

## Memories of the past

"What do you mean by we?" Levy was indeed amused by what Logan said, she was sent to prison and had to live a life that could be considered worse than hell and yet he very casually said those words, why will she care about the girl lying on the bed? It was because of her sister that she had to go through so much and yet he wanted her to toil herself for Lily? Was he in the right state of his mind or did he think she was too much of a holy maiden?

No matter how much criticism she had, Levy kept them to herself before she further continued, "When a person's soul is disturbed there are two options one, either the soul gets shaken up pretty badly and that person dies anyway but seeing that she is just frozen in time then it means that two parts of her soul have escaped her body leaving the only stable part behind, that is the only reason she is still alive and not dead.." she kicked herself back on the chair and said, "if you want to find the pieces of her soul look for things that are precious to her and bring them to me." 1

"Precious to her?" Logan turned his head to look at Lily though he was very close to the little girl, it was only to the point where he cared for her as the younger sister of the woman he loved, how will he know what things were precious to her? "How am I supposed to find those things?"

"How will I know that?" shrugging casually Levy retorted with a snort. "I don't even know her that well," she motioned her hand towards Lily who was lying on the bed. "You have been so chummy with her for so long that you should know what things she adores and hates."

"Are you trying to be funny with me?" Logan stared at her as if he couldn't believe her. "You are the one who should be doing this? Have you forgotten why I brought you here?"

Levy smiled and raised a finger before pointing it at Logan. "I haven't forgotten the one who forgot is you, you are the one who forgot what you said to me, when you came looking for me, you said that she was cursed and all I needed to do was to break the curse and then move on with my life. I thought that I would be done in just a few days and would be able to leave as quickly as possible but now you are telling me that I have to actually merge the pieces of her soul that have escaped her body? Do you know how much hard work that is? So, all in all, it's you who is at fault here, you didn't tell me her exact condition, so there is nothing that I can do ...you hear me?"

With that she turned around and picked up the notebook that Logan has given her earlier and wrote a bunch of herbs down before throwing the book back at him, he caught it in a jiffy still looking shocked and in disbelief. "Make sure to bring those herbs to me, I need to brew some concoction for hers and make her swallow, if this goes on then her body will be too weak at the time of soul infusion, once you are done do let me know, I will get on work..but for now I will go and catch some sleep." Then ignoring the indignant look on his face, she crossed the room and walked straight to the door but as her hand reached for the doorknob, Levy paused and turned around to look at him. "And don't you dare try anything when I am sleeping or else I will have a pair of scissors chase your ball."

As she closed the door behind her, she heard a loud thump most probably Logan must have thrown the book that she has given him to hold. However, she was nothing but amused, she only said a few

words and that man was this angry? Did he even have any idea how much anger she has stored in her heart because of what he did to her?

Seven years. Those seven years were like a thorn in her heart every time she breathed she felt that something was twisting around inside her, there was no way she would ever let go of the pain that she has gone through and even if she did let go of it one day, it would be when she brought everyone down on their knees for doing such a thing to her easy and simple.

Eyes flashing, she turned around and walked to the small room that Logan has arranged for her and headed straight to bed after she closed the door of the room.

Plopping on the bed, she inhaled a breath and closed her eyes wanting to drift to sleep here and now.

And when she opened her eyes she was back in the stadium where she had to run the death marathon, her eyes widened as she retreated behind and looked at the stadium that was filled with humans wearing masks, in their hands were rifles that were aimed right at her. Her breathing quickened and she shook her head. " No this can't be happening..this must be a dream...yes, I must be dreaming."

With sweat dripping down her back, she suppressed nausea that was rising in her throat and immediately swallowed the large lump that was stuck in her windpipe, she closed her eyes willing herself to wake up but then the loud chime of the clock echoed somewhere behind her and then she felt a bullet whizz past through her. Startled, she shot past the starting line, she knew that it was a dream but the



more she tried to wake herself up, the more she felt like she was being dragged down, she rounded a very familiar corridor as a figure with a sharp knife closed on to her from behind. 1

No.

She knew what was going to happen now.

Wake up! Wake up! She didn't want to relive that pain again.

The figure closed on to her and aimed the knife in his hand right at her eye.

No.

She has to wake up.

Now.

Wake up.

"Wake up!"

"L..Levy wake up!"

"For fucks sake wake up!LEVY!"



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