

## Chapter 34

Life under the same roof as Adaline is not as bad as Leila expected, no, not one bit, she was completely wrong.

What she got was ten times worse.

The verbal abuse, the cynic comments, the lashing out for no just reason, finding the slightest excuse to mock and ridicule her, it was frequent, almost everyday.

She acts like a shadow in her own house, sometimes a ghost and most days a zombie who just does whatever Tatum and his mother wants as long as it makes their precious Phoenix Luna happy.

She doesn't know how long she can put up with it honestly, she needs to get out of it. 4

Everyday Carmela becomes bolder with her advances on Tatum supported by Adaline but what hurts the most is that Tatum just enjoys it, right in her very face like she doesn't even exist or her feelings don't matter whatsoever.

She glances at him on the bed and notices he's staring at her. 1

"What?" Leila asks coldly, glaring at him.

Tatum smiles sheepishly at her, resting his hands on her thighs from the bed where he lay while she is sitting, resting against the headboard.

"It's been a while since we had sex sweet pea..."

He flicks her nightgown up, running his soft hands slowly and sensually up her thighs.

Leila gulps, feeling the pleasure slowly fill her. She has missed him too, how he makes her feel so much pleasure, leaving her body a mess and writhing in the wake of his passion. 1

She arches her knees and spreads her legs, giving him permission to carry on and Tatum sits up and cups her face to kiss her when Leila suddenly pushes him away.

He smells heavily of Carmela, like he literally bathed in her perfume.

"What is it?" Tatum asks, his shock clear in his eyes.

"You— you reek of her," Leila replies with a frown.

"And so? You know how Carmi gets around me," Tatum brushes it off passively, cupping her face again but Leila knocks his arms off.

And so? Does he really not give a fuck about her feelings at all? How can he ask her to sleep with him when he smells so heavily of another woman?

"I'm not in the mood Tatum, let me be," Leila replies coldly.

His decisions lately or indecision has made her life hell, a living torment but she doesn't mind, anything for the hope of being by his side forever but disregarding her feelings like this?

What does he see her as? A tool for his pleasure while Carmela gets all his attention?



Tatum scoffs softly and he studies Leila's eyes closely, cocking a brow at her.

"Don't tell me you're jealous because you've fallen in love with me," he says in a sarcastic tone, a sly smirk adorning his lips.

'I've loved you since forever....why can't you see it? Why won't you just choose me?'

If only she could tell him the words ringing in her head, that she has loved him even before she understood what the word meant but she cannot be desperate.

It is his decision to choose her or not.

"I don't love you and I'm not jealous. I'm just not in the mood." Leila keeps her voice as stoic as possible, her eyes bereft of any feeling.

Tatum is taken back by the coldness in her voice. He knows she doesn't love him and if she does, it's just as friends but he doesn't expect her to be so cold about it.

There was never any plan to be intimate in their marriage but after one taste of her, he just couldn't have enough of her and she wanted him too.

Having her as a wife felt like having the perfect mate, he would always come home to her beautiful smile and warmth in her eyes but those same eyes are ice cold staring him down with no feeling inside them and he can't even remember the last time she smiled at him. 2

Why does he feel bad about it? This has always been their

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arrangement, a fake marriage, just sex, no feelings attached but why does he—

Leila's phone chimes on the bed and they both turn to it at the same time but Leila quickly grabs her phone, hiding the screen from his vision but she forgets he's an Alpha and eyes are quicker and sharper than the average werewolf.

It's a text from Kelvin and Leila is hiding it from him. Bile rises to his throat and he growls, commanding her.

"Give me the phone."



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