

You can't go home

"What in the blazes you are doing?" she cursed pulling down the jacket that was thrown at top of her head out of nowhere. "What in the hell does this means?"

"Not as sweet as you were seven years ago, eh?" He commented before turning around to look at her, his huge build towering over her. "I do remember that you didn't like using curse words the last time I saw you."

"Why don't I kick you where your sun shines and show you how sweet I am? Don't worry I won't kick you hard enough to break your nuts." She smiled at him sweetly before throwing his jacket back at him, wasn't as sweet as she was? Maybe if he hadn't thrown her in a shit hole for seven years, she would still be the same.

Naive, sweet and so in love with him.

Levy brushed past him but Logan stopped her, as he threw his jacket back at her. "Put that on, I do not wish to smell the grimy scent of your body while sitting in the same space as you."

"Yeah because you smell like a god damn bath bomb do you?" She snapped but she did as he asked her, pulling that black jacket over her shoulder she got inside the car and Logan breathed a sigh of relief, in fact, Levy didn't smell at all, despite staying in the prison she was very careful of her hygiene and Logan too could see that because as she walked past him, her lavender scent floated up to his nostrils almost enticing him.

The reason he gave her, his jacket was simple— clad in only her bra

and sweatpants, Levy was far more sensual than any woman he has brought to his house after Mavis was gone. The soft curve of her breasts, made him imagine things that he shouldn't be imagining and in an attempt to distract himself from her, he shrugged off his jacket and handed it to her because honestly, he couldn't even think about sitting in the same space as her with half of her breasts spilling out.

Dear Mood Goddess, please tell him that he wasn't finding her attractive.

Logan heaved a long breath before getting in the car, he just need to wait till she was done dealing with Lily's curse and then he will be able to get rid of her once and for all.

The drive was a silent one and Levy could have sworn that she was almost on the verge of breaking down, this was one of the rare times when she was alone with Logan. Of course, Elder Hopkins and her brother were sitting in the very same space as her but they were occupying the front passenger and driver's seat but the thing was this was her first time sitting with Logan with no one in between and honestly with his scent that was surrounding her from all the sides, Levy couldn't help but groan inwardly.

This wasn't good, oh this was seriously not good.

Her wolf pressed against her skin trying to soak as much scent of her mate as she could, though her wolf knew what Logan has done to them, she still couldn't go against the mating bond. The elemental bond incited and clawed at them wanting them to stay close to their mate, though she didn't know if that urge ever clawed Logan because he looked far too detached to her.

Levy felt a burst of anger inside her, what in the world was she even

doing? Pinning on a man who doesn't even want her? How can she still be so stupid? Has the seven years in the frost gate didn't teach her anything?

Immediately, she raised the walls that she has built while staying in the prison and tuned Logan out not wanting to even look at him. She wasn't going to engage in this foolery anymore.

So, when the car came to a stop, Levy didn't even think about anything before she pushed the door of the car and got off wanting to be as far as from Logan lest the mating bond made her brain even more of a gooey paste than it already has — she checked the time on the small clock that was on the dashboard of the car and carefully noted — only three hours and she was already panting with heat.

God, she needed a man as quick as she could.

There was no way she would feel so bothered if she get rid of this heat that was burning in her body. And for that she didn't need a mate, any male would do.

Brushing the curly locks she looked around the territory that she both loved and hated— loved because this was where she grew up and hated because even after growing up here no one roused to her help when she needed them the most.

Being blind in one eye made it certainly difficult for Levy to look around the territory properly but with the loss of an eye, she was also blessed with extremely sensitive senses and of course, with just one glance she was able to sense that the wolves around her were looking at her with wary eyes, her lips curled in disdain.

Still, the same — her crime was never proved yet she was already



being treated as a murderer.

Levy turned a blind eye to those gazes and turned to look at Jacob who slid out of the car after he was done parking the car in the pack's parking lot. She waited for him to sidle next to her before she said, "Let's go."

However, before she could take another step and walk away with her brother, someone stopped her by gripping the back of her jacket, stunned she looked over her shoulder and frowned at Logan. "What are you doing?"

He only responded with an arch of his brow. "Where do you think you are going?"

"Home."

"You can't go home."



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