

Chapter 3 - Pregnant, I left him To His First Love

However, she says nothing and turns. She is not going to let this bitter women come between her and her best friend. They are Carmela's friends, and they are picking on her on purpose because Carmela sacrificed herself for her.

She has no position to defend herself.

As she heads for the bathroom to get a mop, Edna shrieks behind her: "Who are you leaving this mess to?! Get the shards first! It could hurt someone, jeez!"

Leila nods and kneels to pick up the bigger ones with panicking hands, and it is at this moment, the door opens after a short knock, and Leila looks up with the shards cupped in her palm, only to meet the Alpha's cold eyes.

"What are you doing?" He notices Leila and instantly, a frown crawls onto his handsome face.

"Alpha!" Carmela jumps off the bed and runs to the Alpha, throwing her arms around his neck like when they were kids, "Can I please, please leave the hospital now? Pleaseeee."

Her cute tone got a light laugh out of the Alpha and he pats her on her waist to get her off.

"Twenty now, and you are still acting like a little girl."

"You should know.....you are the one who spoiled me—ouch!" Carmela's big smile is replaced by a sudden frown as she lifts her foot in pain.

"Careful!" Alpha Tatum picks her up into his arms, noticing the shards left on the floor. His unfriendly eyes glances around and lands on Leila.

Her heart shrinks in fear and she speeds up the picking, using her palm to wipe the floor in case she missed any, leaving several cuts which hurt her but not as much as seeing her husband carrying another woman in his arms.

"What happened?!" The Alpha demands again, still at Leila this time when she is secretly checking her hands.

"It's not her fault..." Carmela pulls Alpha Tatum's sleeve timidly. And at her words, the Alpha narrows his eyes, understanding that Leila is the one who broke the cup.

"You can't get a mop for it?" The man's long, sharp eyebrows twist together, "Who taught you to clean broken glasses with your bare hands?!"

Confirming the Alpha's attitude toward Leila, Carmela's friends exchanged a gloating look.

“Carmi just wanted a cup of water, and she was too impatient to deliver the cup into Carmi’s hand!”

“She cut herself seeing Carmi hurt her foot, just to get your atten—”

“That’s enough.” Two calm words out of the Alpha and the mean girls shut their mouths in fear. They can’t handle the Alpha’s dominant aura.

Leila’s eyes brim with tears. She embarrassed him, again. She wasn’t born to be Luna like Carmela.

All she ever brings him is trouble.

Speaking of trouble, Leila sneaks a timid peek at the Alpha as her stomach twists together: she is carrying one in her as they speak.

If she wasn’t sure whether he would want the baby before, she is sure now that the baby will only be a bother to him.

She hasn’t had time to talk to him about it. Or rather, she hasn’t allowed herself the time to talk to him, so she doesn’t have to make a decision on it.

Now she has one.

She can’t keep the baby. She can’t break him and Carmela up, again.

They all say that she stole him from Carmela, but only she knows she could never. His heart has been Carmela’s since forever ago. He is just too kind, taking good care of her in their fake marriage and she started twisting his kindness into symbols of love.

She tricked herself into thinking that maybe somewhere in his heart, there was a small spot for her but it’s time to wake up from her dream, a dream that is too good to be true.

Seeing the stinging image of the Alpha sitting by Carmela’s bedside, talking and laughing, Leila forces the tears back in her eyes and scooches to the door.

“Where are you going?” Alpha Tatum spots her sneaky moves before she can take two steps.

“Home...” Leila can only squeeze single words out of her without exposing the crying tone behind it.

“Wait for me, I’m going home, too.” Alpha Tatum gives a flat order.

“Actually,” Leila bites her lips, “I need to see Amanda first.”

“Amanda?” The Alpha frowns, upset at her change of answer, “You don’t have to take the routine tests anymore.”

Right. Leila sighs in her mind. They don’t have to pretend that they are trying to have an heir anymore. He is marrying his true Luna.

“I…” Leila grips her own finger hard, trying to form a sentence, “I should let her know, then.”

The Alpha stares at her with his eyes narrowed. Is he getting suspicious, just because she insisted on talking to her?

“I—”

“You said I can leave the hospital!” Carmela shakes the Alpha’s sleeve coquettishly, “Aren’t you taking me home yourself?”

With an indulging sigh, Alpha Tatum rubs Carmela’s head: “Of course I will.”

“I’ll be home then!” Leila throws her words as she escapes the room, unable to watch even one more second.

She needs to talk to Amanda before the news could get out because soon it will not be true--

She needs an abortion.