

## Chapter 69

Leila stares calmly at him, but her heart is slamming against her ribcage but instead of feeling scared or upset about his psychotic plans to murder and cremate her mate, she feels her heart flush with warmth, feeling good to know he desires her this much. 2

This is the Tatum she knows, wild and deadly when it comes to protecting what he loves.

Maybe she can give him another chance?

Perhaps their baby can grow up, loved and adored by its mother and father.

She wriggles away from his hands and folds her arms against her chest, an angry pout on her lips.

"If you won't let me go, it's not only me you should be telling," she replies in a curt tone.

"I understand. So you're staying?"

Leila rolls her eyes at him. "It's not like I have a choice, I don't want you to kill my mate."

Tatum would normally chuckle at a cheeky eye roll and a reply like that but his heart is still full of unease.

He has been afraid of her mate showing up for so long, and she just... agreed to stay? For real? Is this just her plan to delay, or she might...really have feelings for him, too?

She feels light, like a huge burden has been taken off her, thinking he

seems to desire her as much as she desires him but her heart is restless, her mind a wobble of many different thoughts.

Could it be? that he has SOME feelings for her? She thought he had only Carmela in his heart all this time.

Does she dare to hope? Her heart is throbbing just for a sentence from him.

She should protect herself and the baby, but she can't seem to say no to him.

Could she stay, knowing what it has been like for all these years?

She has to guard her heart carefully this time around if she is going to stay, she has been through a lot of pain and anguish in these last few weeks and that is not something she wants to experience again.

Tatum is about to kiss her when she blocks his lips with her hands. It's not that she doesn't want to kiss him or have sex but she's not sure if it's safe for the baby.

The baby....does she tell him? She has to, right? If she's going to be staying, there's no way it can remain a secret. If he wants her, he must want the baby as well.

"What? My balls are more than blue, sweet pea, they're turning black," Tatum frowns, kissing the side of her neck, slowly running his hand up, underneath her gown and she holds his hand, shoving him lightly with a chuckle.

"Your balls are going to have to remain like that for a while," Leila says, slowly moving her hand to her stomach, the thrumming of her slowly pounding heart loud in her own ears.

"I'm pregnant," She says, looking at Tatum with puppy eyes, but full of nervousness.

Tatum backs away from her, his eyes going wide, his lips parting slightly but he doesn't utter a word. His hands tremble by his side, his heart thudding like the galloping of a thousand horses, he slowly swallows air down his throat, goosebumps arrest his skin rapidly, travelling from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

"Well?" Leila asks, her countenance falling.

Why isn't he saying anything? Does she not—

Tatum sweeps her off her feet in a hug, so fast that her feet are off the ground before his arms can even wrap around her, laughing heartily and twirling her in the air.

"Yes! I'm going to be a father. Fuck, I'm going to be a father."

He drops her to the floor, stares at her without words, admiration clear in his gaze before he locks lips with her in a deep, sloppy and passionate kiss.

He cannot believe it. Not only is Leila staying but he's also getting a child?

He never thought she could carry his seed without her wolf but he's more than glad she can.

The pack is going to be abuzz with this news, he cannot wait to share it.

Wait. Was she going to divorce him and leave with his child, the heir to the pack?

How does that even fucking matter?

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It was his fault she wanted to leave, he didn't handle some things well in the past but now, the baby solidifies Leila's position even more.

She is not just Luna but mother to the next Alpha, if it's a boy anyway but the gender really doesn't matter.

He wants to have at least ten kids, he hated growing up as an only child. A sense of deja vu hits him and he remembers how when they were younger, he would always tease Leila that she would bear him many kids if they ended up being mates.

They may not be mates now but she belongs to him and he's not letting her go.

Not now, not ever.

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