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"What is going on here?"

Carmela's face is wrath with annoyance when she enters the kitchen and sees Leila cooking.

She particularly instructed the guards not to let Leila out of the room, she has to remain confined until she says otherwise.

Tatum left her in charge even though Leila is still the Luna and Tatum promised to engage her when he returns.

Nothing gives her greater pleasure.

"What does it look like? I'm cooking," Leila replies in a monotonous voice, not even turning to acknowledge Carmela's presence and it stings Carmela.

She ignores Leila and turns to the bodyguard standing with her inside the kitchen. One of the men stationed at the door of Leila's room.

"Do you want to explain what the Luna is doing out of her room?" She asks the guard, her scowl vividly showing her irritation.

"The Luna wanted to make herself dinner, she asked me to follow her down here as a measure that she won't leave the building," the man replies, bowing slightly to Carmela.

"Hmmm, I see. What is your name?" Carmela replies.

"Austin, my lady," The guard replies.

"Austin, I didn't know that the Luna's orders now took precedence over

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that of the Alpha or were you deaf when I said his orders were for her not to leave the ROOM?"

"Caramela, stop that. I'm not your prisoner and the last time I checked, I am still the Luna, you do not order me around," Leila cuts in coldly.

Carmela scoffs softly, turning to Austin. "Take her back to her room right now or face the wrath of the Alpha."

Austin looks between Leila and Carmela and hesitates for a few seconds before he walks towards Leila.

"My apologies Luna but the Alpha's word is law, I dare not go against it."

"Get away from me," Leila holds her ground. "The Alpha would never hold me prisoner in my room and I already said I'm not leaving, I just want to make my food myself."

She didn't have anything to eat the whole of yesterday. If it was just her, she wouldn't worry so much but she needs to be nourished so her baby can get it's nourishment.

This morning, she spoke some sense to the guard who agreed to accompany her everywhere to make sure she didn't try to leave the house but Carmela seems to have a problem with an arrangement as simple as that.

"Leila, seriously. When Tatum left, he was worried about you. I cannot let you put such stress on yourself by cooking. Whatever you want to eat, just let me know, it'll be sent up to you," Carmela replies in a coy voice, walking over to Leila and turning off the gas cooker, a gentle yet cunning smile curving up her lips.

Leila doesn't miss Carmela's smile and it gives her a sick feeling in her

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gut.

Why is Carmela so incessant about feeding her? What could she be up to? Does she perhaps want to poison her?

She cannot put anything beyond Carmela at this point.

If it was just her, maybe she would have dared it, take the risk and eat whatever but she cannot put the life of her baby at risk.

No harm must come to it and since Amanda can no longer come here, she doesn't even know how to get her and her baby medical care.

"I don't want your food, I want to cook myself," Leila turns the gas cooker back on.

"Austin, do I need to repeat myself or would you like to repeat to the Alpha how you flaunted his direct order?" Carmela jerks her head at Leila, squinting her eyes at him.

In a flash, Austin grabs Leila and starts dragging her out of the kitchen.

"You can't do this, let me go..." Leila struggles to free herself from his grip but she is powerless compared to a trained pack warrior and he leads her away with ease.

Leila smiles sinisterly at Carmela as Austin drags her away before she turns off the gas cooker, removes Leila's pot from the burner and empties the whole contents into the trash.

"You will only eat what I give you Leila and if you won't, you will starve, hopefully to death," she mutters, letting out a sinister chuckle.

She shouldn't have been the one to go away for two years, she should

