

Chapter 66

"Get out! Get out! I don't want to see you, I hate you!"

Leila screams at Tatum the moment he enters her room after she leaves the tunnel.

Tatum pauses, smiling warmly at her, she has every right to be mad at him, he deserves it. His only hope is that after today, he at least gets a chance to make it up to her.

This rift between them is tearing his heart apart more than she can ever know but it's also made him realise how hard life can be without her, without the warmth from her.

As Luna, she makes being Alpha so easy, as a wife, she makes being a husband so loving and as a friend, she makes being her friend so comforting.

She is someone that you can rely on and he has the luck to have had her as all three, even though he probably has to let her go soon.

"Even if it's hate, I'm glad you still feel something for me," He replies coyly, wondering how even with her tattered hair, pale eyes and dry face, she still looked like a goddamn goddess.

Her kind of beauty is rare, nothing can dampen it, nothing alters it, she is beautiful, through and through.

Her mate will be so lucky to have her.

Leila glares at him, seething and grinding her teeth, shaking her legs from where she sits on the floor, resting on the bedpost.

"Did I offend you Tatum? Did I do something so wrong to you that you have decided to punish me like this?" Leila asks, pain and bitterness

coating every syllable of her words.

It breaks his heart to hear so much pain in her voice, he doesn't want to see her like this, he wants her happy, he likes her being happy but he knows he is the cause of her recent pain and sadness.

He heaves a deep sigh, running his hands over his hair. "Look, about Carmi, you just have to bear with her. She's a lot, I know but —"

"Bear with her? She tried to kill me Tatum, how do I bear with that? You're an Alpha, I'm sure you could smell the scent of the other wolves lingering in the air. Amanda and a friend were going to help me escape through the tunnels when she showed up with Clayton and his minions to drag them away, hoping to pin my death on them and label it a rogue attack after she kills me."

Tatum frowns.

He did smell several other wolves and none of them had the pungent smell of rogues. Carmela may be wrong about the wolves being rogues, they may be from an enemy pack and Leila is probably overreacting, there's no way Carmela would actually want to kill her.

But what if?

Could Carmela really be that desperate, any woman in her shoes who comes back to seeing her spot taken by another woman would certainly be a little bitter but bitter enough to harm Leila?

Even at the party when the video was released of her having no wolf, Carmela was the first person to defend her.

Those videos were from over two years ago which means that Leila's secret wasn't a secret to some people in the pack but they waited for the perfect time to let it out.

There are a lot of dots that do not connect but if he has any hope of

connecting it and finding the culprit, his home has to be stable, the peaceful abode he used to know when it was just him and Leila, not this war zone that they currently live in.

“Leila....I've heard you and I'll investigate the matter myself,” he replies calmly.

Leila scoffs bitterly. “Of course that's what you'll say, but when it was her accusing me of breaking her wrist, you didn't bother to investigate.”

“Leila....just let it go. Listen, I brought you something from my trip, it's something you'll love,” he replies with a small smile on his lips.

“Except it's the signed divorce papers, I don't want anything.”

“Are you sure? You might not want to divorce me after I give you this...” Tatum's smile widens, an eager excitement filling his own heart as he stretches the vial towards her.

He knows she'll be truly happy to have her wolf back. It'll alleviate most of her worries and calm her most of her fears.

“It's—”

Leila doesn't let him finish before she jolts up, grabs the vial and smashes it on the ground.

“I don't want any stupid gift, the only thing I want is a divorce,” Leila snorts at him.