

Why do you smell of a man?

This time Rachel's face flushed redder than a tomato, as she unsheathed her claws and stared at Levy with eyes that were glinting with humiliation and anger, " Challenge me, I dare you to challenge me, Levy Harlow!"

Levy pursed her lips as she looked at the enraged Rachel and simply said a sentence, " Are you worthy?"

" You...!" Furious and embarrassed to the extreme, Rachel lunged at Levy, her claws aiming right at Levy's face but just as her claws were going to touch Levy's face, the latter vanished on the spot with a pop and appeared at a few paces away from Rachel causing the latter to fall face first on the ground. The brunette lackey shrieked as she rushed to help Rachel up, " Rachel? Rachel are you okay?"

How can Rachel be okay it was one thing for her to fall down on the ground but it was a completely different thing if she was to be humiliated by someone like Levy, she hurriedly got to her feet and then wiped her face with the back of her hand? Her eyes glimmered with a murderous rage, as she flexed her claws and sneered, " I am going to kill you."

And then she lunged, Rachel was fast incredibly fast with her tiny build, agility was one of her best skills however as Levy was faster and more ruthless than her. Rachel has only fought in pack battles and that too alongside her pack mates but Levy was different, she has fought for her life. The difference between the two of them was vastly great already and as Rachel tried to claw Levy's heart out with the latter just defending against her attacks, she slowly started to realise the difference in their strength.



"What are you doing, Rachel?" It was then that an enraged voice echoed behind the two of them causing Rachel to pause as she turned to look at the person standing behind her. Lo, and behold standing at the entrance of the territory was Jacob, his expression of nothing but sheer rage as he strode past the guards and hissed at Rachel as soon as he came to stop in front of her, "What in the world are you trying to do? Why are you attacking Levy for absolutely no reason?"

"I am not attacking her for no reason," Rachel sheathed her claws as she clenched her fingers and pointed at Levy with a blaming expression. "She is the one who started this!"

"Really? But all I saw was that you were attacking her like a mad wolf while she was dodging your attacks, are you saying that didn't happen?" Jacob fired back.

"That's only because she wouldn't go with the protocols!"

"What protocols—"

"Oh, I didn't know that asking someone to strip off their clothes just so that you can ensure the security of the pack," at this moment Levy chose to speak up as she curled her lips and looked at Jacob. "Now the pack's condition has deteriorated to the point that anyone can ask me to take my clothes off in the name of checking what I brought?"

"Of course, you are a murderer, this is how you are supposed to be treated—"

"Shut up!" Jacob put an end to Rachel's blabber as he stared at her

ferociously before slowly speaking in a dangerous voice, "The pack's security is under my control, Rachel. I don't care whose sister you are but don't interfere in my duties, as my assistant you are only supposed to ask me before taking any decision, with what rights did you stop Levy out of the territory for searching her?"

"Jacob, I—"

"No, this is not going to happen again," snapped Jacob without giving Rachel a chance to say anything as he glared at her hard. "The next time you use your authority to bully someone, you can pack your things and move out of the main lodge, got it?"


Rachel didn't say anything after he was done dealing with her, Jacob turned to look at Levy before he sighed calmly and apologised sincerely, "I am sorry about this, I didn't give her the authority to do something like this, I can assure you that."

"I know," Levy hitched the paper bag on her shoulder as she expressionlessly asked, "Can I go in now? Or do I really need to go with that search?"

"You can go inside, the pack is well protected by a magical boundary — if you brought anything dangerous then it will alert the pack's enforcers right away," said Jacob. "Logan introduced it after Mavis's death."

"Uh-huh," she shot a glance at Rachel and snorted. "So much for taking care of your responsibilities huh?"

Then without waiting for an answer, she strode past the two of them. As soon as she walked past the territory line, the alarm that was supposed to buzz didn't even make a sound causing Levy's lips to



hook up as she turned around and looked at Rachel before shooting her a smile. "Would you look at that? What a dramatic entrance, don't you agree?"

She ignored the sputtering reply from Rachel and walked towards Logan's house, as she walked through the path of the pack's territory, many parents hurriedly brought their children back inside as if they were worried that Levy will suddenly go mad and start popping their kids like a round of firecrackers.

Levy rolled her eyes as she walked through a cluster of the houses and headed straight to Logan's house at the very end of the pack— as soon as she pushed open the door, a flying Logan came face to face with her causing Levy to take a step back in surprise. "What the —" when she saw that it was Logan, her heartbeat that kicked up a notch returned to its original pace and Levy sighed in relief as she shot past him. "You scared me, what are you trying to do? Since you can't kill me straight up, you are trying to get me to die out of a heart attack huh?"

However just as she turned to go inside her room, a hand reached out to her and clasped her arm. Then with an abrupt twist, Logan turned her around so that she was facing him, he took a whiff of her scent before raising his eyes to stare right into hers. "Why do you smell of a man?"

Molten glass

Levy ignored the tiny flutters that were ignited in her body as soon as Logan touched her just as she ignored her wolf, who raised her head and took a whiff of her mate's scent. Crazy, her wolf must have gone crazy because how in the world someone can be this desperate?

However, while she was blaming her wolf, Levy calmed down -- it wasn't the fault of her wolf, if anything it was the fault of the mating bond, that still tied her and Logan together and Logan was at fault even more so, what exactly was going on in his head, why exactly did he get a hold of her arm like that? What was he thinking seriously? She wrenched her arm out of his grip and rolled her eyes at him. " Why? Why does it matter if I smell of a man? You hate me remember? So, with what rights

are you questioning me?"

Logan swiftly ignored her questioning as his gaze dropped to the clothes that she was wearing, his brows crinkled as he took a whiff and the scent of warm muffins, blueberries and something spicy like cinnamon wafted to his nostrils a bit stunned, he looked at Levy as far as he knew she didn't have the money to buy new clothes, so where did she get these bunch of clothes? He stared at her before asking sternly, " Where did you get these clothes?" He would have suspected Jacob if not for the scent that was sticking to the clothes that Levy was wearing, Jacob's scent was comparatively different from the one that was snuggling to Levy.

" Why does it matter? I didn't borrow the money from anyone in the pack if that's what's going on in your head," answered Levy as she snatched her arm away from him. " If you are done questioning can I

go back to my room and take a nap? I am tired."

"It doesn't matter to me," Logan snapped at her while something fleeting and agitating floated past his heart, the feeling was right there but he couldn't get hold of it, no matter how much he tried. His brows drew closer as those emotions were replaced with something else creating a clashing and mixed emotion, he didn't know why but at the moment even if he wanted to hold her and question her, something inside him wanted to hurt her...to say something rude and he did exactly that, "I just never thought that you will be so desperate that you will go looking for a man the day you got released from the prison."

Levy wasn't offended by his words back when they were teens, Logan used to say much harsher words to her. Instead, she was amused, with a curl of her lips she crossed her arms in front of her and said, "That's right I was desperate, what about it? What are you going to do about it? It has been seven years and yet I have never touched a man, what's wrong with me looking for one now?"

"What did you say?" asked Logan with a deadly voice as he looked at Levy with a stunned look in his eyes. "What exactly did you say just now?"

"What do you think I said?" Levy rolled her eyes as she stared right into his eyes and said, "I said that I did go to look for a man, so what? I am a shifter ...as a shifter there is nothing wrong with me looking for a man. Now, if you are done interrogating me like I am some sort of criminal, I think I will leave now—" she hardly turned around to leave when Logan shot like a bullet and turned her around, such that she was looking at his face again.

“ Did you just say that you went to look for a man? Who gave you the right to do so?” Something seemed to be snapping inside him as he stared at her with a wild look in his eyes. “ Who gave you the right to look for a man, because of you I am still stuck in the past where I lost what was most precious to me, and you ...you think that you can just go on and mate with any man you find fitting?”

Something about his loss of control made Levy feel a sweet pleasure, she knew that she should stop when she had the time but something was prodding her to go on with what she was doing, maybe it was her instincts maybe it was her being a simply petty — but she wanted to hurt Logan just as much as he did back when they were young. She smiled and pushed back as she sneered, “ I am not mating with anyone, I am fucking him...” of course that was a lie, even after being betrayed, and thrown into prison, she couldn't bring herself to cheat on her mate with another male, especially when their bond wasn't broken. But this was something Logan didn't know about.

“ I don't need a mating bond to fuck a man—” she didn't even get a chance to finish what she was saying, as Logan lunged at her. His long, hard fingers dug in her neck as he slammed her right against the wall behind her. A painful groan escaped her lips but when she saw the anger in his eyes, her lips curled into a pleased smile. “ What's wrong? Can't listen to it anymore?”

“ Shut up!” Logan didn't know why his heart was burning as if he has eaten a bunch of olives... all he knew was that his wolf was pissed. So pissed, that he wanted to hunt the man who touched Levy and make sure that he never appears in front of her. There was a good chance that she was lying, just trying to get a response out of him



and him being a fool... he was giving her exactly the very thing that she wanted but --

'I don't need a mating bond to fuck a man...' these words were like someone poured molten glass in his ears. "Just shut up, Levy!"



Comments



Support