

## Chapter 21

She understands Tatum wanting to punish her for Carmela's sake but would he really let Clayton give her ten whips? When he gave Clayton his seal to arrest her, did he know this was the evil Clayton had in mind?

Tatum may be angry at her and he may not love her but he is a just Alpha, he would not let her suffer an undeserving punishment or would he?

"Clayton," She keeps her voice firm. "I will gladly take the punishment but I must hear it being pronounced by the Alpha."

"You are in no position to make demands! The Alpha asked me to see to it that you are punished for your crimes and punished you will be," Clayton replies coldly.

Leila stretches her arm forward. "Then break my wrist according to the law, whipping me is not the right punishment."

"I decide the right punishment Leila! You hurt Carmi and I will make sure you suffer it ten folds!"

The iciness of Clayton's voice cuts fear straight through Leila's heart as she realises the truth, the menacing look in his eyes causing dread to wash over every cell in her body and tears seep out from the corner of her eyes.

She knows Clayton will do it, he will beat her till she is almost dead. He has been obsessed with Carmela since they were little, he would ambush and mercilessly beat up her other admirers if they dared go close to her.

Even when Carmela was declared the phoenix Luna and future mate of the Alpha, it did not deter him, he made himself some sort of bodyguard to her so he could always be around her.

If he is doing this for Carmela, then there is barely a chance for her to escape today's punishment. 1

"Clayton, P-"

"You can beg for mercy but you will not get it!" Clayton yells, thrashing the whip at her, slicing through her arm.

Leila yells, the blistering pain so intense as the whip cuts through her skin. She cannot take ten more of this, it will suck the life out of her, she will die and so will her baby.

Leila immediately drops to her knees, clasping her hands together in front of Clayton, tears running down her eyes, blood running down her wounded arm.

"Please Clayton, don't do this, please....I'm-"

Her desperation almost leads her to tell him about her baby but she cannot utter the words. What if in his anger he deliberately targets her child?

"Clayton, I know you love Carmi and want to avenge her but this is not right, I didn't even know that I held her wrist so strong, I didn't break it on purpose," Leila says in a pleading tone, her voice trembling.

"You will pay for everything you did to her, you bloody whore!" Tatum yells at her, thrashing the whip again but Leila skillfully rolls out of the way, escaping the sharp tip of the whip just in time.

She must do all she can to avoid being hit.

"I've never done anything to deserve this, why this unjust punishment, why are you calling me names?!" She yells in pain and desperation as Clayton turns, coming towards her again.

Claton scoffs coldly, scowling at her.

"What do you call a woman who marries the fated mate of her best friend a few days after she is kidnapped? You've always been a jealous slut, throwing yourself at the Alpha even before that night but be rest assured, LUNA, now that Carmi is back, it is over for you."

Leila's face becomes bereft of colour, her eyes staunch with disbelief, she parts her lips to give him a reply but her mind cannot even fathom the words.

Tatum and her have always been close friends, his bond with Carmela never affected their friendship. She kept her feelings for him hidden, locked away in the bonds of two friendships she did not want to destroy.

"You're wrong," she finally finds her words, "I would never hurt Carmi and Tatum and I are-"

"Stop fucking lying! Carmi saved your life and this is how you repay her, by hurting her? Threatening her? Tell me the truth, you hired the rogue that night, didn't you?"

"Threaten her? I didn't even-"

"Enough! We can do this the hard way or the easy way. I personally prefer the hard way. For every time you dodge or move out of the way, I'll just restart my count," Clayton cuts her off coldly.

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Leila sucks in a sharp breath, pursing her lips as tears of surrender stream down her eyes and she slowly turns around to let the whip land on her back, her shoulder, anywhere but her belly.

Clayton raises the whip and Leila sucks in a sharp breath, gritting her teeth, bracing herself, waiting for it, the pain to come, the scarring of her skin, her cry of torture to follow but none of it happens.

What she hears instead is the loud painful grunt of a man as Clayton's whip lands before she feels the warmth of her protector's body and his scent jerks her eyes with tears.

He came! Leila can't help with the tears brimming her eyes. She didn't think he would. For a mindlink where she can't utter a thing, without knowing where she is.

But he did.

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