

Turn you into a puppy

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Levy was angry enough to laugh out loud, staring at Logan she threw the notebook back at him and of course, he caught it with ease. She arched one brow and pointed to her curls that haven't been washed since last week and said, " I am not making a move until I take shower, you want me to slave myself away for you, the second I step into the house? Not happening. Tell me where is the shower and we will talk after I am done washing myself up."

He didn't say anything while she was speaking instead after he was done listening he pushed himself off the counter and strolled towards her, his pace easy and slow as if he wasn't in a hurry at all. Once he came to a stop in front of her, he shot her a fake smile and calmly said, " You aren't here to have a nice day out, Harlow... I brought you here to work so get on in and if you can't do that then—" he unsheathed his claws and placed them against her abdomen and added, " We can make things work out differently, now will you get on with what you are supposed to do and stop wasting my time? There are lot more important things that I have in hand other than," he pointed at her face. " Your ugly face."

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Not at all offended Levy stepped closer to him and peered up at his face with a smile that meant — danger get away. “ You still don’t get that I am no longer the same girl, do you think that you can threaten me a little and I will start wagging my tail?” She shot a fake smile right back at him before snapping her fingers. A loud bang echoed behind Logan but he didn’t look away instead he dug his claw deeper into Levy’s abdomen but she didn’t even flinch and stared right back at him.

“ Try making a move,” she closed in the distance, as she stepped into his personal space until she was breathing the same air as him, her lips almost touching his and curled her lips into a sneer. “ Let’s see who will be quicker, you with your claws or I with my magic? Just so you know that if you missed I will turn you into a puppy and send you back to your mother...whimpering, because...” she trailed off unsheathing her own claws. “ I am part wolf as well.”

The two of them stared at each other for a while Logan skimmed his gaze on her face, he must have seen the determination on her face because he stepped away a second later and pointed to the other end of the hall and said, “ The guest bathroom is that way, you can take a shower

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there but be quick.”

“ Thank you,” sheathing her claws, she too took a step back and smiled at Logan. “ I will take as much time as I want.”

With that, she turned around to walk away to the bathroom and Logan aimed his claws at the back of her head but before even the tip of his claws could touch a strand of her hair, a shard of broken glass flew right at him. If not for him twisting around on time, he was sure that the shard of the glass would have pierced his palm.

Levy turned to the left slightly, her arms still folded as she smiled at Logan and said, “ Don’t tell me that the great alpha Logan was actually going to use his claws at a woman whose back was turned? Now was he? Because if he was, I have only one thing to say to him and that’s — you are embarrassing.”

Dumping these humiliating words behind, she turned around and walked away leaving Logan to fume alone.

Unlike the showers in the prison, Logan’s shower was much better. Though it was small it had a shower, bathtub and all the necessary

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accommodations that one might need. Levy picked up the Mediterranean Sea salt shower gel and took a whiff of it — the scent was cosy, warm and Logan's, her wolf pressed against her surface wanting to take another whiff but Levy placed the shower gel back on the counter feeling like a creep.

She stared at her reflection in the big mirror that was hanging on the wall and shook her head. "What the hell I am doing?"

Didn't she already give up on him? So, why was she letting her body win over her mind? Was she out of her mind? She must be because there was no reason why she was sniffing the scent of a man who ruined her life once and for all. She raised her hand and touched her webbed eye and waved her hand in front of it — still, she couldn't see anything. An eye ...she lost an eye because of that man and she still desired him? What a joke!

She pushed herself off the counter and crouched down, pulling open the cabinet underneath and looked around, rummaging around the toiletries that were kept on the upper shelf. Finally, she found an old unused soap and picked it up — if she couldn't avoid her mating instincts the least she could do was to make sure that she was

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suppressing them well.

Stripping off her clothes, she picked up the soap and headed to the shower before turning on the shower head and leaving the water to wash away years of grime and dirt. If only it also washed away the memories of those seven years.

"Are you done showering?" Logan was sitting on the couch watching the football match when he heard Levy walk out of the bathroom, her red curls were slightly damp and from the looks of it, she wasn't able to find the hair dryer on the shelf that was right next the mirror. He stared at the water droplets that were trickling down her curls and frowned, "Why didn't you dry your hair?"

She looked at him like he was crazy. "Do you even know what a dryer does to my curls?"

"I guess not."

"Then shut up."