

Hungry

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"That's enough," Logan caught her arm and pulled her back, his touch harsh and uncalled. Levy ignored the way her stomach fumbled and snatched her arm out of his grip and snarled, "Don't you ever touch me got it?"

"I have no intention of touching you either," sneered Logan wiping his hands on his pants. "I just wanted to let you know that you cannot talk to your alpha's sister like that, the next time you are disrespectful as you were right now, I will have you locked in the dungeons where we keep the criminals." He turned to look at Levy until she was looking at his front profile and raised a finger. "For a week that is."

Levy's wolf curled up her upper lips wanting to have a go at this ridiculous male in front of them. Did he seriously think that he can just go up and about while ordering them? If they were not in the predicament, she would have snapped his spine off his back and had him choke on it until he gagged. Levy, on the other hand, was much more inclined to rip his cock off and choke him on it instead given he was such a dick. He might as well eat it.



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With her lips curled in her most fake submissive smile, she simpered. "Sure, why not? Is there anything else that you want, your majesty, Mister tyrant?"

He only shot her an unamused glance before turning to look at Moira and then with patience that she has never seen before speaking to his sister. Even his expression was soft and caring. "I will talk to you in the office, you can see me there, all right?" After speaking to Moira he turned to look at Levy, his cold mask strapped in place as he tipped his chin to the front and said, "Lets go, I don't have all the time of the day to take care of you."

Levy only rolled her eyes ignoring the subtle pangs in her chest. Only once if he looked at her like that only once — she put a halt on her thoughts, there was no point thinking about such things anymore...they were long past the stage where they could — she broke off her thoughts and focussed on walking.

The pack was nowhere as same as it was before, Logan seemed to have made many changes along with expanding the territory. Seven years ago lodges were scattered all around the pack

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without any proper layout but now they were lines sequentially in an order that was easy to look at, at least now the pack looked like it was a proper community.

"Don't look around much," said Logan his voice gruff and brimming with authority. "You won't be staying here for long."

Levy stared at him as if he was out of his mind before curling her lips in a disdainful smile and increasing her pace knocking into Logan's shoulder roughly. "I wouldn't have stayed even if you have begged me, all right?" She turned around and scoffed at him. "I want to get out of this horrible place more than you want to kick me out, so let's not get into another mess, all right? I am in no mood to get into another drama with you."

Then she started striding towards the big lodge that was situated at the very end of the pack's territory but was still at the heart of the territory. With just one glance she knew that it must have been Logan's lodge because not only was the building bigger than the others, but it was also very 'Logan like' with no-nonsense stuff in the front yard. There wasn't even a nameplate, knowing how much he disliked decorating his



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house, she didn't need to use her Sherlock Holmes skills to locate his lodge among the others.

"Where do you think you are going?" Logan immediately rushed after her and with his long legs it didn't take him more than a minute to fall a step behind her.

"I am going to your lodge where else," she answered without looking at the man beside her. "And can you like walk three steps back? your face makes me vomit. You have no idea, how much I am holding back from throwing up whatever I have eaten at the prison."

Logan simply stared at her and maybe he decided that there was no point in talking with her because he suddenly increased his pace and walked past her, leaving her in the dust. Levy looked at his rushing back and cursed. "Motherfucker."

Though Logan rushed to his lodge, it wasn't difficult for Levy to catch up to him with her speed, after all, she has been running for her life for seven years and compared to that, chasing after a man was much more simple. She hardly took a step inside the threshold before a book

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came flying toward her, with her heightened senses, she immediately caught it in her hands despite being blindsided.

"What's this?" She asked raising the book in her hand as she turned to look at Logan. He was leaning against the counter of the kitchen with an apple in his hand.

"That's Lily's observation record," he said while munching on the apple. "I have kept track of her conditions all these years, you can take a look at it and then get moving, I guess?"

With a loud crunch, he bit into the apple and Levy had to use all her self-control to stop herself from drooling. It has been ages since she ate a fresh apple and yet this jerk was eating right in front of her without offering her one! She stared at Logan who kept munching on the apple before he threw the core into the dustbin and almost gulped — she couldn't let him see that she was hungry as heck. She couldn't —

A loud rumble broke through the silence and Levy's face turned redder than any apple that Logan has ever seen.