

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

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Tatiana keeps her head down. "I dare not stray from your cause brother, I could never be lost, I remain devout to your purposes. Antonio scoffs.

"Get out," he orders the woman on the bed and she scampers for her clothes, running out of the room faster than her legs can carry her.

Antonio slowly walks towards Tatiana and as he does so, his naked body is slowly covered with clothes that grow out of his skin and by the time he gets to her, he is fully clothed in white silk trousers and long sleeve shirt. He extracts his claw and pinches under Tatiana's chin, drawing blood as he lifts her face up to look into her eyes.

"You say you are not lost? You call me a liar?"

Tatiana swallows in trepidation, a chill runs down her spine from the low yet threatening tone of his voice and she shudders, the pain in her chin feeling non-existent, nothing compared to the fear that seizes her heart.

Words are to be watched around her brother, his temper is something no leash can hold, only the beast within him knows when and how it sees fit to unleash his temper and she knows that being his only last living relative will not spare her his wrath.

Her brother, Antonio Miguel Darkside, the Lycan King, ruler of the werewolf race, guardian of the celestial moon and the first creation of Selene is not a man to be trifled with, his wrath is like a raging fire and it consumes everything in its path and she fears that she may have incurred that wrath for him to have summoned her.

"If I am lost, show me the way my King," she replies, stifling a painful grunt from escaping her.

Showing pain is a sign of weakness, Antonio does not tolerate weakness.

He yanks his claws away from her chin, slicing it open and blood starts to pour but Tatiana remains like a statue, unmoved, not showing any signs of pain or discomfort.

"I gave you a mission when I asked you to infiltrate the blood oak pack. Remind me again, my old memory fails me," Antonio says in a calm gentle voice, eyes tight as he stares at her. "To seduce and claim the Alpha as mine," Tatiana says robotically.

"Really?" Antonio smirks at her and his eyes become full of pity. "You're bleeding," he says in a pitiful tone, "oh my dear..." he rubs down her hair gently and as he does so, her wound closes up.

"So tell me how devout you are to that cause of mine, I imagine the Alpha is in your bed already?" He crouches in front of her, speaking in a coy tone but his dark eyes are full of rage. "The alpha secludes himself. I need more time brother, he is hard to reach," Tatiana replies in a steady voice but her fear oozes from it.

"Excuses," Antonio barks at her. "If you mess up my plan, you know what happens next, don't you?"

"My bones become ash, my skin turns to dust for my life is yours and you may take it at will," Tatiana recites in a sad rhythm, staring down at her blood on the floor.

"Exactly, you incompetent bitch," Antonio stands up and grips her throat, choking the air out of her lungs as he lifts her completely off the ground.

Tatiana's feet dangle but she doesn't struggle, she doesn't fight back or try to wrestle free from his grasp, even as the air is being cut out from her lungs and her eyes are fluttering open and close, even as his claws are dipping into her neck, piercing muscle and grazing bone, she remains stoic, limp at his mercy.

Strangling her like this is her brother being merciful, there are things he could do to her that would put her in a state of mental and emotional torment and torture.

His magical powers are dark and

dangerous. He is an anomaly, a

beast that shouldn't exist.

Werewolves are werewolves, shapeshifters, witches and

sorcerers are witches are sorcerers

with their magical powers but her brother, the Lycan king is the first and only being to exist on both sides of the spectrum.

He is both a Lycan and a sorcerer. Their father, the late Lycan king, had three sons, each born to him from a different mother. Antonio was the third and his mother was a powerful witch that was captured by his father.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

In captivity, she fell in love with the king and they had him and Tatiana but then his mother killed the king in his sleep and then took her life when Antonio was only three years old and Tatiana, six months old. Naturally, the eldest brother took over and became the Lycan king and visiting the sins of the mother upon the children, Antonio and Tatiana were ostracised and exiled from the family by their brother. Their mother, Agatha, before her death was the first daughter of the wraith-kons and they took them in.

Tatiana's magic first manifested when she was two and it became certain that she would inherit her mother's magic but Antonio had no sign of magic as was expected.

However, he studied every mystic and dark art, knew every spell, every charm, every incantation by heart and even though he had no magic himself, he had far more knowledge on sorcery than anyone that had ever existed.

It came as a shock to no one when he turned fifteen and shifted into his Lycan that he offered to give it up in order to gain magic powers, believing he had no need to be a Lycan, since his family had banished him.

However, there was one vital truth that no one knew of or thought of at the time. Werewolves could give up their shape shifting ability to become sorcerers but a Lycan could not.

Werewolves were created with lesser magic than the Lycan race and the harder the blood daughters fought to take Antonio's Lycan, the harder his Lycan fought back and eventually, Antonio died.

Seven days later, he dug himself out of his grave and somehow, a secret known to him and him alone, he resurrected as a Lycan with magical powers.

The first thing he did was return to his father's palace, slaughtered his entire family with the exception of Tatiana and forced the Alpha council to crown him as the Lycan king and his reign of tyranny began. "That lawyer you are fooling around with, I'll kill him and make you eat his heart if you fail me," Antonio growls and drops her to the floor.

Tatiana spits. "His death would mean nothing to me, he is just a fun toy to play with, his family has influence in the pack, I plan to use him to get to the alpha."

Antonio chuckles. "And what sort of games are you playing with this fun toy of yours? I can sense foreign magic on you."

"Trust me brother, it is all for the good of your cause," she replies without hesitation.

When she was healing Amara, she felt something odd about the child, something odd enough to pique her brother's interest, odd enough for him to go after her and kill her and she doesn't want the blood of a young innocent child on her hands whereas her brother would gladly bath in it as long as it served his purposes.

She stands to her feet as Antonio backs away from her, furrowing his brows.

"Brother, you can save us all the trouble by just claiming the phoenix Luna now. Isn't that why you killed Micheala, to claim the phoenix Luna before she can fulfil the real prophecy?"

According to the prophecy, the full

prophecy, which is known only to the family of the Lycans, the Phoenix Luna would be born and mated to the Alpha of the Blood oak pack born under a lunar eclipse and when the phoenix wolf rises, she will rule over the werewolf kingdom.

Antonio plans to claim the Phoenix wolf before she can rise and take over his kingdom, he wants to subdue her, make her his Luna and harness her power for himself, basically making her a puppet and him, the puppet master.

"Oh really, I can do that? I swear to

Selene I wasn't aware," Antonio replies with a placid face, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "You have your games you play little sister and

I have mine. Indeed we are not so

different."

"I am nothing like you brother, you are far more brilliant and powerful than I can ever hope to be. I couldn't comprehend the rules of the games you play and often there are none." Antonio's grim face brightens with a wide smile.

"You are right Tatiana but this time I'm playing not by my rules but the rules of the little kitten I found to play with."

Tatiana's heart breaks for whichever kitten her brother has set his evil eyes upon, she will not come out alive of his games, she still gets chills from remembering how he mutilated the body of his fated mate.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Leila stares sullenly at Amara's sleeping body, sitting beside Amara on the bed. Whatever Tatiana did seems to be working, the colour is gradually returning to Amara's body and her breathing is not as silent and shallow as before. Tatiana only touched Amara, she didn't utter a word or use any items for a spell and yet she did something a pack witch could not do. For someone who claims she only just discovered she has witch blood, she seems to be very strong. "Uncle Alpha, why doesn't mama like you?" Amara mutters in her sleep.

It is the first time she is saying anything since she came down with the curse.

"Amara, baby," Leila says, her eyes coating with tears, her heart flooding with relief.

She leans closer and holds Amara's hand but then the strangest thing happens.

Immediately Leila touches Amara, she is pulled in by a strong magical force, she sucks in a sharp breath, throwing her head up and her eyes change from their natural blue colour covered by a glowing golden hue and she is thrown out of the room and into vision, Amara's vision.

"Uncle Alpha, why doesn't mama like you?" Amara asks, sitting on a bench at the park playground, slurping on a giant lollipop with Tatum beside her.

"I did a very bad thing to your mama," Tatum replies with a wry smile.

"I do bad things all the time but mama always forgives me if I apologise. Have you tried to apologise to mama?"

Tatum chuckles and ruffles her hair. "All the languages in the world won't be enough to express my apology to your mother but there are some things that a mere apology won't fix."

"Really," Amara pops the lollipop from her mouth, looking at Tatum with rapt interest. "Like what?"

"A few things," Tatum replies calmly, "but don't worry, I'll make sure your mama and I become friends again, I promise."

"Pinky promise?" Amara holds up her pinkie finger.

"Pinky promise," Tatum takes it with his own.

Leila sees the love and affection Tatum has in his eyes when he looks at Amara despite him not knowing that she is his daughter and when he looks away, she sees the pain and regret in his eyes and suddenly, she is thrown out of the vision and back into the room. Leila pants heavily.

How did that happen? How is it even possible? That was Amara's memory she just saw and it felt so real, like she was there.

She looks at her child sharply, worry filling her again at her grandmother's arrival. Amara is a special child, how special she doesn't know but there is nothing ordinary about a child that can lift things many times her weight and throw people into her memory.

"Mama," Amara mutters, fluttering her eyes open.

Tears of joy break forth from Leila's eyes and she sweeps Amara into a tight hug, relief and gratitude takes over her heart as she sobs, kissing Amara's hair and her face. "What happened Mama?"

Leila pulls Amara away from her, gazes at her with disbelief and joy before she hugs her tightly again. "You're fine, you're fine now. That's all that matters."

"Mama, forgive uncle Alpha, he is really sorry," Amara says out of nowhere, pulling away from Leila's hold.

Leila makes a face at her but she is not so surprised, considering the vision she just saw.

Forgive Tatum, can she really do that?

She's about to reply when the door opens and Amara bolts from the bed towards Liana who enters, seemingly back to her full strength but she freezes when she sees the

older woman that enters behind

Liana.

She is dressed in a white flowing gown with black pearls around her ankles and wrists, her hair

ulo

completely grey and even though

she is much older than Liana, she will pass for an older sister

"Mama," Amara turns to Leila, the shock evident in her wide eyes and agape mouth, "it's her mama, the woman from my dreams, the one who calls me daughter of the kon."

"Now that is no way to say hi to your great gran gran now, is it?" The older woman says with a smile.

Amara sucks in a sharp breath, her eyes widening even more as she spins slowly, full circle, looking at the three women in the room one by one. "Mama, grandmama, great grandmama, wow....." Leila stands up from the bed and curtsies. "Grandmother."

"Nonsense, my name is Celina, don't feel too young to call me that, you'll be doing my old self a favour," Celina says with a hearty smile, pulling Leila into a hug. Leila stiffens for a moment before she pulls away.

"It is so glad to finally see you in person," Celina picks up Amara and immediately, she looks at Leila sharply and the worry in her eyes slices fear deep inside Leila.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Celina hands Amara to Liana.

"Go with your grandma and have something to eat, you and I will catch up later."

Liana and Celina share a knowing look and Liana takes Amara away, leaving the two other women the space to talk.

"There is no easy way to say this, so I will say it the only way it can be said. Your child is not supposed to exist. She goes against the very laws of nature, an abomination most would consider her to be, an anomaly they would call her but what she is special, rare and divine," Celina says as she sits on the floor, crossing her legs in front of her and she gestures with her head for Leila to join her on the floor.

Leila looks at her, completely confused, a bit upset and a little surprised. Why call her daughter an abomination and then call her divine?

"I don't understand what you mean, I know she is different, I've seen the signs but you make it sound like "

"I make it sound like the truth. Since the beginning of time, the gods have been in charge of the world and there are laws that must not be broken. The eternal God first made us all humans but he quickly realised that the world was too vast, too blessed, too rich to be occupied by only one thinking species and so he gave his sons and daughters power to create their own species.

"Posiedon created the mermans and mermaids, Hecate, the witches and warlocks and Selene as you know created us werewolves and the Lycan race. Every supernatural creature out there is an offspring of the children of the eternal God but there was a rule. No two of them must combine their power to make one species. It is why even if a witch marries a werewolf, they can only birth a child that is a witch or a werewolf, they can never be both.

"It is why to become a daughter of my dear mother, Hecate, I first had to give up my wolf, denouncing Selene's blessings and accepting Hecate's."

"Is there somewhere you are going with all of this?" Leila asks, a scrutinous gaze in her eyes, a small frown on her face.

From what she learnt from her father, werewolves who gave up their shapeshifting ability to become sorcerers are never to be trusted, no matter who they are.

"Yes there is. You have upset the balance of the world, Phoenix wolf, you have broken the rules of the gods or dare I say, the gods themselves have broken their rule for you. Amara

is a werewolf with magical powers. That is not supposed to happen, the world will never remain the same because of this."

Leila leans back and her heart pounds in her chest, her frown becoming full, disbelief rapt in her eyes.

"That is not possible. I'm not a witch and neither is her father, so even if you are telling the truth, how would she have gotten it? Father said you traded your wolf when he was a boy, so there's no way it can be your magic, there would have been no way to pass it down." "I told your father when he was a boy, the trade happened way before then."

"Lies. All of it," Leila sneers, raising her voice, a sense of foreboding filling her heart. "I know what you are here to do. You are here to trick me, you want to take her back with you, back to your coven."

"You contradict yourself my child," Celina replies calmly, "why would I need to take her to my coven if you believe she has no powers?"

She grabs Leila's hand and her tone

turns stern. "You cannot stop that child's destiny, no more than you can stop yours. We are all pawns in the game of the gods and if they have put a child with both a werewolf's ability and a witch's power on the earth, it is for a bigger cause, bigger than you or my coven."

Leila grits her teeth and gulps, realising the truth in her grandmother's words but fighting to believe it.

Why her daughter of all people?

"When I touched her just now, along

with her powers, I sensed the presence of her wolf. That is not supposed to have happened. The curse that was placed on her or perhaps, what was done to remove it must have triggered her wolf. Both powers are fighting inside her, I must suppress her magic for a chance to give her a normal life, a chance to survive."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Leila watches with curiosity and close attention as Celina dips Amara's unconscious body into the half filled bathtub that contains water and some special herbs Celina got herself from the nearby woods. "Your hand," Celina says, taking Leila's hand, holds it over the tub and she slices it with a curved dagger allowing the blood to flow into the water.

She waves her hand over Leila's wound and it immediately seals up and then, she slices her own hand over the water.

"With your werewolf blood and my witch blood, her magic will be suppressed for a time," Celina says and she begins to chant.

Leila watches with bated breath and a racing heart as the water in the tub slowly becomes red, like the drops of blood in it and Amara's eyes fly open, still in her unconscious state. The water begins to steam and dry up and Amara yells in pain when Leila hears something snap.

She grits her teeth, purses her lips, clenches her fist her side and tears pour down her eyes in pain for her daughter's sake. Every instinct in her wants to grab Amara and save her from this pain but Celina already warned her not to interfere with the process, no matter how gruesome it gets.

"Mama help me! It hurts!" Amara yells as she becomes conscious, tears flowing from her eyes that are full of pain.

Kelvin rushes in when Amara's scream becomes deafening just as Leila crashes to the floor, crying her heart out, wishing she could take the pain for Amara as Amara holds the tub, stretching her hands towards her mother for help. Kelvin hugs Leila. "It's okay, you're doing the right thing."

Amara's limp body drops back into the empty tub and she yells one last time but when Leila looks up, it is not Amara that she sees, it is Amara's wolf, pitch black with golden eyes but there is something different about it.

It has a visible aura around it, multi-colored, bright and beautiful.

"She was not supposed to shift but I think this is the only way she could have survived it. That aura around her must be the presence of her magic, apparently they have both blended instead of her magic becoming suppressed, the ways of the gods are indeed strange.

Celina sighs in worry, looking at the wolf with surprise before she turns to Leila.

"Your daughter keeps defying the

odds, a truly special child. Never before in history has a werewolf shifted at such a young age. Even the powerful Lycans have to wait fifteen years to be able to shift. You must warn her and you too must take great care to keep it a secret. Not a soul outside this room must know this, it will attract the wrong kind of attention, the dangerous kind. No one is supposed to have this much power and certainly not a kid her age."

Elsewhere within the blood oak pack, as Amara is being plunged into a new phase of her life, Carmela pays an old friend a visit.

The guy she paid to kill the pack witch to frame Leila for it. He has been kept in prison all these years since he could not be persecuted in Leila's absence.

"You finally come to visit," the man says when Carmela steps in front of his cell. "I hope it is to get me out of this hell hole."

"What hell hole, Tristan? I make you very comfortable in here, don't I? You are secluded from the rest of the prisoners, you have the best food, wine, booze, entertainment and even women, I would say you are in heaven," Carmela replies in a curt tone.

"Fuck all that Carmela," Tristan barks at her, his eyes cold and vengeful, his voice low yet dangerous. "I want my freedom. I want to eat food, drink wine, booze, entertain myself and fuck out in the open, not in this crapped up place."

"Just fucking shut up, your head would not have a body if it wasn't for me protecting you."

"Oh....you're my fucking protector, aren't you? Like it's not your fucking fault I'm even in this mess at all. You promise me freedom, that I would go free when you become Luna but it's been," Tristan spreads out his patience in her face, "FIVE-FUCKING- YEARS."

Carmela bares her neck to him, pointing at it.

"You see the mark of the fucking Alpha on me Listen," her voice

drops an octave lower. "I'm going to rally some pack members to bring up the murder of the pack witch, now

put Leila is back and we will

put her away for good this time. I need to be sure we are still on the same page."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"Take that fucking page and rip it to shreds Carmela, I want the fuck out of here, nothing else," Tristan replies, backing away from the prison bars and going back to lay on his bed.

He lies face up, staring at the flickering bulb above with his hands behind his head.

"Tristan," Carmela calls, "do we have an agreement? I promise, this time, I'll be able to get you out. I need you to be a witness in court, I have everything figured out. You just

need to stick to your original story, we'll let them sentence you and her to death but I'll get you out before you get to the guillotine and you can go anywhere you want."

Tristan slowly turns his head to look at her with rage and disgust in his eyes before he shifts his gaze back to the flickering bulb, a sullen look in his eyes.

"Go away Carmela, I don't want to see you unless you're here to get me out."

He closes his eyes and heaves a deep sigh.

He shouldn't be in this mess, he didn't even kill the fucking witch. When he got there, she was already dead, cut up like a fucking animal, stabbed in multiple places, fucking mutilated, that's not even his fucking style.

Whoever killed her was a beast, a fucking psycho. He felt a crazy strong aura around the room when he stepped in, it was just the remnant from the person's presence but it almost choked him to death just from being there for a few minutes.

He's a professional at what he does, he could not possibly go back and tell Carmela that someone else had done the job and the pay was good. If he knew the whole thing was going to turn into a fucking shit show, he would have just told the fucking truth and backed out. "Tristan, you fucking listen to me right now. You're not anymore safe than I am right now if Leila comes for us and I know the fucking bitch has some plans up her sleeves. Now if you want get out of this alive, you're going to fucking do as I-"

Carmela pauses and turns back, hearing footsteps approach. She had already bribed the guards to give her an hour alone with Tristan. They know the routine when she's around, they never come down here. The footsteps slowly get louder and closer.

"Hey! Which one of you is there?" Carmela peers into the distance but she doesn't see anyone.

She frowns. Could someone have been following her, no one but her trusted guards know she comes here to see Tristan and she cannot risk anyone finding out.

She retracts and quickly hides in one

of the open cells and right before her eyes, a man dressed in all white attire appears from thin air, walking through the iron bars of the prison into Tristan's cell.

Tristan jumps down from the bed, alarmed and in shock.

"I don't know who sent you but if you don't back off right now, you're fucking dead," Tristan growls, extending his claws.

"Nice claws. What are you going to do with them, scratch me?" Antonio chuckles with an amused smirk on his face. The death of the pack witch was his doing.

Once he learnt that the phoenix Luna had returned, he had to kill her before she revealed the second part of the prophecy, the part that states it is the destiny of the phoenix Luna to rule the werewolf kingdom in its entirety.

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That day, Tristan had seen him leaving as Tristan entered even if Tristan may not remember but he has to tie up every loose end. "You're about to find out."

Tristan charges at Antonio but Antonio lazily flicks his hands backwards and an invisible force blasts Tristan into the wall behind, pinning him against it. Antonio chuckles, narrowing his eyes at Tristan as he shifts his hand into a dark paw with a red visible aura dancing around it like a flame, fragments of his magic. "Guards! Guards!"

Carmela yells from her hiding,

seeing the strange man with magic and a powerful aura about to strike Tristan. Tristan dies, any hopes of still nailing Leila with the death of the pack witch is out of the window.

To her surprise, in a flash, her neck is wrapped around by Antonio's firm hands and he lifts her off the ground and she chokes, feeling her life drain out of her. Antonio tightens his grip, about to snap her neck when he sees the mark of the phoenix Luna on her and he smiles, easing up his hold.

"Well, aren't you a doll," he smirks at her.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Leila paces back and forth outside the courthouse, worry etched in her face, anxiety staunch in her heart.

"Any news?" She hurries toward the man with a phone to his ear walking towards her, the second defence counsel on her mother's case, Bass Grant.

"No one can reach him," Bass replies, putting his hands akimbo. "And you say you haven't seen him in days?"

Leila nods and looks away, staring into the distance with a grim look.

Today is the most important day of the case so far, the day they get to put her mother in the stands and prove her innocence.

Ever since the day Amara shifted, Kelvin had not shown up to the house nor did he call. She thought it odd at first but she assumed he was preparing for the big day and so she did not bother to check in but now no one can reach him.

Bass glances at his watch and grunts. "C'mon, we gotta be seated before the judge comes in, maybe he's running late and don't worry, I've studied the files in depth too, I can handle it."

"Hmm," Leila nods, unable to shake the worry away from her heart as she trudges behind Bass into the courtroom.

After the judge arrives and the proceedings start, Bass summons Liana to the witness stand, makes her take the oath of truth and asks her to give her testimony of the day of the incident and how she remembers it.

Liana recounts all she had told the court before, stating how it was Trent who brought out the body of her late husband to her and not the other way round.

"Your honour, honourable court," Bass faces the courtroom, backing Judge Bruce. "Since the beginning of this trial, the testimony of the accused has remained the same, it has not changed, it has not waivered. She was on a journey with her husband, they were joined by a man, that man," Bass points to Trent with a cold accusatory look in his eyes.

"Suddenly, they were attacked by rogues and chaos ensued. In the heat of it all, she was struck down and wounded, immobile, as we all saw in the video and Trent had claimed that he saw her clearly, vividly, under oath, in front of this court, he could have staked his life on it that he saw her go after her husband into the woods when it was all a lie.

"Your honour, honourable court, I think it is pretty clear to us all by now what is going on here, another case of victimising the female gender, seeing them as weak, helpless, defenceless. A single mother, a widow, who could protect her? Who would defend her if a man kills her husband, then waits a decade and a half to accuse her of the crime, blatantly lying to this court in the process?

"I'll tell you all who would defend her,

the truth. The truth that we have all seen, that we have all heard. Your honour, I close my statement by saying, every charge and allegation laid against the accused is a lie and should be thrown out. Furthermore, a grave injustice has been done to this woman, we are obligated as a law court, as a pack, as a people to ensure she gets justice. I await your fair judgement."

Bass bows slightly at Judge Bruce and nods to Liana who follows him to sit.

"Fair judgement?" Trent scoffs, "this is nonsense, I'm getting out of here."

"Not so fast," Judge Bruce says coldly, locking eyes with Justin. "Barrister Justin?"

elf

Justin stands up, glancing at Carmela before he looks at his Uncle. "Beta Trent Easton, you're under arrest for perjury, defamation and the murder of Beta Henry Rogers. You are entitled to an attorney, if you cannot afford one, the pack will provide one for you."

Trent sneers at Justin, clenching his fist tight and he punches Justin in the face.

"You ungrateful bastard, I made you who you are today."

"No you did not," Justin replies with coldness in his eyes, holding his bloodied lip as two warriors run up to Trent. "Take him away."

"This is not over, this is not fucking

over you hear me?!" Trent yells,

glaring at Liana as the warriors seize

him and drag him towards the exit.

Leila hurriedly stands up and blocks his path with vengeance in her cold blue eyes.

"You'll rot in a cell and then you'll rot in hell, you murderer."

Trent bites down on his lower lip, pain and anger in his eyes. "You bitch, I should have killed you when I had the chance."

"You should have, because now, it'll be me standing over your grave," Leila replies coldly and steps out of the way.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

After Trent is dragged out of the court, Judge Bruce clears his throat, leaning closer to his mic.

"After listening to all relevant testimonies and taking into account useful evidence, the court has reached a verdict. Liana Rogers," Judge Bruce pauses and Liana, Bass and Leila all stand up to hear the verdict of the judge.

"On the charge of murder, the court finds the accused...not guilty and on the charge of conspiracy to commit murder, the court also finds the accused not guilty. The accused is hereby acquitted of any charges against her and is free to roam and live as a bonafide

member of the blood oak pack within all her rights. This Court case is adjourned," Judge Bruce continues and slams his gavel.

Leila heaves a deep sigh of relief as Liana rushes her in a hug and Leila smiles but the smile barely reaches her eyes.

Kelvin's absence still worries and upsets her.

This is his victory, none of this would have been possible without him. He should be here, where the hell could he be?

Leila is leaving the court building when she sees Carmela walking up to her and she frowns, halting her steps.

Tatiana mentioned that whoever placed the curse on Amara was in close proximity with her and there is nobody Leila suspects more than Carmela, only, she has no proof but it doesn't really matter.

Trent has been arrested and soon he'll be charged to court with the murder of her father. Once he is sentenced for his crime, Carmela will be next.

"What do you want this time Carmela? Here to whine about how daddy is finally getting what he deserves?" Leila asks with a coy smile on her lips.

Carmela scoffs. "You can wipe that smile off your face Leila because once all of this is done, you're going on that witness stand for killing the pack witch, you murderer."

Leila grits her teeth, an angry storm swirling in her gut.

"We both know I didn't kill anyone. I'm the real phoenix, you're just an impostor. If anyone wanted the Pack witch dead, it would be you."

Carmela smirks at her amusingly. If only Leila knows what she has planned for her. She found out that the man that came to kill Tristan is the Lycan king and he has promised to help her take care of her little problem involving Leila.

He spared Tristan's life at her behest, even if he never revealed why he was there to kill Tristan in the first place. Tristan is a criminal, perhaps he had done something in the past to annoy the king.

All that matters now is that she has the most powerful man in the realm backing her. Leila will not survive it.

"How would you even prove that you are the real one, eh? Where's your phoenix mark? If you need a tattoo like mine, I know a few people who can help you," Carmela replies snarkily.

"What if I already have it? What if I just keep it concealed, waiting for the perfect time to let the people see the difference between the ink of the goddess and the ink of some con tattoo artist?" Leila replies with a sly smirk. Carmela parts her lips to reply but she can't find the words.

Her father knew of the mark and took advantage of it and put it on her from a young age to quickly buy the loyalty of the people but the prophecy never stated how or when the mark would appear on the phoenix Luna. Could Leila be telling the truth or is she just bluffing?

"Carmela, if I were you, I'd call my fiancé to get my dad out of prison, get the charges against him dropped, after all he's the Alpha but we both know that's not gonna happen is it," Leila flicks her brows provocatively, "little trouble in paradise?"

Carmela grits her teeth, her gaze on Leila hard as her nose flares. She hates how bold and daring Leila has now become and she knows better than to try and do Leila any harm, the bitch has grown too fucking strong. "Mark my words Leila, when all of this business is said and done, it'll be me on top and you in the fucking grave," She snarls.

Leila smiles amusingly, completely

unaffected by Carmela's threat. "You already had your shot girl and you failed to do so. It's my turn now and I'm going to prove you're nothing but a low life fraud just before I take that low life of yours."

"We'll see about that."

"Yes we will Carmela, we will," Leila scoffs and walks away from her.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"What do you mean by 'I have to be searched?' Have you forgotten who you are talking to?" Carmela eyes the guard at the holding prison her father is being kept in with contempt. The man remains stoic in front of her, eyes curt and gaze ahead, legs shoulder width apart with his hands crossed behind his back.

"You are the daughter of a man accused of murder and if you want to go in to see him, we must make sure you have nothing of consequence on you," he replies sternly.

She glares at him. "You scum, so you want to put your hands on the Alpha's fiancée? Do you have a death wish?"

"I'll be the one searching you."

A familiar female voice reaches Carmela's ear before Tracy steps out, eyes cold as frost.

Carmela is taken back to see her, evident from the look of surprise in Carmela's eyes.

"What is the meaning of this Tracy? You should know better, I'm your friend."

"May the goddess take your tongue for calling me that," Tracy snaps. "You don't know the meaning of that word."

"That is no way to address your Luna but I'll let it slide, it's obvious you're still annoyed I missed your child's first year birthday party," Carmela replies dismissively, rolling her eyes at the guard. "Get out of my way."

Tracy scoffs. "Delusional...that's what you are not the fucking Luna. By the way, my child, whose birthday party you didn't attend, died four months ago. Did you even know, my friend?"

A flash of guilt rushes through Carmela's eyes but she doesn't let it show.

"I'm sorry for your "

"Put your bag on the table, stand against the wall, hold your hands above your head and keep them there or you can get the fuck out," Tracy cuts her off.

Carmela grits her teeth, eyeing Tracy with rage.

"You fucking cunt, I'll make sure you pay for this," she says, proceeding to do as Tracy asked.

After a rough and thorough search, Tracy backs away from her. "You may go in without your bag and Carmela, I sincerely hope your father is found guilty and that he rots in jail." "Tell me you are here to get me out," Trent stands to his feet when he sees Carmela walk to his cell door.

"No father, I'm here so we can discuss our next line of action," Carmela replies, keeping her head down to avoid his gaze.

Trent scoffs and then he chuckles.

"Next line of action? I'll tell you what the next line of action is. You fucking call Tatum, get him to grant my

release and clear those charne

against me. We'll find another way to deal with that bitch and her

family."

Carmela's heart thuds, her lips quiver as she slowly raises her head to look at her father in the eyes.

"We have to find another line of action, Tatum won't do that," she says in a sullen tone, her chest rising and falling slowly, knowing what's coming next.

Trent growls, charges towards the bar, grabs her hair through the opening and shoves her face against it, staring into her eyes coldly.

"What the fuck did you just say? Tatum won't do what?"

"He won't do it father, he won't get you out," Carmela pulls away from him, some parts of her hair still clutched in his arms.

"You're useless," Trent spits at her feet, "you have one job, one. Keep Tatum under your thumb and between your thighs, how hard could that fucking be? You insolent whore!"

Carmela clenches her fist, taking the reins off her temper. What right does he have to call her names, to call her useless, she has followed every order that he has given to her to the tee.

It's not her fault if Tatum is just too fucking stubborn, why does she have to always get the short end of the stick when she's the one making all the sacrifices?

"Since I'm so useless, why don't you

go fuck him yourself and get him under your thumb? Father. The moment something goes wrong, you are quick to put the blame on me but none of this mess is my fault you killed Leila's father, you put this mark on me, you turned me into a fucking monster that I never wanted to become," Carmela seethes, her voice low but her rage is palpable.

She scoffs, taking a step back, "you know what, you deserve to be in here and I hope you never get out, I hate your fucking guts." She turns on her heels and starts to walk away.

"You fucking come back here Carmela or I'll tell the entire pack that your mark isn't real!" Trent yells after her.

Carmela shakes her head disappointedly and walks back to him.

"You're even more dumb than I

thought, father. Who the fuck put the mark on me, not you? And you know what, I don't even fucking care. Why the fuck will I still want to be the Luna of the Blood Oak pack when I'm the next Lycan queen. The king claimed me as his second chance mate and I'm going to marry him. You and Tatum can go to hell."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

After signing the necessary papers for her mother's release with Bass and her mother, Leila tries to mindlink Kelvin again for the umpteenth time but she cannot reach him still.

Did he have an emergency that took him far away from the pack? He would have said something if that was the case, he wouldn't just leave her in the blind and worried. "Leila, are you okay?" Liana asks, seeing the gloom in Leila's eyes.

Leila sighs deeply, rubbing the side of Liana's arm with a wry smile on her lips. "I'm fine. Bass, do you think any one in the office might know his whereabouts?"

"I cannot say for sure but you can always go ask, he might have left a note or something, we both majorly worked on the case from his apartment and I know for sure he's not there, so office might be the best bet. "Mom, I'll call Amanda to come take you home with Amara. I'll go with Bass to the office to figure out Kev's absence, something about it is off, it's just so unlike him."

"Thank you sweetheart but do not trouble Amanda for my sake, I can find my way home," Liana replies.

The first person Leila sees as she steps into Kelvin's office is Tatiana, dishing out instructions to two paralegals, clearly pissed at them.

Kelvin's new office is not as big or as extravagant as his old one, it is just two adjoining rooms, the first one for his paralegals and junior lawyers and the other she imagines will be for him and his assistant. Tatiana turns to face her and a big smile, the scowl on her face just moments ago dissipating.

"Hi, congratulations on your mother's victory," Tatiana says in a cheery tone, her cat eyes glinting with glee.

"Thank you," Leila replies. "Do you know where Kelvin is? He didn't show up in court today."

Tatiana freezes for a moment, in thought. "He did mention he'd have a busy week but he really didn't get into details of it."

"Oh, I see," Leila replies, feeling a bit relieved and she glances around the office. "Great job you are doing here, it's nice to know he has someone like you to look after things when he's gone."

Tatiana smiles. "I just do my job. Do you want something to drink? We don't keep the strong stuff around here, so maybe tea or soda?"

"No, I'm good. I just came to check on him, you take care," Leila replies, turning away when Tatiana holds her back.

"If you're not in a hurry, I need your advice on something."

"My advice?" Leila squints.

What possible advice could Tatiana want from her, they are not even that close.

"Yes, please," Tatiana guides her into the inner office and they both sit on the couch.

"It's about Kelvin. You're his closest friend and you've known him for longer than I have. You know his birthday is coming up in a few weeks.

Tand some guys in the office

are planning to throw him a surprise party. Do you think that's something he would appreciate?"

Leila doesn't reply immediately, she just watches Tatiana with a slightly scrutinous gaze. If she isn't wrong, it's barely been a month since Kelvin met her and she is already planning surprise parties for him. She saw how happy Kelvin was around Tatiana and just outside, moments ago, she watched Tatiana take

charge handling business on

Kelvin's behalf.

She's exactly the kind of woman Kelvin needs, someone beautiful yet strong, someone who can hold down the fort in his absence, someone who cares about him enough to plan surprises for him.

Kelvin mentioned that his wolf gets

excited around her but he cannot tell if she is his mate or not, not unless they are together during a celestial event Only on such days can a werewolf feel the matebond for another creature outside its species.

"Amara and I are also planning a surprise, we should collaborate and yes, that fucker has no friends so he would appreciate us throwing him a surprise party," Leila replies with a chuckle. Tatiana smiles with a sigh of relief. "Your silence had me worried for a second there. So how do we go about it?"

Leila spends the next two hours chatting about planning the party with Tatiana amongst other things like their common love for emeralds and jades, fashion interests and gender inequality until she leaves. She's about to get into her car when someone runs at her. She

quickly moves out of the way, shifting her arm into her silvery white paw, claws ready to strike when the man goes on his knees. "Help me, please."

Leila freezes in shock, her heart pounding in rage.

She recognises this man, he's the assassin who lied against her that she hired him to kill the pack witch.