

A whole course buffet.

" Crazy, he is simply crazy." That was what Levy's first thought was, she couldn't believe it. That man actually used a tracing spell, all because he hoped that the bouquet he handed her wouldn't be thrown away. Tracing as the name suggested meant 'following', witches and mages only used this spell in scenarios when they needed it because the spell was difficult to cast and the magic power that it consumed wasn't small either.

Levy had tried to use this spell for finding the culprit behind Mavis's disappearance. However, the person was hidden too well, every time she used this spell to look for the culprit but she has been blocked, maybe a counterspell or something similar of the sort. No matter how many times she used her powers, no matter how many different spells she used to trace the steps of the culprit, she always met a dead end together to fatigue.

The mana consumption was too huge and Levy stopped using the spell after a short while because she wanted to save her energy for something more worthwhile in the prison but this man, used a complicated for something so simple and vain.

She crouched down and picked the bouquet with her hands, she couldn't throw it away and she couldn't leave it here either. If someone saw it and questioned her then she would be once again targeted for colluding with the enemy. Levy didn't want that to happen, it was too tiresome and — lonely, even though she was being avoided at least, the pack members weren't looking at her like she was a heart-eating monster.

They hated her, yes, but they were willing to banter with her even if



their words were full of spite and anger, Levy would rather take that instead of the silence. It was too cold and detached making her feel more dead than alive.

Tucking the bouquet on her side, she pushed open the door hoping against all hope that she wouldn't meet Logan but as soon she should have known that when the Moon Goddess was distributing luck she was last in the line. No sooner did she step inside the lodge, someone's gaze pinned on the back of her head and then she heard Logan say, "Where were you so late and what are you holding in your arms?"

Levy sighed, she should have joined the line of luck rather than wits and strength. She wheeled around and hitched her lips in a mocking smile, "Aww Logan were you waiting for your mate? That's so sweet, do tell me have you prepared a warm and hot meal for me as well?"

The man didn't answer her, instead, his stormy greys hitched on the bouquet that she was holding. His brows scrunched up as he pinned her down with his mean eyes, that gaze was purely dismissive as if he couldn't care less about her then why did he even bother stopping her?

If he was going to dismiss her then do so from the beginning!

Logan studied the bouquet of roses in her hands and somehow summoned the nerve to smile at her. Mocking and contemptuous. "I know that you are desperate but there is no need to buy yourself flowers like this." His chin raised slightly along with the curve of his smirk. "It looks very embarrassing, I mean loving yourself is a good thing but taking self-love so far, don't you think this is simply too much? There is no need to pretend Levy."



Levy's face flushed in anger and humiliation, did he think that she bought this bouquet for herself? Did he really believe that she was still pinning on him trying to make him jealous or attracted to her? Maybe. But that was all because of her wolf, that stupid furry female that couldn't grab a hold of herself.

"I will let you know that just because you think I am not good enough to be attractive to some man, that does not mean that the others think so too." Levy proudly raised her chin as she slammed the bouquet on the dining table sitting in the middle of the open kitchen plus living room and crossed her arms in front of her full and round breasts.

Before she was sent to the prison many men were dying to claim her, if only she hadn't wasted her youth on a jerk like him then she would have mated by now and had her own pups.

"If you ignore my blind eye I am still a meal..no, a whole course buffet for many men! You don't feel anything when you see me? It's all right." She shrugged with her eyes slightly tilted. "Plenty of men find me attractive enough to woo me." Not that she was going to let that man woo her but that was something that has nothing to do with Logan.

Logan raised his hand and pointed to the bouquet in her hands with disbelief marring his face. "Someone gave this to you?"

"Of course, I don't have the money to buy a bouquet of nine hundred and ninety-nine roses."

"That's impossible." Logan spat before he could stop himself, feeling congested to the point where his chest was feeling stuffy and his



chest seemed to be burning. " No one in their right mind would be chasing you!"

" It doesn't matter whether he is sane or insane, what matters is that he is good looking with deep chocolate locks and very beautiful red ruby eyes." She fired back, Logan understood that she wasn't willing to let him have an upper hand but something about her shouting that the man had ruby eyes made Logan pause.

Ruby eyes?

He knew someone with red eyes though he didn't have chocolate locks, then again that man was a mage was he not? How long would it take to dye his hair black and blue even pink if that was what he wanted?

But red eyes — the man did seem to have unexplainable pride regarding those ruby reds.



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