



## Unpredictable care

Levy woke up with a jolt, she was still breathing heavily but when she saw that she was no longer in the stadium and no one was aiming a knife at her, her thumping heart finally eased down a little. She gasped for breath and pushed herself up, sitting up straight in the bed, her hand reaching out to her blind eye, the dream was simply too realistic, she almost thought that she was going to be stabbed again — it was the first time that she has closed her eyes with a peace of mind before this she always used to sleep with one eye open, such that her mind got into the habit of staying active even when she was sleeping, back in the prison she hardly caught a wink of sleep without being jostled awake by the warden or the prisoners in the next cells.

Shouts and screams have always echoed in the silent prison once in while since the human wardens had the habit of stabbing hot poker into the skin of the prisoners, she too was woken up by the warden many times— waking up to being stabbed by hot pokers into her skin until she got small blistered all over her body was something that Levy could never forget.

But this time she wasn't worried about being poked or stabbed by hot pokers, that was the only reason why she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep, who would have thought that the memories of her past would come haunting her out of nowhere?

"Are you okay?" She was still trying to calm herself down when a familiar voice echoed in her ears from the top of her head causing her to frown and look up. Dressed in a sleeveless loose white t-shirt, Logan stood next to her bed with a complicated expression on his

face, she stared at him for two minutes before she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean by what am I doing here?" He asked with a scrunched-up expression. "You were screaming like you were getting murdered in your bed, what was I supposed to do? If I hadn't come in then you would have gouged that bad eye of yours."

"Gouged out?" Levy touched her bad eye and suddenly felt a throbbing pain in it, she was too worried just now and didn't pay attention to the throbbing in her blind eye. Now that Logan has mentioned it, she could feel aching — no wonder she had such a dream, her eye was hurting.

"You were scratching your eye out with both of your hands," he explained carefully, his breathing just like hers was a bit laboured as he wiped the sweat on his face with the back of his hand. "I don't know why you were doing something like that but I couldn't let you wrench it out, could I? Maybe you were having a nightmare or something of the sort, that is why I had to rush into your room and wake you up. I had no intention of coming inside the room just in case you start thinking that I had some sort of agenda."

Levy wanted to say that he could have let her do whatever she was doing in her sleep but now that she was no longer in a daze, she could feel her blind eye throbbing painfully— it was painful enough for her to let out a wince. She didn't have the time to banter with him, sliding down the bed she headed to the bathroom.

"Does it hurt?" Logan asked from behind causing Levy to pause in the middle of her stride, she turned around and looked at Logan before saying, "Why? Are you going to throw a party seeing me in

agony?"

Turning around she walked out of the room, Logan watched her go and clenched the eye drops that he brought her from the first aid box out of instinct and threw it in the trash bin of her room. Running his hand through his hair, he cursed, "F\*cking mating bond," what was he even thinking grabbing the eye drops for her? If he was being honest, he didn't know what he was doing either—all he knew was the second he saw her grabbing her eye while screaming, his wolf and he went into full panic mode. Strictly speaking, he shouldn't have been worried about her but he was funnily enough.

He stared at the pack of eye drops in the trash bin and walked out without looking back. It must have been the mating bond messing with him because he still hadn't broken the bond, Levy might have some sort of effect on him. Annoyance flickered inside him, he needed to find the missing parts of Lily's soul and send Levy packing or else she will only make more mess of his head — she was his culprit and he should make sure that she remained only that to him.

There was no need for him to let the mating bond mess with him.

Levy splashed the cold water on her face, it stung a little but other than that she was completely fine. At least her bad eye was no longer throbbing, she stared at her reflection and slowly raised her fingers to touch the webbed eye— dropping her hand, she sighed. There was no point in regretting, even if she wanted to take revenge on Logan for what he did to her, she couldn't do that. What she needed was to get rid of the brand on her hand and live a happy life ... only then the people who wanted to see her will lose their night's sleep.

What she wanted wasn't revenge, she wanted a life away from her



past and the constant agony that she had to go through because of Logan. As for this blind eye, once she was done treating Lily, she will think of a way to heal it too — she was a half-witch, there was no she wouldn't be able to heal a blind eye.



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