

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

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"Do you Liana Rodgers solemnly swear that the testimony you will give to this court will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth under the all seeing eye of the goddess?" Kelvin asks Liana with both their right hands up as he stands by the podium. It is the day of the second hearing and Justin has called her to the stand to prove that she was indeed on the scene of Henry's murder and the first discoverer.

"I solemnly swear," Liana replies.

Kelvin nods and they both take their seat before Justin steps forward.

"You just took an oath before everyone present here in the name of the goddess and I hope you can honour that oath," he says, "tell us, according to you, what happened that day?"

Liana glances at Leila who gives her a reassuring nod despite the way Leila's own heart hammers with a nervous fear.

Kelvin has prepared Liana for this, he has told her how to answer the questions, prepped her on how Justin would go low and try to rile up her emotions, twist his questions so her story would start to sound inconsistent and suspicious to the judge but at home on the couch is different from being inside the witness box where every answer is crucial in deciding her fate.

Liana recounts the events of that day, how she was on the journey with her husband when Trent joined them, the little scuffle between them over Leila's absence and the sudden rogue attack. How she was struck down and wounded, how Trent was captured and her husband went to save him and how Trent came out with the dead body.

Justin sighs at the end of her testimony before he smirks at her and walks up to her in the witness box.

"So according to your testimony, you were never there when your husband got attacked? You never saw it?"

"No."

"And that is the truth?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you don't want to save us all the trouble by admitting the real truth that you in fact murdered your husband?" Justin's brow peers up and so does the tone of his voice. "Objection your honour, the witness already admitted her testimony as the truth," Kelvin cuts in sharply before Liana can reply.

"Sustained. The prosecution will proceed with another line of questioning," Judge Bruce retorts.

Justin nods. "This visit to the other pack, it was one of celebratory nature, am I correct?"

"Yes."

"So you wouldn't need anything like weapons with you on that day. I mean since it's a celebration, you shouldn't really need weapons, am I correct?"

"Objection your honour, leading question," Kelvin cuts in again.

"Sustained."

"Were you carrying any weapons on that day?" Justin asks with a smug look on his face.

Liana hesitates for a moment. "I was."

Leila frowns deeply at Justin, realising that if Kelvin had not objected to the first question and her mother said yes, the second question would have made her implicit.

"A grade 10, 9mm pistol with wolfsbane coated silver bullets, am I right?"

"That would be it, yes."

"Hmmm," Justin retorts and walks back towards the middle of the courtroom. "Why were you carrying it that day?"

"Objection, your honour, irrelevant," Kelvin counters.

"Overruled," Judge Bruce replies.

"I mean we're talking about a high grade military weapon here, the type that would require only one bullet to take down a powerful Beta like your late husband, why were you carrying it?" Justin's voice becomes cold and demanding, a fraction of a yell.

Liana gulps slowly, her eyes full of worry and fear as she glances at Kelvin, her heart thudding slowly.

Leila grips her purse against her thighs, seeing her mother's state, knowing Justin's insinuation is getting to her.

"My husband was the head warrior, we were journeying on foot and would shift when we got close to the other pack border, it was protection against rogues," Liana replies calmly after taking a deep breath.

"Protection, that would make sense.

Except your late husband was the

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head warrior, wielding a weapon of that calibre would make sense for him but for you? An untrained woman, a school teacher, why would you be wielding the weapon and not him? He was the head warrior, why would he need a feeble woman and a gun to protect him?"

"Objection! Compound question!"

"Sustained."

"Were you with this weapon at all times?" Justin probes further.

"Um...yes I think so," Liana replies.

"You're going to have to be clearer than that, woman," Justin's voice becomes more stern. "Were you or were you not with your weapon at all times?!"

"I was. I was."

"Your honour," Justin walks back to his seat and picks up a file, before he hands it to the judge.

"She just admitted in front of this court that she had her weapon at all times and under oath she gave her testimony that she was not present at the time of her late husband's death but that is the coroner's report.

If you look closely at your honour, it is boldly stated that a silver bullet from a 9mm pistol was the cause of death of the late Beta Henry Rogers, shot straight to his heart. Your honour, the very same type of weapon the witness was wielding on

the journey. I ask that the vel.no

considers this in its judgement, I have no further questions."

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Kelvin grits his teeth in annoyance as Justin smirks at him, returning to his seat. Justin currently has one up on them. Liana never mentioned that she was carrying a weapon that day, maybe she didn't think it was relevant but as long as he can prove she wasn't on the scene, things would still go well for them.

"It's going to be okay, you did great," He says calmly to Liana, patting her shoulders as she takes her seat beside him.

"Is the defence ready to call its witness?" Judge Bruce asks.

"Yes," Kelvin replies and stands up. "Defence calls Beta Trent Easton."

The door to the courtroom opens and Trent saunters down the aisle with a smug look on his face, his shoulders held high in pride, his steps pompous and full of confidence.

He stops in front of Liana and looks at her for some seconds before he scoffs, shakes his head and proceeds to the witness box.

After Justin gets him to take the oath of truth, Kelvin steps forward.

"You were with Henry and his wife on the day of the murder, am I correct?"

"Yes."

"And where were you at the time he was murdered?"

Trent scoffs. "Doing what any capable man would be doing, killing those rogue bastards."

"But you were not with the deceased at the time of the murder?"

"That's correct."

"And the said attack happened barely minutes after you joined them?"

"It would be so, yes."

"I see," Kelvin smirks. "You joined them almost halfway into the journey. Why is that?"

"It was the wish of my alpha, when your alpha commands, you obey. Although I can't say the same about you," Trent glances at Leila with a cold smirk on his face, "for obvious reasons." Murmurs immediately fill the courtroom and Carmela even laughs out loud.

"Order," Judge Bruce commands and silence immediately falls on the courtroom again.

Kelvin keeps his face stoic. "So you're saying, specifically, that it was the Alpha's wish for you to join them?"

"Well I-"

"Because I have here with me, Alpha Darren on record, stating that you personally requested to join them on the journey, Kelvin walks to his seat and holds up a piece of paper which he hands to the judge. "So my Real question to you is, why did you put in that request? What was your motive? You had no reason to join them, none logical whatsoever."

"Objection your honour, battering the witness." "Sustained."

"Oh come on Justin," Kelvin waves Justin off with a disappointed look on his face before he turns to Trent, pointing at him with four fingers. "Are you saying a man like Beta Trent is so weak and simple minded a man, he cannot even tell this court the reason he wanted to join them or perhaps he acts without reason?"

"How dare you?" Trent growls at Kelvin. "Henry was my friend, I put in the request to join them in the celebrations and I'll save you the stress of asking me silly and irrelevant questions. I saw that woman with a gun in hand, go after my friend into the woods. She did it, she murdered him."

"He's lying, he's lying," Liana cries out, tears pouring out of her eyes.

Judge Bruce gives her an eye without saying any words and she sniffs, wiping her face.

Kelvin doesn't remove his gaze from Trent at all. "Just for record purposes and clarity, you're saying you saw her go in. Did you also see her do it?"

"No, I did not see her because I wasn't there but I only heard one gunshot and he died from a bullet to his heart, it is logical enough," Trent replies coldly.

"Logical," Kelvin nods, "so you did not see her do it but you only assume she did because she went after him into the woods?"

"I just fucking told you that! Are you going anywhere with this?!" Trent yells at Kelvin.

"Raise your voice or use that language in my courtroom again and I will hold you in contempt," Judge Bruce reprimands Trent.

"I apologise on his behalf your

honour," Kelvin says smugly and he points to Trent. "This man probably hasn't been educated that when it comes to the law, assumptions mean nothing and only facts count and today, I will prove as a matter of fact that my client was nowhere

near the scene of the murder."

Kelvin walks back to his table and picks up a flash drive. "I have here with me, in this drive, video evidence to prove this claim and I would like for it to be admitted as an exhibit for this case." Justin stands up immediately. "The prosecution objects to that, your honour, the video could have been doctored and manipulated, we have no way to verify its authenticity." Kelvin smirks.

"I was hoping you would say that. Beta Trent, you can come down from the box," Kelvin says before facing the judge. "Your honour, I would like to call my next witness."

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Judge Bruce sighs. "Very well."

"The defence calls on Gareth Thomas, the chairman and CEO of Bane Technologies," Kelvin says as Trent steps down from the box, glaring at him before he sits down behind Justin.

A tall lanky man with grey bits, dressed in an obviously expensive black designer suit with round transparent glasses sitting on his nose steps into the courtroom and murmurs fill the air, every eye watching him in awe. Even Judge Bruce looks a bit taken back.

Trent sneers and Carmela taps him, shock and worry evident in her eyes.

"What is he doing here father? I thought this man was a myth."

"Well he fucking isn't as you can see," Trent slaps her hand away from in irritation, rage boiling in his chest.

Gareth Thomas is not just any werewolf, he is the richest one in all of the country. Even the elites of the elites cannot get a meeting with him and he agrees to testify as a witness in a murder case for people who he has no business with? What kind of testimony does he even have to give? Does it have anything to do with the video Kelvin wanted to the court?

There were no buildings around the place where the attack happened, so there can be no CCTV evidence. That was the specific reason he chose that location for the attack to happen.

"Do you Gareth Thomas solemnly swear that the testimony you will give to this court will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth under the all seeing eye of the goddess?" Kelvin asks.

"You can count on it. Yes I do," Gareth replies and takes his seat.

"About a decade and a half ago, your security company started working on a project called Alpha Recon, am I correct?" Kelvin cocks his head.

"Yes, that's correct," Gareth replies.

"Objection your honour, how is any of this relevant to the case?" Justin cuts in.

"Overruled," Judge Bruce replies dismissively, "you may continue."

"Thank you, your honour," Kelvin nods at judge Bruce before he turns to Gareth. "Can you tell this honourable court why you started Alpha Recon and what it is? You don't have to get into the details."

"Well at the time, Rogues were

running rampant and causing havoc on the border roads, especially the ones hidden in thickets, so my company started an individual project to help packs combat this problem with a look to make profit off it in the future. Alpha Recon is basically high definition, far zoom cameras, set on high masts to monitor the roads so before the rogues attack, our security system attached to the cameras would immediately inform the pack of their movements."

"Awesome," Kelvin replies, holding up the flash drive. "I have here with me one of the videos from your Alpha Recon project along the Dynamite alley, taken about fifteen years ago. I personally came to you to get this, is that correct?" Trent shifts uncomfortably in his seat, his eyes darting nervously across the courtroom, a feeling of trepidation seizing his heart.

What the heck is in that video? How far did it capture? What did it capture? He wasn't aware those masts had cameras on them, he thought they were telecommunication masts. "That is correct," Gareth replies.

"Remember you are under oath to tell the truth Mister Gareth, because now I will ask you if you can attest to the fact that the video in this drive is real and not doctored. Bear in mind that if you lie, the consequences will be disastrous for you and your company."

"It is real and the court can grant an order to check our servers themselves."

"So you are absolutely sure that there is no way this video can be fake and you are willing to stake your reputation and that of your company to back this fact?" "Absolutely."

"Your honour, you heard the man, I'd like for my evidence to be admitted."

The judge nods at his clerk who steps forward and takes the drive from Kelvin, connecting it to the system and he projects it for everyone to see.

In the video, Liana is struck down by a rogue and it shows how Henry comes to her before another rogue attacks him and they disappear into the blindspot of the camera.

"Your honour," Kelvin says while the

video is still playing, "if you skip that video forward by one whole hour, my client doesn't move an inch because of the wolfsbane poison in the

dagger she was stabbed with el. no

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would like to know exactly why Beta Trent, under oath, lied to this court that he saw her go after her husband with a gun?"

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"In light of new evidence that has appeared, this court hearing will be adjourned by two weeks and we will reconvene at exactly 11am," Judge Bruce slams his gavel.

"All rise," The clerk announces as he leaves and everyone begins to file out.

Trent storms out of the courtroom in fury, muttering curses and Carmela runs after him, reaching him in the corridor of the courtroom.

"Father, wait."

"You bloody fool," Trent snarls at her. "I thought you said you and that incapable bastard went through everything that they could use against us today, why didn't you know about the bloody masts?"

"I'm sorry, I thought we had it all covered, but don't worry, we will still get them, they're not going to win this," Carmela replies in a petrified tone.

Trent scoffs coldly. "I shouldn't worry?" He grabs her chin and shoves her against the wall, squeezing it painfully, his eyes cold and deadly as he narrows them at her.

"I made a fool of myself today and I don't like making a fool of myself. I've worked too hard and too long to get to where I am today for anyone to ruin it," he lets her go roughly as tears pour down Carmela's eyes but he isn't done.

"My word directly contradicted proven evidence today and if this kind of thing happens again, fingers will start pointing towards me and if that happens, it's over for you as well. You shouldn't have come to me with evidence to frame Liana if you didn't have everything covered."

He whispers, his voice low but full of palpable rage.

"I'm sorry," Carmela mutters in tears, her heart clenching with pain.

Her father is quick to chastise her but he has everything that he wanted, power, wealth and status while she has nothing but a ring and a phoenix title that the pack members are becoming disenchanted with. Tatum doesn't even love her, despite the fake mate bond and he doesn't hide it. He won't even-

Her heart thuds with fear as a thought suddenly comes to her mind.

The evidence she found against Liana was not of her doing, she found it laying on Tatum's office table carelessly that day and she took pictures of it.

Now that she thinks about it, sensitive archived information about the pack's high ranking members are well protected, did Tatum leave it there on purpose for her to see, knowing she would take advantage of it? Is any of it even real?

Tatum clearly threatened her the other day, he doesn't love her at all. Did he trick her into doing this because he knows Leila will return to save her mother? Did he use her to lure Leila back?

"Wipe those tears off your face. As long as Tatum thinks you are his mate, we have all the protection we need but no mistakes from now on," Trent's voice is calmer this time but Carmela's gut twists in a stormy

mess.

Does Tatum still believe she is his mate? She's not so sure of it. The moment Leila left the pack he stopped showing her any sort of affection.

She cannot tell on her wolf's end because the spell is one sided, only Tatum's wolf is bonded to hers with the fake bond, her wolf cannot feel anything for him, she has no way to be sure.

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"He still does, doesn't he?" Trent's brows furrow at Carmela, noticing her hesitance and the conflict in her eyes.

"He does...the wedding date will soon be set," Carmela replies, swallowing air down her throat in trepidation.

Tatum hasn't even said anything about the actual wedding, she is the only one doing everything she can to keep the news on everyone's lips to try and force his hand.

"Good, keep taking the medicine, we'll kill the bitch after we send her mother to jail," Trent replies and walks away from her.

As he leaves, Carmela sees Leila staring at her with a victorious smirk on Leila's face and she almost flips in rage.

"What the fuck are you looking at?!"

The smirk on Leila's face morphs into a thin smile before she takes Kelvin's hand and is about to leave the building when Carmela yells again.

"We haven't forgotten that you killed the pack witch, you murderer! After your mother, you're next!"

"Leila don't-"

Before Kelvin can stop Leila, she is already walking towards Carmela but there is no sign of anger or annoyance on Leila's face, rather a smug smile.

"You know what I see when I look at

you Carmela? A mouse, caught in a trap, knowing it has no way out, so all it can do is squeal and squeal and squeal, hoping someone will come to rescue it but that is foolish of the mouse because the cat, no, the phoenix is on the prowl and she'll

get you, just you wait," Leila says in a low tone, almost like a whisper, her face rid of any form of hostility.

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"Lithoha, are you sure this spell will work?" Carmela frowns as Lithoha stokes a fire in the backyard of Trent's house.

"His wolf will go into a haze, even if the human fights the urge, his wolf will not be able to resist his mate, so be rest assured, he will be yours tonight - if you have been taking the medicine I gave you to keep up the temp mate bond?. Did you bring what I asked for?" Lithoha replies, not looking away from the fire.

Carmela smiles to herself.

After tonight, Tatum will have slept with her. Whether he or Leila likes it or not, either his child or Matt's child will be inside her and Tatum will think either one is his. She reaches into her purse and stretches a ring towards Lithoha. "His ring, it's the only personal item I could get my hands on."

Lithoha has been working on this spell for weeks and this is the final day. Tatum's personal item has been the only thing missing but she was able to nick his ring when she visited him the last time. "It will do," Lithoha replies, "throw it in the fire."

Carmela wastes no time to do as she is asked and after a short while, Lithoha dips her hand into the burning fire but it does not seem to hurt her as she scoops up hot ash and puts it in a small container.

She places her hand over the top of the container and mutters an incantation. Her hands glow and the ash turns into a pure white powder and the sight of her own creation makes her chuckle.

"It is ready now," she hands the container to Carmela who takes it gingerly. "Remember, he must cross the powder for the spell to work and make sure you are there when he does because the spell will activate almost immediately." Carmela nods and takes the container, slides it into her bag and makes her way to Alpha Darren's house, hoping to turn things in her favour.

The highest Tatum can do if he sees her there again is yell, it's not like he can kill her although she's scared he might from the way he looked at her that day but this is a risk she must take and if she is lucky, Tatum may mark her in his haze and then, nothing will be able to stand in her way.

She takes a deep breath as she pushes the door to the living room open.

"Good evening mother," she says to Adaline, who has an omega massaging her feet.

Adaline glances at her with nonchalance and looks away. "He's not here. It's not like it'll matter anyway, he'll probably just send you away as usual."

Carmela smiles wryly at her, believing that Lithoha's spell will work and Adaline will be disappointed. She is about to go up the stairs when she stops and walks over to Adaline's front.

If her suspicion is correct that

Tatum's wolf may not feel her as its mate anymore, Tatum may still not move things forward with her even if she gets pregnant. She will need Adafine's support to force Tatum's hands just like in the past.

"What?" Adaline glares at Carmela.

Carmela smiles at her, putting her hand on the omega's shoulder. "I'll take it from here."

The omega looks at her and then at Adaline but she doesn't stop the massage.

"Let me do it mother, please. I know I haven't lived up to your expectations but I promise you, things are about to change."

Adaline makes a face at her, before

she gestures for the omega to leave and Carmela sits and begins to massage Adaline's feet with pleasure in her eyes, a vast contrast from the displeasure she truly feels in her heart having to serve Adaline like a common slave.

"Tatum was the one who invited me over today," she spews out her lie with a smile.

Carmela nods with a shy pout on her lips. "I need you on my side again, I'll give you as many heirs as you want, Tatum's mind is slowly changing now, you'll see." Adaline hesitates to reply for a while and she withdraws her feet.

"He did?" Adaline gives a scrutinous look.

"Words mean nothing and he could

have invited you for any other

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reason but I give you one last chance, he is still the same towards you, I'll personally ask him to just call off the engagement since it's useless," she replies and leaves Carmela to herself.

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Adaline goes upstairs to Darren's room and she looks at her husband lying lifeless on his bed, several drips connected to his pale and thin body. The vibrant energetic man she once used to know is but a shadow of himself now.

She is sad that he is in this condition but even more sad that despite his illness, he has maintained his stand to not speak a word to her or Tatum because of what happened to Leila.

He firmly believes that Leila did not commit any of the crimes she is accused of as Leila is a kindhearted woman and a good person. She never knew that what happened to Leila could make him so bitter towards them but to not have spoken to his fated mate and wife for over five years is enough proof of that.

It is the more reason she is unhappy with Carmela, she hoped that Carmela would have given them another heir by now to soften Darren's anger but it is obvious that despite Carmela being Tatum's fated mate, his heart is still with Leila. She often wonders if she did the right thing, choosing the fated over the chosen but only time will tell now.

She hears a knock on the door before a woman steps in, a doctor in white coat with a face mask covering her face and dark sunglasses covering her eyes. There is something quite familiar about the woman, especially her scent. "Who are you?" She asks.

The woman ignores her and opens the small pack she's carrying, bringing out syringes.

"Did you not hear me?" She asks, watching the lady carefully.

She knows this person from somewhere.

"I'd like to treat my patient alone, if you don't mind," the woman replies coldly, her voice muffled from behind the facemask.

Darren turns to her with a cold look in his pale eyes and she takes a deep breath to calm the pain that charges at her heart from his look before she leaves the room.

"I knew you'd come," Darren says, groaning in pain and laboured breath as he adjusts into a sitting position. "Nice touch with the mask and glasses but I'll recognize you even in pitch darkness, Leila."

Leila takes off her glasses and the tears she has been holding back falls from her eyes. She cannot believe what her eyes are seeing.

When Tatum said his father was very ill, she did not expect this, he is literally nothing but skin and bones.

What could be wrong with him?

She could not stop herself from coming to see him, Darren is the only member of Tatum's family that never took Carmela's side. He may not have been able to do much to save her from their cruelty but he was never cruel towards her.

"How are you father?" She sits by his side, her eyes full of pity for him.

Darren gives her a smile or something that looks like one and places his thin hands on hers, his voice weak as he speaks.

"I'm happy to see you, I believe I am

much better now. How have you been my child? I see the years have been kind to you but we can't say the same for-" he coughs violently and Leila stables him in her

hold.

He reaches for her face with his hands and Leila moves it close to him, wondering what kind of illness sucks a man dry like this.

"Tatum was a fool to have let them

even touch you. I told him that boy," Darren shakes his head in pity. "He is too weak and he cares too much about people, wants to satisfy everyone without hurting anyone and now it has cost him his happiness with you."

"It's okay father," Leila smiles down at him. "I'm sure he is happy with his new woman."

She doesn't need a soothsayer to tell her that Tatum and Carmela's relationship is far from happy with everything that she has witnessed so far but it hardly concerns her. Tatum made his choice and now he gets to live with it.

"Happy indeed," Darren's weak voice drips with sarcasm before his eyes turn gloomy and his breath ragged as he throws his head down in difficulty.

"Lie back down," Leila holds his frail frame, her heart battered with sadness as she feels his bones without any real muscles when she holds him and lays him on his back. "Your child. Tatum told me what happened, I am very sorry for your loss."

Leila stares at him for a moment, wondering if it is wise to tell him the truth or allow him to keep believing the lie.

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The truth about Amara is sure to cheer his old sick heart up but what if she tells him and Tatum finds out from him, that could ruin all her plans.

Before she can decide, Darren's grip tightens around her hand and his deep sad eyes look up at hers.

"Forgive him, he was naive. This pack needs you. Forgive us," his voice dry and weak.

Forgiveness? After all they made her go through?

How does she even forgive them?

What does she even forgive?

Where does she start from?

The torture, the torment, the abuse? Or perhaps the beating, the neglect, the humiliation, starvation?

He doesn't need to know that she is not capable of forgiving them, so she holds his hands and smiles down at him. "Do not worry about me father, I will do the right thing."

"Is the right thing taking my son-" Darren coughs violently and blood spills out of his mouth. "Will you take him back if he comes to his senses and begs your forgiveness?"

Leila takes one of the warm napkins on the counter and wipes his lips, her heart breaking for him. She will never accept Tatum back into her life but she doesn't want to break his father's heart.

"Time will tell. I will let you rest now and I will find a way to help you get better," she replies, putting her glasses back on and she steps out of the room.

Even if she wants to spend more time with him, she cannot risk being recognized.

Carmela paces back and forth with nervous anticipation, her heart racing hard as she waits for Tatum to come to his room.

The moment she smells Tatum and hears his heavy footsteps coming down the corridor, she quickly lines the entrance with the white powder before she goes to sit on the bed.

She has already taken off her panties and is wearing only a mini gown so he can easily smell her arousal and have easy access to devour her.

Tatum opens the door and enters the room and immediately he crosses over the white powder, something shifts in the air and his eyes turn red as they snap to Carmela with a hunger she has never seen in them before. The spell worked.

Carmela nibbles on her lip softly as the powder vanishes into thin air and she slowly parts her legs, keeping them on her toes as her gown fakes up her thighs exposing her pussy to Tatum and she runs her hand from inside her thighs up to her slit.

"Like what you see?" she asks Tatum in a coquettish tone as he walks towards her like a zombie, practically drooling, his eyes red and full of lust.

His wolf is going insane with desire

and moving him forward but he sees who is in front of him and knows she is not who he desires, he rips his shirt off his feet moving forward even when he wants to back away, fighting to keep his wolf at bay when suddenly, his nose catches whiff of

a scent, Leila's scent.

He jumps off Carmela and bolts outside the door, his wolf's urge for its true mate stronger than ever before. His breath shifts from shallow to deep, ragged all the time, his body tense, his cock throbbing. "Mate, my mate," his wolf's voice blends with his in a silent growl as he rushes down the corridor.

Carmela gets to him and pulls him against the wall, crashing her lips into his and massaging his cock at the same time.

"You want me," she whispers into his lips as he throbs in her hands. "I'm mate, it's me you want."

At this moment, Leila steps out of Darren's room, taking a corner in the corridor when she freezes, a subtle pain slicing her heart unexpectedly a bitter slash flying through her gut when she sees Tatum and Carmela making out in the corridor with their hands all over each other, Tatum's moan the loudest.

They must have a really wild and active sex life to be making out in the open in his parent's house.

Tatum was always modest with her. Perhaps Carmela suits his fantasies more.

What does she even care?

She slowly tiptoes backwards to avoid being seen and opens the first door she sees, enters the room and sits on the sofa when she hears Tatum scream like someone in pain and the shock makes her jump to her feet, her heart pounding heavily. Does she go out to see what is happening? Why is she so worried about this? Why is she so disturbed? Even her wolf is in panic.

"Leila!"

She hears Tatum scream and the door to the room flies open.

He steps in, breathing heavily, bleeding profusely from his torso and his wolf's red eyes are hooded with a lust and desire that sends her wolf howling and rushing to the front of her mind.

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"Are you okay?" Her voice comes out hurried and she is shocked at the fear she feels for him.

"Never been better," he closes the distance between them in a flash.

There is something off about him and the close proximity between their bodies immediately sends heat through Leila, pooling in her core. His scent dazzles and intoxicates her as well, like a drug, a strong pull towards him takes over and she wants nothing more right now than to-

No, it's not her, these are not her feelings, it's her wolf, it's reacting to something inside Tatum or his wolf perhaps.

She takes a quick step back, looking at his ripped abs that are torn open but healing. "You're bleeding, is everything okay?"

Without warning, Tatum cups the back of her head and kisses her deeply in response, devouring her lips with a passion that he has never kissed her with before.

Her body is set on fire from the kiss that sends a pang of pleasure to her core but her skin crawls from it and she wants to push him away when she is thrown to the back of her mind and her hands curl around his neck and she moans salaciously and fists his hair, kissing him back with equal passion.

Her wolf has taken over her body, her will is no longer hers. The harder she tries to fight to take back control, the more pleasure his kiss rents her body with and her wolf willingly gives in to him.

Tatum lifts her off the ground, a sensual moan escaping him as he breaks the kiss and sucks on her neck.

Her body shudders from the pleasure and she can feel the wetness dripping in her panties as she grinds against his abs, her legs around his waist.

"Fuck," she mutters, biting down on her lip and at the same time, her eyes brim with tears, pain ripping her heart apart.

This man should not have his hands on her, he shouldn't be the one to make her feel this way, he is a monster, she hates him.

She almost lost her life because of him but in all honesty, she didn't mind back then, she loved him so much, death was a mere sacrifice compared to what she was willing to do for him but her child, no, she cannot forgive him for that, never.

"You sound so fucking sexy when you curse," Tatum chuckles, his eyes full of passion, excitement and hunger and he kisses her again, harder, with more depth and desire. "You want it too, don't you?"

He plunges his tongue into her

mouth and Leila traps it, sucks on it softly as she cups his head and pulls him closer, when what she really wants to do is push him away but she can't, her wolf won't let her and her body seems to have a mind of its own.

This should not be happening, not with Tatum, not after all he put her through, not after all he made her suffer.

The pain in her heart grows in proportion to the ecstasy driving from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet as bitterness fills her heart from every sweet touch of his. No, not Tatum, not him.

He doesn't deserve her, he hurt her, used her, broke her.

What did she not give to earn his love?

Everything!

She gave everything and in the end it was all for nothing, nothing!

Tatum grabs her boob and squeezes it, trapping her nipples between his index and middle fingers.

"I've missed these babies, they're so fucking round and soft," he growls, kneading her boobs with a passionate pleasure.

Leila cries out with a salacious

moan and she presses her hand

against his, forcing him to kneed her boobs faster as she rides his abs with more speed, her entire body bubbling with pleasure.

She wants to stop, she wants to fucking stop but she has no will of her own.

The tears break from her eyes, streaming down her face, showing the great pain she feels at how much she enjoys what he is doing to her body but she is helpless against it, helpless against him, helpless against his scent, his touch, his voice, his moans, it's all driving her crazy, peeling away every form of resistance that she has.

If this keeps up, he is going to be inside her and she is going to let him.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Every touch lights her up like a bonfire, flooding her pussy with warmth as her juices start to trickle out of her soaking wet pussy, she almost forgot what this feels like, it's been so long, it's like it's the first time she is experiencing it and with the matebond..... Picture her body as a specimen under the lens of a microscope and the matebond as the microscope itself, it amplifies everything.

She doesn't want this but at the same time, she wants it so bad.

She tries to fight the pleasure coursing through every cell in her body so she can regain control but Tatum doesn't give her the chance as he throws her on the bed, his hard length bulging in his pants as he stares down at her with lustful passion in his red eyes.

She clenches her thighs together, her breath ragged and her heart pounding hard, knowing exactly what he can do to her with that monster cock in his pants and with the effect of the matebond, she knows it will feel ten times better but no, she doesn't want him, he hurt her, he hurt her too much.

Why is he doing this to her?

What right does he have to think he can just take her at will and why won't her wolf cooperate with her?

'Please....give me back control, you don't know what he did to me, he's our mate but he broke me, please....you weren't there,' she pleads with her wolf as Tatum climbs on top of her and she spreads her legs willingly, pulling him down on her.

"My sweet pea," Tatum says breathlessly, pain, regret and passion all lacing his voice as his thumb brushes over her clit from her panties and the pleasure shoots to Leila's brain, sending her into a short spasm.

Every will to fight him depletes completely and she spreads her legs further apart, giving him more room as Tatum continues to assault her clit, brushing his fingers over it slowly.

She clenches her fist and grabs the sheets as the pleasure serenades her, her back arches, her eyes roll to the back of her head but her wolf relinquishes control and Leila shoves him but he catches her hands and pins it above her head with one hand, rips her panties off with the other.

"Stop it, stop it," Leila cries, feeling powerless underneath him, he could take her right now and she won't be able to stop him.

Tatum's eyes suddenly flash from red to grey to red and back to grey and he jumps away from her like someone shocked out of a trance.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he says as his eyes keep flashing from red to grey, his breathing heavy as he backs away to a corner of the room. "I'm not myself so just leave before I do something we'll both regret."

Leila feels control return to her and

she wants to yell at him, hit him, tear into him for daring to take

advantage of her whether he's in his right mind or not when Tatum grabs the coffee table and smashes against the wall and she yelps in shock.

"Leave Leila, please....I can't fight the haze, the urge is too strong."

He slams his back into the wall, holding one leg of the broken coffee table in his hands, his muscles tense as he struggles with himself.

"Go...leave...I want you but not like this, you have to want me too."

"That's never going to happen," Leila replies, adjusting herself and climbing down from the bed.

"I know, so just-"

His eyes turn red and he lunges towards her again but before he can reach her, he drives the broken table leg into his chest, impaling himself and his body drops with a thud a painful grunt escaping him as the crimson red liquid spills out of his wound.

Leila's eyes widen in surprise and her heart slams against her ribcage in fear for his life.

She rushes towards him and crouches by his side but Tatum shoves her away and yells. "Leave!"

His voice is powerful, filled with his Alpha command, his alpha aura blazing around him in full force.

"Leave..." Tatum looks up at her from

the floor with pain in his eyes, "leave," his voice drops into a

whisper as Leila turns away, "leave..." he says breathlessly and in agony, "I don't want you to hate me more than you already do."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Leila slams the door shut, scared and in tears as she runs out of the room and Tatum feels like the door was slammed against his heart.

He would deserve it, he deserves it, he deserves for his heart to be placed under a rock and smashed repeatedly until it's nothing but mush for all the pain that he has caused her, the woman that he loves, his one and only desire. He never thought that it was possible to love her anymore than he already did but fuck, it is, he falls in love all over again everytime he sets eyes on her, his desire grows deeper, taking root in his very soul.

All he wants to do is make her happy, keep the light in her eyes and the smile on her face but how can he even do that when it was he who strangled her happiness, snuffed out the light in her eyes and drained off the smile on her face.

He slowly pushes his body up to sit on the floor, leaving the wood in his chest because it is the only thing that can stop him from going after her. The smell of her arousal hanging in the room is driving him crazy, his wolf is thrashing hard in his head, fighting him for control, his cock is so hard, if it gets any harder, it'll burst.

'Mate, I want mate,' his wolf cries in his head, taking control of Tatum's body and he pulls the stake out of Tatum's chest, bolting out of the door in pursuit of Leila.

'No, you'll hurt her, you'll fucking hurt her, stop,' Tatum protests but his body is no longer his and he cannot stop the growl that escapes him as he sees Leila ahead. Leila turns and the fear he sees in her eyes breaks his heart.

No, not fear, she shouldn't be scared of him, he will never hurt her, not again, not ever.

He can handle the hatred in her eyes when she talks to him, he can stomach the anger in her voice but fear, no, she could go away again, leave the pack for good if she doesn't feel safe around him of all people and he can lose her for real this time.

The fear of Leila leaving the pack strengthens his resolve and he wrestles control back from his wolf but he knows it won't be long before he loses it again, the haze is too strong, his cock is throbbing hard with such an immense pain it's like if he doesn't get a release soon, he'll fucking die from it.

He staggers through the corridor, clattering into the walls, bleeding all over the place from the gaping wound in his chest but neither that nor the pain in his crotch matches the pain in his heart.

All he wants is a chance to do right by her, to treat her like the fucking queen that she is, not drive her away like this.

What if she never speaks to him again?

He jumps down a flight of stairs into the basement, his father's old torture bunker where he brought rogues to torture. He needs something that can permanently weaken him

because with how much desil net

he

feels right now, once his wolf takes back control, nothing will stop him from going to her, even into her

fucking house.

He trashes through the chemicals on a counter beside the door, smashing vial after vial until he finds what he is looking for, wolfsbane.

It would slow down his healing and

sap his strength and even if his wolf takes control, his body will be too weak to do anything, this is the only way he can stop himself, it is the

least he will do for her.

He empties the vial down his throat and immediately, he clutches it as the wolfsbane sears his inside, burning his throat, down to his chest like he drank molten from a volcano.

Tatum drops to his knees, clutches

his throat, digging into it with his

claws like he is trying to reach inside his throat to stop the pain, his

wound stops healing, his body shudders violently and he falls to the ground, jerking in pain, blood pours out of his nose and ears and his eyes become red, deep crimson red and full of pain.

'Mate...mate,' his wolf cries weakly, filling Tatum with its pain and desire for its mate.

'I'm sorry but we can't have her, not now, not like this,' Tatum replies, curling up in pain as his body begins to shut down.

He'll never hurt Leila again, never put her in harm's way, he'll die before he lets anything happen to her.

Carmela can try every spell in her book, every trick up her sleeve but he will not be deceived a second time, Leila is his true mate and a second with her beats a thousand lifetimes with Carmela. He loves Leila the same, mate bond or not and all he wants is a chance to redeem himself.