

**Chapter 27**

Leila stares wide eyed at him, her heart slamming against her ribcage with raw gusto. She is sure she is done with the marriage, that she wants nothing to do with him anymore, that her mind is made up but even now as the words are nibbling at her tongue, she doesn't dare to utter it.

Why can't she just tell him what's on her mind? Why is it so hard?

She slowly moves her face away from Tatum's hold, fiddling with her fingers and looks down at her feet.

"If you didn't find the folder, then don't worry about it."

Her heart feels like it wants to tear out of her chest and she knows Tatum can hear it. She has never been more nervous and scared about something.

Tatum scoffs ever so softly, feeling a relief that rents his skin with goosebumps. If she cannot say it with her mouth, then he never saw any folder but how did Clayton get his hands on it when Leila says she left it on his desk?

He runs his hand down the back of her hair, soothing her and speaking in a feathery tone.

"I know whatever is in the missing folder must have been important, you were almost ordering me to go get it. Are you sure you don't want to tell me what it is? I'm worried now."

Leila frowns, hating how helpless she feels in his presence, how his touch calms her and how she longs for it.

"It was a letter to say I'm no longer organising Carmi's welcome back party, get someone else to do it," Leila replies, trying to keep her voice cold, wondering what happened to the folder.

Did he really not see it?

Tatum smirks. He gave her a chance, she failed to utter it, so he never got the file and he needs to pay Clayton another visit.

"Sure thing, sweet pea, you have so many responsibilities as Luna already. I'll have someone else handle it."

Leila can't read the complicated smile on his face. Sneaky with a touch of nervousness, seeming genuine, yet she has no idea why her dumping work off at the last second would ever get such a look out of the workaholic of an Alpha.

All Leila could think of, cradled against his warm chest when he mumbles soft, sweet words in her ear, is a question that make her feet cold:

Where could the divorce papers be?

Did one of the omegas take it?

It could lead to a scandal if that document gets in the wrong hands before Tatum sees it.

Leila's heartbeat picks up pace, worry creasing her brows and she jolts up from her hospital bed.

Alone.

She told him to leave, coldly, after that warm hug.

And right now she can't remember why. Something about her heart throbbing in fear at the slightest kindness from that man.

It only makes his cruelty hurts more.

And he did. Left without a word. Leila hmphed in her mind. Couldn't he at least pretend to insist, just for politeness's sake?

Closing her eyes, Leila lets out a sigh. Maybe it's better that he didn't. Because she knew she would cave if that man just show even a bit care for her.

She is just that pathetic in front of him.

She groans, slapping her face in her palms and slowly running it down. Her bump would be visible anytime from now, she needs to leave before that happens.

Yes, Kelvin will prepare another set of papers for her and this time she will hand them to Tatum herself, so he can go ahead and be with his phoenix Luna and her super powers instead of a wolfless one who is weak.

The door creaks and her hanging head shoots up.

"I told you to leave," She says in a frustrated tone, hiding her shock at seeing Tatum.

She asked him to leave because her emotions were all over the place but any loving husband would see through that and know that in such a distressed state, his wife would want him beside her even if she says otherwise.

Well, their marriage isn't normal and he doesn't really love her so why

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is she still hoping for such a treatment?

Tatum smiles at her. "I left- to get you food. I know you do not eat heavy at night, so I bought your favourite chocolate filled donuts, with extra fill of course, and two cups of pineapple and coconut smoothies, I know how much you love those."

Chocolate filled donuts weren't always her favourite, they were his but somehow they became hers and she hated the taste of pineapple but it's Tatum's favourite fruit and now she hardly goes a day without tasting a beverage with the flavour.

Her lips thin into a frown, about to refuse it when her stomach betrays her and growls, making Tatum chuckle.

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