

Chapter 68

Tatum scoffs softly, a wry smile adorning his lips and he gets up from the bed, bending to pick up the shards of broken glass one after the other before he stands up and holds the broken glass in his palm to Leila's face.

"To hell with it anyway," Tatum remarks and Leila looks at him completely clueless.

"Why, what was it?"

The liquid from the vial doesn't seem to have a particularly pleasing smell, so it couldn't have been some very expensive perfume and Tatum wouldn't shed tears over something as trivial as that.

"You should have asked first before destroying it," he walks away from her and kicks the small trash can by the dresser open and tosses the shards inside it.

"It's a good thing you did though because now you're never leaving me, I'm not letting you go," he says in a low assertive tone as he walks back to Leila.

Leila's heart thuds. The possessiveness in his voice is spine chilling, exciting and makes her feel nervous at the same time.

Why is he hellbent on keeping her in this prison? What exactly does he still want from her?

She just wants to leave, she just wants to take her broken heart somewhere else and mend it. Does he even realise how hard things are for her? Even just being this close to him wants to make her melt, despite the anger, despite the bitterness, her heart still yearns for him.

But he'll never look at her the way she wants, he'll never treat her the way she wants to be treated, his heart and passion will never be for her.

All he cares about is Carmela and fulfilling his duty.

Tatum suddenly yet slowly grips the back of her neck, pulling her forehead to touch his, his eyes full of need and pain at the same time as they lock onto hers, both their hearts racing in sync and the tears drop from Leila's eyes.

His touch....this closeness, she wants it, she needs it but he can't be hers. This is torture....why won't he just let her go?

"You're the one who holds me as a fucking prisoner. Don't you see it?" Tatum whispers, his hands trembling, his voice husky and shaky.

"I have no reason to keep you, I know....but I—"

He crashes his lips against hers unable to stop himself and Leila is shocked at the passion behind his kiss, the emotion in his words and she parts her lips, kissing him back with equal passion, tears pouring out of her eyes, her heart flooding with deep seated emotions that she has been suppressing.

Why is he doing this to her? Peeling away her resolve, what does this kiss mean?

What does he mean by he is her prisoner?

Tatum groans, sliding his hands down her back, cupping her ass and squeezing it, pulling her closer into him, breaking the kiss and nibbling her neck, his other hand fondling her breasts and twisting her nipples at the same time.

Pleasure jolts through Leila and she arches her neck, a breathless moan escaping her.

He lets go of her ass, the hand that had been fondling it finds its way up her gown, caressing her thighs upwards and Leila feels the anticipation rising to her heart as it hammers strongly and she squeezes her thighs, her voice becoming breathless.

“Tatum.....stop.”

He doesn't listen, his fingers grazing her slightly wet hole from her panties and Leila sucks in a sharp breath, feeling tingles rush attack every cell in her body,

She can't give in to this, no matter how much she wants it, no matter the fire burning through her entire body and the deep urge and desire she feels for him.

If they go any further, her legs will be wide open and he will be deep in her guts but she can't.....her baby.

“Stop!” She pushes him away roughly.

Tatum moves back, his chest rising and falling as he heaves.

Lust, passion and desire are clear in his eyes, but a rage clears them out as his voice turns animalistic, his eyes flashing red.

“You are mine,” he growls, “you are my wife, my Luna and I'm never signing those papers, you will always be mine.”

That same possessiveness in his voice stuns Leila, the seriousness in it telling her that he means it, this man doesn't plan to let her go.



Does he love her?

"No, I am not. I refuse to keep being an object for your pleasure and a filter for your image, I deserve better," Leila replies, her heart pounding wildly, her chest rising and falling, her voice full of emotion, her eyes watery.

Her heart may yearn for him still but she is done being treated like her feelings do not matter. If he really wants her to stay, he has to do better.

"Then fucking give me a chance to treat you better," Tatum growls, cupping her face gently, his grey eyes calm and affectionate but his voice remains as cold and as serious as ever.

"Listen to me sweet pea, you can forget about ever leaving me, because even if you get your wolf and find your mate, I'll hunt him down, murder him, cremate him and scatter his ash all over the great lagoon. Even if it's that dunce, Kelvin, I don't fucking care. I am never.....letting.....you—go."

"Okay," The simple words force their way out of Leila's mouth and Tatum looks at her in shock, his eyes wide open.



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