

## Chapter 18

"I can't believe Leila would do such a despicable thing," Edna snorts, gritting her teeth.

Surrounded by friends, Carmela is still with her innocent, harmless smile, lying on a hospital bed when they are all condemning Leila.

"Oh, I can believe it, that little shit is the devil," Tracy replies in a stern tone. "She wants to maim Carmi so she won't look pleasant in the eyes of the Alpha."

"Then she is a fool because what the Alpha and Carmi share transcends looks and abilities, it is a love formed and made permanent by the bond," Edna retorts.

Carmela blushes subtly at Edna's words before a sullen look creeps up her face. "I don't know if she did it on purpose but her grip was so strong that when I tried to free my wrist, she broke it."

Edna rushes over to Carmela, cupping Carmela's face, her gaze flushed with concern. "When you become Luna, you should make her pay dearly for doing this to you."

"But I told you guys, I don't-"

Tracy steps forward and gently presses her index finger against Carmela's lips, shaking her head slowly, a thoughtful look in her eyes.

"Save it Carmi, you are our Luna, marked by the phoenix and chosen by the goddess. You must fight for what is yours. Can't you see? She is exploiting your friendship and kindness. The first step is breaking

your wrist, goddess forbid, but the next one might be taking your life.”

“Who wants to take her life?” A deep gruff voice comes from the door and the three women’s eyes all snap in the direction to see a tall, muscular man with ruggedly handsome features.

“Clay- Clayton,” Edna mutters, feeling her heart pound.

She has had a crush on the current gamma and head warrior of the pack since they were little but everyone knows Clayton only has eyes for Carmela.

Even when it became clear that she was mated to and was going to be married to the Alpha, he never stopped chasing her, promising to stop only when for certain, Carmela’s bond with Tatum snapped into place when she turned eighteen.

“I asked a question,” Clayton replies in an authoritative and demanding voice.

As the head warrior of the pack, Clayton’s authority is second only to that of the Alpha and his Beta, he has great physical strength and a wolf almost as huge as that of the Alpha, his keen sense of justice and raw power made him quickly rise up the ranks in the pack’s military to becoming the head warrior at a very young age.

“No one is after my life Clayton, I don’t want you causing any trouble,” Carmela says in a coquettish tone, moving her wounded arm gingerly and wincing in pain.

Clayton’s cold and deadly black eyes shoot to her wounded arm, a deep growl escaping him as she strides towards her.

"Who did this?" He asks, gently holding her arm and looking at her pretty face with deep concern in his eyes.

"No one. Even if I told you, you can't do anything about it," Carmela replies, taking her arm away from him and she stares at the ceiling, wearing a sad look.

Clayton cups her face and makes her look at him. His team were in charge of border patrol the night Carmela was kidnapped and taken away and a part of him still saw the whole thing as his fault.

"I failed to protect you once before, a thing that I have not and will never forgive myself for but if your life is being threatened within this pack grounds, give me a name and I will bring them to justice, I promise you."

Hearing the raw emotion and assertiveness in Clayton's voice, Tracy rushes forward.

"It was Leila, that impostor Luna. She- She got mad that Carmi visited the old alpha and snapped her wrist, even threatening to take her life if she dared to visit him again."

"Is this true?" Clayton asks Carmela, clenching his fists and his knuckles make popping sounds from the sheer intensity, his dark eyes morphing into a shade even darker.

Carmela glances at him and a teardrop runs down the corner of her sullen eyes before she looks back up.

"It is true Clayton, we have no reason to lie to you, the alpha brought

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Carmi here herself but Leila is the Luna, she may not be punished for her crime."

Clayton scoffs coldly, backing away from Carmela. "Luna my ass, the title doesn't even belong to her, she must pay for her crimes. I will personally see to it."

"Don't do anything stupid Clayton, the Alpha will hate me for it, please ..." Carmela spurts.

"Let your mind be at rest my dear, this has nothing to do with you, the alpha understands my position in the pack, I have to preserve our laws and if we let the elites get away with their crimes, every common criminal will think they can do the same."

Clayton replies walking towards the door but as he turns the knob, he pauses, turning back to Carmela.

"As much as it hurts me to say, you deserve to be our Luna, you should fight for the title, that bitch doesn't deserve it and when I'm done with her, she will understand why."



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