

Chapter 98

“For the last time, I have no idea how it got into his hands, I left it right here this morning,” Leila taps on her dresser, glaring at Tatum.

He just let Carmela go, no investigation, no nothing.

Despite how much she tried to make him see the truth, he refused to listen to her and demanded they return home while his warriors took care of everything.

Does he believe she really would hire an assassin?

“I believe you Leila,” Tatum replies, sitting on the bed and massaging his temples, the wrinkles of stress shaping the lines of his forehead.

“But you don't believe Carmela did it right?” Leila places her hands akimbo, a bitter smile on her lips followed by a soft scoff of disbelief as she stares down at her husband.

“No Leila, I don't,” Tatum replies coldly. “I know you don't like Carmela but you can't just accuse her of something as evil as this. You are the Luna, your words carry weight, you can't just condemn people you don't like.”

Tatum's cold words breeze pain all over Leila's heart and her bitter smile spreads.

“Is that what you think I'm doing? Abusing my power to condemn her?”

“I never said that.”

“But that is what you meant right? Then maybe she should be your Luna, go ahead and—”

“Leila...”

In a flash Tatum is on his feet and Leila is in his arms, he holds the side of her arm firmly, yet gently runs his arms up and down her side and his heart thuds with bitter emotion.

Leila is yet to utter the words on her tongue yet his heart already aches with pain.

He is trying his hardest to keep it all together for her sake. Dismissing her at the hotel was to make her save face, her bracelet was found in the assassin's pocket, the longer he let her blame Carmela, the more questions would be asked that would put her in a bad light but she sees it in the completely opposite way.

He jams his forehead against hers and he feels her anger waning in his hold. This is the one thing he is grateful for, no matter how distant their hearts are, he is grateful that she still finds his touch soothing.

He nibbles gently on her lower lips and kisses the tip of her nose.

“My sweet sweet pea, you are gentle as a dove on every good day, but when you lose your temper, you become a consuming fire, ready to destroy everyone and everything in your path, including yourself. I already told you, I believe you. Just calm down and let me take some time to look into this.”

“There’s nothing to look into,” Leila shoves him, “you’re just protecting her, that’s all you ever do. You say all these grand words and make all these promises, yet you do nothing because it’s her. Your smile is the biggest when she is in the room, you let her put her hands all over you like you don’t belong to anyone, I see everything Tatum even if I don’t talk.”

Tatum heaves a small sigh and his heart becomes filled with warmth, hearing the jealousy seeping from Leila's tone and he cannot help the small smirk that curves his lips.

"Is my Luna jealous? Is that it?" He asks in a low, almost whispery tone, taking slow steps towards her, his wanton eyes raking over the fuming yet sexy and alluring figure of the woman in front of him.

"Leila," he takes hold of her waist, pulling her gently into him, the storm of anger blazing in her eyes does not deter him.

He loves this woman and if reassuring her every second of the day that he feels nothing for Carmela is what it will take to soothe her and keep her bound to him, then that is a task he will willingly and fully commit to.

"You are my Luna, nothing is ever going to change that. You're the one I want to be with. Carmela can never become Luna unless I make that decision, you don't have to make her look bad to—"

"Get your hands off me," Leila growls, smacking his hands off her. "I'm not trying to make her look bad, she is bad, she is evil. How dare you think I'm making things up because I'm jealous? I don't fucking care what you do with her, I just want to keep me and my child safe."

"Oh for fuck's sake Leila, get a grip," Tatum snaps. "Carmela this, Carmela that. If anyone should be throwing a tantrum over this, it should be her. By right, she should be the Luna but I don't want her, I want you. How the fuck else do you want me to say that? What the fuck do you want from me?"

"I want you to open your eyes and see the truth," Leila replies coldly.

"What truth?" Tatum scoffs, cocking his head to one side and squinting

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at her.

“The truth, like what you have been doing, sneaking out on multiple nights, or the multiple phones so you can stay in touch with Kelvin behind my back? What truth exactly?”

Leila's heart thrums loudly in her ears from how heavy it thuds, the shock keeps her eyes and mouth agape.

He knows? He knew all this while and he never said anything?

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