mate and Alpha doesn't even love me?" Carmela sobs deeply.

Tatum sighs and shakes his head at her, not an ounce of pity or remorse shown in his eyes and he turns back to his book, ignoring her.

"Stop doing this to me Tatum,"

Carmela crawls on her knees

towards him, her face flushed with tears and she places her hands on his thighs, looking up to him with pitiful eyes. "Just tell me what you want from me, I'll do it, just don't be like this towards A anymore please."

"Anything?" Tatum asks, his voice losing the ice in it.

"Anything," Carmela nods, hopeful as his eyes turn soft.

"What I would love is for you to get up and get out of my room," Tatum says coldly and he flings her hands away from his thighs.

"Ta-"

"I said leave," he growls, his alpha aura blazing around him, the command in his voice absolute.

Carmela picks herself up in tears and shame, glancing at him pitifully before she walks to the door.

"Carmela," Tatum calls calmly and she spins immediately as hope fills her heart yet again but he crashes that hope with his last words. "Everyone needs to lie in the bed they made. I will and so will you."