

Chapter 6

The rich smell of coffee and excess milk wafts into Leila's nostrils and her sullen gaze shifts from the mug to his handsome face but she doesn't reply to him not knowing how to feel. Tatum's fingers grazes her arm as he pulls away and his mere touch sends tingles of pleasure through her body.

Bringing her coffee every morning in bed was his usual routine, something she has grown used to but why still bring her coffee this morning when he spent the night in the arms of his love?

Did he even remotely think about how she must have felt yesterday when he made that decision? Were her feelings something that mattered to him or was she just an object that he took pity on and had fun with while he searched for his true mate?

"Earth to Leila," Tatum snaps his finger and his voice brings her back to reality.

Leila gulps, feeling her heart pound with raw nervousness and she drops the mug on the bedside.

It's now or never.

If she wants to rid herself of this agonising ache hammering at her heart, the crippling feeling of loss marauding all over her, she has to tell him that she wants a divorce.

"Tatum, I- " She pauses, seeing his cool grey eyes watch her calculatingly which makes her heart thud uncontrollably.





"I want to go and see your dad this weekend, I miss him," she says frantically with a pounding heart, unable to bring herself to ask for a divorce. 2

She just cannot bring herself to say it, she thought she could but her heart is not ready to lose him, to say goodbye to him, she just cannot utter the words.

Tatum squints at her, noticing the spike in her heart rate. He drops on the bed and leans close to her, his face a mere inch from hers. His delicious smell and the closeness of his body comforts Leila despite the fact that he is the cause of her discomfort.

She wishes she could just hug him and cry into his chest, beg him to choose her and give their marriage a chance, to tell him that she loves him and only needs an opportunity to show him just how much but she can't, he was never meant to be hers.

"I'm sure father misses you too, you haven't just been the best wife to me, you have been a perfect Luna to us all," he replies, flashing her a gentle smile.

His words force a wry smile out of Leila and she breaks their eye contact, rolling out of the bed. Best wife, Perfect Luna, but not his love. She's just a woman who plays her role well in his life and his pack but has no place in his heart.

How bitter her situation is.

Tatum stands up and walks over to her wardrobe. "Tights or shorts?"

"What?" Leila asks, looking genuinely confused by his question.

Tatum makes a smug face at her. "Don't chicken out. Tell you what, if you can land a strike on me today, I'll buy you a designer purse."

Leila realises he is talking about training. Ever since the incident, Tatum has been training her separately to protect her secret from the others.

She unconsciously runs her hand down her stomach as she walks towards him and then she halts.

"I'm not feeling too well, I think I'll skip today," she replies but in truth, she is scared her baby might get hurt in the process or worse, when they are grappling at close range, Tatum may hear the heartbeat.

Tatum walks closer to her, cupping her face and searching her eyes. "You look pretty fine to me sweet pea, is there something else?" His voice is laden with deep concern and his touch soothing to Leila but she slowly tugs her face away.

"I have to prepare Carmi's room, it's quite a lot," Leila replies.

"You don't have to worry about that if you're not feeling well, I'll do it myself," Tatum replies and they both hear his phone ringing.

"It's Carmi," Tatum says, flashing her his screen but he doesn't take the call yet. His eyes are focused on Leila, aware something is up with her.

Leila's heart sting with pain at the way Tatum's eyes light up and she watches if he is going to ignore the call because of her. If he does,

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she may just tell him about the baby but if he doesn't, then obviously Carmela is more important to him than her.

"Hey Princess, sure, it's okay, don't worry, I'll be there," Tatum does pick the call and says on the phone.

Leila smiles bitterly and walks past him, heading to the bathroom when Tatum speaks.

"Carmela wants to pick up wallpapers and artworks for her room, we should go together, it will be just like old times."



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