

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

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"Help you? I should kill you," Leila snarls, charging at him.

"I know you're the phoenix wolf," Tristan puts his hands up to protect himself, backing against her car.

Leila halts midway to striking him, feeling a spike in her heartbeat, her eyes widening in surprise.

"I always like to have leverage over my employees, I had Carmela's phone bugged and I heard a conversation with her dad. I can help you prove the truth but first you have to save me."

Leila grits her teeth, her eyes tight in annoyance, bitterness and anger marauding inside her as she shifts her paws back into arms and clenches her fist.

"I don't trust a word you say. For all I know, this is another one of your master's schemes to get me."

"That bitch is not my master and you can trust me because you know she would never tell anyone her biggest secret when it risks her being exposed. I found out by chance but then my allegiance was to her, I had to do her bidding." "And now?"

Tristan moves his hands away from his face and looks Leila straight in the eyes with a sullen gaze. "Get me away from here and my allegiance will forever be to you."

Leila squints and then sighs deeply. "Get in the car."

She doesn't trust Tristan but if he knows the truth about the phoenix wolf and is willing to expose Carmela's lie about killing the pack witch, she has no choice but to help him.

She drives to her old family house, the one where they used to be neighbours with Kelvin. Stepping out of the car, she walks past their house, walks past Kelvin's and she takes a turn into a bush path with Tristan following behind her.

It's been ages since she came to the place she is taking him, it used to be her safe haven, her place of comfort, known to her and Kelvin alone.

It's where she first discovered and

began to understand that she had feelings for Tatum, it's where she would come to cry in the early days of Carmela's announcement as the phoenix Luna when Tatum no longer spent time with her but gave Carmela all of his attention.

The first day she discovered it, Tatum and her were in her house, playing chess and eating wild fruits when Carmela came. Naturally, the three of them used to hangout before the announcement but Tatum's attention would mostly be on her but on this particular day, she couldn't stomach how the moment Carmela came, it's like she did not exist to him anymore.

She stormed out of the house, midway into a game and got lost, wandering into the woods where she stumbled on an old tree house and from that day, it became a regular place for her to be alone and revel in her sadness. "Careful with the stairs, this thing is older than both our ages combined," Leila says as she climbs up the stairs to the treehouse with Tristan following suit.

"I'm also innocent in all of this. My only crime is framing you. It wasn't I who killed the witch, when I got there, she was already dead but I know who did it, it was the king, the Lycan king," Tristan says the moment they get into the treehouse. "What?" Leila's eyes do not hide her shock. "What business would the Lycan king have with our pack witch?"

"I don't know but he tried to kill me in my cell and his aura was the exact same one I felt hanging in the witch's house, it was him. He did it."

Leila furrows her brows, finding it hard to see any sense or truth in his words. The Lycan king hardly ever reveals himself, none of the Alphas who serve him even knows what he looks like, why would he be interested in killing a witch in their pack of all packs? "I don't believe you."

"I'm telling the truth. The king has

free will to enter any pack unhindered his presence does not need to be announced or made official don't know why he did it or what his plans were but that day, he left my cell with Carmela. If you're going to prove you had nothing to do with the witch's death, you need me, you need what I know."

Leila purses her lips tightly and scratches her brows. Tristan is right, whether he's telling the truth about the king or not, he's the fastest way to prove her innocence.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"Good night Mama," Amara says, kissing Leila's cheeks before she lies on the bed and Leila puts a blanket over her when she gets home that night.

She got Tristan some supplies and they discussed at length about how Tristan could help her prove her innocence with what he knows.

She always knew Amara was special but not this special, a werewolf and a sorceress.

She doesn't know why two goddesses would decide to go against the laws of nature, the very laws of creation to bless a child, her child with both their powers and the fact that Amara now has to live with the knowledge and burden of that from such a young age worries her.

What kind of powers would Amara have? Will it corrupt her like she has heard happen to many sorcerers and sorceresses? And that magical aura around her wolf? Does it grant her wolf some special kind of power or is it just the mere presence of the magic within her? There are so many questions she has that have no answers and many of those answers can only be gotten as Amara grows older and begins to discover and understand her powers.

She shuts the door to Amara's room and leaves, walking down the corridor when Kelvin appears, a placid look on his face.

"I heard you were searching the entire globe for me," Kelvin says, the placid look on his face lighting up slightly with a small smile.

Leila frowns at him, scrunching her nose. "It was the most important day of mom's hearing, where the hell were you?"

"I'm here now and everything went according to plan. It was an emergency, I had to leave. Is there any food in this house? I'm famished," Kelvin replies dismissively and he yawns. "Sure," Leila points ahead and walks behind him as he turns towards the kitchen.

Days pass and life is gradually winding down for Leila and her family. Tatum hasn't shown his face since the day he almost got into it with the Lycan king; neither has Leila heard from Antonio as well. Amara looks fully healed, her mom is free and Kelvin visits more often than he has been in the last few days with the case and all, everything is going back to normal.

"Leila, after Trent's trial, what next? Are we going to remain in this pack?" Liana asks, running her fingers through Leila's hair as she prepares to braid it.

Leila stares at the space on the floor between her legs where she is sitting on a small stool in front of her mother who is on a couch behind her, pondering on her mother's questions.

After Trent's trial, she has one more thing left to do, make Carmela pay for everything she has done and then expose her as a fraud but Tatum must already know that Carmela is a fraud.

He knows they are mates, that's for sure, she can feel his wolf's excitement around her just as she is sure that Tatum can feel hers which can only mean that Tatum knows that she is the real phoenix Luna.

She doesn't have any legal crimes to pay him back for what he did to her but denying him what she knows he wants is punishment enough. She will reject and divorce him, sort Carmela out and then leave Blood Qak for good.

"Kelvin, a word?" she says to Kelvin who has Amara on his legs with Tatiana beside him, all three focused on an extreme sports show airing on the TV. "Sure," Kelvin replies, passing Amara to Tatiana.

Kelvin still hasn't told Tatiana how he feels but it is obvious their relationship is slowly progressing.

"I want to make my move against Carmela before she can do anything against me. Right now, she's on the back foot and I have one up against her, Tristan will testify," Leila says in a hushed tone, glancing from the open kitchen at the people in the living room.

She had previously told Kelvin all about Tristan and the things he said. "Do you trust this guy?" Kelvin asks, watching her eyes carefully.

"I don't," Leila admits "but he came to me himself and he has evidence enough to nail Carmela for good. Records of their chats and phone calls. He also knows I'm the real phoenix wolf and he's willing to help expose them on that too."

Kelvin frowns and heaves a deep sigh before he replies. "Let me talk to this guy myself and go through the evidence myself to see how strong they are for us to make a case against Carmela." "Alright great, we can go there later today."

"No, it's better if I interrogate him myself."

"Well, you know where to find him and there's something I myself must do today."

"What?"

"I need to go to Tatum and reject him."

Her revenge has begun and that is the first step.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"To what do I owe this visit?" Tatum points to the couch in the side of his office, stepping away from his desk as Leila steps into his office, a small smile plastered on his lips. The

smile makes him look even more handsome and his gentle gaze is quite alluring but Leila will not be distracted by it, she means business.

She keeps her face curt, despite the way her heart pounds, the decision she is about to make will not only hurt Tatum, she will feel some of the pain from the bond snapping, her wolf will also feel some pain but Tatum and his wolf will get the brunt of it since she is the one rejecting him. "I'm here to reject you and don't try to dance around it this time Tatum, it will just be delaying the inevitable," Leila says in a cold tone, sitting on the couch and crossing her legs, her eyes bereft of any emotion.

She sees the shock in Tatum's eyes but it is fleeting as he runs his hands down his dark bushy hair. "So your mind is made up, I guess."

"My mind was made up when I rejected you on that cliff, I'm just here to make things official."

"Hmmm," Tatum smiles wryly at her, a smile that does not reach his eyes. "Do you want something to drink?"

Leila glares at him and he scoffs softly.

"I'll pour us two glasses of whiskey," he says and walks away to the bar at the far opposite end.

Leila stares at his back as he walks away and she feels her wolf thrashing hard against the barrier but she had Tatiana use a spell on her to keep her wolf at bay for a short while.

It was wrong of her but she doesn't want a repeat of what happened in Darren's house when her wolf took control of her body. Her wolf knows what she is about to do and doesn't approve but she doesn't need her wolf's approval, her wolf wasn't there to witness the things she suffered at the hands of this man all in the name of love.

Their chapter ends today and today it must end.

"So we both obviously know Carmela lied to me and the pack, took what was rightfully yours, what do you want to do about that, shouldn't you punish her first before anything?" Tatum says from the bar, taking out a bottle of whiskey from the array of bottles.

It doesn't come as a surprise to Leila that he would say that, the prophecy has always been what Carmela held over him but he was just so stupid and naive to allow himself be completely used by Carmela because of it to the extent of condemning the woman he loves and his own child to death.

"How does it feel knowing you threw away gold for a rock?"

Tatum picks out two glasses and turns to face her, regret flashing through his eyes at her question but it is the pain that remains in his eyes as he replies.

"What if the gold was only let down the river to flow to a safe place so the rock doesn't keep scratching it?"

Leila squints at him, an odd feeling striking her heart. What is he trying to say?

"It doesn't matter now," Tatum pours the two glasses without looking, his eyes keen on her. "I just want to know what punishment you think she deserves." "She wears the engagement ring of the Alpha, I dare not harm the future Luna."

"Future Luna," Tatum scoffs in a nonchalant way, walking over with the drinks, "she stole everything from you Leila and you don't want to punish her, you don't want revenge?"

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"Carmela will get what is coming to her but anything she stole was because you let her. You're the one who caused me pain Tatum, who took my heart, my will, my strength, my sacrifices, everything and destroyed them. If I want revenge, it I replies coldly.

will be against you," Leila enge, it

Tatum pushes one glass to her and empties the other. "Then drink that and tell me, what kind of punishment do you think I deserve?" Leila stares at the glass, picks it up and twirls it, her icy eyes fixed on the spinning contents before she snaps them back to Tatum sharply.

"I don't want your drink Tatum, I'm here to reject you, I want you out of my life completely, I want nothing binding me and you."

"Do you feel that is punishment

enough? Tatum yanks the glass from her hands roughly, spilling some of the content on her hand and downs it. "Will you feel avenged afterwards?"

Leila stands up immediately, her eyes tight and cold.

"I, Leila Cromwell, Luna of the Blood Oak Pack, under the all seeing eye of Selene, reject you, Alpha Tatum Cromwell of the Blood Oak Pack as my mate."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Tatum's wolf howls in pain as the bond snaps on his end and he almost falls over.

He has heard stories about the pain of rejection and the mate bond snapping but he never knew it was this intense.

The pain is greater than anything he has ever felt in his life before, the pain he felt from drinking concentrated wolfsbane poison that day is nothing compared to this.....that pain was merely physical.

He can feel this pain on all levels, his body, his spirit, his soul, his wolf, everything fucking thing that makes him Tatum is drowned in it, his heart feels like it is being seared over furnace, at the same time being poked by red hot spears.

His entire body shudders with a strong and unbearable pain, from his head, through his spine to his toes but he keeps his face stoic, his gaze calm, not showing any iota of the pain and agony that is flooding every cell, every nerve, every fibre of his being. "You can leave," he says calmly.

"Accept it," Leila says in a curt tone, watching him visibly struggle to rein in the pain.

Accept it?

If he does that, Leila is going to feel this exact same pain when the bond snaps on her end and he doesn't want her to experience any kind of pain whatsoever, not ever again.

He cannot accept it, he will try to save her this pain but until he accepts it, his wolf is going to keep yearning for her and he will remain trapped, feeling this soul crushing pain, a sacrifice he is willing to make for her sake even if it is a selfish one. "I'll accept it when we finalise the divorce," he says coldly, "now leave."

"Tatum, acce-"

"I said leave!" He yells at her, his aura blazing hard and Leila grits her teeth, storming out of his office.

He staggers to the bar with rage in his steps as Leila slams the door to his office shut, grabbing the bottle of whiskey and he chugs it halfway down but it is useless, it does nothing to ease his pain.

His chest clenches tighter and tighter, the pain grows stronger and his vision goes from clear to blur to clear and he throws the bottle of whiskey into the bar, smashing several bottles but the rage he feels does not subside, his pain does not dissipate. He grabs the wooden counter holding the drinks and pulls it off the wall, yelling as he smashes it into the ground.

This was not supposed to happen.

This is not what he fucking had in mind.

He did not know she was his mate then but the plan has always been to lure her back and claim her, to get another chance to love her right, not this, not this.....

He tried to lure her back by engaging Carmela but that didn't work, she's not even jealous, he fed Carmela and her father with false evidence for them to accuse Liana so Leila could come back with his intention always being to put Trent behind bars after he got the information of Alpha Recon from Gareth and supplied it to Kelvin discreetly but that still did nothing.

Coming clean with her and offering her a chance to punish Carmela in any way that she wants still did not work, it would seem that he is the real enemy in her eyes and she has really given up on him.

To her, he probably is a lost cause with no way to redemption.

He walks over to the couch and sinks into it, his eyes holding pain and regret like a man who has lost everything and he truly has.

What is life without Leila in it?

Meaningless, hopeless, useless.

He needs her.

He can never accept her rejection properly, if the price he has to pay is to live with this gruesome pain constantly, then he will, gladly.

He would rather yearn for her knowing she cannot be his than accept she will never be his.

He thought he saved her but the

truth is, it was Leila who saved him, it was her constant nagging that alarmed him and made him look into things for himself, it was her who saved him from living a life of deceit with that snake, Carmela.

Even when Leila knew Carmela could be his mate, she didn't push him away, her love for him remained, she accepted him and was willing to stand against the prophecy for him, she did everything she could to love him and he failed her.

He is a failure, he could not even protect the woman he loves properly. Does he even deserve her after everything he has done?

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

unfamiliar faces drinking and swaying their bodies to the melody of the music.

A few days later, after getting Tristan some supplies and discussing a bit further with him on what their plans could be, Leila makes her way back to the house but she is surprised to see a canopy outside her house with music playing, a barbecue on the side and a few She pulls the car to a halt and when she steps down from the car, she sees Tatum with his arms crossed against his chest, a small smile on his face as he watches the people at her house but when their eyes meet, his smile vanishes and he turns back inside the house. He has been avoiding her painfully since the rejection and he denied seeing the divorce papers she sent to his office and even when she took it there herself, he refused to see her.

He must be in a lot of pain right now with his refusal to accept the bond, she may not have experienced it but she has heard stories of how painful the pain of the bond snapping is, a pain she will experience once he accepts it but why is he delaying it, putting himself through so much pain for nothing?

She shifts her gaze from Tatum's house just as Amanda runs up to her and shoves a glass of champagne in her hands.

"You're just in time for the party," Amanda says with a slur in her voice.

"What party?" Leila chuckles, "what's going on? The barbecue smells great by the way."

"We're fucking celebrating mom's freedom, Leila, everything smells great, feels great and very soon, it's going to be greater when that fucker rots in jail," Amanda says too excitedly and Leila makes a face at her.

"And who are these people?" Leila waves at the women staring at her with her practised courteous smile, she knows a few of them by face but she doesn't really know them.

"Unlike you Leila, I actually have friends in this pack, no offence."

Leila punches Amanda's arm lightly. "You're my friend."

Amanda chuckles. "You're damn right I am. Come on, I'll introduce you to- what the hell does this bitch want?"

Leila follows Amanda's cold gaze to see Carmela walking up to them and Amanda is already walking ahead but Leila holds her back.

"I'll deal with this," she says, handing Amanda her handbag and the glass of wine.

The last time Carmela was here, Amara mysteriously went down with a curse and now her life will never be the same again because of her early shift and her suppressed magic. Even if she doesn't have proof of it, everything within her tells her

Carmela had something to do with

it.

"You have five seconds to turn back and leave or one of us is going to be in the morgue and the other one in jail. I'll let you decide who will be where," Leila says coldly, extending her claws.

"I didn't come here to banter words

with you Leila or to listen to your threats. You already had my fucking heart in your hand, if you were going to kill me, you would have done it. already. Just tell me where you're keeping and I'll be out of here," Carmela replies in a sharp and harsh tone, her eyes cold and full of

irritable annoyance.

"Four seconds."

"I know it was you who broke that assassin out of jail, you're trying to get away with the murder of the pack witch but I won't let you!"

Leila retracts her claws and gives Carmela a bemused look.

Does she call this stupidity or boldness?

If Carmela really believes it was her who broke Tristan out of jail, shouldn't Carmela be scared or worried, rather than have the

boldness to accuse her of the net

Crime

they both know Carmela is guilty of.

"I don't know what you're talking about but I do know a few things, a few things to prove some of your many crimes to send you to jail for a very, very, long time," Leila smirks coldly.

She hears the quick thud of Carmela's heart and no matter how Carmela tries to hide it, fear covers her cold gaze.

"You bitch," Carmela says, desperately trying to keep a strong front despite her obvious disturbance from Leila's words.

Leila is about to reply to Carmela when Tatum steps back out of his house. Their eyes meet and Leila mindlinks him with a sneer on her face.

'Come and get your bitch out of my house.'

She barely finishes her sentence when Tatum crosses the road, a cold and dangerous look in his eyes as he glares at Carmela.

"Get out of here, now!" he orders her, his alpha command rolling off his tongue in waves.

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Carmela's eyes coat with tears as she glances from Tatum to Leila before she frowns and storms away.

Tatum looks at her walking away in the distance before he turns to Leila with a smile on his lips and he rubs his palms together.

"Now that that is sorted, how bout we join the party?"

"And who says you're invited?" Leila raises a brow at him.

"What do you mean? You just invited me," Tatum replies with a smirk, "I was on my own when you called me over."

"Yeah, to get Carmela out of here not for the party," Leila replies, pushing back her wolf, hating how the only thing she can smell right now is Tatum's scent, refreshing, comforting and worst of all, intoxicating.

Until the rejection is fully complete, her wolf will still have fragments of feelings for his wolf. She really needs him to accept it.

"Is that so?" Tatum closes the distance between them, his eyes searching deep into hers.

"Yes," Leila replies, backing away from Tatum to give herself space to breathe air that is not riddled with his scent when she slips and Tatum catches her with one hand strong around her waist and the other holding her nape. Tatum steadies her, taking the advantage to pull her close to him, his arms still on her waist as he stares passionately into her bemused eyes.

"Goddess, I love how you feel in my arms."

Leila frowns, pulling away from him.

What is he trying to do? Does he think such words will get her to take back her rejection?

"You can leave Tatum, you're no longer needed here."

"But I was never needed here, was I? We both know you didn't need my help to get rid of Carmela, you should ask yourself why you called me over," Tatum replies in a low, somewhat insinuating tone, watching Leila carefully. Leila parts her lips to reply but she halts as his words resound in her head the second time.

He is right.

Why did she call him over? She just saw him and called him like a reflex, she had the situation under control.

Perhaps there is a part of her that

just wanted to see whose side he would take, if he would take her side, if the words he has been telling her means anything, if he means any of it and the way he didn't think twice about dismissing Carmela says something but none of that should matter to her, right?

It's not like she still cares about him or anything like that.

"The only reason she comes here to make trouble is because she thinks you still matter to me and we both know you don't," she replies coldly.

"You should wear these body hug

dress more, you look absolutely ravishing in it," Tatum replies, his eyes lustfully trailing over her and he shows no concern

velge

whatsoever for her harsh remark.

His wanton gaze makes Leila feel naked, self conscious, taking her back to the night in his father's house, the things he made her body feel, things she hadn't felt in a long time.

"Tatum, I'm-"

"Amara!" Tatum yells, turning away from her and walking towards the house and she follows him hurriedly.

She doesn't fully trust Amara not to spill the incident about her wolf to Tatum and that's the last thing she wants him to know.

"Uncle Alpha!"

Amara runs into Tatum's arms and he lifts her up, spinning her in the air and Leila watches the joy on both their faces, Amara's loud chuckle and Tatum's full smile. They are

both fond of each other like toddler best friends but perhaps, it is the father-daughter bond between them.

Tatum cares for Amara, she can see

that clearly but he may never let her go if he finds out the truth, he is already putting himself through so much pain so he doesn't have to accept it and she knows why

It is because of the prophecy, the same prophecy that made him choose everyone and everything over her and her unconditional love for him.

She doesn't care about the prophecy or patriotism to the pack, why should she? They already lost their shot at ever fulfilling that prophecy when they did what they did to her.

Tatum drops Amara and Amara whispers something to him before giggling and running into the house.

Leila takes the opportunity to walk up to Tatum, keeping a straight look on her face to show him her mind is made up.

"Since you're here, I'll get the divorce papers, just sign them and let's get this over with."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

"It's hard to believe she's not mine," Tatum replies, pretending not to hear Leila because divorce or rejection is not something he wants to talk about but also because it's the truth. The more time he spends with Amara, the more suspicious he gets and dare he say hopeful that Leila may just be hiding the truth from him as punishment for what he did to them.

It's not just him who feels a bond to the little spitfire, his wolf does too and just now, when he carried her, it was strong, too fucking strong to ignore. He cannot say what it is but the bond is as strong as what he feels for Leila, the only difference is that it feels filial, not erotic but just as strong.

He's been tempted a few times to swipe a strand of Amara's hair or steal her lollipop for saliva samples but he respects Leila too much to do so. Even if Amara turns out to be his, going behind her back would only stoke Leila's fire, a fire he is desperately looking for how to quench.

"Well believe it, because she isn't," Leila replies in a cold voice, one he is so used to, he forces himself to believe that is just how she talks now so it doesn't hurt as much.

"I was talking about our divorce and rejection?"

Tatum turns to look at her, hiding the pain in his eyes even as it sears his heart. "If I want a DNA test, will you grant me one? I know I have no right but- never mind, I believe you."

He doesn't want to upset or make her flare up, it was wrong for him to ask that but something tells him Amara is his child.

"So when?" Leila asks, watching his eyes closely.

He wishes she would just drop it.

Leila is his life, his only source of joy and happiness, life without her has been gloomy and dreary, even with the hostility she has towards him, she doesn't know how joyful he is that he can be in her presence, that he can see her, smell her, touch her.

She has such a hold on him that even without the matebond, he would still be here, he never should have kept her in the dark about his plans, that was his first mistake but he was scared if he told her, she would let it slip in one of her outbursts with Carmela, just like when she destroyed the cure he got for her.

All of the blame is his, he knows, he did a lot of things wrong to do the right thing and now, even if he cannot right those wrongs, he doesn't want to do anymore wrong and the chief of those would be divorcing her and accepting the rejection.

Or does he just let her go and accept that there is nothing he can do to soften her heart, nothing he can do to make her smile fondly at him again, to consider falling in love with him again?

With every second that passes, the pain of the rejection grows stronger, he doesn't even know how he is able to be on his feet but being in her presence right now soothes the pain. Can he really let her go? He tried it before with Kelvin and failed.

"Alright, go bring the papers," he says in a sullen tone, his heart shattering with sadness.

If you love someone, you let them go and if they are yours, they come back but his love came back to him but not to be his, to leave him forever

you. That is the sayingne

Leila disappears into the house and returns, shoving the papers into his arms and Tatum takes the papers and her hands with it, pulling her painfully close to him.

"No chance we can fix this?" He asks with so much passion and pain in his eyes and voice.

"No chance," she shoves him back and Tatum frowns, seeing the most unlikely figure walking towards them. What is he doing here?

"Hello Kitten," Antonio smirks at Leila and a low growl automatically rumbles in Tatum's chest. "Antonio!"

The excitement in Leila's voice sinks Tatum's heart but nothing, no words, no sentence, no diction, no language can explain the pain that crushes his heart when Leila says.

"Tatum, this is Antonio, my second chance mate. Antonio, Alpha Tatum, alpha of the blood oak pack."

Antonio is her second chance mate? Is he the reason she is rejecting him?

Does she not know who he is? What sort of a monster he is?

There is no way he will allow her to be with such a cruel man, anyone but this bloodthirsty tyrant.

He grits his teeth hard, clenches his fists tight, glares at Antonio like he wants to kill him but he eventually lowers his head, grumbling out the words.

"The Alpha of the blood oak pack welcomes the Lycan king to his pack, it is my esteemed honour."

Pregnant I left him To His First Love

Leila's eyes fly wide open, her heart thrumming loud in her ears as she glances from Tatum to Antonio in obvious shock. The Lycan king is her second chance mate?

The same murderous, ruthless monster which horrors she has heard of is Antonio? How is that even possible? The man looks like an angel, the best of them all but if he really is the king, then things will get catastrophic. According to Tristan, it was the king who killed the witch and tried to kill him and now that she sees Antonio again, his description perfectly fits what Tristan has.

"I didn't know you were the king," Leila bows, keeping a smile on her face, despite the nervous storm in her heart.

Antonio smiles at her, wiping a strand of hair off her face gently, his eyes holding admiration for her.

"There are many horrible rumours about me because of my mysterious nature, kitten and I didn't want to scare you away," he says in a soft angelic voice, holding her arms and staring passionately into her eyes.

A low growl tears from Tatum whose gaze is as hard as a rock and they both turn their eyes to him, Leila pulling her hands away from Antonio's hold.

"I can sense your wolf's anger that I'm touching her," Antonio squints at Tatum, "why, is she your mate?" he demands, his voice becoming dead serious, losing the soft edge to it.

"No, he's not," Leila replies sharply, almost rolling her eyes at Tatum.

She is not his mate, Carmela is, the woman he condemned her to death for.

"I saw you holding him, the way you shoved him and the look he had in his eyes, looked more like a lover's squabble to me. Don't tell me the Alpha of the blood oak pack has eyes for another woman despite his precious phoenix luna?" Antonio replies, his eyes fixed on Tatum.

"I didn't know my engagement and wedding mattered so much that it caught the attention of the great Lycan king," Tatum replies, his face showing zero amusement.

"Do not flatter yourself too much Alpha Tatum, I'm only here for my kitten," Antonio holds Leila's hands and plants a soft kiss on the back of her palm, not breaking his gaze from Tatum.

Leila keeps calm, smiling at Antonio. Something tells her that he can sense there is more between her and Tatum and she does not want to give it away.

Why?

"It is you who flatters me my king, how can a humble maiden of your kingdom make you leave your palace in search of her?" Leila smiles coquettishly, glancing to see Tatum's stoic eyes but she does not need to be told it pains him.

"What can I say, the goddess wills

and we obey Antonio replies with a coy smile before he turns to Tatum and his face turns cold. "Tatum, I

know it's your pack but it's my

kingdom and my mate, I don't el

I

comfortable with an engaged man around her, not after the way I saw you too. Will you be a good man and leave?"

Tatum keeps his face the same, not showing anger or irritation, just completely void of any kind of emotion.

"How long do you plan to stay in my...PACK?"

Antonio scoffs and a sinister smile

adorns his lips as he pulls away from Leila and closes the distance between him and Tatum, their faces barely inches apart, his eyes cold and dangerous and Leila can feel his dark and powerful aura growing.

"I don't need to give you that information, do I? And I was nice to ask," Antonio says in an icy low tone, "but now, it's an order. Leave."

Tatum doesn't move an inch, doesn't bat an eyelid, doesn't flinch despite Antonio's heavy aura bearing down on him, almost suffocating Leila herself and Leila quickly steps in between them, pulling Antonio away.

"Since you're here and we're

celebrating, why don't I introduce you to my friends? It's not everyday the king strolls into a small

gathering like this," she points to Amanda, her mother and the rest of the girls who are active spectators of the scene in front of them.

"Mama!"

Amara runs out of the house towards Leila at this moment and Antonio immediately snaps his eyes to her in shock before looking back at Leila.

"So this is the child?"

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!