



## Chapter 49

"You made the right decision by asking for a divorce. If a man doesn't value you, you have to let him go," Liana, Leila's mom says to her after Leila bares it all.

Leila heaves a deep sigh, a sad smile adorning her lips as she looks at her mother, an older carbon copy of her.

Despite being 20 years older than her daughter, they could both pass for sisters. Even after losing her mate over a decade ago, getting wounded badly by a burning log in the fire that razed their home years ago, Liana still keeps fit and works out with one good leg.

Liana pulls Leila closer to her and rests Leila's head on her bosom, stroking her daughter's hair slowly.

"You are the daughter of Roger Carter, the strongest Beta warrior in the history of this pack. You are above ridicule and humiliation from anyone, Alpha and Phoenix Luna alike. It's not going to be easy, especially with the baby but you can do it. You're strong, just like your father."

Leila heaves another sigh, mulling over her mother's words.

Strong? Is she really strong?

She couldn't defend herself that day that the rogue attacked her and Carmela, that is where all her problems started from.

She's so weak that the traumatic experience even caused her to lose her wolf.

No, she's not strong, she's nothing like her father and definitely nothing

close to her mother.

When other she-wolves become a shadow of themselves after losing their mates, her mom was the complete opposite, she took his loss square to the chin and stayed strong for their family.

When one of her legs became severely damaged in the fire, the doctors advised her to put less weight on it and retire from her job but her mom is still the headmistress of the Werewolf national high school, carrying out her duties with more gusto than ever.

No, she can never be as strong as her mother. She has been spoiled and protected all her life by her parents.

Even when her father died, the loss was only felt on an emotional level, everything else remained the same in their lives, thanks to her mom.

"But how mom? How am I strong, when all I want to do is lock myself up and cry and scream and wail? My heart just feels so heavy, like it is being squeezed tighter with every passing second," Leila replies, breaking into a sob.

"I'm not like you or dad, I don't know how to do it, how to take my emotion and just set it aside to do things that will bring me the long term reward like you always say. Even right now, I just feel so scared about Tatum signing the divorce papers even though I keep telling him to..."

"Leila, that is exactly what strength feels like, it is not the absence of weakness or pain or sorrow, it's the ability to pick yourself and work your way back up afterwards. When Tatum married you, I was scared, scared you won't be able to do it, especially without your wolf but I've watched you in these last two years handle it like you were born to be Luna," Liana moves Leila's head up and stares into her eyes with deep concern.

“You are amazing my dear child and if Tatum doesn’t realise that, it is his loss, so wipe those tears and wear your crown like the queen I raised. Your heart is meant to be treasured not trampled on. Being Luna is not worth losing your dignity and self respect over.” 3

Leila wipes her face with the back of her hands, feeling a rush of warmth slowly run through her at her mother’s comforting words.

She never cared about being Luna, it was never about the title for her, it has always been about being the woman in Tatum’s heart.

She doesn’t completely blame Tatum for everything either, she knows he has to honour the damn prophecy, he’s been taught so since he was a boy.

She just wishes he wouldn’t neglect her feelings and just wants to use her as a placeholder until he figures out what’s wrong with Carmela’s wolf.

It’s like her feelings are irrelevant to him as long as she carries out her duties to him until he decides she is now completely useless and he can now let her go. 1

It’s soul crushing when someone you deeply love treats you that way but this seems to be her lot in life.

“I’ll try,” She manages to mutter a response.

“That’s the spirit,” Liana smiles at her. “I’ll go make some hot— oh, that reminds me, Carmela came by yesterday with a basket for you?”