

## Chapter 76

“Stop...” Leila pinches Tatum’s side, breaking the kiss and noticing the eyes of the other Alphas and their lunas fall on them. “The crowd..... people are staring at us,” she whispers.

Tatum gives her a sexy smirk, brushing his thumb over her supple lips, his grey eyes full of lust and passion.

“Don’t complain now, you’re the one who said I don’t show them you’re my wife enough. What better way to let them know you are fucking mine,” he pecks her lips again and Leila’s heart races even harder, flushing with a joyful feeling at the way he calls her his possessively.

“Kiss her again!” Someone yells from the crowd.

“Yes! Kiss her again! We’re all in for some blood Oak Alpha and Luna romance!”

Someone else whistles and another round of cheers and laughter erupts throughout the crowd.

Leila herself chuckles and waves at the crowd but she doesn’t let Tatum her again, suddenly feeling shy and self conscious.

The most satisfying thing however is that the calls are coming from their own pack members. It is not what she was expecting at all.

Tatum raises his hand and almost immediately, a hush falls on the crowd.

Margaux, the Luna of the Iron Claw pack, head of the Luna council, stands up and bows to Tatum from the far end of the long table.

“It is good to see you and your Luna in good spirits,” she says, giving Leila a slight nod.

“Luna Leila, since you are here now and the event can finally begin in earnest, let us not waste any more time. I choose you as my opponent in physical combat but you are not properly dressed to fight,” Margaux says in the most polite tone but her intentions are far from it.

Of all the twelve Lunas of the council, Leila is the only chosen mate and that has not sat well with her all these years and with Carmela returning, she feels Leila should have stepped down by now.

News travels fast and she knows Leila has no wolf, her aim is to teach Leila a lesson by giving her a good beating under the guise of the competition.

“That is because I will not be fighting today,” Leila replies with a courteous smile.

Margaux smirks at Leila, squinting her eyes and walking over to her with calculated predatory steps, looking into Leila’s eyes with a challenge.

“The blood oak pack has never backed down from a challenge. Don’t tell me this particular Luna cannot live up to the challenge or is she a scaredy cat?” she says in a coy and belittling tone.

A ripple of gasps and murmurs rushes through the crowd.

“Luna Margaux is in a mood today.” One person in the crowd says.

“She has nothing on Luna Leila, Alpha Tatum is her personal trainer.”

Clayton cracks his knuckles and smirks. “Without her wolf, she is toast.”

“Scared?” Leila scoffs, a tiny yet cocky smile on her lips. “I could take you with my hands tied behind my back and with a blind fold on but—”

“Let her know that shit Luna!” Someone from the blood Oak pack yells and Leila chuckles along with the crowd before she continues as the

laughter dies down.

“As I was saying, I would fight you, but the thing is—”

“Allow me,” Tatum places his hand on her thigh and stands to his feet, helping Leila up and then he goes on one knee, holding Leila’s waist, planting a soft kiss on her stomach.

Everyone stares at them in shock, wondering what is going on and Leila’s heart races at the affectionate way Tatum is taking things.

“How can she fight when she is carrying the star of this pack? Our child and future Alpha?” Tatum rests his head against her stomach as he speaks and Leila cups his head, the two smiling up and down at each other.

A loud gasp ripples through the crowd, followed by cheers, hoots and applause, loud and deafening.

Margaux’s eyes almost tear out their socket at the shocks that rock her. Her mouth falls open and she clenches her fist in disappointment but she forces a smile on her lips.

“Congratulations Leila, congratulations Alpha,” She says and quickly returns to her seat.

Clayton stands fixed in shock, his knuckles clenched and turning white in anger. This is not supposed to happen. This can hinder Carmela’s ascension.

Tatum stands up and collects the mic, speaking as loud as his voice can travel.

“Let it be known to every man and woman throughout the country that the Blood Oak Pack is expecting an heir. Let the birds of the air know, take the news to the fishes of the sea, inform the beasts of the field, tell it to the creeping insects on the ground and let the rodents and reptiles in

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their holes underground hear of it.”

He grabs Leila and kisses her again. “My beautiful Luna has made me proud and she deserves all of my love and admiration.”

The hoots are endless and the single ladies are swooning over the love of the Alpha and his Luna.

A lady stands in one corner of the auditorium, hidden under a hoodie, Carmela, her eyes fixed on the couple with a mean scowl on her face, seething with bitter hate and jealousy.



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