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"Goo- good morning sir."

Clayton glares at the man who just walked into his office, disturbing his morning training.

"You know the rules Fred, mornings are for my workout," Clayton says coldly, dropping from the pull up bar and catching his breath.

"But it's the Luna, she insists on seeing you, NOW."

Clayton eyes fly wide open, his already racing heart beating even faster.

What could Leila want? Did the Alpha confront her with the divorce papers?

But if so, the Alpha would be the one barging into his office because Leila would have told him she did not give the file to him.

His brows draw close together in a deep frown, squinting into the distance as he grabs a towel and walks to his desk.

"Send her in," he orders the man who swiftly exits.

Is Leila here to blackmail him with what he did yesterday? She said she would not take it up, he was a fool to trust her words, someone who betrayed her own best friend.

But Alpha Tatum doesn't want word of the divorce getting out, perhaps he could use that to counter-blackmail her.

If word gets out that Leila served the Alpha divorce papers, the pack members would abuse her for even having the guts to divorce him in

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a public scandal when they already see her as unworthy of him.

Leila steps into his office with a straight face, her countenance cold as ice and that makes Clayton further uneasy.

He's in for it.

"Luna, have a s-

"Where is it?" Leila asks him coldly, cutting him off. 1

Clayton is taken back. He was expecting something completely different to come out of her mouth.

"Where is what?" He asks in a plain tone.

"Don't play dumb, the file you took from my house, hand it back," Leila's tone remains curt but this time a small crooked smile curls up Clayton's lips as realisation hits him.

Alpha Tatum never told her about the file, she would not be here otherwise and now she thinks it is missing, so she is just here to accuse him based on assumptions.

Feeling relieved, he crosses his arms and leans back into his chair.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, but if this file is important, you can fill a missing item report with all the details in it, I'll help you find it," Clayton replies in his dedicated officer tone.

"It is not missing, you took it," Leila replies in the same tone and Clayton smirks at her.

He knows he has her backed to a corner, unless she's ready for a public scandal, she cannot state that she is looking for divorce papers meant for the Alpha and the Alpha himself doesn't want the

news out, so as long as the Alpha doesn't tell Leila, his secret is safe.

"Even if I did take this file, which I did not, do you have proof or are you just accusing me blindly?"

Leila's brow creases with worry and she comes short of a reply.

Did he really not take it? Then who did? None of the omegas took responsibility for it either. 1

She has to find it before it gets in the wrong hands, she cannot afford a scandal but most importantly, she doesn't want Tatum to find it.

Not when there is hope now, hope that he may choose her. It's smallshe knows but it's huge for her, huge for heart that is aching with a desperate need for Tatum's love. 1

Or does she leave it out there and hope that Tatum finds it?

If he finds out about it and still refuses to divorce her, that would be all the proof she needs of his feelings for her.

Returning home, she is welcomed by the smell of food in the living room and the sound of chatter from the kitchen and she frowns, making her way to the kitchen with gusto in her steps.

Who dares to disobey the unwritten rule of the Alpha?

Only the Luna is allowed to make his meal and use the kitchen. Tatum never eats anything that is not made by her hands when he is at home, everyone knows this.

The slight anger in Leila as she storms from the living room to the kitchen morphs into a shocking pain and she grips her chest, forcing the tear that wants to drop from her eye back.

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How long can she keep living with this pain? How can she get rid of this hope that keeps her stuck when the truth is right before her.

Tatum, sitting on a barstool, his back against the countertop and Carmela between his legs, stuffing his mouth with food from her hands, all but shoving her breasts in his face. 1

She spins on her feet, ready to dash out to her room to cry her heart out but it is too late, Carmela already saw her.

"Leila! Where did you go so early in the morning? I wanted us to make breakfast together. Tatum said he misses my cooking," Carmela chuckles, her tone turning airy. "I was always the better cook."

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