

Chapter 52

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[Blackwater Restaurant, 7pm. Let's talk about it.]

Tatum frowns, hitting the send button and sending the text to Leila.

He drops his phone and sighs. The pressure from the council of elders is getting worse since everyone now knows Leila no longer lives with him and she has completely neglected her duties as Luna.

He seems to be the only one holding back, he should go ahead and marry Carmela, it's the right thing to do, the pack approves of her, she has the phoenix mark, but his wolf does not sense her.

Everyone else may not see that as an issue because she bears the mark but the prophecy did not just say she was going to bear the mark, it also said she was going to be his fated mate, which she currently isn't.

[8pm.]

Leila replies to his text and Tatum thinks even her reply is cold.

The beautiful afternoon sun finally sets at dusk and Tatum makes his way to Black water restaurant.

He's almost at the entrance when Carmela's orange and mint smell wafts into his nose and he frowns.

She shouldn't be here.

"Don't tell me you were coming to dine without me?" Her airy voice reaches his ear before she steps up beside him. 

"I'm here for a meeting," Tatum replies coldly.



“Ohh, can I join you? Please...”

“Carmela I—” Tatum pauses, feeling a set of eyes burn into his back.

He turns sharply and sees Leila standing behind them, holding a cold look of annoyance in her eyes.

“I thought it was just going to be the two of us,” Leila says before he can open his mouth, an unfamiliar look in her eyes as she glances at Carmela.

“I didn't invite her, let's go inside and hash this out,” Tatum replies monotonously and Carmela curls her hand around his elbow before he can move close to Leila.

Leila scoffs at Carmela's pathetic act, shaking her head and walking behind them.

She just wants everything to be over soon.

“I don't know what I did to Leila, Tatum, look at how she is looking at me with so much hatred. It's not my fault I have the phoenix mark, I even tried to apologise to her but she just won't let me,” Carmela whines, the moment they step into the private room Tatum had booked.

“Tatum, is this what you texted me for?” Leila keeps her voice straight, her cold eyes fixed on Tatum, not sparing Carmela as much as a glance.

Tatum frowns, caught in an odd spot. He really wants to talk to Leila about something else but he cannot ask Carmela to leave without her causing an uproar.

“I even brought her a cake, the cake we made together, if she has no grudges against me, we should share it tonight,” Carmela continues,

nudging Tatum.

"I thought you said you didn't invite her, how did she know I was going to be here?" Leila's eyes are still fixed on Tatum, as if Carmela is not even in the room.

Tatum looks at Carmela. He never really did tell her where he is going to be tonight but somehow she conveniently showed up.

It's not so hard for her to get a hand on his schedule though, his personal assistant must have leaked that information.

"Let's not make a big deal out of anything tonight. We can all share a meal in peace or we can reschedule, Leila," Tatum replies, surprised at how calm, yet cold Leila is tonight.

"Aren't you going to say anything about the way she's ignoring me? Can't you see what I'm saying? After everything I went through for her, I don't deserve this," Carmela's voice breaks and her eyes coat with tears.

"Ma'am, the cake, as requested," a waiter approaches the table with a small round cake covered in fondant.

"I don't want us to fight Leila, I really want us to keep being friends, why can't you just believe me? You're making me feel like I'm the villain here," Carmela heaves.

Leila heaves a deep sigh, a small smile crossing her lips.

"It's okay Carmi, I'm guessing this cake is a token of our friendship?" She asks in a coy tone.

"Well, yes.....something like that," Carmela replies, wiping her teary face with the back of her hands.



Leila scoffs softly.

This is the third time Carmela is bringing her a gift in the form of food.

Why not something else?

Again, she doesn't want to think the worst of Carmela but if Carmela really did hurt herself to get a scar just to cover her lie, putting something in food for her would be right down that alley.

It's a dark thought, she knows but she would rather not risk it.

"Awww.....thank you so much Carmi," Leila picks up the cake, admiring it with a small smile on her lips. "I love it, it's really...oops!"

She lets it slide from her hands to the floor on purpose.

"Oh no, I made a mess," she clasps her hand over her mouth, feigning shock. 1



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