



This pack is dead to me

"What do you mean by I can't go home? Where else do you want me to go?" Levy couldn't believe him, he was stopping her from going back to her home, so where did he want her to go? Was he expecting her to live on the territory like a rogue? Knowing him, there was a good possibility that he might as well ask her to live on the territory under the shelter of the trees.

Eyes narrowed she immediately pulled the hood of the jacket from his hand. "I am not going to live in a tent if that's what you have prepared for me."

Logan arched a brow and then smiled at her 'not the genuine' kind but instead, he smiled at her like he was seriously considering the idea of letting her live in a tent on the pack's grounds. "It's not a bad suggestion but fortunately for you, I can't let you live in a tent."

"Then where will I live if not my house?" She asked looking at him in incredulity.

"With me."

After he spat those two words, Levy waited for him to say 'hah, did you think that I will let you live with me?' And she waited some more but that punch she was waiting for never came, causing her to blink her eyes and shook her head in disbelief. "God no, you are joking, right? For f*cks sake tell me this is a joke."

But neither Logan nor Jacob said anything instead they looked at her as if they were waiting for her to stop with her tantrum so that they can make a move. At least, Logan was, he was looking at her as if

she was a five year old asking for a barbie doll with blue hair and a gothic punk dress — totally unreasonable.

"You can't be serious," she muttered after a very long pause, still not wanting to believe that something like this was happening to her. She could somehow manage staying in the pack that once betrayed her but how was she supposed to stay with the man she both craved and hated in the same house and share the same space with him?

If she was to stay together with Logan then she was sure she would either f*ck him till his cock breaks or she will f*cking stab him in the heart and roast it for her wolf to eat.

There was no one in between.

"Have you ever seen me a joke, Maleficent?" was all Logan said causing a rush of anger to flow in Levy's head.

"My name is not Maleficent," she snapped in a curt voice. She hated those fairy tales where the witches were always portrayed as bad women, why were they even written like that? Just because they could make potions and had powers that a human can only dream of?

They must have been quite jealous of witches and their powers to write witches as villains.

"Really?" He let his gaze roam at her face that was marred with a scar and her pearl white blind eye before coming to a stop at the brand of a murderer on her neck, smirking he nastily spoke up without giving her a chance to say anything. "You do look like one to me, with all that evil in you."

Levy so wanted to snap at him for calling her evil, if she was really evil

then she would hypnotise him and have him grate his cock with his own hands. Not that it was difficult to do, but look at him, he was still fine and dandy— the wise women were right. Men do not deserve the kindness of a woman.

A Jezebel was what they deserved.

"If you hate the sight of this evil woman so much then let me get myself away from your precious eyes," sneered Levy with annoyance brimming in her tone. She could have left for some other territory maybe she might have even found a good male for herself to mate with but here she was, stuck with him.

"I do not wish to see your face either," he said in a matter of fact voice. "But Lily is staying in my house and I want you to be with her 24/7"

"I can always make special trips if that's what you are worried about," said Levy

"Do you think that you are back in the pack or something?" Logan stared at her like she was an idiot for wanting to go back to her home. "You are here because of Lily, the sole reason you can live another day is that I want you to treat her and set her right, if not you wouldn't be here, I would have buried you in the mass graveyard behind the frost gate. Alive that is. So, don't think that you can roam around the territory as you want because I don't want anyone else to be affected by your voodoo shit."

Levy stiffened. Just the thing she wanted to hear— seven years of staying apart and this was what her mate has to say to her. Tears almost prickled in her eyes when she heard him mention killing her so effortlessly as if she didn't mean a damn to him but she



summoned them back.

Logan did not deserve her tears.

Her wolf peeled her upper lips and let out a growl inside her head in agreement, the two might want Logan maybe even desire his touch but they were alpha through and through — never will they let any insult slide just like that, so Levy with her pettiness underlined another offence under the name of Logan in that rotten black book in her heart.

"As if I am dying to come back here," she snorted suppressing the throbbing in her heart as if someone was twisting a needle inside her chest. "I do not give a damn about this pack, for me, this pack died the day it turned its back on me. I wouldn't even come back even if you beg me."



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