

Chapter 213

The following day, Leila makes up her mind to go and see Tatum about the subpoena and she mindlinks him.

'I need to see you.'

'I'm busy.'

'It's not about the divorce, I promise,' she says, frowning, knowing he is just avoiding her as usual.

Tatum says silent for a while.

'Fine, I'm at home, the one opposite you.'

When Leila steps into Tatum's house, the one as big with as many rooms as hers, it is scarcely furnished, just a single couch in the living room, no TV, no rugs, no portraits, nothing but a pleasant smell hangs in the air.

It is quite obvious he only comes here because of her.

"Tatum!" She yells and her voice echoes through the empty space.

"Kitchen," comes his reply.

He's cooking? Since when did he learn how to cook? That day with Amara, he thought he was just messing around for Amara's sake.

Well, five years is a long time to learn anything.

Tatum doesn't turn back or stop his stirring when she steps in, he is shirtless and the ridges and contours of his muscular back keeps Leila's gaze on them and she doesn't speak immediately, oddly admiring it.



"You can admire me or you can talk," Tatum says smugly, still stirring.

Leila rolls her eyes. For someone who she thought would be in a lot of pain, he sure can still talk silly.

"I got a subpoena stating that I appear in court for suing Carmela and I did not do that. What are you playing at?"

Tatum ignores her and picks up a book that catches her attention, her recipe book. She always wrote down recipes for every meal she made and kept it in one of the lockers in the kitchen of their old house.

"After stirring for two minutes, reduce to low heat," he mutters, turning down the gas knob and dropping the book before he turns to her with calm eyes, sweat slowly covering his brows, dripping down his handsome face, down to his wide firm chest and slowly down his rock hard abs.

Leila forces herself to look at the gas burner and not him, something about a sexy man cooking shirtless and sweating makes her feel odd, not odd, it's— she just doesn't want to keep staring at him.

It's distracting.

"I know I'm the big bad villain around here but it doesn't mean I have a hand in every evil deed that happens and I don't see anything evil about justice being served."

"If you want to serve justice, that's fine, why use me?"

"I had no hand in this, someone else may want the same thing as you and there's nothing even I can do to stop it now, the court has summoned you, you must go," Tatum glances at the wall clock and then at his pot. "I'm making beef stew, you should try one."



"No thanks," Leila replies curtly. "Are you sure you want me to go after her?"

"Be fast about it too, I have my own bones to pick with her when you are done," Tatum replies sharply and he turns off the cooker, pointing to the living room and they both go out.

Leila squints at Tatum, finding him hard to understand.

"What are you waiting for? Why after me? If you knew what she did, why did you keep her all these years, our child died because of her trickery and you still let her parade herself as a false phoenix luna."

Tatum sits on the couch, pointing for her to sit but she remains standing.

"Answer me," she demands when she throws his head back with a tired sigh, not replying to her.

"Leila, it doesn't matter, you'll get your justice. It's not like you'll believe me if I tell you everything I did was to protect you anyway."

"Watching me jump off a cliff, pregnant, is not protecting me," Leila replies with a scowl.

He put her in danger time and time again, what the hell is he talking about?

Tatum shrugs. "Look, I made up my mind to give you the divorce and accept your—" Tatum winces suddenly and holds his chest and Leila knows it is the pain from the one sided broken bond. "I'll accept your rejection. Just finish the lawsuit."

"What's stopping you from doing it now? You're obviously suffering from the one-sided rejection," she says, watching him closely, "I mean the process could take weeks, months, what if it does irreparable damage




to you?"

"Would you look at that?" Tatum pouts smugly, before he smirks at her. "My sweet pea is worried about me."

"Dream on," Leila sneers at him.

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Thank you for reading 

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