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"I'll come with you, just give me a few minutes," She replies calmly.

Clayton's eyes scan the room, seeing the packed boxes. 'She knows her jig is up and is trying to escape, I'll fucking deal with her.'

"You have five minutes and I'm not letting you out of my sight," he replies in a curt tone.

Leila rushes to stuff the rest of her box and then she goes to her dresser and pulls out a paper folder containing the divorce papers from the bottom shelf. Tiny teardrops soil the folder and Leila sniffs back her tears, clamping her fingers hard around the folder before she takes another very deep breath.

She takes one last look around her room, knowing this is the last time she will ever be here.

"Take her to the van," Clayton says to his men as she walks towards them.

Leila shakes her head.

"Not yet," she replies, walking like a soulless wraith past Clayton and heads to Tatum's study but Clayton follows her like her shadow, not letting her out of his sight.

Clayton's eyes catch Tatum's name written on the folder as Leila drops it on his desk and turns to him.

"We can leave now."

He grunts and slams cuffs around her wrist, pushing her roughly to

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his men.

"I'm right behind you."

As his men leave with Leila, he squints at the paper folder Leila just dropped and he picks it up, staring at it suspiciously. It is clearly addressed to the Alpha, could it be a letter of plea from Leila?

His brows squeeze into a frown and he shoves it into his pocket, before walking outside. He used his access to Alpha Tatum's office as the head warrior of the pack to get the seal for Leila's arrest warrant without Alpha Tatum's knowledge and the Alpha cannot find out.

Never.

He would deal with Leila now and worry about the consequences later and there may be none, after all, he is acting in the best interests of everyone by punishing her.

—

Leila hugs herself tightly, clamping down on her teeth, her body trembling and every hair follicle on her skin standing with rapt attention, her vision clouded by nothing but the dark abyss she sits in, the sounds of mice squeaking and the agonising yell of a man screaming keep her on a scary edge.

It has been a few hours since they threw her in this dark, scary cell.

She has never been to the cells before but every child born in the blood oak pack has heard stories about the torture chamber, reserved for the most notorious criminals and this must be it.

The sound of heavy footsteps approaching makes her gasp, crawling

back on her butt until her back hits the wall.

Clayton steps in and the overhead lights come on, bringing some warmth to the cell, clutched in his arms is a six tip whip and the dangerous look in his cold eyes sends his message well enough to Leila even before he opens his mouth. 1

"Out of respect for the Alpha, I'll let you keep your clothes on, turn around."

Leila jumps to her feet, her eyes going agape. "A whip? But she only suffered a broken wrist. What are you doing?"

"Oh, so you know the law more than I do? It was a malicious act with a threat to life. You're lucky I'm giving you ten lashes and not breaking all your joints," Clayton retorts coldly. "Now turn around and get on your knees."

"No...I am the Luna and yes, I know the law, this is not right. I am accused of breaking Carmi's wrist, so the same should be done to me," Leila replies defiantly but her heart is beating fast with fear.

"I don't mind leaving you bloodied with scars all over, don't make me repeat myself," Clayton's voice is low but carries every ounce of seriousness.

Leila's brow furrows in suspicion. Tatum may not trust her and may want her to pay for what he thinks she did to Carmela but he is not unjust, he is a fair and upright leader, that much she knows.

"I demand to see the Alpha, this is against the law," she replies sharply.

Clayton scoffs coldly in her face, a sinister expression contorting his face.

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"I am the law," he replies coldly, his grip tightening around the whip, his cold dark eyes narrowing dangerously at Leila and he takes slow calculated steps towards her, forcing her to back away, terrified beyond her wit.

Leila's hands unconsciously cover her stomach and her heart thrums heavily in her ears, fear gripping her.

She is okay with a broken wrist, but ten whips? It might not take her life, but definitely her child's! Leila, for the first time, felt real fear. She didn't know she already cares about the little life growing in her so much that she would do anything to protect it.

She cannot allow anything to happen to her baby, she loves it. The more she thinks about getting rid of it, the more she wants to keep it and now, seeing its life at risk, she can't even imagine losing it.

She has to do something before Clayton whips her, nothing must happen to her child.

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