

I am just like you

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Levy climbed up the stairs and reached the third floor which had multiple aisles scattered all over in an orderly manner. As per the receptionist's instructions she headed straight to the fourth aisle where no one was, in fact, while she heads heading to the fourth aisle she heard a lot of whispering and someone hissed the word 'witch' under their breath with a contemptuous tone.

She turned her head to look at the group assimilated at the second aisle and met their gazes, those females stared at her defiantly until Levy asserted her alpha vibes on them. It was then did they ran away with their tails carefully tucked between their legs.

Watching them running away from her, Levy snorted before letting out a chuckle as she walked inside the number fourth aisle. Fortunately, the library wasn't just big enough in architecture, it had numerous books on dark magic as well. Books that she might need to create a counter curse for Lily.

If only her mother's books were left intact then she wouldn't have to work from the scratch, because the counter curse of soul separation curse wasn't as easy to find as the other counter curses were.

With her fingers carefully skimming through the hardcover of the books, Levy read the title of the books printed on the spine.

Fire infused scroll of death, Heirloom of the cunning mage Gilford, Annihilation of souls, books on torment and Fangs of eternal bloodlust—

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On and on the books went and Levy chose the one that had the title closest to what she was looking for — Annihilation of the souls, this book seemed like what she was looking for. So, she stretched her hand and picked the books from all others before heading to the reading section.

Of course the second the people sitting at the table where she was heading saw her coming, they took one glance at her face and then at the brand of murderer displayed on the back of her hand before scampering away. She was sure that if they weren't scared of her, they might have already brought their pitchforks to drive her away.

Levy didn't bother herself with them, if they were terrified of her then they could stay terrified, she could not change their perspectives. Once she was stupid enough to try but later on realised that no matter how hard she screamed and cried that she wasn't evil, no one would listen to her, so instead of wasting her time screaming at a wall, it was better to do something more fulfilling.

She ignored the gazes and took a seat before flicking the book open, if her presence bothered them so much they were welcome to come and bite her in the ass.

Time went by and as Levy turned to the tenth page, she felt someone's shadow loom over her before the person dragged the chair behind him and took a seat in front of her. Levy didn't even have to raise her head to know who it was, she was very familiar with the scent that was overlapping against hers. "I did not know that Sir was a stalker as well, do I need to start looking over my shoulder lest someone stabs me in the back?"

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She finally raised her head and stared at Derek, today he has dyed his hair in a sunny yellow making him look like an omelette head but with his sharp cheekbones and cruelly cut face that looked as handsome as it looked dangerous, he was able to pull that colour off exceptionally well. Something that she didn't expect at all.

"Nothing like that, a gentleman does not stalk a lady nor does he follow her like a creep," he answered smoothly, a grin etched on his face as he unbuttoned the jacket he was wearing and then flicked it backwards displaying the white shirt that was ever so tightly wrapped around his chest. "I am just friendly with the security guard here, he casually mentioned to me that a witch with red corkscrew curls came here and I came here to test my luck. Turns out I am really fortunate, don't you think so too?"

"I think that you are a bit creepy sir," Levy said with a smile that matched Derek's. "When I said that I wasn't interested I meant it, I wasn't trying to play hard to get."

"I know." Derek didn't look offended on the contrary he looked like he expected something like this. His smile stayed while he clasped his hands together and formed a bridge with those long, slender fingers. "I didn't think even for one second that you were trying to play hard to get with me, I know that you aren't that is why I am willing to chase you as for those who pretend to act I would not bother myself with them."

Levy finally dropped her hand that was pressing against her cheek as she cocked a brow and straightened her spine to look at Derek. "Do I know you? Like have I met you before?"

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She could not help but sense a familiarity with Derek, she was sure that she has never met this man before but every time he looked at her and the way her name slipped past his lips with a soft hiss like he has said her name many times. It made her wonder if she met Derek somewhere.

Derek's gaze flitted at the seams of her lips before he hooked up his lips even further and spoke in a deep voice, "If I had met you before then I can assure you that our meeting wouldn't have been just once or twice because I really want to know you really closely..." he leaned forward and winked at her. "Very closely."

She rolled her eyes, of course, what was she even expecting? Levy broke her gaze away from Derek before lowering her head as she continued to read her book, in this situation it was better for her to finish the book rather than pay attention to this flirt.

"You don't like me at all, I am quite hurt, red." Derek placed his hands on his chest as he sighed with a heartbroken expression on his face. "I thought that me—coming here would be enough for charming you right up but looks like my face is not good enough for enchanting you."

"You don't have to," said Levy without bothering to look at Derek, she flipped the page of the book and took a look at the content that was written on the pages before she added, "I believe you must be quite popular among the ladies in your tower or wherever you live."

Generally, mages like shifters stayed in the outskirts in the middle of

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nowhere in buildings with many enchantments. They were paranoid, untrusting and cared little about anyone except their kind, that was what her mother told her saying that her maternal grandmother lived in a tall treehouse in the middle of the wilderness and would chase anyone coming to her territory with exploding tree barks and flowers that gobbled intruders up.

Her maternal grandmother was paranoid to the point that she jinxed anything and anyone that moved when she was still alive.

Levy thought that all mages lived like that but Derek didn't look like a mage who would live in the middle of the forest with nothing but an antisocial aura oozing out of his house, he looked like someone who stayed in the most classy apartment partying day in and day out.

"I am," he replied, not even bothering to hide the extremely smug expression on his face before cheekily grinning at her. "But I want you to find me enchanting, what can I do?"

She rolled her eyes before staring at Derek in an exasperated way, she couldn't understand why he was bothering her but something about his sudden moves made her think that he had some sort of motive behind it. Everyone had a motive for each bit of their actions, she just needed to find what was Derek's. "If you are expecting that by chasing me you will get the territory then you are wrong, I am not important enough for Logan to give up his territory, maybe you should try your shot at someone else."

Derek raised his brows and then looked at her with amusement flickering in his eyes as he untangled his fingers and then placed his arms on the armrests of the chair, he was sitting on and then started

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tapping his fingers on the woody platform. "If I tell you that I have no other motives rather than chasing you, would you believe me?"

"No," Levy replied swiftly without even thinking and Derek's eyes crinkled as his dimpled took a deeper charm. "I know that is why I am not going to bother making you believe me. I am going to show you how sincere I am regarding you with my actions."

"Did you hear me say that I am not interested?"

"I did."

"But you are still going to bother me?"

"I will."

Levy shot an exasperated glare at Derek who only smiled back at her with innocence brimming in his eyes. Fine, since he wasn't going to let go of her then she would make it so that he will be annoyed enough to leave her. "Why do you target the shifters' territory? Is it because you hate them?"

Derek's gaze sharpened and slight annoyance flickered through his eyes, Levy sneered as she arched a brow and then dropped her head to drill back into the book again.

"It's because I am like you." After a short pause, Derek broke the silence as he looked at her with a charming smile. "Because I am just like you."