

Please don't throw me away

"Did he confess?"

"No."

"Then you mean to say that he just left a bouquet of red roses with nine hundred and ninety-nine roses in your care for simply no reason? Is that what you are saying?" Kyle looked at the big bouquet of roses at the centre of the tea table with a troubled look on his face.

It wasn't that he never saw a proposal before but in the majority of cases the man at least said some words of affection before doing something so extravagant. It was his first time seeing a situation where the man simply left after giving a bunch of roses to the woman he intended to woo.

"I have told you that he only gave me this bouquet, he didn't say anything else other than that." Levy rubbed her temples, peace. That was all she wanted but maybe it was universal unidentified law that the more you wanted something the more it wouldn't let you have it, as a witch she has always been treated as an outcast, a monster something that shifters couldn't understand.

With her additional powers, they hated her very existence, a demon that could endanger them if she was to lose control. Many times she hoped that she would be able to start a new life if someone of her kind was to come and help her out of the predicament in which she lived but now that she found another mage, one who was a bit interested in her she couldn't help but be annoyed by the attention.

Why?



She couldn't help but wonder. Derek didn't seem like he was someone who would go after a female with a blind eye and more scars than a warrior so why was he trying to get close to her, what exactly did he want?

"I think we agreed that she wouldn't bring any trouble?" Leo slammed his fists on the kitchen aisle and then glared at Levy like she has magicked Derek into existence. Not that she couldn't, if she wanted to end her solitude, she could of course make a companion—warm and able-bodied for a few hours. But if she was to create something out of thin air to accompany her she would have chosen to make the facial features right.

Rugged and chiselled jaw, with a voice deep as the midnight with eyes that always bristled with a storm — Stop!

Levy plopped her head in her hands and scrubbed her face all the way back to her head. She sniffed and turned around Leo with an annoyed expression, "I did not bring that trouble, in fact, it's not my fault that the man suddenly came to chase after me. And if you think it through with that thick head of yours, you will be realised that an unwanted wooing is not the fault of a woman but that of a man who cannot understand their refusals firsthand."

Leo didn't even look at her seemingly deeming her a completely lost case. He turned to look at Kyle and hissed, "Derek O' Neil? That man is the enemy of the shifters through and through. You know how much he despises the shifters? Running around the entire country, establishing stupid little factories in the name of strengthening the financial backbone of the country. How many shifters' territories has he moved or better say destroyed? Does a man like that knocking on

our door? I call that trouble. And she brought him here." He added swiftly with a heavy thrust of his thumb at the back of his shoulders.

"What do you mean by that— you know what? Forget it." She turned to look at Kyle with a questioning look and at least one of the owners had his mind stapled in place as he met her gaze and calmly answered, "Derek O'Neil is a new tycoon, I don't know much about him but he suddenly rose to fame after his 'Dancing Silver princess' doll became really famous, rich and famous as he is, he also has a weird habit of going after the shifters' territory. No one knows why he despises the shifters so much but he seems to hate our kind, most of his factories and companies are built on territories that once belonged to shifters'. Shifters hate him with a passion and if not for him being a member of the wizard association, they would have bitten half of his head off by now."

"Ah great, that was exactly what I wanted." Levy groaned, she finally got a suitor in like seven years and he turned out to be the enemy of the shifters. Like she needed anything else to sit on the throne at the top of the shifters' hit list, she covered her face and shook her head with a roll of her shoulders. "It's fine, we are going to pretend nothing like that happened and we are just going to ignore him, if I do a good job maybe he will leave us alone."

She picked up the bouquet of roses and then headed straight to the dustbin where she threw the bouquet, neon green clashed very badly with red, Levy thought, it looks gruesome. Still, she was able to throw the roses away, right?

That was what she thought but when she returned to the pack, Levy turned left and right before crouching on the front porch of Logan's lodge, she stared at the very familiar bouquet of roses in front of the



house and rubbed her eyes. It stayed where it was, even the small bright pink ribbon was the same, everything was the same except one thing.

Amid the stack of roses, a vibrant pink envelope stood apart contrasting against the vivid red. Levy hesitated but her curiosity got the best of her and she took the envelope off the roses, tearing it open, she tilted it letting the small note fall on the palm of her hand reading —

‘ Please don’t throw me away.’



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