

Headed to library

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Moira stared at Levy in shock, horror and anger but no matter how much she struggled against the restraints there was nothing she could do except glare at Levy who smiled at her and then stood up from the ground yes, she was going to bully whoever bullied her if they had the strength or the power to fight her then they were more than welcome to toy her magic skills. Did they think she was scared of them? No, she was not.

The only reason, she was unwilling to raise her hand and use her magic spells on the pack mates was that she didn't want any trouble knocking on her door. But that didn't mean that she was willing to become a door mat for just anyone either.

Levy snapped her fingers and then Moira was back on the ground on her four as she coughed and sputtered, her eyes flashed wolf but she didn't lunge at Levy, she stayed where she was having sensed the difference in their skills. Levy's skills as a shifter were not exceptional and that was one of the reasons why her father despised her, according to him she was too much of a disappointment but as a witch, her skills were top notch and no one was ever able to take her down.

She could of course try dragging Levy down but —

"This is not over yet!" Moira scrambled to her feet and then she turned around and stormed out of the parking lot, Levy noticed how she glared at Jacob like he has let her down or something of the sort.

Jacob ignored her gaze instead of looking at Moira he turned to her

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and softly said, "Logan will not this matter go, you touched his sister, definitely he is going to make you suffer."

Even though Moira and Logan weren't close as normal siblings, they were still family. Compared to Levy who was an outsider, Moira was much more closer to Logan and if she was to complain to him then —

"Don't worry about her." She might be angry but she wasn't a fool who couldn't understand what she can or cannot do. She only made a move on Moira because she knew that she suffered from a severe inferiority complex. Even though she was born as a dominant female she wasn't as strong as Logan, which was why she was always sort of ignored by her mother.

Logan's mother was very good but only for her son who was her pride. The dominant male alpha who will take over the pack in the future and compared to him, Moira was more or less just a backdrop who occasionally occupied her mother's head.

"She won't say a word to Logan, she is too prideful for that." Beaten up by the very woman she despised and looked down on? It would be surprising if Moira so much as let out a squeak regarding this matter in front of anyone. After all, her pride as a dominant shifter was on the line.

"Let's go," Levy did not want to waste any more time than she already did, the later she arrived at the library, the more time she will have to make it up from her personal time, she didn't want to do that! Even though Lily was patient and she was the key to proving her innocence, Levy did not want to use all her time on Lily.

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There were so many things that she has to do other than this!

She pulled the door of the SUV and slid inside the passenger seat before leaning against the seat and closing her eyes. She was tired, her eye was still hurting painfully and after she used magic, it was hurting even more usually she used a bit of her magic to ease the pain but not today— she wanted a bit of pain.

It made her feel a bit alive. Even if all she wanted to do was to die, fortunately, her bond with Logan never formed or else who knows maybe today she would have suffered torture worse than death. If the bond was formed then she would have sensed every bit of pleasure he was giving to another female, she was fortunate enough not to be claimed.

If not then who knows what would have happened to her poor little wolf, she might have really lost her mind.

Jacob noticed that she wasn't in the mood of talking so he slid inside the driver's seat and then turned on the radio— Amy Winehouse's voice echoed through the speakers as she sang Back to black.

Levy's brows scrunched up as she turned to look at him and said, "Are you trying to be funny with me?"

"No, of course not! It's the radio, I didn't play it." Jacob hurriedly changed the channel only to have — It's too late blast through the speakers.

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"Sure."

Losing You by Solange filled the space and Levy gritted her teeth as she snapped, "Just turn the damn thing off!" Was the universe celebrating her heartbreak or something?

Jacob could only turn the radio off, the melody was cut off and then the entire car once again fell into silence. He cleared his throat and then gunned the engine before driving the car out of the lot, Levy has never been taken on a drive before. Her father firmly believed that she and her mother were the biggest stains of his life, so he hid them in the pack and refused to bring either of them anywhere.

The only one who was allowed to go on a drive with their father was Jacob and other than this the only time she sat in a car was when she was either taking Mavis shopping or when she was dragged in and out of the prison.

She has never gone on a drive with a peaceful mind. She rolled the window down and stared out of the window, she didn't know but driving without any trouble running in her head was an experience that she never thought she will enjoy!

Dumb stereotype

Dumb stereotype

"I will return around noon, you cannot skip eating lunch." Jacob stared at her with an old father's worried look on his face while nagging her nonstop. She was sure that he was going to almost nag her about how skinny she was but he was smarter than that, he knew that if he said something like that Levy will certainly say something heartless to him, so he only told her again and again that he would return around noon for her and then the two will have lunch together. If she wanted she could borrow some books from the library to read at home.

Levy very much wanted to tell him to stop nagging but upon thinking about the pitiful balance she had in her pocket, she could only agree with Jacob. Last night she only got a two-dollar or three-dollar tip and it was after working for an entire night that she collected ten dollars. She knew that she couldn't buy anything filling with that meagre sum, so she chose to have breakfast at the lodge.

Jacob asked her to wait for him at the library parking lot one last time before he slid back into the SUV and drove away. Levy watched him go feeling albeit confused and overwhelmed by his enthusiasm, he couldn't understand why he was suddenly trying to get close to her. Was it because he genuinely wanted to repair their relationship or was it because Logan asked him to keep an eye on her?

There were numerous possibilities as to why Jacob was trying to get close to her but she wasn't in a hurry to find out about it. No matter what the reason, a lie couldn't be hidden for long and neither can the schemes of others, sooner or later she will find out what her dear

Dumb stereotype

meant by his pretence of getting close to her.

The library at the northern end of the forest stood tall and mighty in the middle of nowhere, even with its location hidden deep in the wilderness, the granite grounds of the parking were filled with cars, and the abstract white building shimmered under the glow of the sun with its many glasses windows reflecting like multiple lakes. Levy hadn't been here before, the library that she was used to was a small wooden house with a few curious readers coming from all the surrounding packs coming to read.

But this was different, it was bigger and modern and an evident proof of how much time has passed.

What wasn't different was that the second Levy stepped inside the building the receptionist sitting behind the curved oval desk raised her head to welcome her but then her gaze fell on the brand of the murderer at the back of Levy's hand and she shivered, if she could Levy would have hidden the mark but being marked as a murderer meant that she can never hide the brand, if she was to do it then the mark would plant itself in the middle of her forehead— she has tried it many times in the prison and believe her having the mark sticking on the forehead was much worse than it sticking out from the back of her hand.

The gaze of the thin and tiny receptionist darted to the security guard but then she paused, Levy knew why she did it causing alarm for no reason wasn't something that the little receptionist would want and what was more Levy hasn't done anything to anyone yet.

Ignoring the way the brunette was trembling under her gaze, Levy

Dumb stereotype

placed her hand on the reception desk and knocked on it, realising that she could no longer ignore Levy, the receptionist raised her head and squeaked, " Yes?"

" Books on dark magic, where can I find them?" Levy was just here for research purposes but the receptionist after hearing what she said looked at her as if she was going to turn into an evil witch then and there before cursing her like the witches in the fairy tales.

If possible she wanted to sue those writers! Why in the world do they have to make a stereotype that all witches are bad and all fairies are good? She has seen fairies who would turn humans into pigs for their fun and witches who would have helped the needy! That stupid stereotype was simply dumbass logic, she couldn't believe that people were feeding lies to their children from such an early age.

Yes, she could turn a perfectly sane human insane but that was only because if they made her mad...like really mad. Other than that she was a good witch honest to god!

" Aisle four, third floor," replied the receptionist with such a soft voice that Levy had to lean forward to hear what she was saying, if not she would have skipped on what the woman was saying.

Levy could sense that the receptionist didn't like her, what's more, she feared her to the point that her eyes were turning red, sensing that if she kept standing in front of the receptionist any longer she would end up making the woman cry and —

She turned her head over her shoulders to look at the people staring in her direction and then hurriedly walked away to the stairs that were sticking out at the centre of the room. She was a witch! Not a

Dumb stereotype

freaking monster what did they mean by looking at her like that? Was she going to rush up to them and eat them whole?

Ridiculous!

She was angry enough to curse but Levy didn't bother herself with the receptionist nor with the people looking at her with accusatory gazes, she was already used to those gazes. These prejudices against witches weren't exactly new after all.

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