

## Humiliation

Levy took a look at the girl with vivid bubblegum pink hair with sea-green eyes before she raked her gaze down at the bikini top followed by very small denim shorts that clung to her waist. From one look she could make out the areas which had work done on them before she tilted her head and took another look at the female standing in front of her. Surely, she was one of the pack members but no matter how much Levy looked at her, she couldn't even remember her in the slightest.

"I asked them to stop you from entering the pack," the bubblegum head raised her head haughtily and stared down at Levy in a very condescending manner. "You left the pack without permission, so of course, you have to stay behind and let us search for every unauthorised thing you bring in the pack, who knows maybe you went out to get something dangerous with the intention of causing unrest in the pack?"

"Exactly, won't be your first time doing something like that," the brunette next to the pink poodle yapped, Levy more or less understood that the two of them were certainly in cohorts with each other or it was more befitting to say that the brunette was the pink poodle's lackey.

Listening to the brunette's encouragement, the pink poodle's face turned even more arrogant as she raised her chin at Levy and said with an air of arrogance, "Now bring that bag here, so that we can look at what kind of weapons you are smuggling inside the pack. We don't want another incident like the one that happened years ago."

Levy exhaled sharply before raising her eyes and meeting the pink

poodle's gaze head-on as she simply spat one single word, "Who?"

"What?" Her sudden question seemed to have taken a bit of steam out of the pink poodle as she looked at Levy in surprise. "What did you say just now?"

"I asked who are you," ignoring the shocked expression on her face, Levy went for the brutal attack. The best way to deal with someone wasn't to sarcastically indulge with them in the battle of wits instead it was better to simply ignore their existence, especially when they believed that they were worth something.

Sure enough, the pink poodle's face turned red as she glared at Levy and shrieked angrily, "What do you mean by who am I? I am Jesse's sister!"

"So, you are Keisha?" asked Levy with an expression as if she had finally understood something but then she frowned and said, "Wait but Keisha didn't use to wear such slutty clothes, nor is she that short and tiny.... What's more, wasn't she blonde? What happened to you in just a few years? Are you in your rebellious phase at this age?"

The expression on the pink poodle's face was quite close to exploding as she snarled angrily, "I am Rachel, Keisha is my big sister! Stop pretending that you don't know me, Levy!"


"Oh," Levy nodded with a look of comprehension on her face as she snapped her fingers. "It is not that I am pretending, I really couldn't remember you...I mean who will remember the young girl whose only goal in life was to sleep with every guy her sister has been together with, I had much better things to do while being locked up in the prison you know?" She shrugged casually and added with a swift low blow, "You didn't make much of an impression on me."

Rachel's face turned green as she noticed the trembling shoulders of the guards, she strode past the territory line before charging in Levy's direction as if she was going to claw her face. Seeing right through her intentions, Levy unleashed her alpha vibes overwhelming Rachel to the point that she slowed her pace down, so when she came to a stop in front of Levy, Rachel only gritted her teeth and snarled provokingly, "At least I am better than someone who is branded with the mark of a murderer!"

These words would have worked if Levy was still in her teens but she was now close to becoming a woman, so she simply tilted her head and smiled at Rachel's angry expression. "Are you? If you were better than me you wouldn't have been using your authority to do something this childish."

"What do you mean by childish?" With a stubborn expression, Rachel glared at Levy as she said, "I am just doing my duty, you might not know but I am the sub beta here, that is to say, I am your brother's assistant and I need to be careful with people like you who can be a threat to the pack, so stop your antics and let me see what you have brought in that bag and while you are at it, take of your clothes as well, who knows what kind of tricks you might have learned in the prison."

Hah? Fulfilling her responsibilities? This was nothing but an attempt to humiliate Levy. Now that Levy was looking at Rachel carefully she remembered that this woman used to find trouble with her even when they were young, the reason? Logan. Rachel wanted to be Logan's mate but then Levy grew up and realised that Logan was her mate, Rachel's dream of becoming the Luna sort of broke down. Even though Mavis still held Logan's heart in the palm of her hands,

 +5 BONUS

Rachael only bullied Levy... because it was much easier.

She was doing the same now as well, she knew that Levy didn't have anyone's backing at the moment and she can easily stomp on her just because she was jealous of the fact that Levy was Logan's mate.

With a tired sigh, Levy stared at Rachel as she parted her lips with a smile in her eyes. "I will answer to you if you really won this position fair and square," she took a whiff of Rachel's scent, detecting a hint of her mate's scent on her, it was faint but she could smell it, Levy smirked. "Not by sucking Logan's cock."



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