

Chapter 19

Through heavy eyes and a vision blurred with tears, Leila stuffs yet another dress into her box. Once she gives Tatum the divorce papers and he breaks her wrist, she will return to the house, get her stuff and leave the pack forever.

Her life here is over and if she stays, the mockery, humiliation and ridicule that will follow her everywhere will only sink her into depression.

She shuts the second full box and sighs deeply, her eyelids falling in exhaustion but she cannot stop. When did her closet become so full? She has no idea. She has never bought a dress for herself since she married Tatum, he does everything for her and he does it to an extreme.

How can a man show a woman so much care and yet have no iota of feeling for her in his heart?

Another wretched sob escapes Leila and she sniffs, reaching inside the closet, her fingers clamping around the fabric of a shiny red dress but she finds it hard to take it out, she stares at it, tears freely flowing down her eyes, her heart pounding wild, barraged with a rush of different emotions.

This dress—Tatum's gift to her on her birthday last year, the dress she was wearing when he first made love to her, when he made her a woman, a night that ignited the last of her deep seated feelings for him, the night she started to believe, that maybe, just maybe they could have a life together.

For the first year of their marriage, they were basically just friends,

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sleeping in different rooms, only intimate in public but that night, Tatum had gone heavy on the drinking during the celebrations, he was in a happy mood.

"Careful," Leila said, guiding him into his bed but he pulled her on top of him, holding her tight against his firm chest.

"What do your lips taste like?" He said. "Can I kiss you? I really want to."

His drunk seductive voice made Leila's heart thud, her body ravaged with tingles, like wildfire running through dry grass, a deep throb hitting her core, stoking a strong and illicit desire in her heart but it wasn't just his words that melted her heart or made her panties wet, his beautiful grey eyes, they carried a passionate look, deep with desire, intense with lust or was it love?

She was a fool to have kissed him in response, her first kiss, her first time, both given to the first and only man she ever fell in love with.

It was the beginning of a dream, her beautiful dream, but it has quickly turned into a nightmare. 1

She yanks the cloth from the closet, kicking the empty box to the side and tosses the dress with the rest of the things she intends to burn before she leaves the house. She doesn't need anything to remind her of Tatum but who is she fooling?

She has a living reminder growing inside of her.

The door to her room flies open and she gasps in shock, seeing Clayton standing there with two other warriors behind him, a deep frown etched on his face.

"What- what do you want?" Leila asks, glaring at him with confusion

etched in her expression.

Why would the head warrior of the pack just barge into her room?

"We're here to take you in," Clayton replies coldly, stretching a small piece of paper towards Leila.

Leila snatches it from him, her heart rate spiking. She glances through the paper but only the words written in bold letters stand out to her.

'ARREST WARRANT FOR CRIMES AGAINST CARMELA KNOX.'

Leila glances at Clayton who has a stone cold look in his dark scary eyes, before she turns her eyes back to the paper and her already broken heart shatters into splinters and sinks into her gut when she sees the Alpha's seal on the arrest warrant.

Tatum sent them himself?

How many more of his words will Tatum go back on for Carmela's sake? He said there was no need to detain her, that he will be back to punish her privately but now he has sent the law enforcement to drag her to the cells, obviously to be punished in the public view of everyone present.

She thought he was trying to save her some little dignity by opting to give her a private punishment, how ignorant of her to think her dignity mattered to him when it was his love that she hurt.

Only, she did not.

Leila wipes her face, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. There is no need to keep on crying, whatever lies ahead, she will face head on and hopefully by the end of today, it will all be over.

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It is only a broken wrist she has to suffer, the pain can't be anything compared to what she already feels in her broken heart.



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